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In the Loop

By Jesse Armstrong

1 INT. NUMBER TEN CORRIDOR/MALCOLM'S OFFICE - MORNING 1
MALCOLM TUCKER, government director of communications,
is arriving early. He's on the phone. Passes a CIVIL
SERVANT.

MALCOLM :

You're in Mark Hadley's office, yeah?

CIVIL SERVANT 1

Yes.

MALCOLM :

I need to see him.

Another CIVIL SERVANT hands Malcolm a CD. Without
breaking flow Malcolm raises an eyebrow, what's this?

CIVIL SERVANT 2

Monitoring. Simon Foster on The PM
Programme. Wonky Ron on Farming Today.

CIVIL SERVANT 2 walks off.

Malcolm starts to walk through to his office. Malcolm
reaches his office. His assistant SAM is there. He
hands her the CD and she puts it into a CD player and
it starts playing.

MALCOLM :

Well, what are you waiting for son, a
fucking sex-change?

Civil Servant 1 hurries away.

Malcolm starts listening to the recording of Simon on
the radio.

MALCOLM(CONT'D)

So, Sam. What's the dynamic Simon
Foster, going to wow us with?

SIMON:

(v/o on radio)

...and of course the big one is
diarrhoea, which is a major health
issue in these countries.

MALCOLM :

Diarrhoea? C'mon, Simon. You're
International Development. Talk about
food parcels. Not arse-spraying
mayhem...

SAM laughs.

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1 CONTINUED:

1

SIMON (V.O.)

And so if we can tackle the easy things, like diarrhoea.

MALCOLM :

He said it again. what is this? The Shitting Forecast?

2

EXT. TOBY & SUZY'S FLAT - MORNING/INT. MICHAEL'S FO 2 OFFICE - MORNING

It's busy at the Foreign Office. SUZY is in her boss Michael's office, getting lots of documents, folders etc ready. She's on the phone to TOBY, who's heading out of their flat.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

SUZY :

You okay? First day at the new department? You've got that thing from the SMF you wanted to show them?

TOBY :

Oh yeah. Got my policy papers. Got my packed lunch. And my comfort blanket - which is a rug stitched full of heroin.

SUZY :

Have a good day. Call me if you need help, yeah?

TOBY :

Cool. Is Michael still in Zurich with Fatty?

SUZY :

Back this morning. Michael says Fatty's in a bad mood. He's got water

retention.

TOBY :

Christ. I wouldn't want to be around when that blows. I can probably organise some spare tents for the flood victims. D'you know, Fatty's the first Foreign secretary to have really understood globalisation by physically achieving it.

Toby heads off. He's feeling chipper. It's a new dawn, is it not?

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3 INT. DFID OPEN PLAN OFFICE 3

JUDY :

Mark, are you co-ordinating that millenium goals press release?

Yes.

MARK :

JUDY :

Well co-ordinate it better.

MARK :

Yes, can do.

JUDY :

Is that the Minister? Bloody nail - has anyone got a nail file?

4 INT. DFID OPEN PLAN OFFICE - MORNING 4

SIMON is arriving with JUDY. Simon carrying his red dispatch box. Simon's worried.

SIMON :

Have we heard anything from Malcolm about last night's interview?

No not yet.

JUDY :

SIMON :

Perhaps he didn't hear it.

JUDY :

Or maybe he's dead.

SIMON :

(with a degree of genuine hope)

He might be dead. He might have had that massive stroke we've all been waiting for. It's in the post.

JUDY :

He'll want you to row back from the 'unforeseeable' thing on Question Time tonight.

SIMON :

Fine, I can row. I rowed for my college. Well, I was a cox. On Question Time, you know the funny question they always ask at the end?

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4 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

Yes?

SIMON :

Can we prep that now? I want to shine on the funny question, cos I'm a funny guy. With a light touch.

5 INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - MORNING 5

Malcolm and Sam still listening to Simon's interview.

SIMON (V.O.)

..really kick the diarrhoea ball into touch. Then, hopefully, that will strike another blow in the war against preventable diseases.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

You mention the word war there...

MALCOLM :

Steady Eddie!

SIMON (V.O.)

(oh shit)

...against preventable diseases, yes.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

All the evidence now points to a US military intervention in the Middle East. Is that your view?

MALCOLM :

Straight bat, Simon. C'mon. Pump him full of drivel.

SIMON (V.O.)

Well it really isn't for me, Eddie, to announce the Prime Minister's position on any...

MALCOLM :

Bat it away! You're English, cricket's your thing! Cricket and incest, come on!

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

But a personal opinion -- as a man who deals with the fallout from foreign policy on a daily basis?

SIMON (V.O.)

Well, personally, I think that war is unforeseeable.

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5 CONTINUED:

5

MALCOLM :

No. You don't. You were given the briefing note on this, you useless cock-bun

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Unforeseeable?

SIMON (V.O.)

(shit again)

Yes.

MALCOLM :

(getting up, calling on
his mobile)

Sam, I'm away to International
Development to pull Simon Foster's
hair.

(on phone)

Yeah. He did not say that. Okay? No,
you may have heard him say that, but
he didn't actually say that...and
that's a fact.

And he's gone.

6

EXT/INT. DFID - MORNING/INT. MICHAEL'S FO OFFICE -6

MORNING:

Toby is walking towards DFID. As he nears the building
he finds himself next to Malcolm, who is heading in
too. Toby is on the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

TOBY :

Are you going to keep ringing me up
every two minutes, because you're
starting to remind me of my mum. And
that could lead to all sorts of
erectile dysfunction.

Suzy is still in the FO office.

SUZY :

I'm just checking whether you put last
night's lasagne in the fridge.

In the FO office, MICHAEL arrives. He has a small
suitcase and a paper bag. He holds this up.

MICHAEL :

(mouthing)

Croissants!

Back with Malcolm, Toby close by. Malc's on the phone.

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6 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

No. You're fine to go ahead and print that. It's lies, you'd be lying, but go ahead. He did not say unforeseeable. No he did not. Oh, just before you go -- when I tell your wife about you and Angela Heaney at the Blackpool conference...would email be better? Or a phone call?

Toby is now next to Malcolm in a lift). Malcolm becomes aware of him.

TOBY :

No, it's fine, it's in the fridge. I put some clingfilm over it.

In the FO office, Michael switches on some classical music.

SUZY :

Why did you put clingfilm on it?

TOBY :

To keep it fresh.

Malcolm starts dialling on his phone.

SUZY :

It's in the fridge, that'll keep it fresh.

TOBY :

No, but it still might dry out.

MALCOLM :

(into phone)

YOU FUCKING RELAX!

Michael hands Suzie a croissant.

MICHAEL :

(knowing Toby is on the other end of the line)

Still slightly warm. That's how I like my women as well.

SUZY :

Clingfilm is carcinogenic, Toby.

TOBY :

No it isn't. That's a myth. Clingfilm is perfectly safe.

Malcolm now eyeing Toby with suspicion/contempt -- who is this dick? Toby tries to smile, lowers his voice, embarrassed.

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6 CONTINUED:

They wouldn't sell clingfilm if it gave you cancer. Clingfilm doesn't give you cancer.

SUZY :

I didn't even know we had clingfilm in the flat. Oh, you need more eczema cream. You were a bit flakey again.

TOBY :

I've got to go. I'll speak to you later.

He rings off. Smiles again at Malcolm. Gestures to the phone and mimes 'she's mental'. Malcolm gets his guy on the phone.

MALCOLM :

James! Right --Simon Foster?

7 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - MORNING 7

Simon and Judy are looking through newspapers/press cuttings.

JUDY :

There's this guy who bought a south sea island. They might ask "If you had to spend the rest of your life on a desert island with someone, who would it be?"

SIMON :

Well, I can't say 'my wife' because I

haven't got one, and I can't say 'my girlfriend' because I don't have one of those either.

JUDY :

Don't say all that though. It'll look desperate.

SIMON :

No, I'm just telling you.

JUDY :

And don't say Mandela, that's rubbish. And don't say Keira Knightley, you'll look like a pervert..

MALCOLM :

What?

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7 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

Malcolm's coming to see you.

SIMON :

Shit. He's still alive. When's he due? Malcolm walks in with Toby sheepishly behind him.

MALCOLM :

Now. And don't say you weren't prepared because I rang ahead. Now then, Simon, as the late great Nat King Fucking Cole said, 'Unforeseeable, that's what you are..'

8 INT. MICHAELS FO OFFICE - MORNING 8

MICHAEL is having croissants with Suzy. The music is still playing.

Suzy hands him a folder.

SUZY :

This is the latest from the...sorry, is it alright if I turn this down a

bit?

She turns the music down.

SUZY (CONT'D)

The latest from the State Department
for the American meeting. I gather
Fatty won't be attending.

MICHAEL :

Hey, you. He's the Foreign Secretary.
So please address him by his full
title. The Right Honourable Sir
Jonathan Manboobs-Smith

9 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY / DFID OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 9
MALCOLM is giving SIMON a controlled-anger dressing
down. Judy and Toby are outside in the open plan
office.

SIMON :

He asked me for a personal opinion
Malcolm.

MALCOLM :

He asked you? Oh, he asked you, that
explains it.

(MORE)

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9 CONTINUED:

What if he'd asked you to sing a
racist song and give him your PIN
number and shit yourself, would you
have done that? He's an interviewer,
not a fucking hypnotist.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

SIMON :

Yeah, funny, Malcolm, I know he's not
a hypnotist. But, I was just being
honest about the prospect of war. If
I've got doubts...

MALCOLM :

Doubts? Why didn't you say? I'll call

up, we can get all our aircraft carriers to idle off Madagascar while you fiddle about with your wee moral compass.

10 INT. DFID OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 10
Toby's with Judy.

JUDY :

So you're...whatever your name is, Dan, the new advisor?

TOBY :

Toby.

JUDY :

Right. Just most of you lot tend to be called Dan, or Danny so it's always worth a punt. OK, hello. As you know, I'm Judy Molloy, Civil Service Director of Communications for International Development. They shake hands.

TOBY :

Is this a normal morning, or...?
Judy's not got time for questions.

JUDY :

Okay, I've got a meeting in (looks at watch) two minutes. And the minister was rubbish in last night's interview. Rubbish?

TOBY :

JUDY :

It's a technical term.

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11 INT. DFID SIMON'S OFFICE. DAY. 11

Back inside Simon's office

SIMON :

But war is -- basically unforeseeable
isn't it?

MALCOLM :

That is not our line, alright? Walk
the fucking line. Look. We've got
Karen Clark over from Washington,
okay? We've got the US National
Security Advisor's main guy coming.
Yeah? We've got enough Pentagon goons
here for a fucking coup d'etat.
This is not the time to send out a
signal like this in some personal
fucking sodcast.
JUDY and TOBY come in.

JUDY :

Minister, this is Toby.

MALCOLM :

We haven't got time love, fuck off.
JUDY smiles at MALCOLM, and doesn't fuck off.

SIMON :

Hey Toby. Glad you could join us. Bit
of an odd morning, but 'Welcome to the
madhouse!' I apologise for Malcolm.

MALCOLM :

Don't apologise for me. You should
apologise for you.
(to Judy)
Did I just tell you to fuck off and
yet you're still here?

JUDY :

That's correct.

MALCOLM:

(to Toby)
If I tell you to fuck off what do you
do?

TOBY :

Fuck off?

MALCOLM :

You're learning fast. Okay, weird little foetus boy, go away. Fuck off.

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11 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Is this a real fuck off?

MALCOLM :

Yes. Fuck off.

Toby fucks off. We can see him outside, wandering around, not knowing what to do with himself.

SIMON :

We were thinking, weren't we Judy, that I could row back on Question Time tonight.

MALCOLM :

No, You're not going on Question Time tonight. You've been disinvited.

Why?

SIMON :

MALCOLM:

Because they ask fucking questions on Question Time. And you're no good at questions. If it was Fumbling, Off-Message Shit Fucking Answer Time, you'd be our main guy. But it's not.

JUDY :

Sorry, why wasn't I told about this?

MALCOLM :

Why should I tell you about this?

JUDY :

Because it's a scheduled media appearance by this department's Secretary Of State and it therefore falls within my purview...

MALCOLM :

Your purview? Where do you think you are sweetheart, in some Regency costume drama? Well allow me to pop a jaunty little bonnet on your purview and ram it up the shitter with a lubricated horse cock.

JUDY :

Malcolm, your swearing doesn't impress me. My husband teaches in Tower Hamlets and believe me, those kids make you sound like Angel Lansbury.

MALCOLM :

(to Simon, lads' chat)
She's married? The poor bastard.
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11 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

But...okay, putting Judy's lubricated horse cock aside for a moment
(Judy walks out)
Are you saying that I'm now not allowed to make any media appearances?

MALCOLM :

No, not until we can trust you to keep to the line.

SIMON :

But I was going to keep to the line:
"I don't actually think war is unforeseeable."
Malcolm's looking out of the office, monitoring Judy's movements. She's flashed up on his radar. He's tracking

her.

MALCOLM :

What is it then?

A beat.

SIMON :

Is it...I don't know? Foreseeable? No.

MALCOLM :

No. Not foreseeable. That's declaring war. It's neither foreseeable nor unforeseeable.

SIMON :

Right. So not inevitable, but not...evitable.

Malcolm leaves the office. Toby is still hovering.

MALCOLM :

(calling back to Simon)

Okay, you need to work out the line.

(to Judy)

That includes you, Jane Fucking Austen with the strap-on. Oh, and put the sniff out there that the next time the BBC ambushes a Minister with a war question we'll drop a bomb on them.

JUDY :

I can't do that. That's political, that's not in my...

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11 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

Purview? OK, darling. You scuttle off back to fucking Cranford and organise the tea and cake and horse cocks. (TO TOBY) You, Ron Weasley -- you do it. Malcolm heads out. Mark Hadley spots his go.

12 INT. FO MICHAELS OFFICE - DAY 12

Suzy and Michael in Michael's office. Suzy's getting documents together for the big meeting. Michael's at his computer, on the phone. Classical music still on.

MICHAEL :

(on phone)

I want the Angolan charge d'affaires on the phone. Well STOP him playing football.

SUZY :

I'm just giving Toby a quick ring, is that OK?

Suzy dials.

13 INT. DFID/INT FOREIGN OFFICE MICHAELS OFFICE 13
Toby is at DFID, finishing another call. His mobile starts ringing.

Toby checks the phone. Sees it's Suzy -- Christ, not her again, I'm a bit busy here. He answers.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

TOBY :

Hiya. You do know this is the third time you've rung? Are you on a new tariff?

SUZY :

So? How's it going? You found the bogs yet?

TOBY :

Yeah. Hard. But, no, good. All a bit manic. It was never like this at Agriculture. People tend not to swear so much about wheat.

SUZY :

(to Michael, re. the music)

Can you turn that down a bit?

(MORE)

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13 CONTINUED:

SUZY (CONT'D)

(to Toby)

Look, I've got a leg up for you. We could get Simon over for a three o'clock with Karen Clark?

TOBY :

Right - Karen Clark from...did she go round Britain in a coracle for leukemia?

SUZY :

Karen Clark, US Assistant Secretary of State?

TOBY :

Oh right. Shit. Karen Clark. Wow. Thanks.

SUZY :

Exactly. I'm giving your big dick a swing right?

TOBY :

Uh hu.

SUZY :

Why?

TOBY :

(uncomfy with this private motivational motto)
Because I am a big swinging dick.

SUZY :

Exactly. Remember that, okay. I'm giving it a big shove. I ought to go. I love you.
Judy's hovering nearby.

TOBY :

Likewise. Affirmative on that.
MICHAEL calls over to Suzy from the other side of the

room.

MICHAEL :

Meat! Tell Dick Swing, International Man Of Mystery that Simon's only going to be meat in the room. Don't get his hopes up.

SUZY :

Yeah, so you know -- Simon, between us, he's just going to be meat in the room.

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13 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Meat?

Judy, nearby, hears this.

SUZY:

(waving him away)

Yeah. The Americans don't feel they're getting a real meeting unless there's thirty of you on each side.

14 INT. DFID - DAY / INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY 14

Judy is hovering as Toby finishes his call.

JUDY :

So, quick tour.

She starts walking away. Toby follows.

TOBY :

Um, I do just need to...

JUDY :

Over there...that's Mike's patch.

Leave Mike to it. He knows what he's doing. Don't you Mike?

MIKE :

What?

JUDY :

Exactly.

(as they walk on)

He's hopeless.

(checks phone)

And that's the end of the tour. I've got to go.

TOBY :

Look, I understand your hostility to new wood coming in..

JUDY :

There's a lot of really important people you need to know about, but I haven't got time.

But she's gone. Toby heads over to Simon's office. The door's open. He pops his head in.

TOBY :

Hey, boss.

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14 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

Toby, hi. Sorry about earlier -- Malcolm. He's a bit of an...alpha male, isn't he?

TOBY :

Yeah, he's a complete and utter alpha male.

SIMON :

Ha. Yes. He's the biggest alpha male I've ever met.

TOBY :

Yeah.

A beat.

SIMON :

I like the fact that we're not saying
'cunt'.

TOBY :

I like that too. Look, I've managed to
get you into the big meeting at the
Foreign Office this afternoon.

SIMON :

The Karen Clark meeting? Shit, really?
Sure. How did you...?

TOBY :

Sheer bloody hard work.
Judy walks past. Simon calls out.

SIMON :

Hey Judy.
She comes in.

JUDY :

Hello?

SIMON :

Tobes here has got me into the big
Karen Clark meeting.
Judy looks at Toby. She heard the 'meat' conversation.

JUDY :

Wow. Yeah, the Big Meet. How are you
spelling that, by the way?

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14 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

So, do you want to do your job and,
you know...? as PRESS Officer, have
PRESSING things to do...

JUDY :

Sure. I'll tell the press.
She leaves.

15 INT. CAR ALONG WHITEHALL - DAY 15

Simon, Toby and Judy drive along Whitehall in their car.

An awkward silence.

Judy looks at Toby. She knows Simon's just off to be meat.

TOBY :

(off Judy's look)

Just, maybe, might be best not to get too excited. It might be that their guys muscle in and have the lion's share of the talk time.

JUDY :

Yeah. It might be like that.

16 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE BUILDING. FOYER - DAY 16

Simon, Toby and Judy are going through security. Toby is nodding sycophantically at everything Simon says.

SIMON :

I feel a bit like, you know, when you get English actors cast in a Woody Allen film?

He walks through a security arch. Toby goes through and joins him.

Judy comes through.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I was just saying I feel like an English actor in a Woody Allen film.

But some of them do shine, don't they?

I can't think of any now.

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17 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE GRAND MEETING ROOM - DAY 17

There are three distinct US delegations. KAREN CLARK from the State Department is surrounded by ten or so aides and functionaries, security people and assistants. (Including Chad and LIZA one of Karen's senior aides.) Then there is Bob Adriano'S gang of advisors, smaller but sitting separately.

Next to them is a Pentagon delegation, including uniformed members of all three services.

Lots of hubbub.

SUZY leads SIMON, TOBY and JUDY in, and shows them to their seats.

They're as far away from the US delegation as it's possible to be, and Simon's seat is actually behind a pillar. Suzy goes off to join Michael and the Foreign Office delegation near the front. Suzy looks over to Toby, uses her hands to make mock binoculars, as if to say, 'you're very far away, look how close and therefore important I am'.

SIMON:

No-one will hear me if I say anything.

How's your view? Can we swap?

Simon and Toby swap seats, but Simon can still barely see anything.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Judy)

Can I swap with you?

Simon and Judy swap seats.

The meeting is now underway. We're with Karen Clark.

KAREN:

We all agree this is a very tough time, but I don't want a consensus to form around the premise that conflict is necessarily the primary option at this point.

Back with Simon, Judy and Toby. Simon still straining to see.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No, this is worse. Swap back.

Simon and Judy swap seats again.

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17 CONTINUED:

Back with Karen. She's holding up a paper in a red folder.

KAREN :

This paper, authored by one of my aides, Liza Weld. You don't mind me fore-grounding this do you Liza?

Liza reacts. Her paper? In a big meeting. Is this good

or bad?

KAREN (CONT'D)

Illuminates the logistical factors we face. She highlights a number of reasons why, in practical terms, we can't envision a theatre deployment for twelve months.

BOB ADRIANO :

Although not everyone might agree with the assumptions made in that paper.

KAREN :

Really - such as what?

BOB ADRIANO :

Let's not stray into the tar pit of detail Karen. The committee feels a much quicker deployment is possible.

KAREN :

Which committee?

BOB ADRIANO:

(covering)

This has been discussed in a number of committees. I think Chad you're getting a good flow of information on this?

KAREN :

Sorry Bob, I didn't catch the name of the committee?

ADRIANO :

As I said Karen a number of committees. If I said one committee...

KAREN :

You did.

MICHAEL :

If I can interject here, I'm aware we're pushed for time so if you'll

excuse my hideous disfigurement of the English slash American language I'd like to move us on agenda-wise.

(MORE)

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17 CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Our next item is international relief co-ordination.

Karen is conferring with Liza, Adriano with his guy.

KAREN :

Have you heard of this committee?

ADRIANO :

What's this Liza Weld paper?

Simon is watching, feeling the meeting is passing him by.

SIMON:

(to Judy and Toby)

Should I say something? She invited me, I should say something. If you don't say something in the first 10 minutes, you can end up not saying anything at all.

JUDY:

I don't know whether you should say anything.

SIMON:

I'm saying something ... I think I'm going to try saying something.

Simon goes to put his hand up, Toby maybe puts a calming hand on his hand. They look at one another. Has Toby crossed a line?

KAREN:

Look - I just think it's worth noting that Ministers in The UK Government, (Liza whispers - Simon's

over there)
such as our colleague here ...

SIMON :

(pleased)

Is she talking about me?

KAREN :

Simon Foster ...

SIMON :

She's talking about me!

KAREN:

Has made it clear that for them
currently war is unforeseeable. So
there can't really be said to be any
consensus on the war question. Right
Simon?

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17 CONTINUED:

She might be looking in the wrong direction, she
doesn't know who this 'Simon' guy is, she's just read
the quote off a piece of paper. The answer comes from
the other side of the room.

SIMON :

Well, yes, I mean, that's what I said.

And I stick to what I said.

At this, one of Karen's press people and one of Bob
Adriano's both rush out to start spinning the line on
Simon's comments.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean that what I said
won't ever change ...

MICHAEL:

(cutting in)

I wonder if there aren't some area of
mutual agreement we can't rattle
through here and see how much time we
have at the end for this discussion?

Suzy comes round the back of the meeting all smiles and hands Judy a note with a smile.

JUDY :

Thanks.

She opens the note it reads, 'Simon is acting like a massive tit. Stop him.'

SUZY :

Is that all fine?

JUDY :

That's all fine. Thanks for that.

SUZY :

Thanks.

JUDY:

(whispered)

Toby can you let the Minister know the Foreign Office think he's acting like a massive tit and they'd rather he stopped?

TOBY:

(whispered)

Er? Yeah? Maybe you should. I wouldn't want - you know Chinese Whispers - to send the wrong message through?

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17 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

(whispered)

It's a simple message, 'stop being a massive tit'. It's really a political message I think it's best for you to deliver it.

Okay.

TOBY :

Toby whispers something in Simon's ear. Simon doesn't

look pleased. Karen is still talking to the meeting.
Simon shuts up. He'll have this out later.

18 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE BALLROOM - DAY 18

The big meeting is breaking up. Simon is annoyed,
leading Judy and Toby out of the room and into any
private space he can find - they back into a huge huge
ballroom

SIMON :

Come here - we need to talk
(they go into the massive
room, look around)

What do you mean stop being a 'tit'?
In what way was I being a tit? Why am
I even over here if I'm not meant to
say anything?

JUDY :

You were just meat in the room, Simon.

SIMON :

'Meat in the room'? Oh for fuck's sake
Judy. I took an hour out to come over
here and be room meat?

TOBY :

But you know you're a prime cut,
you're not - offal.

SIMON :

Great, I'm not liver. What was I, tit
meat?

19 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY 19

We're with Karen Clark's delegation who have just
walked downstairs from the meeting room into a ground
floor lobby area. KAREN is talking to LIZA, her right-
hand woman.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

19 CONTINUED:

KAREN :

The committee. That committee Bob

Adriano dropped on us just then, what is that? Get me on it.

LIZA :

Which committee?

KAREN :

I don't know. Linton must have set up a war committee.

LIZA :

Can he do that?

KAREN :

Should he do that? No. Of course not. Would he do that? Yes.

LIZA :

So, listen, about my paper

KAREN :

Don't thank me, it's good work, you deserve the credit.

LIZA :

I just wondered if - (it could be anonymous? It's not something I authored, I was just tasked with writing it.)

KAREN :

And get me on that committee.

LIZA :

The one we don't know about?
TOBY, SIMON and JUDY are above them standing round a circular viewing area that looks down on the lobby. The UK and US delegations are aware of each other, throwing furtive glances each other's way.

KAREN :

Whichever committee they don't want me to be a member of, I want to be a member of that. It's a confused

Groucho Marx.

LIZA :

Okay. Right.

Chad arrives. Karen talks to someone else.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

19 CONTINUED:

CHAD :

Hey Liza. Your paper got a major citation. You must be psyched Karen brought it up.

LIZA :

She...that was her call. I didn't know it had been that widely read.

CHAD :

Yeah, it's getting read. It's truthy. It's factish. In many regards it is a great paper. Up till page nine. Pages nine through 35? Horror Show. You could not write anything that clashes more violently with the current climate. You are like the woman from The Omen, you've given birth to a demon and it's going to kill you.

LIZA :

You probably identify with the kid from The Omen right? Lonely, unloved. Deviant.

CHAD :

I am so glad I am not you.

LIZA :

You're an only child, right?

CHAD :

So what? My parents were older parents. You bring this up whenever

you run out of arguments.

Liza walk off, over to Karen.

20 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY 20

Karen is back, huddled up with Liza.

KAREN :

My teeth hurt. I think the veneers are chipped. Do they look chipped.

Liza stares into Karen's mouth.

LIZA :

I'm not sure. Have you got any painkillers?

TOBY :

(shouting)

Hey Liza!

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

20 CONTINUED:

LIZA :

Oh ... Hi ... hi?

She knows him but can't immediately place him.

TOBY :

Toby? It's Toby.

Karen's starting to go. She can't carry on shouting.

LIZA :

Hi. Hi.

She makes the phone sign. He gives a thumbs up, she thinks he's misread the phone sign and gestures, or email by doing typing in the air. Toby signs back, yeah, call on the phone or email - does the typing back.

TOBY:

She did the Kennedy scholarship at my college. I had a small thing for her.

JUDY :

I can imagine.

TOBY :

I'm not sure she remembered me.

JUDY:

No, that is one of the side effects of Rohypnol.

21 EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY 21

The conversation is continuing between Simon Judy and Toby as they exit the FO.

SIMON:

Yeah. Jesus. I really really hope there's not a war. It's going to be a nightmare. It's bad enough having to cope with the fucking Olympics. They appear outside. There's a press pack of 10 or so reporters and photographers there.

PRESS :

Minister!/Simon!/Mr Foster!
Simon is taken aback.

SIMON:

Fuck. Who let the dogs out? We don't need this.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

21 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

Er, you wanted a chance to row back on the war. Do you want to nail the line?

SIMON :

What? No. No. I'll freestyle it.
The press are calling.

REPORTER 1

Is war unforeseeable Minister?

REPORTER 2

Karen Clark's people say you are ruling out British involvement. Is

that the case is that Government
policy?

SIMON:

(to the press)

Hello there. Yes, I stand by my view
that war is unforeseeable.

(beat)

However, sometimes we don't see things
coming. But that doesn't mean they
aren't there. Yes?

REPORTER :

So is it there, or isn't it there?

JUDY:

(to Toby)

It's a bit like listening to a pub
bore talking to his dog.

SIMON :

Look,

(grappling now)

...loads of things that are actually
very likely are also unforeseeable.

Y'know, For the plane in the fog the
mountain is unforeseeable, but then
it, is suddenly very real and
inevitable.

Toby and Judy look at one another. This isn't good.

JUDY :

That was like scat. Political scat.

Boobdiydoopidydo-ountainofconflictdah!

The press pack are looking for more.

REPORTER :

Sorry, are you saying that...?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

21 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

What I'm saying is that to - walk the road of peace, sometimes you need to be ready to climb the mountain of conflict. Thank you!

The press are writing furiously, making calls already. Simon tries to look confident. He and the team get into their car.

22 INT. CAR DRIVING THRU WESTMINSTER. DAY. 22

Toby Simon and Judy on the back seat as they drive back to the Department.

SIMON :

(under his breath)

Pee poo belly bum drawers. Fuck shit arse cock bollocks.

(to Judy)

Why didn't we nail the line?

JUDY :

I did try to warn you.

SIMON :

You did try to warn me but you didn't actually stop me, did you?. That's like shouting 'Train!' as I get hit by a train. Are you warning me there's a train? Or are you just going, (stupid voice)

'Look! Train!'

JUDY'S and SIMON'S phones start ringing. They each check the number.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh shit. It's Malcolm.

JUDY :

It's Malcolm for me too.

SIMON :

How does he do that?

(he answers, tentatively)

Hello?

23 INT. NUMBER 10. DAY. 23

Malcolm has two phones on the go. He's watching the SKY NEWS coverage of Simon's mini-press coverage. It has a

'Government ready to Climb the Mountain of Conflict'
banner running across the top.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

23 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM:

(on the phone, over TV)

Simon. You're breaking news. I don't like unscheduled breaking news. Even fucking acts of Gods need to go through this office, yeah? We need to talk now.

24 INT. NUMBER TEN - DAY 24

MALCOLM, JUDY, SIMON AND TOBY....

MALCOLM:

Shut the fuck up! All of you! Look at yourselves. You're a fucking disgrace. You're like the Three fucking Stooges. You want some frying pans to hit each other with? You're a fucking farce. I should just replace you with a Benny Hill chase sequence and some jazzy saxophone and be done with it.

SIMON:

Look Malcolm I can do without the ritual humiliation,...you know I'm against talking up the war...

MALCOLM:

(even angrier)

Well why the fuck did you say 'Climb the Mountain of Conflict.' You sounded like a Nazi Julie Andrews. Look, you are a member of the cabinet. You're Officer Class. Don't make waves. Don't do this.

SIMON:

I'm just saying I might be forced to the verge of making a stand.

MALCOLM:

(different tack needed)

(at Toby and Judy)

Right, you two, The White Stripes,
outside.

Toby and Judy leave and wait outside the door.

MALCOLM (CONT'D, TO

SIMON) (CONT'D)

Look, I admire, I genuinely admire,
your principled stand, Simon. So, I
take it I can tell the PM you don't
want to go to Washington?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

24 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

To...?

MALCOLM :

Washington. The boss wants you over
there on a fact-finder. Problems we
might face if it all goes boombastic
in the Middle East.

SIMON :

Oh. Right.

MALCOLM :

But you were saying, you are on the
verge of ... what?

SIMON :

Well, look - I don't know what words I
used in the heat of the moment, but
maybe in a sense I was on the verge.
But that's the important thing - I was
on the verge. Not in any way decided.

MALCOLM :

Christ on a bendy-bus, Simon, stop
being such a faffing fuck-arse.

SIMON :

I am standing my ground on the verge.

MALCOLM :

When you're out there, Talk to Karen
Clarke at the State Department,

SIMON :

I'll give it a whirl.

MALCOLM :

But keep away from Linton Barwick.
He's pushing the war for Caulderwood's
lot. I'll deal with him. Dangerous
fucker. keeps a grenade as a
paperweight. True story.

SIMON :

Oh right. I won't talk to him.

MALCOLM :

Right, so get off your knees, pick up
your cyanide capsules and go see Q
about your underwater car.
They leave. Outside Malcolm's office, Simon looks at
Toby, Toby looks at Simon. This is good, right?

SIMON :

Fact finder to Washington!

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24 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Brilliant!

JUDY :

(as if joining in, but
very half-hearted)

Well done.

25 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 25

Liza, Karen and Chad arrive in the buzzing State

Department offices, knackered but in action mode.

KAREN :

Okay - so, priorities are: take a shower, play Hunt Linton's War Committee, get me a dental appointment. But not in that order.

LIZA :

Shower later?

KAREN :

I give you licence to reek.

Karen walks past various desks covered in tons of Post-Its. Stops a STAFFER as he passes.

KAREN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

What's Linton been up to while we've been away? Has he bombed Hawaii for being UnAmerican?

But before the staffer can answer they run right into Linton. Karen stands her ground.

LINTON :

Ah. Karen.

KAREN :

Linton.

LINTON :

How was London? Good hotel?

KAREN :

Great hotel, thank you.

LINTON :

Good meetings?

KAREN :

Yes. We had some good discussions. The time at Number Ten could possibly have been better spent but then...

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

25 CONTINUED:

Karen realises that Linton is reading a message on his cell phone and not listening.

LINTON :

Good. Welcome back. I'll read the words when they come through. Thank you so much.

Linton heads off to his office. A beat later so does Karen. Chad goes off a little towards Linton's office.

KAREN :

Is Chad coming... ?

LIZA:

(watching)

He's doing his desperate chorus girl thing, hanging around trying to catch Linton's eye. That's why he's wearing his push-up bra.

Chad manages to say a hello to Linton.

CHAD :

(as he passes)

Assistant Secretary of State -- hi.

LINTON :

Brad.

CHAD :

Chad

LINTON :

Uh-huh. Exactly

CHAD :

Can I...?

Linton ignores him as he goes to join Bob Adriano waiting for him in his office.

KAREN :

So listen, Liza, I need you to find out the names of the ten dullest committees currently operating on the

hill.

LIZA :

Dullest?

KAREN :

They'll have buried the war committee under the most boring name they can think of. 'Diverse Strategy Committee'- not that, I'm on that.

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

25 CONTINUED:

But it'll be a committee that sounds so tedious you want to self-harm.

KAREN (CONT'D)

They glance over into Linton's area. He is glancing into theirs.

KAREN(CONT'D)

Can you get me General Miller at the Pentagon?

26 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. DAY 26

Liza goes to her desk, picks up her landline.

LIZA :

Hi. I'm calling from Karen Clark's office about a paper written by a staffer here. We need to know if 'Post

War Planning:

Implication's and Possibilities' has reached Assistant Secretary of State Linton Barwick yet?

(listens)

Yeah by Liza Weld.

(listens, shit!)

'Pwip Pip'? It's already been given an acronym?

(listens)

No I don't want to fast-track it.

27 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. LINTON'S OFFICE - DAY 27

Looking over at Karen. Now alone, who is still stealing

glances over.

LINTON :

I do not understand why anyone would choose to work in a glass office. In my opinion glass offices are for perverts. He who sees through walls, lives through walls.

BOB ADRIANO :

I did mention I could request the glass be frosted?

LINTON :

(as if Bob Adriano brought it up)

Can we get off this subject please?
What happened in London?

BOB ADRIANO :

Generally positive. Two glitches.
Karen flagged a report by one of her staffers - Liza.

(MORE)

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27 CONTINUED:

BOB ADRIANO (CONT'D)

She's obviously trying to use it as some kind of roadblock. It's called Pwip Pip.

LINTON :

Pip what?

BOB ADRIANO :

Pwip Pip.

LINTON :

What is that a report on - birdsong?
What does that stand for?

BOB ADRIANO :

I don't recall. It's factish. Intel -
case for and against intervention.

LINTON :

We've got all the facts we need on
this. You get too many facts you can
get blind to the truth. You said there
was another thing?

BOB ADRIANO :

In the meeting with the Foreign Office
the committee was accidentally briefly
alluded to.

LINTON:

(putting his hand over his
mouth so he can't be lip-
read)
Which committee?

BOB ADRIANO :

(doing the same)
The war committee.

LINTON :

Karen must not find out about that.
She is an excitable yapping she-dog.
Okay get the minutes of the meeting,
we need to correct the record.

BOB ADRIANO :

We can do that?

LINTON :

Yes we can. They're an aide memoir for
us. So they should not be a reductive
record of what happened to be said,
but a more full record of what was
intended to be said. That's the more
accurate version, right?

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28 INT. KAREN'S OFFICE. DAY. 28

Karen's watching Linton across the floor in his office

talking to Bob Adriano. Occasionally Bob Adriano and Linton look over but generally it's obvious they're talking about Karen because of the way they're not looking over. Liza, summoned, enters.

KAREN :

They're talking about us aren't they?
It's obvious from the way they're not looking.

29 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE/BOX ROOM - DAY 29

Judy's in her office on the phone, laughing. Simon's eyeing her suspiciously.

SIMON :

What's she so fucking happy about? Is she laughing at me?

Judy closes the blinds on her side of the office.

SIMON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Why's she got control of the blinds?

I'm a government minister. I should have blinds.

TOBY :

(joking)

You want me to order some blinds? Or I could get some heavy curtains with swags and a pelmet.

Yes. I do.

SIMON :

TOBY :

Oh. Okay ...

SIMON :

Can we go somewhere else?

They walk to Box Room.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So listen. My team for the US. Team Simon. I'm thinking of taking you and leaving Judy?

TOBY :

Gut reaction? I like it.

29 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

The way she sprung the press on me outside the FO. That was her screw-up, right?

TOBY:

(going with it)

Oh god, yeah. Plus, she can be a bit, "Everything's a bit shit isn't it?"

SIMON :

That's true actually, she could be very "So you're the President? And I'm supposed to be impressed by that?"

TOBY :

Yeah. My husband works in Tower Hamlets."

SIMON :

"That's much harder than being President". Okay. It's settled. Fuck it. She's staying behind. Go and tell her.

30 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. LINTON'S OFFICE - DAY 30
The following day. Bob Adriano is going through the minutes with Linton.

LINTON :

I don't like this comment here about the LND numbers. Cut that. I don't think this is really what France are saying. Let's change that. And these. And let's reverse this.

BOB ADRIANO :

That's something Karen said.

LINTON :

It's not right. Change it.

BOB ADRIANO :

Yes sir.

LINTON :

And get rid of this chunk on seven on proliferation.

BOB ADRIANO :

Done.

LINTON :

And I like this.

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30 CONTINUED:

BOB ADRIANO :

Thank you.

LINTON :

Let's say everyone agreed with this.

BOB ADRIANO :

Excellent.

LINTON :

And the committee. We need to excise the reference to the committee. Ah. Here's the mention. From you. You did not mention it was your mention.

BOB ADRIANO :

No sir.

LINTON :

Shall we demention that?

BOB ADRIANO :

Yes sir.

31 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 31

Liza is working at her desk, Karen in her office. Chad

comes to Liza's desk, but keeps peering into Linton's office.

CHAD :

Have you got the transcript of Caulderwood's 'transformational diplomacy' speech?

LIZA :

No, Linton hasn't left to play squash yet. He's four minutes late, Rainman! This must play hell with your Aspergers.

CHAD :

Okay. Does that mean you don't have the transcript?

LIZA :

I do have the transcript.
(does some computer stuff)
There, I've sent it down to print on the laser on floor three.

CHAD :

Why didn't you print it here?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

31 CONTINUED:

LIZA :

We have a printer here? Silly me.

Sorry -- my bad, Chad.

Chad looks into Linton's office. Linton has a squash racket in his hand and is talking to Bob Adriano. He looks about to leave.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You not getting your printout?

CHAD :

Sure, I'm getting my printout.

Chad, keeping an eye on Linton, heads for the door.

He's almost there when Linton starts to leave.

Chad sprints like a lunatic back across the office to his own desk, picks up a brand-new squash racket in a brand-new bag, and sprints back to Liza's desk. Starts looking at something nonchalantly on the desk. Linton passes on his way out with his squash stuff.

LINTON :

(re. Chad's racket)
You play, Chad?

CHAD :

Sorry? Oh, yes sir, matter of fact I do play.

LIZA :

Really? I never knew that.

LINTON :

How about a game? I like a younger opponent, it makes me feel like I'm wearing a hat made of endorphins.

CHAD :

Sure thing sir.
Linton and Chad walk out. Liza calls after Chad.

LIZA :

You've still got the price tag on your squash bag, Chad.
Chad looks at his brand-new bag. The price tag is still on. He gives Liza the finger. She gives it back.
32 INT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT - DAY 32

SIMON :

There will be a car won't there?
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32 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Oh God yeah, of course.
They walk slowly looking at the various cabbies and chauffeurs holding signs.

SIMON :

Did you book a car?
He's looking panicked - then.

TOBY :

Here we go.
There's a guy with a sign that says 'England Government
-Simon Forester'

SIMON :

'Simon Forester?'

TOBY :

(to the taxi guy)
Hi we're the Simon Foster party?
The driver takes their bags and they follow him.

SIMON :

It said Forester. What if there is a
Simon Forester?

TOBY :

It's fine, it's ours. I mean is there
a Simon Forester in the Government?
The England Government?
33 INT. LIMO - DAY 33
Simon and Toby are heading into Washington. Their car
is accompanied by two police motorcycles.

SIMON:

(re :

I almost feel like there should be
hookers. Do you know what I mean?
Really, here, we should have hookers.

TOBY :

(thumbs up, on his mobile)
Hey Gav, I'm in a fucking motorcade!

DRIVER :

You want girls?

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33 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

(terrified of things
getting out of hand)

What? Oh no. God no. No no no no no. I
was just - I was just joking. I don't
want hookers. I hate hookers. I mean
not in an aggressive way. I'm just not
interested.

(uncomfy beat, then)

But thanks. Thanks very much.

34 EXT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY 34

They get out of the limo, take in the hotel facade. Not
bad. Pretty fucking good.

TOBY :

(pulling out his mobile)

I'm sending a photo of this to Gav and
those agricultural losers. Remind them
there's more glamorous things than
trout farms and rabies.

35 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY 35

They walk in. Oh. Right. Not so impressive then. Not
crappy. Just very bland and ordinary.

TOBY :

It's like a hangar for businessmen.

36 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM 36

Simon and Toby enter hotel room, pay porter, admire
disappointing view from window.

37 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. KAREN'S OFFICE - DAY 37

Karen, Liza and Linton are among those seated round the
table. Various staffers are standing, including Chad.
And Bob Adriano.

KAREN :

Which brings us on to Any Other
Business.

LINTON :

I actually have another appointment.

KAREN :

'Appointment?' You're playing squash,
not having a CAT scan.

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

37 CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)

But, I'll keep it brief so you can go
play with the boy of your choice.

LINTON :

Don't cheapen it Karen. It's a noble
art.

I believe I've flagged everything I
needed to discuss. As I usually do.

KAREN:

(putting her hand over her
mouth, mocking Linton's
gesture from earlier)

Or everything you're prepared to
discuss. I understand you've started
up a new committee, what's it called?

LINTON :

What makes you think that?

KAREN :

It was mentioned in our London
meeting.

LINTON :

You must be mistaken. I've read the
minutes and I'm afraid I'm not aware
of what you're referring to.

KAREN :

I was there, it's in the minutes.

Liza shows Karen the minutes. Karen realises it's not
there.

LINTON :

You obviously mis-heard.

KAREN :

I misheard the word 'committee'?

LINTON :

Karen, I can't vouch for your hearing.
Maybe it was another word. Say...
Khomeini.

KAREN :

You're sitting on a Khomeni?

LINTON :

There are lots of words. 'Kansas
City'? 'Kitty'?

BOB ADRIANO :

Itty?

LINTON :

'Itty' is not a word, Bob.

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37 CONTINUED:

CHAD :

'Commissary'?

LINTON :

Very good, Chad.

KAREN :

Okay, why don't you just recap for me
all the committees you're on at the
moment?

LINTON :

Sorry, Karen, you appear to be
bleeding from your mouth.
She is. But she doesn't want to leave the meeting.

LINTON (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be rude Karen but that is a tad... repulsive.

Karen gets up to go. It's awkward, she's boxed in and has to clamber over the others to get to the door.

LIZA :

Do you want me to come with you?

Liza follows Karen out. Chad takes Liza's seat.

LINTON :

I don't like to see a woman bleeding from the mouth.

CHAD :

No.

LINTON :

It makes me think of Country and Western music. Which I really can't abide.

CHAD :

(what?)

Yes! Ha ha! Exactly.

Linton sees his chance to take advantage of Karen being out of the room.

LINTON :

Actually while we're on Any Other Business I do have a few points I'd like to resolve.

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38 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 38

Liza is pulling handfuls of tissue. Handing them to Karen who is dabbing her teeth.

KAREN :

Where are you at with the committees?

LIZA :

I got it down to two. The Aims and Policy Alignment Committee. Here - put

some down your front - you don't want it to go down your... And the Future Planning Committee.

KAREN :

Well, it's not the first one. I set that one up. Does that really sound dull to you? I thought that was a good name.

LIZA :

Right, no, it is a good name.

KAREN :

Okay, find out if it is definitely the Future Planning Committee.

LIZA :

Okay. Okay. Right, listen, I might go and do that. You're not going to shout at me if I go and do that are you?

KAREN :

I'm not a fucking monster Liza, okay? Will you stop implying I'm some kind of monster. I'm just someone whose assistant finds it difficult to multi-task.

39 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 39

Liza heads out of the toilets to see Bob Adriano ahead, quite a long way.

Bob!

LIZA :

Bob Adriano stops and turns.

Liza.

BOB ADRIANO:

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39 CONTINUED:

Liza sprints and catches up with him. It takes a little while.

A beat.

LIZA :

So listen, Bob, there's something I really want to tell you.

BOB ADRIANO :

(hopes it might be a come-on?)

Oh really?

LIZA :

Yeah. Karen knows about the Future Planning Committee.

Bob Adriano looks shocked, tries to cover it up.

BOB ADRIANO :

I officially and actually have no idea what you're talking about.

Liza smiles. Runs back into the toilets and gives a thumbs up to Karen.

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - TOBY'S ROOM.

40 40

Simon knocks on the door. Toby opens, he's in his boxer shorts and shirt.

SIMON :

So! What's the plan? What swanky reception are we going to?

TOBY :

(panic in his eyes)

What's the plan? For tonight?

SIMON :

Well that's what I'm asking you Toby, my chief aide, my political advisor.

TOBY :

I don't know, I thought tonight we'd be tired?

SIMON :

(approaching breaking

point with Toby)

Well I am tired but I'm also a career politician Toby, in the political powerhouse of the world for forty-eight hours.

(MORE)

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40 CONTINUED:

So I thought it might be nice to, you know, go out rather than sit in my room trying to spunk one out watching a shark documentary, because I'm scared if I watch a porno it'll end up in the Register of Members Interests. So what have you got?

SIMON (CONT'D)

TOBY :

Okay ... What have I got?

SIMON :

Don't bullshit me Toby.

TOBY :

Okay - so far, we have ... one flyer under the door for happy hour in the bar - which might be interesting? And I have the number of a guy I was with at Uni who I believe now works for CNN out here.

No.

SIMON :

Judy?

TOBY :

SIMON :

Dude it's like the middle of the night.

TOBY :

Okay, no sure. Give me 20 minutes.

SIMON :

Okay, I'll try a contact or two.

41 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL BATHROOM/INT JUDY'S FLAT. 41

Toby goes into the bathroom.

He thinks, starts to call squeamishly. Cut to Judy in bed. Rolls over, looks at number on her mobile.

Answers.

TOBY :

Hi, Judy, we were wondering, Simon and I, well Simon was wondering, did you put anything in the social diary for tonight?

JUDY :

Fuck off Toby.

Cancels call. Her land line goes.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

41 CONTINUED:

JUDY (CONT'D)

Hi Hi Minister ...

Next to Judy her husband rolls out of bed, frustrated at the number of intrusions.

JUDY'S BLOKE

Oh for fuck's sake. Honestly.

42 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM 42

Toby re-enters the main hotel room.

SIMON :

(hand over phone,
explaining)

Judy. She - called me.

Right sure.

TOBY :

SIMON :

What you get us?

TOBY :

(left hanging)

My contact will get back to us.

43 INT. GEORGETOWN HOUSE - NIGHT 43

A smart private cocktail party in a fancy Georgetown house. Karen and General Miller spot each other. They each take a glass of champagne from a waiter.

GENERAL MILLER :

Hey Karen. You look beautiful.

KAREN :

I bet you say that to all the girls.

GENERAL MILLER :

Yeah I do. And some of the guys.

KAREN :

That's why you shouldn't run for Senate. Too many skeletons in your enormous closet.

GENERAL MILLER :

Yeah, don't believe the hype. I'm just thinking about doing ... something.

I'm more than just a soldier, Karen.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

43 CONTINUED:

KAREN :

That's right, you're passionate about education and housing and what's the other thing?

GENERAL MILLER :

Lingerie.

KAREN :

That's right. How's the dog?

GENERAL MILLER :

Makes my head swell and my eyes disappear. I look like a giant ball

sack.

KAREN :

And how's the pentagon?

GENERAL MILLER :

It's kicked up a level. Talking
invasion real soon.

KAREN :

Is there somewhere we can talk?

GENERAL MILLER :

I don't know, I don't live in this
house.

44 INT. CAULDERWOOD'S PARTY. ADJOINING PLAY ROOM - EVENING 44
General Miller and Karen are in Caulderwood's kids'
play room. Toys are piled up everywhere.

KAREN :

What if someone comes in now?

GENERAL MILLER :

I can't think of an excuse that would
work can you?

KAREN :

No.

GENERAL MILLER :

Okay so that's total minimum European
Theatre requirement.
He shows her a figure on a piece of paper.
GENERAL MILLER (CONT'D)
(he scribbles)
This is Far East, Korea, Japan etc.
He scribbles.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

44 CONTINUED:

GENERAL MILLER (CONT'D)

Add those. Plus contingency already
deployed.

KAREN :

Er - you've lost me.

Miller looks around, grabs a child's laptop. Opens it, it says 'howday' in an electronic voice.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Your military hardware is impressive.

GENERAL MILLER :

Not anymore it isn't. Okay so this is total current deployment.

(he types)

This is calling up shitheads, morons, people that just got out of jail, potheads who thought they were joining the coastguard.

(He types)

So the current number of combat troops available for an invasion according to these figures would be ...

(he presses the 'equals' button)

COMPUTER VOICE :

Twelve.

KAREN :

Thousand?

GENERAL MILLER :

No, twelve. Twelve soldiers. Twelve.

KAREN :

You're shitting me.

GENERAL MILLER :

Of course I'm shitting you, but 12 thousand isn't enough. Twelve thousand's about how many are going to die. And you really need a few guys alive at the end of a war or it looks like you've lost.

KAREN :

Uh-hu. Did they teach you that at West Point?

Hm, yeah well tomorrow I've got to meet these Brits. Simon Foster. Sounds cute, doesn't he? Like straight out of a nursery rhyme.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

44 CONTINUED:

GENERAL MILLER :

So, what, you thinking, we big the guy up? Get him on the war committee? Use him as our meat puppet?

KAREN :

Exactly. Internationalise the dissent.

GENERAL MILLER :

Good, that's what we need. A coalition of the Fucked Off.

45 INT. GEORGETOWN HOUSE. EVENING. 45

Liza walks round to see Karen, on her mobile. She starts waving at her. Karen doesn't spot her in the crowd.

LIZA :

I'm waving at you.

KAREN :

I can't see you. Be more visible. She advances.

LIZA :

I'm practically on top of you.

KAREN :

Now I see you. Okay you can stop talking into your cell now. They are together.

LIZA :

(to her and into phone)

Okay.

KAREN :

Look I'm taking the car. My teeth have formed themselves into a guerilla cell and are trying to kill me. Tell Simon Foster and his team to come in for the war committee and I'll do a five-minute Danish and hand job with them at ten. Okay? And if I die in the night, my dentist goes to Cuba in an orange jumpsuit.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08
EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - EVENING.

LIZA:

(on phone, deep breath)

Hey Toby! It's Liza Weld. Do you remember? What you guys doing?

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL. TOBY'S ROOM - EVENING.

Toby and Simon watching a shark documentary eating room service on their laps.

TOBY :

It's unbelievably hectic.

SIMON :

You can definitely spot the female ones, can't you?

LIZA :

So you made it.

TOBY :

Whoah. Yeah. Hello.

LIZA :

So last time I saw you was what, end of semester, five, six years ago?

TOBY :

Yeah sorry about that. I thought it would come across as romantic. But

apparently it seemed more ...
(does the stabbing from
Psycho)

LIZA :

To be honest, you were quite drunk. So
it came across as more
(drunken shouting)
'Ma haw wii aaarrrrllllaaaaaa beeeeeee
hooooooooooooo'.

TOBY :

But look at us now! Here we are -
running the world.

LIZA :

Uh-hu. I mean, I guess I'm running the
world, while your country is more of a
floating early-warning system.
So Karen has scheduled face time with
you and Simon tomorrow at ten.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Oh, wow, okay. Great.

LIZA :

And there's one other thing.

TOBY :

Yeah?

LIZA:

It's the War Committee. Real top notch
Bogsat.

TOBY :

Bogsat?

LIZA:

Bunch of Guys sat round a table. It's

small. Really small, that's how they want it. But very loopy, inner loop. Doubledomes. Beltway hardcore. This is where war's going to get decided. Room 712. Make sure you're briefed, these guys won't fuck around.

TOBY :

Fucking brilliant.

Anyway, I need a drink. You wanna catch up, Toby?

TOBY (CONT'D)

(can't believe his luck,
there's a connection)

You and me? Sure.

Realises he's going to leave Simon on his own.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(whispers to Simon)

I've got us in.

SIMON :

Where?

TOBY:

Meeting with Karen Clark at State,
10am. Plus. And this is big. War
committee. Top secret. Total Bogsat,
chock with doubleloops. Domey. Beltway
hardnuts. I'll emailed the deets to
your blackberry. Cool?

SIMON :

Great.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Look, I'm going out. It's work stuff.
I'm networking. You'll be okay yeah?

SIMON :

No.

48 INT. BLACK CAT INDIE CLUB - NIGHT 48

Toby and Liza sit in a booth. They are by far the most formally dressed people in the club. A band are playing angry rock with a vaguely political message. A small knot of people are rocking out.

LIZA :

(re :

You see those guys? The mosh pit?

TOBY :

Yes, I don't think I've ever seen a more civilised 'mosh pit' it's more of a mosh caucus actually.

LIZA :

House staffers, Senators' interns, most of them are half-man half-PDF file. Tonight they rage hard. Tomorrow they go back to the hill and argue noise reduction legislation. They're chuckling, having a good time.

TOBY :

So do you ever - rebel, a little. She looks at him, pulls back the arm of the top she's wearing to reveal a tattoo on her upper arm. TOBY (CONT'D)
Cool!

LIZA :

Yeah - above here,
(she motions to where her clothes cover)
you see, is plausible deniability.

TOBY :

(looking a bit too closely?)
What is it?

LIZA :

It's Sanskrit for peace.

48 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Oh. Nice. Best to keep it in code -
not a very fashionable idea I guess.

LIZA :

(she's been mulling on
something else entirely)
Did you hear about Pwip Pip to you?

TOBY :

I'm sorry? Pip Pip? Is this... a
person or a cell phone tarrif or..

LIZA :

It's my paper. On the war. Pros and
Cons of the war. But I came up with
too many cons. The pro-war guys have
started calling me 'Connie'.

TOBY :

You're worried.

LIZA :

Yes I'm fucking worried. My career's
on the line.

TOBY :

Yeah- I noticed you're worried, cos I
saw you looking worried. I'm
perceptive like that. But...
(can't think of anything
else)
Don't worry.

LIZA :

Okay, this place blows. I'm going.
What are you doing?

TOBY :

Well I'm incredibly tired. It feels like my brain's eight hours behind but my liver's 12 hours ahead.

LIZA :

You don't want to come back to my place for a quick catch up?
It's an alluring offer.

TOBY :

However, due to technological developments I no longer need sleep, but am physically rejuvenated by alcohol!
He guzzles from his beer bottle as they leave.

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49 INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

Toby and Liza are on the bed together, kissing.

TOBY :

Could I just say, you know, that what happens in Washington stays in Washington?

LIZA :

Yeah I live in Washington. So that doesn't really work for me.

50 INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - DAY 50

Toby wakes up. His mouth is parched. He feels terrible. He rolls over. Liza is gone. He can't remember where he is or what's going on. Then with a flash as he looks at the clock - 9.07 he remembers a lot of things in a rush and springs out like a Ninja and starts pulling his clothes on, while scrabbling for his phone. He heads down stairs & out of the apartment.

51 EXT. LIZA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY 51

TOBY :

Hello I need a number for a taxi in Washington DC. Straight through please.

He's on the street.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Hello. I need a cab, right now. From?

From where? From from

(sees the house number)

TOBY (CONT'D)

It's 40, 46, that's the number, and
it's a street. It's a nice street with
houses and cars and a - sidewalk and
it's got leaves and - hold on I'm
walking, I'm walking to a sign ...

52 EXT. STREET NEAR LIZA'S APARTMENT - DAY 52

Toby walks past a kid standing outside a run-down
school.

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52 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

(without stopping)

Excuse me, do you know where the State
Department is?

Yes.

KID :

TOBY :

Where is it?

KID :

I don't know.

TOBY :

Thank you very much.

(to the kid as he jogs
off)

If I don't get there on time to stop
this, I reckon in about eight years
you'll be getting called up.

He carries on past the kid a little scared.

53 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET 53

Toby running.

54 INT. KAREN CLARK'S OFFICE. DAY. 54

Karen, Liza and Simon are making small talk.

LIZA :

Marcel's is good.

Uh-huh.

SIMON :

KAREN :

You should go to La Taverna, the Greek place. It's fantastic.

LIZA :

They set fire to the cheese. It's a lot of fun.

SIMON :

It sounds a lot of fun.

KAREN :

There's the aerospace museum, the National Gallery.

SIMON :

Do they set fire to the paintings?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

54 CONTINUED:

Polite laughter. Toby comes in.

TOBY :

Hi I'm sorry I'm so late.

KAREN :

(re Toby)

And this is your guy?

SIMON :

Yes. He's, you know, among my guys.

Toby shoots Simon a look.

KAREN:

(turning to Toby)

I'm Karen. And I believe you already know Liza.

TOBY :

(she can't know?)

Yes. From college, in England.

KAREN :

Pulled an all-nighter?

Toby looks to Liza for guidance. She's not giving any.

TOBY :

Yes, I, uh, got led astray.

KAREN :

Oh who by?

TOBY :

Uh, well I ran into - people. There's some people from - the MoD over and

...

KAREN :

Not Penny Grayling?

TOBY :

Er - no, another - gang?

KAREN :

Right. Wow. I didn't know you had so many delegations in town.

TOBY :

(weakly)

The British are coming!

KAREN :

Well, I need to just check out a couple of things ... this seems like a good point to break things up.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

54 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

Er - no problem.

They start to get up, not quite sure what's going on.

LIZA :

It's been great.

SIMON :

Terrific.

KAREN :

I really appreciate this.

TOBY :

Brilliant.

55 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 55

Simon and Toby walk out into a larger office. They find a couple of seats left out for people waiting and sit down. Various staffers come and go, picking up papers and files, saying hi, looking knackered, all drinking either diet cokes or coffees.

TOBY :

Was that...?

SIMON :

Toby -- I don't want to read you the riot act here but I am going to have to read some extracts from the riot act. Like Section 1 paragraph 1 clause 1. Don't leave your boss twisting in the wind and then burst in late smelling like a pissed seaside donkey.

(special needs)

'The British are coming'?

TOBY :

Look, chief, I am really sorry okay. But to be fair I did swing the meeting in the first place. And I got us on the committee.

SIMON :

Yes well, you might have just got us taken off the committee.

TOBY :

(feels he's taken enough
now)

So I turned up late to the meeting
Simon. I'm sorry. But it's not like I
threw up in there.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

55 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

No you're right. I should be thanking
you for not throwing up. Well done.
You're a star. You didn't wet
yourself, you're in the right city,
you didn't say anything overtly
racist, you didn't pull your dick out
and start plucking it and shouting
'willy banjo'. No I'm being unfair,
you got so much right. Without
actually being there for the beginning
of one of the biggest meetings of my
career. You're a legend.
An uncomfortable beat.

TOBY :

That was just - the first bit was it?
We're going back in do you ...think?

SIMON :

We'd barely said hello. I've had
muggings that have lasted longer than
that. We really only spoke about
flammable cheese.

TOBY :

Maybe there's some Washington
etiquette where they take a short
break before they start the meeting
proper?

SIMON :

Maybe. They show the opening credits of a TV show then they have an ad break.

Liza comes out, passes by. Toby mouths 'shit' to himself.

LIZA :

(looking at a list on her desk, then to a staffer)

Are these all requests to get on the committee? What's going on? Did someone post an invite on Facebook? I'm drowning in Senators. It's Senator soup here.

TOBY :

Hi Liza.

They're uncomfy with each other.

LIZA :

Hey Toby.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

55 CONTINUED:

Toby gets up for a private word.

TOBY :

(re last night)

You feeling okay?

LIZA :

Yes, I'm feeling fine. Why were you late?

TOBY :

Because...you know...you didn't wake me up.

LIZA :

You looked so sweet. I thought you knew what you were doing.

TOBY :

I was asleep, of course I didn't.
That's how people walk out of windows.
Chad is passing. As Liza turns away Toby's face does a
spasm of regret at his brazen lying.

CHAD :

Everyone is so hot for your paper. I'm
running off another ten copies. It's
spreading like a virus, Liza. You're
in hot water. You're lobsterising.

LIZA :

I don't feel that.

CHAD :

It's by degrees. One by one, then -
you're dead. You're dinner.

LIZA:

(to Toby)

You know the only reason he comes over
here is he can see in Linton's office
from my desk.

CHAD :

Yeah, well, I'll have your desk soon,
now your anti-war paper has declared
war on your career. I smell lobster.
Can you smell lobster, Toby?

Simon calls Toby back over.

SIMON (O.S.)

Mate!

TOBY :

I need to...

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

55 CONTINUED:

LIZA :

Sure.

Toby goes back to Simon

LIZA (CONT'D)

So, how far would you go with Linton,
you freaky little stalker? Downtown?
Or all the way up Brokeback Mountain?

56 INT. WHITE HOUSE. SMALLISH ROOM - DAY 56

Malcolm is arriving into a meeting room set up with
water etc with a young man who looks like an intern,
A.J.

A.J.

How are you today? Beat the traffic?

Malcolm looking around, as if things aren't right.

MALCOLM :

Yeah yeah. Hunky dory. Can I get a
coffee?

He gives AJ his coat.

A.J.

(doesn't take coat then
eventually does and just
puts it on a chair, not
the coat stand)

Sure, sure, if we get started, I'll
get my assistant to bring us some
refreshments.

MALCOLM :

(realising)

Your assistant?

A.J.

(sitting, picking up a
file in the room)

Yeah. So, Item. We need to have a
conversation about the mood of the
British Parliament. Any bumps in the
road ahead.

MALCOLM :

I'm sorry son, am I - is this it? No
offence, but shouldn't you be at
school with your head down a toilet?

A.J.

Your first point there, the offence.

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to take it.

(MORE)

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56 CONTINUED:

Your second point. I'm 22. But - item -
It's my birthday in nine days, so if
it would be more comfortable we
could... wait...?

A.J. (CONT'D)

MALCOLM :

Don't get sarcastic with me son.

(starts dialling)

We burnt this tight-arsed city to the
ground in 1814 and I'm all for doing
it again. Starting with you, you frat
fuck. You get sarcastic with me again
and I will stuff so much cotton wool
down your fucking throat it'll come
out of your arse like the wee tail on
a playboy bunny. Okay? I thought...I
was led to believe I was attending
the war committee.

A.J.

Yes, Assistant Secretary of State
Linton Barwick wanted me to brief you
on the work of the Future Planning
Committee.

MALCOLM :

I don't want the bullshit son, I want
the bull. No one sidelines me. I'm
away.

Malcolm gets up, grabs his coat. An even younger guy
wheels in a coffee trolley.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

And here we go - the fucking Vice
President has also graced us with his
presence!

Malcolm runs out, on the phone.

57 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 57

Toby and Simon are still waiting.

TOBY :

(re. meeting)

What if it has finished? And Karen comes and sees us still here that's going to be embarrassing. We'll look like groupies.

SIMON :

But what if the meeting hasn't finished and she comes out and we've done a runner?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

57 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Why don't we go and find her and ask if the meeting has finished?

SIMON :

Are you still drunk?

TOBY :

Shall I call Judy, see if she can find out?

SIMON :

No. Let's try for once to do something without Judy. We've drawn long enough at that teat.

They look around awkwardly about to stand. A staffer passes.

STAFFER 3

Can I get you guys anything?

They shake their heads.

SIMON :

Now we can't go. Call Judy.

TOBY:

(calling)

Hi Judy, do you know how long this meeting we were in was scheduled for?

58 INT. DFID LADIES' LOO/INT STATE DEPARTMENT 58

Inter-cut with DFID ladies' toilet.

Judy is in a toilet cubicle, struggling to get changed. She has to keep swapping hands and ears to speak to Toby.

JUDY :

And what is this meeting?

TOBY :

With Karen Clark at State. I set it up last night.

JUDY :

Okay, so you want me to tell you how long a meeting you set up in Washington is scheduled for?

TOBY :

Yes?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

58 CONTINUED:

58

JUDY :

Forty seven minutes. Good luck.
Hangs up.

TOBY :

Thank you.

(Simon looks at him hopefully)

Well she said 47 minutes. But I think she was making an unfriendly joke, but I'm not totally certain.

59

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET NR WHITE HOUSE/DFID LADIES' LOO -59

DAY:

Malcolm's walking fast. He's on the phone. Judy's still in the toilet cubicle, almost changed now.

MALCOLM :

Where's the war committee? I thought I

was going to the war committee.

JUDY :

Simon's going to the committee - I thought you...?

MALCOLM :

Just tell me where the fuck it's happening.

JUDY :

Say please.

MALCOLM :

Are you taking the...Who the fuck do you think you are? Dame Judy Dench?

JUDY :

Do you want me to tell you where it is?

MALCOLM :

Yes.

(pained)

Please.

JUDY :

It's on the seventh floor. Room 712.

(beat)

Do you like how I'm telling you what's going on where you are?

MALCOLM :

Well let me tell you what's going on where YOU are, darling.

(MORE)

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59 CONTINUED:

A certain vinegar-faced manipulative cowbag is about to discover she's out of a fucking job...

(beat realises)

You've fucking hung up haven't you?

You fucking hoity toity...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

PASSER-BY

Hey, buddy, enough of the curse words.

MALCOLM :

Kiss my sweaty balls you nosey fuck.

Malcolm starts running.

60 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 60

Simon and Toby are looking through magazines and papers. Karen is exiting her office with an entourage.

SIMON :

Here she comes - shit - look like we're meeting, look like we're having a meeting!

TOBY :

(as she passes, re magazine)

... and if you look ... at the line they take in Newsweek - that's very much ... another narrative.

KAREN :

See you at the committee.

SIMON :

(like he's busy)

Yeah, yeah sure, see you in a mo. Just finishing off some stuff.

(to Toby loud)

Okay, we're all done there. Let's roll.

Toby looks at him. As they get up and follow her at speed, tripping to keep up.

TOBY :

(quiet)

I don't think you can say that anymore here. They don't like that.

SIMON :

Shut up. Follow them. Don't lose them.

Lets rock.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

61 INT. COMMITTEE ROOM 712 - DAY 61

Linton is with Adriano, quietly horrified by all these people. General Miller passes them.

LINTON :

(For Miller's benefit)

We seem to be overrun with insurgents here, Bob.

But the room is rapidly filling with bodies and din.

Linton calls the over-stuffed, standing-room-only room to order.

LINTON (CONT'D)

Okay, due to the fact that seemingly everyone in the world who owns a suit has turned up for this meeting, we'll be relocating to a bigger room. Room 720. So, if you will be so kind...

The committee members file out.

62 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET NR STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 62

Malcolm is legging it down the street.

63 INT. LARGER COMMITTEE ROOM 720 - DAY 63

The committee members file in.

Miller goes close up to Linton.

GENERAL MILLER :

Just so you know -- Karen and I did not appreciate having to sneak around like fucking Hart To Hart trying to find out about this committee.

LINTON :

Well, you're both here now. So that's great.

GENERAL MILLER :

You and I need to talk, mano-a-mano, cocks on the block, about how things are operating around here at the moment.

Linton not fazed by this.

63 CONTINUED:

LINTON :

Sure. How about 12:30 tomorrow, my office?

GENERAL MILLER :

Good.

General Miller takes his seat. Linton turns on Adriano.

LINTON :

What the hell happened?

ADRIANO :

I have no idea how they all heard sir. There must have been a leak.

LINTON :

Oh do you think? Really?

(with menace)

And do you know anything about this leak? Did you lay an egg in Karen Clark's basket?

ADRIANO :

I swear, honestly sir, I have absolutely no idea what is going on.

LINTON :

That is not something we like to boast about in my office.

Simon is sitting with Toby, marvelling at the numbers of people cramming into the room.

SIMON :

I'm room meat again. This is a massive abattoir of room meat. Stay outside Tobes, I need a guy on the outside. Make friends with Chad, the flannelfucker. He knows stuff. Pump him.

TOBY :

Oh no. I want to stay in here with Miller. Don't make me pump Chad.

SIMON :

I'm making you pump Chad. Go on.

Toby gets up to leave.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It'll be easy peasy lemon squeezy.

TOBY :

No it won't. It'll be difficult difficult lemon difficult.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

63 CONTINUED:

Toby reluctantly leaves, trying to grab another peek at Miller.

64 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET NR STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 64

Malcolm running like a madman.

65 INT. LARGER COMMITTEE ROOM 720 - DAY 65

Everyone is finally assembled. The room has thirty or so people in it.

LINTON :

So, welcome to this, somewhat engorged session of the Future Planning

Committee. You can all see an agenda?

People are looking at their agendas, low-level chatter, pouring of water, etc. - a general pre-meeting feel.

KAREN :

Assistant Secretary -- here on point 6, it feels like there's an assumption that we'll be invading. Should we talk about the practical? I mean this is the war committee after all?

LINTON :

It's the Future Planning Committee.

KAREN :

Unofficially it's known as the war

committee.

LINTON :

Well, unofficially we can call anything whatever we like.

(he holds up a water glass)

Unofficially, this is a shoe. But it's not a shoe, Karen, it's a glass of water, and this is the Future Planning Committee.

MILLER :

Well, unofficially, this appears to be bullshit.

66 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 66

It's lunchtime. Lots of staffers have left their desks. A few are eating sandwiches at their desks, or reading a newspaper during lunch.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

66 CONTINUED:

Chad is emailing, reading, multi-tasking, from a corner of desk near Linton's office.

Toby mooches around, peers in Linton's office. He spots a couple of A4 sheets of paper that have been printed out with 'Climb the mountain of conflict!' across them on top of the printer.

TOBY :

(looking in)

What's all this?

CHAD :

Climb the mountain of conflict. We're just choosing a font.

TOBY :

What about the font the SS used? Have you thought about using that one.

CHAD :

Well, that obviously has bad

connotations.

TOBY :

Heavy metal.

CHAD :

No - the SS.

67 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT ROOM 720. DAY. 67

Karen is talking.

KAREN :

But what I'm asking is has a decision been reached in principle to advocate invasion?

LINTON :

That's way off agenda Karen. Although it would seem a general consensus may be forming.

KAREN :

What makes you say that?

LINTON :

Well I noted with interest the recent comments of our colleague Simon Foster in that regard.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

67 CONTINUED:

Simon is texting under the desk and not really paying full attention. He hears his name, looks up, waves to the group. He doesn't clock Karen's intense look that says 'You are going to rebut that, aren't you?'

KAREN :

Perhaps Mr. Foster would have something to say about that?

SIMON:

(politely)

I'm just...watching with interest. In my country, we have a great saying for

situations such as this, which is:
"It's difficult, difficult. Lemon.
Difficult"
He goes back to his text.

LINTON :

As I say it seems a consensus is
forming .

KAREN:

(furious)
That's just ridiculous. You have no
basis for saying that.

LINTON :

Karen, please, calm down. We don't
want you to have another hemorrhage.
Item One.

68 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. CORRIDOR/BATHROOM - DAY 68
Malcolm arrives at the committee just as people are
spilling out. He's pissed off. Follows Linton into
bathroom.

MALCOLM :

Are you fucking me about?

LINTON :

What seems to be the problem?

MALCOLM :

I've just had a briefing from a 9-yearold
child .

LINTON :

AJ? He is one of my top guys. Stanton
College Prep, Harvard...he's smart and
he's great at his job.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

68 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

His fucking briefing notes were

written in Alphabetti Spaghetti. When I left I nearly tripped over his umbilical cord.

LINTON :

I'm sorry if it troubles you that our people achieve excellence at a young age.

Simon is emerging. Linton takes Malcolm to one side, out of Simon's earshot.

LINTON (CONT'D)

By the way, your prime minister informs me that he's tasked you with collating some fresh British intel for us.

MALCOLM :

Yeah, apparently your fucking master race of gifted toddlers can't quit get the job done in between breast feeds and playing with their power rangers.

So yeah, we're getting some actual grown-ups to bail you out.

Simon gets closer. Linton moves in.

LINTON:

(to Simon)

Minister, thank you so much for your support and your recent "Climb the mountain of conflict" comment - great. We're going to run with that, it has great repeatability.

SIMON :

Thanks very much, but...it's all a bit complex really, in terms of my...

Malcolm interrupts, taking Linton to one side again.

Simon hangs around on the periphery, trying to be part of the conversation.

MALCOLM :

I don't think you should run with that. It's not playing well in the UK. We need more time.

LINTON :

I'm sure that's not the case.
Linton pulls away, starts walking off.
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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

68 CONTINUED:

LINTON (CONT'D)
It's early days, my friend. All roads
lead to Munich.
He smiles and walks off.

MALCOLM :

What the fuck does that mean? 'All
roads lead to Munich'?

69 INT. CONSTITUENCY OFFICE. DAY. 69

TOBY and SIMON are with Simon's constituency agent,
ROZ, she's ushering them into the small, damp little
constituency office. ROZ's arm is in a sling (Jo
Scanlon's arm actually is in a sling) and she has
difficulty opening the door

ROZ:

(to Simon)
Sorry, could you...? You just need to
kick the bottom quite hard.
Simon kicks the bottom of the door to unstick it.
ROZ (CONT'D)

Right, here you go, you're pretty
booked up - there's a list on the
desk.

In the private office next to the waiting room Toby has
to turn the lights on. It's small and dingy. Simon has
to go under the desk to turn the desk light on.

TOBY:

(watching Simon)
How the mighty are fallen. From White
House to shitehouse.

SIMON :

(coming out from under the
desk)

Actually, fuck this, can you get under there mate?

Toby looks - why should he?

TOBY :

Er...it's not really a political issue, your lamp so...

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

69 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

No, but it allows me to see political issues so - probably it would be best if you stopped pulling your fucking 'I'm in an indie band' face and got under there right now alright?
Right.

TOBY :

SIMON :

I'm just back from America,

ROZ :

How was the President?
She's heading off.

SIMON :

Good actually.

(knowing she won't hear)

It's Will Smith now.

70 INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY 70

Roz opens the door. There are a few constituents waiting to see Simon, he nods a hello.

SIMON :

(Roz has gone ahead, this is to Toby)

Look at them. They all have that smell....like a charity shop, you know?

71 INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY 71

Simon listens behind a desk. Roz is there taking notes. Toby is in the corner working on a laptop. He opens a folder called 'Chad Dongle 3'. Sees a document 'Pwip Pip - confidential', opens that. Starts reading.

ROZ :

(looking through the paperwork)

Well it's not a council sceptic tank so they're not legally obliged to pump it...

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

71 CONTINUED:

MRS MCDAIRMID :

Look, according to the paperwork there's four metric tons of of shit under there. That's not all me, is it? I'm not a flipping elephant am I?

SIMON :

No, of course not. That's the last thing you are. Okay, Mrs McDairmid. Leave it with me. I'm sure there must be a way through this. Alright? Mrs Kendrick heads out.

MRS KENDRICK :

Thank you. Thank you very much.

SIMON :

Right, what's next? I've got a letter here from someone who wants me to stop cyclists being smug.

72 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 72

Karen runs out of the lifts. There's even more of a buzz than usual, people running around. She sees Bob Adriano, Linton and Chad in a huddle in Linton's air. Hurries over to Liza.

KAREN :

Liza, what's up? Why is everyone

running around?

This better be a fucking fire drill
otherwise I want to know why I wasn't
told about whatever the fuck it is.

LIZA :

The President has said he's vetoing
tariffs on Chinese auto imports.

KAREN :

Shit.

Karen calls over to a staffer, ABBEY.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Abbey, get me the president's
statement.

ABBEY :

Mr Barwick has asked me to...

Karen is beginning to lose it.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

72 CONTINUED:

KAREN :

You work to me, Abbey, you fucking
work to me. Get me the statement.

Karen crosses quickly to her office. Liza follows.

LIZA :

Sorry, why is that...? He's...what,
buttering the Chinese up?

KAREN :

He needs them to at least abstain in
the security council.

A beat.

LIZA :

We're going to the UN.

KAREN :

Yes, we're going to the UN.

73 INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY 73

Toby exits to get coffee as Roz brings in PAUL
MICHAELSON.

PAUL MICHAELSON

(as he enters)

Hi, thanks for seeing me Mr. Foster.

SIMON :

Hi Paul, call me Simon. You've met
Roz.

PAUL MICHAELSON

I know I have.

SIMON :

Lovely.

PAUL MICHAELSON

Okay, Simon, I'll try to keep it brief
because I can see you're a busy man.
There's a bloke out there wants to
make it illegal to talk in a foreign
language in shops.

SIMON :

Yes, well, this place can become a
magnet for the mentally dispossessed.
And for sensible people like yourself,
Paul.

PAUL MICHAELSON

Patronising.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

73 CONTINUED:

ROZ :

Why don't you explain your issue, Mr
Michaelson?

PAUL MICHAELSON

I...sorry, is this a joke?

How many times? For the fourth f...ing
time.

(as to an idiot)

The side wall. Of this property. Your
wall. Is falling over. On to my mum's
garden. She called you up - but she

got fobbed off by your people. Because she's not Lord Snooty in his posh car. Because she's not Madonna on a horse.

SIMON :

That...I agree, it's unacceptable.
Toby comes back in, hands Simon a coffee.

PAUL MICHAELSON

Do you know what this is?

(he hums something
irritating)

That's your constituency office hold music. I don't want it in my head, do I?

SIMON:

(checks notes)

We did arrange to get a quote from a builder, but...

Roz has a call on the landline.

ROZ :

Patch from London. They say it's urgent. Karen Clark? Is she the coracle woman?

SIMON :

Right. Paul, I really need to take this, but I haven't forgotten about you, okay?

PAUL MICHAELSON

No, well I'm not going anywhere, Simon. You won't be able to forget me because I'll be sitting here staring at you.

SIMON :

Toby, can I hand Paul over to you?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

73 CONTINUED:

PAUL MICHAELSON

"Can I fob Paul off with you?"

Simon goes elsewhere in the room to take his call.

TOBY :

So, Paul, where are we up to?

(off Paul's scary look)

I was out getting coffee. Sorry.

He grabs a pen and paper.

74 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT/INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY 74

(CHANGE SCENE ORDER)

Simon is talking to Karen.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

KAREN :

What's going on Simon?

SIMON :

Departmental business. About a wall.

KAREN :

Gaza?

SIMON :

Uh-huh. What can I do for you?

KAREN :

Where were you in the committee? I called for back-up, you sat there like a dumb sack of shit. Maybe worse, cos at a molecular level a bag of shit is probably fizzing with energy.

SIMON :

Well - okay. Yes. Um. Well, I have to say Karen, I have a clear strategy here. I'm playing the long game.

Paul Michaelson calls over.

PAUL MICHAELSON

I'm still here, Simon.

KAREN :

There is no long game. They've bounced us into a short game. You looked like a...what do you call it in England? A 'wanker

74 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

We don't call it that, no...

But she's gone.

75 INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY 75

(CHANGE SCENE ORDER)

Toby's still talking to Paul the wall guy.

TOBY :

Sorry. But I'm on your side. I have to look after my Mum too. You do, or they get shafted don't they? So...

Simon wants to talk.

SIMON :

Roz - can you talk to Paul for a moment because...

PAUL MICHAELSON

Oh right! Fob number two.

SIMON :

No, I'm sorry. National security, I just need to...

PAUL MICHAELSON

Fobbed to him, fobbed to her. Who's next? A tiny child? A dog? A tiny dog?

There are some biscuits over there -- shall I talk to the biscuits?

Simon is now hovering in the corner.

TOBY:

(signalling to Simon, don't worry, I'll take care of this. Watch this.)

Look, Paul, why don't I give you the number of my cell.

PAUL MICHAELSON

Mobile.

TOBY :
Mobile.

ROZ :
Have you got a mobile Paul?
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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

75 CONTINUED:

PAUL MICHAELSON
Of course I've got a mobile. What do
you think I am? A pykey?

TOBY :
Of course he's got a mobile.
PAUL MICHAELSON
Five megapixels.
Roz leads Paul away.

ROZ :
Mr Michaelson. Come with me and let's
see if we can sort your wall out.
PAUL MICHAELSON
How can you sort a wall out? Look at
your arm!

ROZ :
It's a sprain, it doesn't stop me from
making...
PAUL MICHAELSON
I'm going to pursue this with, what do
they call it? Extreme prejudice, to
the very end. I can be enormously
persistent. Ask my ex-girlfriend.

ROZ :
Okay, well, I'll take your details.

SIMON :
Fuck.
76 INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY 76
Malcolm is with Simon and Toby. Malcolm has a local
Northamptonshire paper.

MALCOLM:

(reading)

"While Foster jets around at the taxpayer's expense, his constituency headquarter's wall's collapsing and he doesn't give a shit.

SIMON :

It doesn't say that.

MALCOLM :

(holding up paper)

No but it says 'Wall-ace and Gromitt'

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

76 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

Wall-ace though?

MALCOLM :

You are being portrayed as the biggest twat in Northamptonshire, and that's going some.

TOBY :

It is just a wall, Malcolm.

MALCOLM :

Listen, my little stem cell, I don't want to be dealing with this either, okay? I've got bigger fucking fish to fry, believe me. I'm rolling blue whales in breadcrumbs at the moment. I'm giving this to Jamie.

SIMON :

Oh great. The crossest man in Scotland.

MALCOLM :

Don't say that to his face.

Jamie enters, holding another local rag.

JAMIE :

Well, if it isn't Humpty-Numpty...

SIMON :

What is this, surround bollocking?

JAMIE :

With respect, I haven't finished. If it isn't Humpty-Numpty, sitting on top of a collapsing wall like some clueless egg-cunt.

SIMON :

Hi Jamie.

TOBY :

Hello.

JAMIE :

Okay, that's enough of the fucking Oxbridge pleasantries.

TOBY :

How is saying "hello" a...

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

76 CONTINUED:

JAMIE:

(grabbing a hole-puncher)

Shut it, Love, Actually, or I'll hole-punch your face.

MALCOLM :

Right, it's all kicking off at the UN.

(to Simon) See you at The Foreign

Office. Meantime, my small but

perfectly informed colleague here will

be managing this little basket of cock

and chips. I'm off to deal with the

fate of the planet, okay?

Simon, Toby and Jamie look at him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that's arrogant.
That is just a fucking fact. Don't
even look at me.

(to Jamie)

Be gentle with them.

JAMIE :

You know me, Malcy, kid gloves. Made
from real kids.

Malcolm leaves.

An awkward beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Right, Butch and Gaydance, this wall
story is playing badly.

(looking in his paper)

Look, here's a cartoon of you as a
walrus.

SIMON :

A walrus? I'm not fat. I don't even
have a moustache.

JAMIE :

Walrus. Wall-rus? Oh for fuck's sake.
All that matters is you're a fucking
walrus, alright?

TOBY :

Look...we hired some builders. They
didn't turn up when they said they
would.

JAMIE :

They're builders. What did you
expect?!

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

76 CONTINUED:

Have you ever seen a film where the
hero is a builder? No. Because they
never turn up in the fucking nick of

time. That's why you never see a superhero with a hod.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

SIMON :

We also then sent someone else round and they put up temporary buttresses...

JAMIE :

That's your headline response? 'We Put Up Temporary Buttresses, Says Flailing Walrus Fuck'.

77 INT. WESTMINSTER PUB - DAY 77

Suzy, Michael and Judy are having a drink in a pub. Maybe they're sitting in a four seater booth? Their phones are on the table. As is a bottle of Sancerre. Judy's got her power walking trainers on and her rucksack with her.

JUDY :

My theory is Malcolm built him in a lab out of bits of old psychopath. Toby arrives, dumps his coat, bag, puts his phone on the table.

TOBY :

Hello ladies.

SUZY :

And gentleman.

TOBY :

(doing the joke again)
Hello ladies.

SUZY :

Be nice. Michael's had a visit from the Jock Stress Monster.

MICHAEL :

I'm fine. I boarded at Winchester, I'm used to being shouted at.

TOBY :

I'm just going to SUZY
He's looking for leaks.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

77 CONTINUED:

MICHAEL :

Oh. Lovely. I think we could have
another bottle of Sancerre.

TOBY :

Great.

SUZY :

If you can afford it.

JUDY :

If you can get served at the bar.
He goes to the bar. His phone gets a text. Suzy picks
it up, reads it.

SUZY :

Fucking hell. Here we go again.
Fucking asshole.

MICHAEL :

You're kidding? What's it say?
(peering at the phone)
Woah!
Suzy shows the phone to Judy.

JUDY :

What a twat.
(beat)
What are you doing? Are you replying?
Suzy's texting on Toby's mobile. Toby's coming back.
Suzy puts the phone back down.

TOBY :

Yeah I wouldn't want to meet Jamie in
a dark alley. Or a bright alley. The
whole thing of just being in an alley

with him would be scary, regardless of the lighting.

SUZY :

He is quite frightening. But then you're not much of a man.

MICHAEL :

Yeah, I remember his first d...
Suzy cuts in.

SUZY :

You've got a text.

TOBY :

(reading, covering)
Oh yeah. It's just Rob about football.
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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

77 CONTINUED:

SUZY :

So, this Liza. You shagged her?

TOBY :

What? No.

SUZY:

(to Judy)
Did you realise he was ball-deep in some Washington wonk??

TOBY :

Could we not talk about accusations and, health issues, in the pub?

SUZY :

I'm okay to talk about it now.

SUZY :

Why did you do it?

TOBY :

I don't know, it was a weird, intense time over there. It was...maybe, subconsciously, I don't know, it was a kind of last ditch attempt to stop this, awful...war.
A beat. Michael and Judy dissolve into laughter.

MICHAEL :

That's classic. That's definitely going in the memoirs.

SUZY :

You had sex because of the war?

TOBY :

In the broad sense.

(to Judy and Michael)

Sorry, can you stop doing that? Can we go somewhere where they're aren't enormous children eating snacks?

78 INT. NUMBER TEN. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY 78

Jamie and Malcolm.

JAMIE :

I went to see that film There Will Be Blood right? Fucking great title for a film.

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

78 CONTINUED:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

'Want to see a film?' 'I dunno, will there be blood?' 'There will be blood'. 'Right, I'm fucking in.' Great title for a film, you couldn't have a better title for a film. Apart from, maybe, There Will Be Tits. Basically, you could have a cinema that shows There Will Be Blood and There Will Be Tits and we don't need any other films. That's the end of cinema right there.

MALCOLM :

Is this going anywhere?

JAMIE :

I went to see There Will Be Blood.
There wasn't any fucking blood.

MALCOLM :

There was some blood.

JAMIE :

There was hardly any fucking blood. So
what I want to know is will there be
war?

MALCOLM :

My guess is there will be war.

JAMIE :

Oh right. Interesting. Have you had a
look in the soldier box lately? What
we gonna send? Two lads from the
Territorial Army armed with biros?

MALCOLM :

No we're not going to do that. For a
start, we're out of biros.
But, It Will Be Fine.

JAMIE :

Oh fine, as long as It Will Be Fine.

MALCOLM :

It will all be fine.

JAMIE :

Good. Happy days.

MALCOLM :

So, listen, I need intel. I need you
to go into the Foreign Office, into
International Development, and give
them a shake-down.

(MORE)

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78 CONTINUED:

Explain they need to shift their soggy bad-trousered arses and give us the gold they've been sitting on for so long.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

JAMIE :

So, what? Give them the third degree?

MALCOLM :

Don't worry, You'll find stuff. It Will be There. Go through them, one by one, from the most senior civil servant down to the lowliest of the fucking low.

JAMIE :

What, the work experience kids?

MALCOLM :

No, the ministers. Do you see what I did there?

JAMIE :

Nice. I see what you did there.

MALCOLM :

It's observational comedy. It's funny cos it's true.

They head off in opposite directions.

79 INT. DFID - DAY 79

Judy punches a button on her phone. Toby's land line starts ringing. Judy comes out. She's just transferred the call.

JUDY :

Tobes, that's for you.

TOBY :

(to Judy)

What's this?

JUDY :

It's the mad man about the wall.

The war?

TOBY :

The wall.

JUDY :

Judy heads into Simon's office.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

79 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

What can I do for you Paul?

PAUL MICHAELSON:

(OS, on phone)

These 'temporary buttresses' you got
put up.

TOBY :

Right?

80 INT. PAUL MICHAELSON'S GARDEN/INT. DFID - CONTINUOUS 80

Wall man Paul is on the phone, standing with a
JOURNALIST by the offending wall, now badly propped up.
The journalist is taking notes and photographs.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

PAUL MICHAELSON

They're basically a pair of twigs.
Thin twigs.

TOBY :

I'm sure they're not twigs.

PAUL MICHAELSON

No they're twigs.

(to Journalist)

Are you getting a picture of those
twigs? That wall could fall on my mum
and crush her. Do you know how old she

is?
(calling off)
How old are you mum?
MUM (O.S.)
Sixty.
During this conversation Malcolm arrives.

MALCOLM :

I want a word with the minister and
Charlotte Fucking Bronte.

PAUL MICHAELSON

You're never fucking sixty. You're
older than that. Sixty. How old are
you really?

MUM (O.S.)

I'm sixty. If it's going in a
newspaper, I'm sixty.

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80 CONTINUED:

PAUL MICHAELSON

Fuck off are you sixty. Olivia NewtonJohn's
fucking sixty. And she's not on
the statins, is she?

TOBY :

Could you tell your mum to stay away
from the wall just for the time being?

PAUL MICHAELSON

She needs to get to her plants.

(like Toby's an idiot)

She has to water them. Plants need
water. Or they die. Do you want my
mother to be in a garden full of dead
plants?

TOBY :

No, sure, but could she use a hose,
from a distance?

PAUL MICHAELSON

She doesn't have a hose, she's got a
watering can. This is like talking to
a brick wall about a brick wall.

(to journalist)

Get that down, that's gold.

81 INT. DFID - CONTINUOUS 81

All is relatively peaceful in the open-plan office.

People working away.

Jamie storms in, alongside the frightened-looking IT GUY.

JAMIE:

(to the entire office)

Hello, shits! Put your knickers on, it's the IT Sweeney.

We are here to strip search your computers. Haven't we...fat man whose name I've forgotten?

IT GUY :

Yes.

They march in, Jamie heads past Judy's desk.

JAMIE:

(to the room)

It's only intelligence we're after. We could be here a while.

(MORE)

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81 CONTINUED:

(as he goes past Judy, leans in)

Hey! Look! It's Leaky Woman! You want to do some pelvic floor exercises darling, because I hear you're pissing intel everywhere.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

JUDY :

I didn't leak anything. And I won't be intimidated by some Cro Magnon Scottish dwarf.

JAMIE :

(even closer?)

Whoa. Is this us exploring personal boundaries? You fucking stuck-up toffee pudding bitch.

Jamie smiles. His phone goes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Hi. Yeah. Yeah. Look, I'm just in the middle of something can I call you back? Okay, great.

(phone down)

So where were we? Oh yeah. You know, I'm actually aroused at the thought of giving you a long hard disciplinary hearing.

JUDY :

Oh I'd love you to give me a long hard disciplinary hearing? Cos at the end I'd have a big fat compensation payment. So go ahead give me one.

JAMIE :

I'd like to give you one.

JUDY :

Well, I'd love you to give me one.

Jamie's come to the end of the line, they head into Simon's office.

82 EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE - A BIT LATER 82

Simon and Judy on their way into the foreign office.

Malcolm has gone in ahead. Suzy chatting on the stairs with Toby.

Simon draws Judy to one side.

SIMON :

This is all getting...this is a really stressful job, you know that?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

82 CONTINUED:

A beat.

JUDY :

Oh come on, you're not a brain
surgeon, you're not a snooker player
...

SIMON :

But I do have to go Northamptonshire
to talk to a mentalist. And I got
treated to a special performance of
the Scottish play in Number 10 with
Big Macbeth and Wee Jamie Macbeth.

JUDY :

Ah. Is that what this is about?

SIMON :

I don't want to back a war, Judy.

JUDY :

(oh this is what it's
about)
Oh. Right.

SIMON :

Look, drop some hints, put some nods
and winks out there, that I'm toying
with resignation. Yeah? See if the PM
reacts. See how it plays.

JUDY :

Not my purview, get Toby to do it.

SIMON :

No, I want you to do it. War beats
purview, Judy. Like stone beats
scissors. War...
(he makes a grabbing claw
with his hand)
...beats wall...
(he holds his hand up to
denote a wall)
...beats purview.
(he thinks for a second
how to represent
'purview' then does a

gentle little Oliver
Hardy wave)

JUDY :

Put out some winks?

SIMON :

And nods.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

82 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

Big nods?

SIMON :

No, no, just sort of...

(he does a small nod)

That sort of size nod.

Judy nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No, not that much.

JUDY :

No, I was just nodding normally to say

I understood the need for a small nod.

SIMON :

Oh. Good.

They head in.

83 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY 83

In a nice room. Malcolm is with Michael, Suzy and a
couple of other civil servants.

MALCOLM :

So, my lovely friends, bottom line...

MICHAEL :

I hate that phrase. We're not in

retailing

MALCOLM :

Sorry Michael, I promise never to use

it again. Bottom line, is that the President is going to the UN, and the PM would like us to join him so we're not stuck on our own like the tiny little island we actually are but no-one wants to admit.

Toby, Simon, and Judy arrive

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You're eighteen seconds late.

SIMON :

Is this the UN? Why couldn't you have told me this in our previous horrible meeting? Why did I have to come to another building?

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83 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

Because I am now talking on the record, and you can tell that because there is gravity in my voice and I'm not wearing fucking pyjamas. So, Rob, Innis,

(to Toby)

Little Bo Cock Jockey

(to judy)

And the leaky fucking mingebox, return to your desks and prepare for some extreme briefing.

Two CIVIL SERVANTS get up and exit. Judy walks across the room and starts making calls, as does Toby. They can both still hear Malcolm and Simon's conversation. Michael grabs his phone and stands up.

MICHAEL :

Should we call Donald Stebbing at the DST and Paul in Fatty's office, get a steer on their statements?

MALCOLM :

Yes, the bottom line is, I would like

you to do that.

Michael walks off into the next room, Suzy follows.

They start calling.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Now then, you still got doubts,
Complicated Simon?

SIMON :

What the fuck, Malcolm. This is all going to spin along from here and we have a vote and we go to war. We fight people, and kill them, and our kids get killed, and that's exactly the sort of thing I didn't want to do when I went into politics. That's the opposite of what I want to be doing.

MALCOLM :

That's why you've got to stay in Government. In here you can influence things, delay things. Out there you're just another mad shouty fucker people don't want to make eye-contact with. Remember Mary? She took a stand over Health. Everyone decided she was mental.

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83 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

Only because the Sun showed a photo of her with wide eyes and her head on a cow.

MALCOLM :

I found that a very powerful image.
(a beat)

Look, the Prime Minister of this country is not a Viking. He doesn't drink blood, he doesn't go round biting tramps. He doesn't go to Chequers at the weekend for a bit of

light raping and a pub lunch.

SIMON :

I know the Prime Minister isn't a Viking, Malcolm.

MALCOLM :

Unlike me, the man abhors physical violence. He's never, knowingly, killed a man in a drunken rage outside a Cardiff nightclub. He's a grade A fucking pussy and he knows you have similar concerns and he wants your input on this. Yeah?

SIMON :

Good. Because, I have concerns, non-pussy concerns. Where's the intelligence? Where's the hard evidence?

MALCOLM :

Listen, we have intelligence so deep and hard it would fucking puncture your kidneys. Jamie's collating it as we speak. There's an informant, 'Ice Man', OK? The stuff he's giving us? It'll make your blood run cold. And clot. Your insides will turn to black pudding.

(lowering his voice)

...but certain box-lickers are sitting on it, and weighing it up in committees and think tanks and wank bins. But you're going to see it, because the PM regards you as a key player now.

Judy's puts her head in.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

83 CONTINUED:

JUDY:

(to Simon)

Prime Minister wants to speak to you
in ten minutes, Simon.
Malcolm's heading out.

MALCOLM :

See - you're A-list now. In the VIP
lounge, with the gold card and the
complimentary drinks and the hard-on.
You're a fucking Kennedy.
Malcolm leaves. A beat.

SIMON :

(shouting to Malcolm)
Show me the evidence, Malcolm, that's
my fucking bottom line.
Michael on his way past back into his office.

MICHAEL :

Don't you start as well.
84 INT. TOBY'S FLAT - EVENING 84
Toby lets himself into the flat. Goes through to the
kitchen. Suzy is there with Michael.

TOBY :

What the fuck is he doing here?

SUZY :

What?! What the fuck are you doing
here?

TOBY :

Well I live here.

SUZY :

No you don't actually.
(to Michael)
I'll go make that tea.
Suzy and Toby go into the kitchen.
SUZY (CONT'D)
He's having a hard time. Jamie thinks
he's got evidence that Michael is
having an affair ...

TOBY :

I always thought he was gay.

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84 CONTINUED:

MICHAEL :

(calling through)

I'll take that as a come on.

TOBY :

Oh that's very kind of you. But no thanks.

(to Suzy)

What kind of affair? Who with? You?

Is this some affair-themed date?

SUZY :

That's none of your business.

Don't be ridiculous.

TOBY :

So he's allowed to have an affair is he? He gets tea. I get thrown out. My tea by the way.

SUZY :

You are so tight. And nothing actually happened. He just sent affectionate emails and you got into her knickers.

TOBY :

Yeah but he's from a different generation and if he was from my generation he would have got into her knickers and I never sent affectionate emails.

SUZY :

No you sent obscene texts.

TOBY:

(beat)

I'm taking my brie. And the port. And my Nando's peri-peri sauce. They go back out into the living room.

SUZY :

Don't forget your hydrocortisone.

TOBY :

You putting this in your memoirs as well?

MICHAEL :

I should go.

SUZY :

No, it's fine. Stay.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

85 INT. TOBY'S FLAT - LATER 85

Toby is in the bedroom. A few boxes are lying around. He's putting clothes into bin liners. Suzy is hovering. Michael brings through some teas. The atmosphere is very frosty and awkward.

TOBY :

Where's my needlecord jacket?

SUZY :

Your geography teacher's jacket?

TOBY :

My corduroy jacket.

SUZY :

Did you take it to Washington? Maybe Liza's wearing it. Maybe it's fashionable there.

Toby thinks better of responding. Starts folding some shirts. Michael takes over

MICHAEL :

That's not how you fold.

TOBY :

Michael, this is one of the more humiliating moments of my life. I can pack a bag.

MICHAEL :

The key to travelling is packing.

TOBY :

I'm not going to fucking Fiji Michael, I'm being chucked out of my house.

MICHAEL :

It'll save time the other end.

TOBY :

There is no other end.

Toby moves through to the kitchen to get his jeans. Suzy and Michael follow.

SUZY :

Has she got big tits?

TOBY :

Massive. Enormous. You can see them on Google Earth. They've got their own postcode.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

85 CONTINUED:

Toby gets his jeans and some other clothes. He's laden down with boxes and bags and can hardly see. Comes out into the hall. Suzy is there without Michael.

TOBY (CONT'D)

See you then.

SUZY :

Okay.

Toby struggles to open the front door. Suzy opens it. Toby goes to leave then stops.

TOBY :

Look, Suzy, this is probably going to sound odd under the circumstances.

SUZY :

Quickie?

TOBY :

No. Thank you. But no. It's about Liza.

SUZY :

Oh good tell me more, tell me more about her tits.

TOBY :

Listen, Suze, Liza wrote a paper, Pwip-Pip. I think, if it got leaked, it could stop the war.
He holds out a memory stick.

MICHAEL :

Good tactic. Get earnest. I tried that with the wife. Didn't work.

SUZY :

You are such a fucking coward, you know that? And this is what? A make up leak?

TOBY :

Does such a thing exist?

SUZY :

Toby, take your rubbish clothes and your back issues of Mojo and your eighth of dope and leave me the fuck alone.

Toby leaves the memory stick in the flat. Then heads out.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

86 EXT. PAUL MICHAELSON' GARDEN - DAY 86

(CHANGE SCENE ORDER)

Simon is with Roz in Paul Michaelson' garden. Paul's mum has a camcorder.

PAUL MICHAELSON

You seen those buttresses? Twigs! Thin Twigs!

SIMON :

Right. Can I just say again how very sorry I am. That's the reason I've come down here.

PAUL MICHAELSON:

(re. Roz)

Why's the one-armed bandit here? Protection?

ROZ :

We're both here to help. The minister doesn't need protecting.

SIMON :

Unless you try to hit me. You're not going to hit me are you? Paul gestures -- don't know, might do.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's... obviously, being a Cabinet Minister I've been extremely busy and...

PAUL MICHAELSON

Don't patronise me. We're all busy. I bet you find time to eat. I bet you eat all the bloody time in fancy bistros..

SIMON :

There'll be a builder over here in five minutes, and he and I will take care of the wall.

Simon's phone goes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'll just leave you two to...excuse me.

Simon goes away from Roz and Paul to answers his phone.

In the background, Roz gets a call.

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87

DAY:

SIMON :

Malcolm.

INTERCUT WITH:

MALCOLM :

Minister. The PM wants you at the UN. Thinks you can put the brakes on the Americans. He likes your spine and your balls. He thinks you're a big fuck-off exoskeleton covered in testes. You're spunky to them. In a good way.

SIMON :

I don't know. Where's the evidence that Jamie was supposed to find?

MALCOLM:

On its way. He's just finishing it. It's huge.

What you gonna do? You coming? To the land of the free and the home of the obese?

Roz is taking her call, leaving Paul Michaelson on his own for a moment.

PAUL MICHAELSON

I thought you said there was a builder coming?

SIMON :

There is. Roz, what's the latest on the builder?

ROZ :

He's stuck in traffic. But he says he's only ten minutes away.

SIMON :

Ten minutes.

PAUL MICHAELSON

He was five minutes before. He's going back in time. What's he driving, a Delorian?

A beat.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

87 CONTINUED:

86

SIMON :

(into phone)

Ok, I'll come.. 86

88 INT. CAR - DAY 88

Simon, Toby and Judy are on the way to Heathrow.

SIMON :

Should I resign? I've floated that I might, when I thought I wouldn't, so it'll look convincing if I did. I mean, do you think, is it braver to just resign and say, 'No, no war'?
Yes.

JUDY :

SIMON :

Or is it actually braver to say, 'I don't agree, but I'm going to grit my teeth and get on with it?' Is the really brave thing actually doing what you don't believe?
No.

JUDY :

TOBY :

Though -- maybe? What's brave about doing the 'right thing'? Nothing. Doing the wrong thing is braver. In a way. I mean, you know, wars sometimes work. The War of Independence, that worked. For the Americans. Second

World War. That was a good idea. I mean not a good idea but ...

SIMON :

I know what you mean. And the Crimean War -- we got nurses out of that.

TOBY :

Nurses are good.

SIMON :

(as if they've achieved something)

Exactly. So...right. Exactly.

JUDY :

So you're not resigning?

No,

SIMON:

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

89 INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT. DAY. 89

Simon and Toby are walking past a baggage carousel.

Someone from Fatty's entourage is lifting massive bags onto trolleys.

TOBY :

Jesus, even Fatty's bags are fucking huge. What's he got in there?

SIMON :

Suckling pig. Cask of ale.

Respirator...

(conspiratorially to Toby)

In the motorcade. Let's get a car without Judy.

TOBY :

You want hookers? You like hooky fucky?

SIMON :

I want to talk about the resigning

thing.
Still?

TOBY :

SIMON :

But with you and not her.

90 INT. LIMO - DAY 90

Simon and Toby looking very uptight. Malcolm's with them.

MALCOLM :

(looking at phone)

So. The wires are all currently reporting that you're going to resign from government over the war.

SIMON :

What? That wasn't supposed to get outside.

MALCOLM :

Yeah well it is outside. It's lurking outside like a big hairy rapist at a coach station.

Simon looks to Toby for help.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

90 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Simon's relaxed about people thinking he might resign.

SIMON :

Am I? Oh yeah, I am. Because...?

TOBY :

Because you're not going to resign?

SIMON :

That's right. I just got Judy to float the possibility that I would resign.

Leverage. (Says it with US pronunciation)

TOBY :

Leverage. (UK pronunciation)

MALCOLM :

Leverage. (US pronunciation) Right.
Canny. Sorry, Simon I underestimated you.

SIMON :

You're being sarcastic?

MALCOLM :

Well spotted. You're a smart guy.

INT. UN BUILDING - DAY

91 91

Malcolm, Simon, Toby and Judy are being led through a bleak, soulless basement corridor in the UN by Sir Jonathan Tutt, the British ambassador to the UN.

SIR JONATHAN :

This is it gentlemen. The United Nations.

SIMON :

It's all a bit 'blurrrgh', isn't it?

TOBY :

This is even more disappointing than the State Department. And that looked like it had been built out of the off-cuts of other more interesting bureaucracies.

JUDY :

It could do with a few more scatter cushions and a bit less asbestos.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

91 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM:

It's a shithole. It looks like a
hospice for robots.
They pass a big office.

SIR JONATHAN:

Linton Barwick is in there. Karen
Clark is there. You're right here.
It's literally a corridor of power.
You can almost feel it throbbing can't
you?
Sir Jonathan shows them to their office.

SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)

If you need anything, just whistle.
You know how to whistle don't you
Malcolm? You just put your lips
together and blow.

Malcolm and Toby look at one another.

SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Right. I'm off upstairs to the
informal delegates' reception. Hope
there's nibbles, I'm ravenous.
Sir Jonathan leaves.

MALCOLM :

Nibbles? Who still says nibbles?

TOBY:

Fuck the nibbles, what was with the
homoerotic tension?
Malcolm gets a call.

MALCOLM :

Jamie. Hello?

He looks at his phone.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

No fucking signal down here. Jesus.
He leaves the room.

92 INT. NUMBER 10 - SAME TIME 92

Jamie is on the phone, running down a corridor.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

92 CONTINUED:

JAMIE :

Okay, your phone's off, which means you've been shot dead by a fat American, but there's been a fucktastrophe. Someone's leaked Liza Weld's Pwip Pip paper to the BBC. I reckon it'll be on the Six O'Clock news here, one o'clock your time, so it's going to fist your fucking vote apart. Missing you loads, pwip-pip, toodle-oo!

93 EXT. UN BUILDING - DAY 93

Malcolm finishing listening to his voicemail, dialling and running back into the building, pushing past a crowd of smokers at the doorway.

MALCOLM :

Okay Jamie, this is your mission, should you choose to accept it. Find out who leaked Pwip Pip. Jump up and down on them until they are dead. Then find out who's got it at the BBC. Go over there and waterboard them with their own fucking frappacino. We need them to dither about until after the vote, yeah? Then it's all fist bumps and shooty fucking bang-bang. I love you.

94 INT. UNITED NATIONS RECEPTION ROOM. DAY 94

Malcolm drags the ambassador away from some guests into a corner.

SIR JONATHAN :

I was talking there, Mr Tucker. What the bloody hell...? This isn't prison.

MALCOLM :

Okay it doesn't matter who leaked it that's happened. We're in a new reality now and You've got to speed things up.

SIR JONATHAN :

What things? Speed up what?

MALCOLM :

The debate. It needs to start at eleven o'clock, not one thirty.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

94 CONTINUED:

SIR JONATHAN :

Hehe. Can I perhaps briefly explain the way the process works? And why that isn't possible? You see through that door there are a number of secretariats that are currently doing what we call the washing up now...

MALCOLM :

Just fucking do it, fishlips. Otherwise you'll find yourself in some medieval warzone in the caucasus with your arse in the air, trying to persuade a group of men in balaclavas that sustained sexual violence is not the way forward.

SIR JONATHAN :

No, it can't be. I mean it could be done, it just can't.

MALCOLM :

Then I'll do it.
(motioning to a door)
They're through there?

SIR JONATHAN :

Yes but you can't go in, that would be a serious breach of protocol ...
He's blocking Malcolm. Malcolm grabs his hand.

MALCOLM :

Then you do it. Get in there.
On the other side of the room, Linton is with Chad.

Linton's furious.

LINTON :

Chad, this leak means I am
experiencing a period of ... disequilibrium.
My mental landscape could
best be described as - unsettled. I
am, to put it plainly - not in good
humour. Did it come from you Chad
Chad suspects it might have come from him.

CHAD :

No not from me, no Sir. I would never
breach national security. Not unless I
was directed to by someone such as
yourself acting in a higher national
interest.

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94 CONTINUED:

LINTON :

Then how the expletive have the BBC
got this Chad?

CHAD :

I really don't know sir.

LINTON:

(mimicking)

"I really don't know." That's not good
enough Chad. I'm very very annoyed.
And what disappoints me is that a) you
don't know what's happened here and b)
you don't even have the presence of
mind to fabricate a plausible answer
for your superior.

(beat, mimics again)

"I really don't know." It's your job
to know, Chad. What's your job?

CHAD :

To know sir.

LINTON :

What is it?

CHAD :

To know.

LINTON :

Your job is to what?

CHAD :

Know.

LINTON :

Do you have a job with me any more?

A beat.

CHAD :

Yes?

LINTON :

Try again, Chad.

95 INT. UNITED NATIONS COFFEE SHOP. DAY. 95

Malcolm is on the phone to Jamie.

MALCOLM :

Where's the intel? Are you sure you're working as hard as me? Cos I'm sweating spinal fluid here. I'm a husk.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

95 CONTINUED:

Miller wanders by.

MILLER :

You get everything you need?

MALCOLM :

(in a hurry)

Oh yeah I think so. Thanks.

(a beat, thinks)

Oh, Whoa whoa whoa just a wee moment

General Flintstone. Was it you? Did you leak Pwip Pip? I know you can't fire a gun, but can you use a fax?

MILLER :

No, see, because I'm upfront about what I do. I don't creep around like some fucking gay mercenary doing other people's dirty work.

MALCOLM :

I'm doing my own work. I'm doing my job.

MILLER :

Uh-hu. I think you're doing Linton's dirty work. I think you're his English bitch and if I walked into your hotel room tonight I'd find you on all fours in fishnets and him hanging out the back of you.

MALCOLM :

Oooo. Tough talk from the armchair General. What you going to do? Throw a cushion at me? Put your feet up on a poof and go back to sleep why don't you?

GENERAL MILLER :

Listen, Tucker, you may be some scary poodlefucker back in London, but here? You know what you look like? A fucking squeezed dick. You got a blue vein running all the way up to your temple there. That's where I'd put the fucking bullet. But I'd stand well back. You look like you'd be a squirter.

MALCOLM :

Have you ever even killed anybody? Really?

GENERAL MILLER :

Yep.

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95 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

Falling asleep on someone doesn't count.

GENERAL MILLER :

(closer)

I've done my share. How many you kill, pussy drip?

MALCOLM :

Personally, I prefer maiming.

GENERAL MILLER :

Go on, tough guy, take a swing at me. I'll smack you so fucking hard you'll be shitting teeth.

MALCOLM :

Go ahead. I can see the headlines now. 'Peace-Loving General Starts Fight In UN, Swiss Intervene'. I don't know, I'm no expert on spin but could that hurt your career?

They eyeball each other. Is Miller going to hit him? He doesn't.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Right. Do excuse me. I've got work to do. Oh, and don't EVER call me fucking English again.

96 INT. UN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 96

Sir Jonathan walks in. A lot of faces are turned towards him, expectantly.

SIR JONATHAN :

Hello everyone. It's all going very smoothly isn't it? Tremendously well. I was wondering if I might suggest a

cheeky early vote? Bit of an
adventure. Maybe, we could knock off
early, go for a drink? Ha. I'm
kidding. Or am I? No, I am.

97 INT. UN CORRIDOR - DAY 97

Linton is ushering Fatty and his advisors into his
office. Simon looks at them as walks past them into
Karen Clark's office. He knows he's a no-mark now for
definite.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

97 CONTINUED:

Miller are looking at a computer screen, presumably
reading about Simon's floated resignation.

KAREN:

(looking at computer)

There it is. Simon's going. Everyone's
saying he's going.

Simon passes their open door.

GENERAL MILLER :

(spotting Simon)

Simon! There he is! Simon.

(re internet)

This is great shit. I wasn't sure you
had the nerve. You're resigning?

SIMON :

Ah okay. They're not running with
that? I have not said that.

GENERAL MILLER :

You're not resigning?

SIMON :

Well not as such. But I'm not afraid
to float it. I've got the nerve to
float. That takes a bit of nerve.

KAREN :

You're still playing the hawk?

SIMON :

It's much subtler than that. It's nuanced. I'm playing a much cleverer game than that. I'm a
(whispering)
fake hawk.

GENERAL MILLER :

I'm sorry?

SIMON :

(whispering)
Fake hawk.

GENERAL MILLER :

You're a fake hawk? You're a fucking idiot. You're not a fake idiot are you.
Linton passes, sees Simon, comes in.

LINTON :

Excuse me a second.
Karen and Miller go into a confab.
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97 CONTINUED:

LINTON (CONT'D)
Simon, I'm hearing some odd things coming out of old London Town...
Karen and Miller look over, waiting to hear Simon's answer.

SIMON :

Yeah -- about me resigning? Yeah.
'BS'.
Karen and Miller immediately go into a huddle and start planning Simon's future.

LINTON :

I heard it was your senior Civil Service Press Secretary. What's the explanation?

SIMON :

It was her. But, she's mentally ill. A bit.

LINTON :

She's mentally ill?

SIMON :

A bit. It's sad.

LINTON :

Okay well, you're still with us.
Terrific.

(re :

You're on the right side.
He leaves.

KAREN :

(to General Miller, as if
Simon's not there)
We could just tell the press he's
going anyway. Say he's confirmed to us
that he's resigning.

SIMON :

Sorry?

GENERAL MILLER :

I second that.

SIMON :

What? You can't.

GENERAL MILLER :

Do we announce it before or after the
vote?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

97 CONTINUED:

KAREN :

During. Then he can't do anything

about it.

GENERAL MILLER :

Great. That's decided then.

SIMON :

No. No it's bloody not. I'm - me.
You're not me. I decide about all the
main things about me, okay? Not you.
Me.

GENERAL MILLER :

No. No Simon. I'm afraid not. Not on
this one. This is too big for you.

KAREN :

Be realistic. You're being used. We
all are. The one thing we can do now
to influence things is to resign.
Sacrifice ourselves. That's our only
weapon.

SIMON :

Like a suicide bomber?

GENERAL MILLER :

No, not like a suicide bomber. A
suicide bomber gets to make a
decision.
They usher Simon out of the room.

KAREN :

I'm going George. I'm definitely
going, this is intolerable. Are you
with me?

GENERAL MILLER :

It is intolerable. I'm with you.
98 INT. ANOTHER UN OFFICE - DAY 98
Toby and Liza are sitting near each other on the floor
working on laptops. They're at right-angles to each
other. Toby has a view of Liza. She's facing away from
him.

TOBY :

Listen, I'm really sorry about Suzy
and the texting and ...

LIZA :

Good. Thanks. Do you have figures
there for CFE minimum requirements?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

98 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Er?

LIZA :

Conventional Forces in Europe.

TOBY :

Sure. I'll just dig that out.

(beat, taps on his laptop,
then very quietly)

Look it was a very special evening for
me and ...

LIZA :

(pissed off)

Sorry? What? You're mumbling.

TOBY :

I just wondered if tonight when all
this shit is over we couldn't - you
know. You're single. I'm single now.
You're a woman. I'm not.

LIZA :

You want to have sex again?

TOBY :

It's not a terrible idea is it? One
more. For the Gipper?

LIZA :

You know what a douchbag is Toby?

You're a douchbag on fucking wheels.

TOBY :

Thanks. That was short and sweet.

Well, short and sour.

99 INT. UN MEDITATION ROOM - DAY 99

Simon is sitting in the Meditation Room, a stark chapel-like room with a big piece of granite in the middle of it. He's biting his nails, thinking.

Judy comes in.

JUDY :

You okay?

SIMON :

I'm thinking of becoming a suicide bomber.

JUDY :

That's certainly a very powerful way of getting your point across.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

99 CONTINUED:

He pulls out some mints.

SIMON :

Would you like a mint?

JUDY:

I'm okay thanks. Are you thinking to overdose on mints? Because...

Simon eats a mint.

He's lost in his own world. Staring, maybe slightly nodding at the thoughts in his own head.

SIMON :

Do you like me Judy?

JUDY :

You're my boss.

SIMON :

Yeah, but do you actually like me.
A beat.

JUDY:

Sure. Look, I'll leave you to your thoughts.

SIMON:

I haven't got any thoughts. I'm just staring vacantly into space while a distant voice in the back of my head goes "oh shit" like a car alarm in the middle of the night.

Simon eats another mint. Sits there noisily sucking it.
Judy leaves.

100 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY 100

Michael and Suzy are sitting talking in an FO office.
Jamie bursts in.

JAMIE :

Was it you?

MICHAEL :

Sorry?

JAMIE:

Not you.

I know it wasn't you, you're too fucking horny for your Knighthood.

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

100 CONTINUED:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You've probably already ordered your Sir Michael Shitmuncher stationary haven't you?

(TO SUZY)

Was it you?

SUZY :

Was what me?

JAMIE :

Was it fucking you!? Answer the question!

MICHAEL :

She can't very well answer the question if you don't tell her what it is, can she?

JAMIE :

Oh, right, typical Foreign Office bullshit liberal sophistry. It's dipshits like you that threw away a nice fucking repressive Empire.

(to Suzy)

Was it you?

SUZY :

Was what me? I have no idea ...

MICHAEL :

Look, maybe you should go away and leave us alone until you at least have a question that can be answered by a rational human being?

JAMIE :

Fuck off to your room, Count of Cunt
Cristo, this is between me and her.

(to Suzy)

You leaked Liza Weld's paper to the BBC. Tell me you leaked it.

SUZY :

I didn't leak anything. I don't know what you're talking about.

JAMIE :

You're lying. You touched your nose. That's what's called a 'tell'. You are lying.

SUZY :

No I'm not.

JAMIE :

'No I'm not.' That's a tell as well.
Classic.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

100 CONTINUED:

SUZY :

Well look, it's great to get all this
amateur psychological insight for
free, but I didn't do it, so I'm not
going to say I did okay? I'm just not?

JAMIE:

(changing tack to terror)

I know the leak came from here, from
this fucking fax machine here.

He pushes a fax casually off the table onto the floor.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This is what I'm doing to the machine.

(he kicks it, hard till

bits start to break off,

but he's still quite

controlled talking, as he

kicks more)

You see? This is how angry I am with

the piece of office equipment which

leaked this document, so can you

imagine how angry I am with the person

who did it? Yeah? Can you Suzy?

He kicks the fax machine again.

SUZY :

Right.

JAMIE :

But let's try and keep this

professional, yeah? So. For the last

time. Was it you?

MICHAEL :

It was me.

JAMIE :

Oh fuck off. Don't come over all
Spartacus now.

MICHAEL :

I leaked it.

JAMIE :

What?

Advances on Michael, becomes aware of the music. Jamie
points to the CD player.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Okay for a start turn that fucking row
off. It's just fucking vowels. Listen
to it. Just subsidised fucking foreign
vowels.

(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

100 CONTINUED:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You only listen to that shit because
it's bad form to actually wear a big
hat that says "I went to public
school".

Michael doesn't turn it off, so Jamie does.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Who did you leak it to?

MICHAEL :

I just sent it. Any name at bbc dot co
dot uk. I thought it was important so
I sent it through.

JAMIE:

(considers then,)

Okay, right, fine, good. You hear
that? Great. That's your career over.
Boom. Right there. That's it. No job,
no pension. Can you play the spoons?
Cos that's what you'll be banging for
a living? Outside Brixton Tube. Good.

This is all great.
Jamie is heading off.

MICHAEL :

Well, you know -- better to go out
with a bang...

JAMIE :

No, no. I will not allow this to be a
bang. This will be a whimper, a tiny
pathetic whimper like a puppy being
fucked by a big metal puppy-fucking
machine. And they do exist, 'cos my
gran's got one.

Jamie leaves.

101 INT. UN MEDITATION ROOM - DAY 101

Malcolm and Linton enter. We see Simon's mints lying on
the big stone in the middle of the room.

LINTON :

Okay, so?

MALCOLM :

So? You're going to need to be a
little more precise. "So, what about
those Yankees?" "So long, suckers, I'm
going to stab myself in the perineum."

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

101 CONTINUED:

LINTON :

So we're down to the wire here, Mr
Miracle Worker, what have you got for
me? What intel have you rustled us up?

MALCOLM :

Honestly? I haven't got it. We need
more time.

LINTON :

You haven't got it? Can you delay the
vote to give you time to get it?

MALCOLM :

No. I've had the vote brought forward.
Simon comes in to retrieve his mints.

SIMON :

Just getting my mints.

LINTON :

I am telling you to delay the vote and
get me some new intel. Now.

MALCOLM :

Okay, quick reality check, J Edgar
Fucking Hoover. I don't work for you.
You don't tell me what to fucking do.

LINTON :

Well firstly, don't raise your voice.
This is a sacred space. You may not
believe that, I may not believe that,
but by God it's a useful hypocrisy.
And secondarily you do work for me.
Your prime minister instructed you to
work for me.
Malcolm glances at Simon.

MALCOLM :

Get your mints and fuck off.
Simon stays where he is. Linton starts laughing. Toby
enters, watches in amazement.

LINTON :

The great Malcolm Tucker. One of your
guys has leaked a paper, you can't do
anything. We tell you to get intel,
you can't do anything. I need the vote
put back - you can't do anything. You,
sir, are a useless piece of 'S' star
star 'T'.

A beat.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

101 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

(quietly, to Toby)
What do you want?

TOBY :

We've just heard -- the wall's
starting to collapse. A brick has
fallen. That's the news I'm getting.
More to follow. Both news and bricks.
Linton laughs again.

LINTON :

Why don't you deal with that Tucker? A
wall is falling down, that's more your
level. I can see you with your shirt
off and a wheelbarrow whistling a
happy song.
Linton walks out.

SIMON :

You've been working for him?

MALCOLM :

It's complicated, okay? I've been
juggling a number of responsibilities.
Simon stares at Malcolm. He takes a mint and pops it in
his mouth.

SIMON :

Okay, well, right, after the vote, I
resign.

MALCOLM :

No you fucking don't.

SIMON :

I've behaved awfully, Malcolm. I've
behaved, in a way, even worse than
you. And you, obviously, are a
terrible, terrible cunt

MALCOLM :

No, Simon, no. C'mon. I'm with you.

Malc is all sincerity -- maybe he does actually believe this?

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I thought I might be able to stop the war if I got you to back it. The PM only listens to people who agree with him, and I thought if you agreed with him, then he might listen to you. Do you see?

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

101 CONTINUED:

SIMON :

No, I don't see. That's nonsense Malcolm.

MALCOLM :

Look. It's too late now. Resigning. It's not worth it. The horse has bolted. It's out there getting shot now.

SIMON :

I'll see you later, Malcolm.
Simon exits.

MALCOLM:

(to Toby)

If you repeat this to anyone I will pull your leg off, break it in two and stab you to death with your broken shin bone. Now go away.

Toby leaves.

Malcolm sits down, head in his hands.

A GUY comes in.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, this room's occupied.

GUY :

I've just come to pray.

MALCOLM :

Yeah, well I need this place to myself because I am waiting for very specific instructions from the omnipotent beardy upstairs. Oh, hang on, I'm getting something...He says tell that fucking bedwetter who's just come in to fuck right off or I will ram him all the way up my fat hairy fucking spacetime wormhole of an arse and then shit him out all over Canada.

The guy leaves. Malcolm sits down again to think.

102 INT. UN FUNCTION ROOM - SAME TIME 102

The delegates are still mingling. Toby is there now.

Toby's phone goes. He answers.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

102 CONTINUED:

TOBY:

(into phone)

Suzy, how's it going? Has Jamie been round? Right...

Liza comes over.

LIZA :

This is you, isn't it?

TOBY:

(indicating himself)

This is me, yes. And that's you. I thought we had this worked out.

SUZY (O.S.)

(on phone)

Is that the bunny boiler?

TOBY:

(into phone)

Yes, that is Liza's voice. But no, I'm not shagging her, she's two feet away from me. It would be nice to think I've got a two-foot penis, but sadly, as we know, it's only half that.

LIZA :

My paper has made it into UK media.
I'm taking calls from a show called
'Newsnight'. They want an interview.

TOBY :

It's a good show Newsnight. You should
do it, they're very friendly. It's
like Oprah. But with a quieter
audience.

(into phone)

Sorry Suze I've got an incoming call,
I'll ring back for a further
bollocking.

LIZA :

I've got something big lined up and
you better not have fucked it up for
me.

Liza leaves.

TOBY:

(into phone)

Hello? Oh hi, Paul. How's it going?
No, yes, I know the wall is
collapsing. I'm as frustrated as you
are mate.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

102 CONTINUED:

The Vice President starts to walk by. Toby sees him,
wants to shake his hand.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Look, could I call you back Paul? It's
just the Vice President's ... I
couldn't? No, okay, let's keep
talking...

The Vice President has gone.

103 INT. KAREN'S UN OFFICE - A BIT LATER 103

Karen's office is very quiet. Karen and ONE OR TWO
AIDES in there. Karen is playing solitaire on her
laptop.

Liza enters. Karen clicks out of solitaire.

KAREN :

Liza can you get me a coffee?

LIZA :

Er, no. I just came to say goodbye.

KAREN :

Don't tell me you've been drafted?
They're not sending you to fight?

LIZA :

I'm going to work for Linton and
Caulderwood running their Middle East
Operations Executive.

KAREN :

Excuse me?

LIZA :

Yeah. Sorry. But they offered me the
job.

KAREN :

Just because they offered you the job
doesn't mean you have to take it. The
homeless guy outside Taco Bell offers
to put his wang in my ear every day, I
don't feel the need to accept, you
know?

LIZA :

I'm sorry Karen.

She heads out.

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103 CONTINUED:

KAREN :

(at a loss for what to
say)

Have a nice war.

LIZA :

Thanks.

INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - SAME TIME

104 104

Michael and Suzy in Michael's office, classical music in the background. Michael's clearing his desk, putting stuff in boxes. There are lots of CDs and a couple of bottles of expensive bottles of wine.

Jamie bursts in on Michael and Suzy, his phone still on.

JAMIE :

Right, Frank and Nancy Sinatra. I've got good news. You're not fired. That's great news, isn't it?

MICHAEL :

That sounds ominous.

JAMIE :

He's fucking delighted.

(cancels phone)

We want to put Liza Weld's Pwip Pip out there, properly. In the public domain. We just have to refine it a bit.

SUZY :

Refine it?

JAMIE :

Take out the cons, change the name of the main informant.

MICHAEL :

Oh right, when you say 'refine it' you mean completely change it

JAMIE :

It's too long. No one's going read it. We need a document that appeals to the MT-fucking V generation of skunk-numbed retards. We need to cut those

cons. They're very negative.

MICHAEL :

That's a complete fabrication.

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104 CONTINUED:

JAMIE :

Changing his name doesn't make a difference. The main source in there he's not really called Ice Man, is he?

"Mr and Mrs Man, you've got a son, Ice." So we change it, to another name....

(refers to the music playing)

Who's the fuck with the fiddle? The Fiddlefuck.

MICHAEL :

This is Debussy, if that's what you mean.

JAMIE :

Okay, we'll call him Debussy.

MICHAEL :

No.

JAMIE :

And then you'll make a couple of other changes. It'll mean your fingerprints are on it, Mikey, but it's the only way to save your job, you leaky fuck. Michael is now scared of what he's being asked to do.

MICHAEL :

No, look, okay, really, I'm not up for this. I'm just, I didn't leak it.

(to Suzy)

I'm sorry.

SUZY :

I know you didn't leak it. Jamie, he didn't leak it.

JAMIE :

Sorry love, that's what I've been told. And I'm very trusting. Maybe too trusting. I tend to get hurt a lot you know.

MICHAEL :

It wasn't me, Jamie, alright? It wasn't me. Don't make me do this. Someone else must have come in and used the fax machine.

JAMIE :

What? Oh, that thing about your fax? Don't worry about that. I made that up. You're doing this Michael, okay?
(MORE)

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104 CONTINUED:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Cos if you do you're back on course for retirement. A wee cottage in Littlehampton. You can shuffle around in a tweed dressing gown pretending to like Debussy and getting pissed before lunchtime and sobbing all afternoon over collected works of TS cockbollocking Eliot and Phil the racist Larkin.

Michael looks at Suzy. She doesn't know what to say or do.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(grabbing Michael)

Come on Deuce Bigalow. You're coming with me.

He drags Michael out of the office.

105 INT. UN CORRIDOR - DAY 105

On the closed door of the Meditation Room. Malcolm

suddenly bursts out, re-energised, ready for action.
He's in the middle of a call.

MALCOLM:

Yeah, BBC newsdesk please. Malcolm
Tucker. (BEAT) Ben? Hi, how you doing?
Yeah, well, I'm hearing you're
preparing a story that we might not
like.

One of the doors he pushes open has a coffee machine in
it. Toby is there getting a coffee. Malcolm gestures to
him to come along. Toby joins Malc in his jog through
the corridors, spilling his coffee on his hands as he
goes and scalding himself.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I just want to say please, this garden
wall story, please don't run with it.
I mean, I know it's juicy, it's
dynamite, it's a lovely exploding
satsuma but...

(beat, winks at Toby - you
getting this?)

Simon Foster's constituency-office
wall? You've got that haven't you? I
haven't let the cat out of the bag?
Shit. Look, my reputation will be in
tatters if you run with...

(to Toby)

And he's gone. Boo hoo. I've got a
hard on.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

105 CONTINUED:

TOBY :

Can we stop running because my hands
are really rather badly burned now.
They stop.

MALCOLM :

I know it was you who put Pwip-Pip out
there.

TOBY :

Oh? Right.

(tries it out for size)

It wasn't?

MALCOLM :

Are you telling me it wasn't you? Is that your proposition? Is that what you want to say if I ask them to fly you to Diego Garcia and slip a hood over your head and carry out a cavity search?

TOBY:

(covering)

I don't actually recall. It was a busy time.

MALCOLM :

That's more like it. So...you are now on probation. Okay? I am giving you a probationary period, which will last from today...until the end of recorded time. Do you understand?

TOBY :

Yes.

MALCOLM :

You're my guy now. I own you now. You're my Kunte Kinte. Go and get your laptop.
Toby goes. Sir Jonathan arrives.

SIR JONATHAN :

Good, I've been looking for you. I needed to tell you that by a huge personal effort -- huge -- which has cost me my dignity and not a little respect among my peers, I have managed to bring the vote forward by an hour and a half.

MALCOLM :

Great. I need it delayed now.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

105 CONTINUED:

SIR JONATHAN :

Very funny. That is funny.

MALCOLM :

By an hour, at least. Although I guess two and a half hours now, as you've brought it forward.

SIR JONATHAN :

No. Sorry, no.

MALCOLM :

I'm sorry? Did you say 'no'? No was not on the acceptable answers sheet for this question. I'm expecting intel.

SIR JONATHAN :

No, I'm sorry I'm very sorry but I won't humiliate myself again.

MALCOLM :

The UK representative to the UN is refusing to do what the UK Government wants? I don't know what happens now but I've got a feeling it involves a firing squad and sexual smear campaign.

SIR JONATHAN :

You are not the UK Government Malcolm

MALCOLM :

I'm as fucking good as, alright? So do what I say or you can go and see if Belize are looking for a new ambassador but with a broken nose, one bollock, and a half-chewed cock?

Malcolm gets very close to Sir Jonathan and gives him a terrifying stare.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Are you doing this or do I have to take you to the Meditation Room?

106 INT. UN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 106

Sir Jonathan walks in. A lot of faces are turned towards him, expectantly.

SIR JONATHAN :

Right. What can I say? Spanner in the works our end.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

107 INT. TINY OFFICE 107

Jamie has taken Michael into a tiny windowless office. Michael's hunched at his laptop, looking at the Pwip-Pip document on his computer. Jamie stands right over him, ominously.

JAMIE :

(to Michael re:

office)

This is nice isn't it? Cosy. Away from prying eyes.

MICHAEL :

So what's this, your torture chamber?

Jamie's phone goes.

108 INT. UN CORRIDOR/TINY OFFICE - DAY 108

Toby is standing in front of Malcolm, holding his laptop up for Malcolm to look at and a physical copy of the red Pwip-Pip folder. He's also got the Pwip-Pip file on screen.

MALCOLM :

Is it up, have you got it up?

JAMIE :

Yeah it's all fine.

MALCOLM :

Okay, go to page nine, highlight that.

JAMIE :

(to Michael)
Go to page nine.
Michael does.

MALCOLM :

Highlight from that page to the end of
the document.

JAMIE :

Do you mean select?

MALCOLM :

I don't know I don't use these things.

JAMIE :

(to Michael)
Select page nine to the end of the
document.
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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

108 CONTINUED:

MICHAEL :

The caveats?
Michael does it.

MALCOLM :

Is it highlighted?

JAMIE :

You mean selected, yeah it's selected.

MALCOLM :

Okay, right, standby ... delete!

JAMIE :

(to Michael)
Delete!

MICHAEL:

(subdued)

You can't just delete the arguments
against the war.

Michael stops what he's doing.

MALCOLM :

(to Toby)

Messenger! Get Messenger up!

Toby sticks Pwip-Pip in his mouth so he's got a hand
free to initiate MSN messenger.

JAMIE :

Oh hang on Malc. Michael's stopped
moving. I think he's crashed.

Malcolm types something on the laptop while Toby holds
it up for him.

MALCOLM :

Have you tried hitting him? Give him a
thump, that usually works.

JAMIE :

Hang on, I think I might be able to
use manual over-ride.

Jamie picks up Michael's hand and pulls out his index
finger and places it on the delete key.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No, it's okay. It's working again.

MALCOLM :

Great. Now attach that to email.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

108 CONTINUED:

JAMIE :

(to Michael)

Attach that to an email.

An alert goes on Michael's MSN Messenger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Oh look you've got a friend online. Is
it a lady friend?

MICHAEL :

It's Malcolm.

JAMIE :

What's he saying?

MICHAEL :

I'm not repeating it.

Jamie reads it off the screen and laughs.

JAMIE :

That's terrible Malc. I feel sorry for him now.

MALCOLM :

Is he crying?

JAMIE :

No. Brave soldier. So where's this going?

MALCOLM :

Send it to Toby Wright

TOBY :

No!

MALCOLM :

Yes! Has it gone?

JAMIE :

Yeah we put a little red flag on it and everything.

MALCOLM :

(to Toby)

Is it here?

TOBY:

(looking at his email)

If the subject heading is 'Smoking Fucking Gun You Cunt' then yes.

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

109 INT. UN CORRIDOR - DAY 109

Malcolm approaches Toby.

MALCOLM :

Get me a blue folder.
Where from?

TOBY :

MALCOLM :

I don't fucking know. Do I look like
I've ever set foot in a stationary
cupboard? I do my shagging in five
star hotels. Now go and find me a blue
fucking folder. Pronto.
Toby runs off.

110 INT. LINTON'S UN OFFICE - DAY 110
Malcolm walks in. He holds up his blue folder.

MALCOLM :

The intelligence your guys couldn't
find? I think you owe me a massive,
grovelling apology.

LINTON :

What, you did your job? Eventually?
Congratulations. Maybe they'll give
you a knighthood.

MALCOLM :

It's been a pleasure working with you,
Dr Strangelove.
(gives him the folder with
a smile)
I say pleasure. I mean poisonous
fucking arseache. Shit, I've met some
psychos in my time, but none as
fucking BORING as you. You know that
Conspiracy theory? That the world is
controlled by giant lizards disguised
as people? Maybe you're a giant lizard
disguised as a boring fuck. Oh sorry,
that's right. You disapprove of
swearing. A boring F star star CUNT!
Malcolm hands over the folder and walks out.!

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

111 INT. UN - DAY 111

The mood is quietly buzzy. Job well done. Liza is there too.

LINTON :

We did it Bob!

BOB ADRIANO :

Yes sir! There were moments when it was a little hairy ...

LINTON :

No there weren't, no.

They shake hands with various colleagues.

112 INT. UNITED NATIONS. KAREN'S OFFICE. DAY. 112

Karen enters. Chad is there too with General Miller.

KAREN :

So, I emailed it ten minutes ago.

(to Chad)

Sorry Chad, you're out of a job again.

I've resigned.

CHAD :

Oh you sssshhh ...

(trails off, realising who he's talking to)

KAREN :

So mine hits the wires now, yours should come right after the President's announcement, to have the biggest media impact.

GENERAL MILLER :

I've been thinking Karen.

KAREN :

I mean I guess if you hurry we could go together - but I really think after is better ...

GENERAL MILLER :

Karen, I've got to tell you something.
This has been the hardest fucking
decision of my political life.

KAREN :

(she looks at him, sees
what's coming)
You're not resigning?
(MORE)

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IN THE LOOP SHOOTING SCRIPT @ 11/6/08

112 CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)

What the fuck George. Seriously? Have
you thought this through.

GENERAL MILLER :

Of course I fucking have, I've sent
soldiers into warzones and given it
less thought than this.

KAREN :

Well of course you have. That was just
kids, whereas this is your career
we're talking about.

CHAD :

That is harsh. That's very harsh Miss
Clark.

GENERAL MILLER:

(without looking at him)
Gee, thanks for your support, Son of
Fucking Rambow.

KAREN :

You said that the war was intolerable
and we'd go together.

GENERAL MILLER :

It is - it is intolerable. I still
agree with myself about that. But I've

got to tolerate it. My loyalty is with the kids. At the end of the day I'm a soldier.

KAREN :

You're not a soldier.

GENERAL MILLER :

Look at the uniform, Karen. I'm not a pastry chef. I'm not Miss World. I don't stack shelves at Wal-Mart. I have military commendations on my chest, not a little fucking label saying My Name Is George.

KAREN :

You're a politician. You live on canapes and white wine and you have three anecdotes you wheel out at every party and you scour the national papers for mentions of your name. You're a fucking politician.

GENERAL MILLER :

I'm still a soldier.

KAREN :

When was the last time you shot a guy?

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112 CONTINUED:

GENERAL MILLER :

What, if I haven't shot a guy in 15 years then I'm not a soldier? City hall don't insist I bring along a fucking bullet-ridden corpse every five years to renew my soldier licence.

KAREN :

You know this is an unnecessary war. It's a war you don't believe in. Show

me some balls, George.

GENERAL MILLER :

I know I've got balls, I don't need to show them to you.

KAREN :

Oh sure, It just so happens they're sitting pretty in a pair of Egyptian cotton Ralph Lauren shorts on a Government salary.

GENERAL MILLER :

Don't talk about my fucking balls that way. My balls have been around. My balls have got balls.

KAREN :

Come on Chad, let's leave the General and his over-stuffed scrotum. We're going to draft our resignation announcements.

Karen turns away from him.

CHAD :

Er, I might, stay with the General actually Karen, if that's okay? If he's staying I might stay with him and see what assistance I can furnish.

KAREN :

Okay, fuck you. General Shrek and his faithful talking donkey.
She goes.

GENERAL MILLER :

This takes balls Karen.

CHAD :

You've got balls Sir. Anyone can see you've got big balls.

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112 CONTINUED:

GENERAL MILLER :

Get the fuck away from me and don't
ever talk about my balls you elongated
retard.

Miller walks off.

CHAD :

Okay. This was not the plan.

113 INT. UN COFFEE SHOP. DAY. 113

Malcolm catches up with Simon.

MALCOLM :

Simon, look, mate. Listen to me. You
still don't need to resign.

SIMON :

I do. I'm going to resign, Malcolm. In
a hour. You can't stop me now.

Toby comes over.

TOBY :

Boss?

SIMON MALCOLM :

Yes? Yes?

TOBY (CONT'D)

It's on the BBC News website --

Partial collapse of the wall. Mrs
Michaelson's greenhouse has a smashed
pane. The BBC had a crew down there.

SIMON :

God, and that's NEWS. Ridiculous,
isn't it?

MALCOLM :

It's nor Ridiculous. You're fired.

SIMON :

What?

MALCOLM :

The wall. It's just not tolerable.

SIMON :

It's just a fucking wall.

MALCOLM :

Look at this.

(clicks his fingers at
Toby)

(MORE)

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113 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Give me the paper.

(off Simon's look)

He's my new boy. I'm just breaking him
in.

TOBY :

Here.

MALCOLM:

The Telegraph has a cartoon of you
crushed underneath the Great Wall Of
China, suggesting you are the only
political fuck-up visible from space.
Look at this. No one could survive
this. The PM is very clear on this -
you're sacked, over the wall.

SIMON :

No.

MALCOLM :

Yes.

SIMON:

You haven't even - spoken to the Prime
Minister.

MALCOLM :

Yes I have.

SIMON:

You fucking haven't I've been right here.

MALCOLM:

I have spoken to the Prime Minister. Whether it has happened or not is irrelevant. It is true. As soon as I heard about the wall, I spoke to him and he decided you had to go.

SIMON :

I'm not going quietly.

MALCOLM:

Yeah well if you try to turn this into some anti-war protest, you can expect your 'mountain of conflict' soundbite to be everywhere from ringtones to a fucking dance mix on YouTube. I will marshall all the forces of media darkness to hound you to an assisted suicide. And you will be remembered as a mincing, spineless, two-faced opportunist cock-swallowing warmonger. A silence while Simon and Toby realise there is nowhere for him to go.

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113 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Right, Rumplesforeskin's give me your laptop, so -- shall we draft your 'Dear Prime Minister, just a quick note to say thanks for sacking me' letter?

Simon doesn't know what else to do. He follows Malcolm out.

Toby sees Miller is having a cigarette under a no-smoking sign.

TOBY:

Hi. General? Look I realise this is a slightly strange time to say this, but I just want to say how much I admire...

GENERAL MILLER :

Fuck off, Frodo.

TOBY :

You fuck off.

Toby hurries off looking crushed. Miller takes another drag on his cigarette.

OVER CREDITS:

114 EXT. UN BUILDING - DAY 114

Karen walks towards the sidewalk. She's expecting to see her car, it's not there. She dials.

KAREN:

Hi I'm just wondering where the car is? Well yes, I did. So, it's that automatic is it? It is. I see. I'll get a taxi then.

Karen tries to hail a cab, then has second thoughts. She crosses the road to the dentist on the other side.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. DAY

115 115

Linton is going through a list with Liza. General Miller is sitting in on this meeting, looking slightly like a man who's being shafted up the ass and having to pretend to enjoy it.

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115 CONTINUED:

LINTON :

Okay, I don't want to be accused of micro managing but I personally do not see that 'I heart Huckabees' should be on the list of dvds suitable for forces entertainment. That self-indulgent crap is not suitable entertainment for combat troops. And

where's 'United 93' on here? That should be playing 24/7.

116 INT. CONSTITUENCY OFFICE. DAY. 116
Simon is back with Roz.

ROZ :

Right, I've got a selection of quotes for you, they're all local firms and none of them is very well respected. Everyone's using Poles, but if you do it could be a PR disaster.

(gets another piece of paper out)

Now, this sceptic tank is also rearing it's pooy head again too.

Simon looks zonked with boredom.

117 INT. WHITE HOUSE 117

A.J.

Well Alan, I have been balled out by Linton for allowing I Heart Huckabees on to the troops DVD roster. You know the phrase, "I'm too old for this shit? Well, I'm too young for this shit. I should be out there having a youth. Getting high, making women pregnant. Not that obviously. But something fun. Actually, not fun, it would need to be stimulating. Like cancer research. Or working for Apple.

118 INT. DFID - DAY 118

Malcolm is walking through the open-plan office with Judy.

MALCOLM :

Any news about Michael?

JUDY :

No, no-one's heard from him for a few days now.

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118 CONTINUED:

MALCOLM :

You worried?

JUDY:

(yes)

I don't know. Probably just keeping his head down.

MALCOLM :

So the rumours are true. Who's the lucky guy?

(then)

When's the new minister and her guy getting here?

JUDY :

Should be here now, actually.

MALCOLM :

Yeah, should be here. Should be here.

In the background we see Toby getting the last of his things together.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I like you, you know, Judy.

JUDY :

Ha.

MALCOLM :

Seriously, I do. I misjudged you. I'm sorry if I might have been a little rude to you.

JUDY :

Right. A little rude.

MALCOLM :

You get on with it. Business as usual. And you're true to yourself. You and me, we're very similar.

JUDY :

Please, please don't ever say that again.

MALCOLM :

It's true. Very similar. So, listen, I
need someone good with me on this
Brussels bun fight ...

The NEW MINISTER and her ADVISOR arrive. They are
almost carbon copies of Simon and Toby.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

So, can I rely on you for Brussels?

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118 CONTINUED:

JUDY :

Malcolm, go take a running fuck.

MALCOLM :

You didn't say no!

(a beat)

Ah, here they are. Minister.

Elizabeth. Welcome aboard.

MINISTER :

Thanks Malcolm. Looking forward to it.
War seems to be going 'great guns' at
the moment.

MALCOLM :

Ah, cheeky! Let me take you out for an
expensive lunch, roast swan and all
the trimmings, and I'll bring you up
to speed on the whole Middle East
situation.

MINISTER :

Are you twisting my arm already?

MALCOLM :

Aye, but in a friendly, non-breaky
way.

ADVISOR:

(to Judy)

Hi I'm Danny. Dan. I'm Elizabeth's
chief advisor.

JUDY :

Judy Molloy. Senior Press

ADVISOR :

Have I got a desk?

JUDY :

Yes, it's that one there.

She points at Toby's desk. The Minister and his advisor
start making themselves at home.

We stay on Toby now as Malcolm and Judy greet the new
guys. Toby grabs the last of his things, glances over
at them, and then we follow him as he heads down the
front steps.

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