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# The Night Manager

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Episode 1

PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT

15-3-15

THE INK FACTORY

Developed in association with BBC/AMC

1

I/E ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. EVENING. 1

Looking out the window of a small monk's cell of a Swiss mountain-top apartment building: the snow is falling thick and soft.

Inside the apartment, in the snow-filled silence of early evening, a MAN, whose face we do not see, is meticulously clipping his fingernails, one by one. First the left hand, then the right.

He is wet-shaving, oiling his skin for a smooth finish.

Now he is dressing in a crisp, perfectly ironed white shirt.

The collar is starched and firm.

A dark tie is perfectly tied.

A single breasted dark dinner suit is taken from the hanger in the closet where another identical suit sits in place.

The buttons of the single breasted suit are polished.

The suit is put on. Shirt tucked in.

The tie placed.

A pair of navy blue socks is placed on to a pair of pale feet.

A pair of fine black patent-leather shoes are carefully placed in a small plastic bag for transportation.

A pair of lightweight walking shoes are taken from the drying rack by the door. And put on over the navy blue socks.

They look incongruous below the dinner suit.

A winter anorak is taken from the hook by the door.

The door is opened. The snow is falling.

1a

I/E. ZERMATT. TRAIN. EVENING. 1a

The sun is just disappearing behind the solitary peak of the Matterhorn as THE MAN takes the little train down the mountain.

We do not see his face.

2

EXT. ZERMATT. HILLSIDE STREAM. MEISTERS HOTEL. EVENING. 2

The lone figure, distant amidst the Alpine winter landscape, makes the walk from the station to the glinting evening lights of a high-class Swiss hotel that overlooks the luxury resort of Zermatt.

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3

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. EVENING. 3

From the comfort of the concierge's office, FRAULEIN VIPP, 60, Austrian, seriously old-school receptionist, looks up to see a figure walk out from the staff changing-rooms.

It is our MAN. He is now wearing the black leather shoes.

The hair is oiled, short. Everything is in its place.

The face that we see now for the first time is composed.

Thirty three years old. A secret to all men. And to himself.

JONATHAN PINE.

**PINE:**

Guten abend, Fraulein Vipp.

**FRAULEIN VIPP :**

Guten abend, Herr Pine.

JONATHAN PINE smiles.

3a

INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT 3a

As PINE goes about his nightly duties:

He locks a door with a hefty set of keys.

He sets the NIGHT ALARM.

He heaves a crate of beer down into the cellar.

He paces a corridor, trying a door handle here, a window latch there.

He surveys the contents of the HOTEL SAFE - jots a note on a clipboard, closes the safe and spins the tumbler.

4

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 4

The clock Swiss-ly chimes eleven.

It's dark outside now and JONATHAN PINE sits in the office behind reception typing on the hotel computer.

A voice, female, interrupts his reverie.

**SYBILLE :**

Aren't you going you to say good evening?

He looks up. She is 18, pretty, dressed in strangely formal clothes, one of the moneyed French. SYBILLE. Dines out on pouting melancholy.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 33.

**PINE :**

Bonsoir mademoiselle. Ou est votre mere?

PINE (CONT'D)

She's asleep in our room. I sneaked out.

She sounds the second syllable - sneaked. And eyes PINE, with pouting intent.

PINE (CONT'D)

Well, I think it would probably be best if you sneaked back in.

She ignores him.

**SYBILLE :**

What do you do every night? Just sit here. Nothing happens. No one comes. I'd kill myself.

She is seeking a reaction. Doomed to failure. He continues to type. She takes a small mini-bar bottle of vodka from her pocket, downs it. He does not react.

She looks at him. Leans in.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)

Je te degoute? Non?

**PINE :**

Not at all.

**SYBILLE :**

I disgust myself too. Sometimes I want to cut myself just to feel the pain.

**PINE :**

Does Mademoiselle require a knife to be sent to her room?

She fingers an ornate PAPER KNIFE on the reception desk.

PINE (CONT'D)

You won't have much luck with that, I'm afraid.

He looks at her coolly.

**SYBILLE :**

I hate you.

She turns on her heel and sashays across the parquet floor.

The snow falls outside. PINE opens a French window. Walks out

into the cold.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 44.

PINE gets up. He savours the quiet. Just one Milanese couple having a tryst in the dining room. Nothing else.

Yes. Nothing happens. No one comes. The perfect retreat from a cruel world.

Then he sees a light on in an office window. He pauses, curious.

5 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL, OFFICES. NIGHT. 5

PINE (IN GERMAN)

You should have gone by now.

An office off the main reception area. The manager of Meisters Hotel - HERR STRIPPLI, 50 years old, punctilious and slightly vain, is finishing his paperwork. PINE's head round the door.

**HERR STRIPPLI:**

A late booking came in. I had to arrange their requirements. Because of course, no one else can.

**PINE :**

Nationality?

**HERR STRIPPLI :**

One of yours.

HERR STRIPPLI (CONT'D)

Private jet, landing at Lindesheim in two hours. A large party. He wants the Tower Suite.

PINE frowns.

**PINE:**

How can they land at Lindesheim? That's military.

**HERR STRIPPLI:**

And this is Switzerland, Jonathan. For the right price, he could have landed in the breakfast room. I'm sending the helicopter to pick them up.

HERR STRIPPLI hands over the booking form.

PINE stares at it. His face flickers. His hand clenches. His

palms become sweaty.

HERR STRIPPLI gazes across and buttons his coat ready to leave.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 55.

HERR STRIPPLI (CONT'D)

You know of him?

**PINE :**

No.

He smiles slightly. Then looks back at the paperwork.

A name.

The name is R. ROPER.

**HERR STRIPPLI:**

He used to come every year, but that was long before your time.

**PINE :**

Yes I expect so.

The hand still clenched. Does it shake slightly?

**HERR STRIPPLI:**

This parcel came for them. Please give it to them when they arrive.

Good night Mr Pine.

HERR STRIPPLI takes his coat, and with a clipped precision, walks away through the revolving doors into the night like a wraith.

Left alone, PINE's face betrays almost nothing. PINE stares at the courier parcel on the ground.

Then looks back at the name.

R. ROPER.

A drip of sweat falls from PINE's forehead on to the paper where the name is written. It smudges with the name. ROPER. PINE sits breathing hard. The hotel swoons slightly in front

**of him:**

**SMASH CUT TO:**

6 EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAY. FIVE YEARS AGO. 6

JONATHAN PINE, white cotton shirt, five years younger, is walking fast through a chaotic Arab Spring Cairo. Wild increase in tempo here, fast cuts. Action, movement. Intense heat and humidity. Madness.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 66.

People shouting slogans, TV cameras, women putting spent military bullet cartridges on their fingers to show to the TV cameras, burnt out cars, roars of a distant crowd, men running, women screaming, the echo of bullets, buildings burnt and looted. PINE navigating it without fear and with some skill.

An explosion nearby! PINE walks on fast hearing the increasing roar of bullets, the heat of danger in the air. Faces stare out of alleyways, friends or foes? Who can say? He walks on.

7 EXT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FORECOURT. DAY. 7

PINE walks across the forecourt of the Nefertiti Hotel, one of Cairo's finest and most expensive. PRIVATE SECURITY MEN guard the perimeter, tension in the air. He shows ID, they let PINE through and he walks fast into the hotel.

8 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. DAY. 8

PINE walks into the panicked foyer, filled with anxious guests trying to leave, journalists trying to arrange transport. It's bedlam.

The MAITRE D sees him. French Arab.

**MAITRE D :**

You're not due here til eight.

**PINE:**

Thought you might need some help getting people out...

**MAITRE D :**

How did you get here?

**PINE :**

I walked.

**MAITRE D:**

Through that? Are you completely mad?

He shows PINE the TV which is on an international channel and shows the revolution in full surge. Wounded being rushed to hospital. Rage on the streets.

PINE stares at it all with a strange affection. He shrugs.

**PINE :**

It's a beautiful evening.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 7.

9 INT. CAIRO. NERFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. EVENING. 9

PINE is on the phone organising taxis to airports whilst dealing with several anxious guests. All this consummately achieved. The HALL still packed with people arguing, trying to get to safety. Still the pace is frenetic. The heat searing.

**PINE :**

The British government has chartered a plane which will arrive in three days. (to AMERICAN WOMAN)  
Excuse me madam I'm just dealing with this lady.

**AMERICAN WOMAN :**

You have to get us out now! Do you hear?

**PINE :**

The hotel is the safest place for you to be madam...

**AMERICAN WOMAN :**

If you won't get me a taxi to the airport, I'll get one on the street.

**PINE :**

I really wouldn't advise that.  
She's about to defy him. Then PINE senses something, grabs her. She turns.

**AMERICAN WOMAN :**

Get your hands off me.  
At which point an explosion rings out close - in the streets outside. Panic in the hall. The AMERICAN WOMAN grabs PINE's hand in pure terror.

**PINE :**

Maybe madam would like to wait in the bar? The cocktails are complimentary.



She obeys, scuttling off. PINE moves fast, talking calmly to the BELL BOYS.

PINE (CONT'D)

Get them away from the windows.

He walks fast to a phone. The ex-soldier clicking in.

PINE (DOWN THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Yes this is the Nefertiti hotel in the Corniche.

(MORE)

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 8.

PINE (DOWN THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

We have tear gas grenades going off in the street fifty yards west of here, and I have several guests extremely keen to leave.

Then he turns and sees her. A WOMAN, Arab, forty, shades, elegantly dressed. Walking towards the lifts. Where everything else is fast, fractured, she is cool and slow, a Pekinese dog in a small bag in her arms. MAITRE D leans over. Whispers.

**MAITRE D:**

Look who's here. (in arabic)

Shlokeh. (The whore.)

PINE stares at her unflappable beauty.

10 I/E. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT. 10

It's night. The HALL is full of empty luggage. A few waiting tourists, tense and exhausted. PINE is helping some tourists into an evening taxi to the airport, SECURITY everywhere.

PINE approaches a BARMAN.

**PINE:**

Louis, anyone comes in for a drink, don't let them stand at the bar.

Tell them to take a seat. And when you serve them, try and get them facing away from the windows.

**BARMAN:**

(Dubious) Then I'll be facing towards the windows.

**PINE :**

(Cheery smile) Yup.

PINE stares at the city. Distant gunfire. PINE walks back in. To see the ARAB WOMAN standing in the reception area. SOPHIE. 40 years old. Beautiful. Slim. Dark eyes.

**SOPHIE :**

Busy day for you.

**PINE:**

Everyone's trying to leave. We're doing our best to help them.

**SOPHIE :**

Everyone except me.

**PINE:**

Is Madame requiring some more Flurazepam?

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 99.

She pauses. Looks round.

**SOPHIE :**

Make me a coffee would you Mr Pine?

11 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. BREAKFAST ROOM. NIGHT. 11

PINE pours an immaculate coffee into a china cup.

He brings it to the table in the deserted breakfast room, already made up for the morning.

**SOPHIE :**

Sit with me.

Beat. Something strange about this.

**PINE :**

I'm afraid I can't. I'm trying to find taxis for various guests.

**SOPHIE :**

How many coffees have you made for me?

**PINE :**

I don't know.

**SOPHIE :**

One every night for one year and

three months. I come down to the lobby. You serve me. I thank you. You look at me but we barely speak. Sit down.

He sits.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What do you know of me?

**PINE :**

Your name is Ms Sophie Alekan, you're staying in the Hatshepsut suite. And you have trouble sleeping.

**SOPHIE :**

And do you know who is footing my bill?  
Beat.

**PINE :**

Yes.

She looks at the TV in the room. The footage is of Tahrir Square. Empty. Curfew in place.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1010.

**SOPHIE :**

Freddie Hamid is everything the protestors hate. Old Egyptian family, in with the powers that be, corrupt to the core. The Hamid family owns half the city. And Freddie Hamid owns me.  
He stares at her.

**PINE :**

Are you concerned for your safety Madame?  
She sips the coffee.

**SOPHIE :**

Tell me what you do at weekends?

**PINE :**

Not much now.

**SOPHIE :**

Before this all started I saw you sailing at the Cairo yacht club.

**PINE :**

That's only when I'm invited. Which isn't often.

**SOPHIE :**

Who invites you?

**PINE :**

The second man at the British Embassy.

**SOPHIE :**

Name?

**PINE :**

Ogilvey.

He stares at her. What does she want? Why is there an edge to her voice?

**SOPHIE :**

And he's a friend of yours, this Mr ...?

**PINE :**

Ogilvey. No.

**SOPHIE :**

But you trust him?

**PINE :**

I trust him not to capsize a boat.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1111.

Then she reaches into her bag. And pulls out an envelope.

**SOPHIE :**

I would like you to copy some personal documents for me.

He stares at her.

**PINE :**

We have an executive services bureau across the lobby. It's available 24 hours a day.

**SOPHIE :**

The documents are confidential.

**PINE :**

Mr Ahmadi is perfectly dependable.

**SOPHIE :**

I would prefer to use your office.

She stares at him. And slides across the documents. There are quite a few, maybe twenty pages. She stares at him, firm desperation. He nods and they walk together to his office, past waiting tourists, journalists on the phone.

**TOURIST :**

Excuse me!

**PINE :**

I won't be a moment sir, I'm just helping this lady contact her family in Paris.

She glances at him. How well he lies.

12 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. PINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 12

They enter the office, shut the door. She watches as he handfeeds the papers into the machine.

And as he does he reads.

Letters. From Ironlast Limited, Ore and Precious Metals Company of Nicosia, Cyprus. To Hamid Interarab Hotel and Trading Companies of Cairo. Invitations to drinks and dinner. 11th February 2011. Kind regards. Assurances of sale. Assurances of personal regard.

Then a stock list. Available as of Jan 17th 2011.

A list of arms. Tanks. Missiles. Guidance systems. Chemicals. Guns and ammunition. Automatic weapons. Full specs. Names of manufacturers.

Then a phrase at the end: "Available for immediate use".

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1212.

PINE's steady hand continues to hand-feed the documents.

**SOPHIE :**

You have an envelope?

**PINE :**

Yes.

**SOPHIE:**

Seal it and put it in your safe.

And Mr Pine, if an accident was to happen to me, as accidents do happen, more and more these days, you should feel free to take it to Mr Ogilvey.

She stares at him. He nods, writes his name on the envelope, places them in his safe.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Have you always been the night manager?

**PINE :**

It's my profession yes.

**SOPHIE :**

You chose it?

**PINE :**

I think it chose me.

**SOPHIE:**

It's a shame. You'd look fine by daylight.

She walks out across the hall.

PINE looks to the office TV to see more and more satellite footage of the demonstrations in Tahrir Square.

13 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. STAIRS/KITCHENS. NIGHT. 13 JONATHAN PINE walks down to the kitchens that sit in the basement of the hotel.

Steam and grease. Heat. Sweating bodies, pans frying and bubbling.

PINE walks through the huge kitchens, filled with EGYPTIAN CHEFS, SOUS-CHEFS and WAITRESSES. There are WOMEN, MEN, some kids, it's brimming with the Cairo real life that sits beneath the hotel. He approaches a young man, 25 years old, administrator of the hotel kitchens.

**PINE :**

Youssuf. New guest lists.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1313.

He hands him print outs.

**YOUSSUF:**

Shookran, khawaaja. Kayfa halak?

**PINE:**

Takallam bibut' min fadlak.

YOUSSUF grins. His pupil is making slow progress.

PINE (CONT'D)

Listen, Youssuf, you know Freddie

Hamid?

**YOUSSUF :**

The Hamids own the hotel, Jonathan.

Of course I know who he is.

**PINE :**

What's he like?

**YOUSSUF :**

Playboy and a gambler. More money than sense. He spends most of his time in Europe.

**PINE :**

Well, he's in Cairo now, and he's meeting someone tonight.

**YOUSSUF :**

How do you know that?

**PINE :**

Doesn't matter. Can you call round the kitchens? See if anyone knows where they're having dinner?

YOUSSUF frowns.

**YOUSSUF :**

Be careful, Jonathan. The Hamids...

Suddenly two EGYPTIAN YOUTHS rush in. Phones in hand.

YOUTHS (IN ARABIC)

Hey Youssuf! Mubarak's gone!

YOUSSUF (IN ARABIC)

What are you talking about?

YOUTHS (IN ARABIC)

Mubarak has resigned!

YOUSSUF (TO PINE)

President Mubarak has resigned.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1414.

**PINE :**

I understood.

They all rush to turn on TVs. Check facebook. Check twitter.

It's true.

**YOUSSUF :**

He's gone. He's bloody gone!

He hugs PINE. The chefs and waitresses cheer and dance. Other HOTEL WORKERS enter. There is a frenzy of joy, with PINE at its centre.

On the TV - Tahrir Square is a frenzy of joy, and we can hear guns firing in celebration from the roofs, a whole country in liberation.

ALL (IN ARABIC)

Mubarak's gone! Mubarak's gone!

14 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. NIGHT DESK/OFFICE. NIGHT. 14

PINE stands at his night-desk looking at the television publicising the news of the resignation. Joyous scenes.

**NEWSCASTER:**

The Arab Spring continues to spread across North Africa like wildfire.

Cairo tonight is a mass of celebrating people...

PINE looks down at a slip of paper.

A handwritten note, slightly scrawled. Freddie Hamid booked into the Ramses Hilton. 7.30pm for cocktails. Corniche Bar. Youssuf.

PINE checks the clock. 8.30pm. He calls on the phone. A voice answers.

**VOICE ON PHONE :**

Ramses Hilton.

**PINE :**



Corniche Bar please.  
Click. Another voice.

**SECOND VOICE :**

Corniche Bar.

**PINE:**

Yes this is George Watts, I'm a pal  
of Freddie Hamid's. He's taking  
cocktails in your bar tonight. I  
was supposed to meet them but I got  
held up.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1515.

**SECOND VOICE :**

They've already gone sir.

**PINE :**

Oh that's a shame. Do you happen  
to know where?

**SECOND VOICE :**

I believe Mr...

His words are drowned out by car horns and gunfire from the  
street outside. PINE winces and jams a finger into his ear.

SECOND VOICE (CONT'D)

...took Mr Hamid to dinner on his  
yacht sir.

**PINE :**

I'm sorry I missed that. I'm at a  
party. Big celebration. What was  
the name again?

**SECOND VOICE :**

Mr Roper, sir.

**PINE :**

Roper?

**SECOND VOICE :**

Yes sir.

Beat.

**PINE :**

Thank you I'll call him there.

PINE hangs up. Writes the name. ROPER.

He walks back across the hall. Into the office. Shuts the door.

Opens the safe. And takes out the envelope.

He studies the contents. The stock list of arms to blow up half a continent. Ironlast Corporation. He goes on to the internet. Into a search engine he plugs the name Ironlast Corporation. Minerals and Ores.

A website comes up. But it's incredibly thin. Just an address in Switzerland and an address in Cyprus, some basic information on shipping.

Nothing else. PINE thinks. He stares at the phrase on the

**paperwork:**

He looks at the hotel key board. At the Hatshepsut Suite.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1616.

He looks up at the TV. Tahrir Square. Celebrations in full flow.

Then he stares at the SOLDIERS - with machine guns, grenades hanging off belts.

And JONATHAN PINE makes his decision.

15 OMITTED 15

16 EXT. CAIRO STREETS. DAY. 16

PINE gets out of a taxi in a pleasant suburban area of the city.

PINE stares round at the fine houses and colonial lawns. Not a whiff of the revolution happening just miles away.

PINE walks up to the gates of a beautiful colonial mansion.

Passes through substantial SECURITY at the gates.

**PINE :**

Jonathan Pine to see Simon Ogilvey.

17 INT. CAIRO. OGILVEY MANSION. HALLWAY-LIVING ROOM. DAY 17

The door buzzes open and he is let in by an EGYPTIAN manservant. A foreign office mandarin with clipped hair and pressed trousers approaches. OGILVEY.

**OGILVEY:**

Jonathan? Wonderful to see you!

Come through.

**PINE:**

I've been calling the Embassy all morning.

**OGILVEY:**

We shut it, I'm afraid. Got a couple of bricks through the window yesterday lunchtime, bit too close to the action. Come through. Come through.

18 INT. CAIRO. OGILVEY MANSION. DAY. 18

He and PINE are staring at the documents. The TV is showing more scenes of the Arab Spring.

**OGILVEY:**

Bloody hell. There are enough toys here to start a war.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1717.

**PINE :**

Or crush a popular uprising. They look at the Arab Spring in full flow on the TV.

**OGILVEY :**

Where did you get this?

**PINE :**

I found it. He stares at him. Blank face.

**OGILVEY :**

You found it.

**PINE :**

Yes. He smiles knowingly.

PINE (CONT'D)

Say they arrived by post. Don't mention me. Anonymous sender.

**OGILVEY:**

(reading from the lists)  
Jesus... Jonathan, there's bloody napalm in here.

**PINE:**

And send it today. These people are  
in a hurry.

He underlines the phrase. "For immediate use". OGILVEY stares  
at him.

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. LONDON. IEA OFFICES. DAY. 20

A rainy freezing February day in London. The kind of day that  
makes you want to emigrate.

A gloved GOVERNMENT COURIER walks along the bustling chaos of  
Victoria Street, pauses to look in the window of a camera  
shop which is announcing immediate entrance into  
administration, then stops between two shops and walks up to  
a small blue door. 47a. Three buzzers. The first buzzer is  
Clean2AShine, the second titled Medsunshine Tours, the top  
buzzer is simply titled I.E.A.

That's the button he presses.

A pause. A voice. Fuzzy. Female.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1818.

BURR (ON ENTRYPHONE)

Three flights up. Lift's broken but  
it keeps you fit.

The COURIER is buzzed in.

20a INT. IEA OFFICES. DAY. CONT. 20a

ANGELA BURR, forty years old, is opening the envelope that  
has been left by the courier. On top of the envelope two  
initials. RM.

BURR smiles. She has on two jumpers as the heating in the  
office is on the blink and is eating a biscuit. She talks to  
the envelope.

**BURR:**

On my side after all aren't you,  
Rex you old bastard.

ROBERT ROOK, Asian, 35 years old, brainy and bookish, is  
bashing a radiator to try to make it work.

**ROOK:**

They were supposed to come  
yesterday to fix this.

He looks across the office. BURR pulls out the arms lists  
photocopied by Pine. Ironlast Minerals and Ores etc.

ROOK (CONT'D)

Angela? What is it?

**BURR :**

Rex Mayhew just sent this. Came in from Cairo station. Anonymous sender.

She hands him the papers. Pause. BURR stares at ROOK.

**ROOK :**

Ironlast.

ROOK knows the name like a curse.

**BURR :**

Yeah. He's back.

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)

I need all the files you can get on Richard Roper. Defence, FCO, Bank of England, HMRC, Treasury. And we'll need the River files too.

GCHQ, the lot.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 1919.

**ROOK :**

Red flags will fly.

**BURR :**

Bury the requests in a whole pile of slurry. Do an apparently random sweep of all Brits living offshore, make it look like we're a bunch of amateurs searching for a needle in a haystack. Think you can do that?

**ROOK :**

Yes. I can do that.

BURR stares at the Cairo list of arms. There is a strange emotion in her, something from the past. Meanwhile ROOK is on the phone.

ROOK (CONT'D)

Pearl is that you? Listen we're going to need a few metal trolleys in here. We're going to be upping the volume. And it might be wise to

pop out and buy a microwave.

21 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT 21

JONATHAN PINE is at his desk. The night is warm. On the TV a debate is in full glorious flow about the future of this newly liberated country.

Outside on the street a few STUDENTS pass, celebrating with placards and banners.

His phone on the switchboard rings.

**PINE :**

Good evening Miss Alekan.

**SOPHIE :**

I'd like you to bring a scotch and soda to my room please.

**JONATHAN :**

I can ask room service. Or there should be a minibar just under the main wardrobe.

**SOPHIE :**

I've been here over a year Mr Pine, I know where the minibar is. I want you.

The phone hangs up.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2020.

22 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 22

JONATHAN PINE walks up the stairs carrying a beautifully made Scotch and Soda.

He walks along the top floor hotel corridor, full of gaudy luxury.

He reaches her door.

It is open.

He knocks. Nothing. He knocks again and walks in.

23 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT. 23

**PINE :**

Excuse me. Your scotch and soda.

He walks into a themed penthouse suite of Egyptian desert temples. The Pekinese dog sits on the floor looking up at SOPHIE ALEKAN. She is sitting on the bed, her back to PINE, her face staring away from him so he can't see it. She wears a light dressing gown. Is this a seduction?

He pauses.

PINE (CONT'D)

Where would madam like me to leave  
her drink?

**SOPHIE :**

Who did you show the papers to?

PINE pauses.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please just tell me. I would  
understand. I just want to know.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Freddie Hamid was just here.

**PINE :**

I didn't see him in the foyer.

**SOPHIE :**

He uses the car-park lift, like the  
good married Muslim he is. He said  
he had just spoken to the man from  
Ironlast.

**PINE :**

Which man?

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2121.

**SOPHIE :**

Oh come Mr Pine. You're cleverer  
than that. Richard Roper. The worst  
man in the world.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Roper told Freddie that their deal  
was off. Apparently Roper had been  
warned.

**PINE :**

Who by?

**SOPHIE :**

You tell me Mr Pine.

She turns. And PINE goes appallingly, terribly pale.

SOPHIE's face, or one side of it, is horribly beaten. Bruised, bleeding, her eyes dark and yellow, her lip and cheek cut.

PINE does not move towards her, holds his distance. The drink in his hand remains perfectly still.

24-26 OMITTED 24-26

27 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 27

It's late at night, no one around. PINE walks into the reception, to his desk, looks around, slips another hotel room key off the hook. Room 206.

He walks fast to the lift.

28 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 28

PINE walks SOPHIE fast along the hotel corridor to Room 206.

**PINE :**

I've left your dog with the concierge, she'll be fine. The room's empty. Keep the light off.

Call no one.

She opens the door. He takes her arm.

PINE (CONT'D)

Listen. I had no idea this would happen...

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2222.

**SOPHIE :**

Don't apologise. You were right to do what you did. If I'd been brave enough I would have done it myself. But Freddie has a temper as you can see. And he may come back.

**PINE :**

Don't worry. We'll take care of you.

**SOPHIE :**

Would that be you and the Queen Mr Pine?

PINE stares at her. Puts the key in her hand. She opens the door, enters, does not turn on the light.

29 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT. 29

**PINE :**



Ogilvey. It's Jonathan Pine. Call me, it's urgent.

He hangs up. Then he sees him. FREDDIE HAMID is running down the stairs into reception. Twenty six, sunglasses dangling from his crisp white shirt, sleeves rolled, gold watch, gold rings.

PINE straightens as HAMID approaches him.

**HAMID :**

Hey you. I have a friend in the Hatshepsut suite, she's not answering. Can you try the room.

**PINE :**

Certainly sir.

HAMID, agitated, waits as PINE calls the room he knows will be empty.

PINE (CONT'D)

No reply I'm afraid sir.

**HAMID :**

Give me the key.

**PINE :**

I'm afraid I can't do that sir.

**HAMID :**

Just give me the damn key.

**PINE :**

It's not hotel policy to open guests' rooms...

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2323.

HAMID grabs him.

**HAMID :**

Do you know who I am?

**PINE :**

Yes.

**HAMID :**

Then you know who my family are.  
Open the room.

He stares hard at PINE.

30 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT. 30

PINE opens the door. HAMID walks in fast. Looks round.

**HAMID :**

Where is she? When did you last see her?

**PINE :**

The night before last. I can ask the day staff...

**HAMID :**

Shit!

He kicks the bed in rage.

His phone rings. HAMID speaks in ARABIC. But PINE understands every word.

HAMID (IN ARABIC) (CONT'D)

Yes! No she's not here! I'll find her OK! Just stop treating me like a little kid!

He stares at PINE.

HAMID (IN ARABIC) (CONT'D)

You speak Arabic?

PINE looks back blank-faced.

**PINE :**

Excuse me?

HAMID nods. Carries on his phone chat. Low voice.

HAMID (IN ARABIC)

Listen tell Roper I have it all in hand. It's all being dealt with.

**Roper:**

up, stares at PINE.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2424.

HAMID (CONT'D)

The minute she appears, you call this number.

He hands him the card.

HAMID (CONT'D)

You call! You hear me!

**PINE :**

Certainly sir.

**HAMID :**

If anyone asks, I was never here.

HAMID tears out of the room. PINE looks round the room. Then with trained efficiency he collects some stuff for SOPHIE.

31-32 OMITTED 31-32

33 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR/LIFT. NIGHT. 33

PINE is escorting SOPHIE fast out of her room to the lift.

**PINE :**

It belongs to an archeologist friend, he's heading back to London tonight and the house will be free for two weeks.

**SOPHIE :**

Do I have to go?

**PINE :**

I think it would be safer.

**SOPHIE :**

Come with me.

He stares at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please.

They wait for the lift.

PINE stares at her. Makes a call.

**PINE :**

Youssuf. I need your help.

SOPHIE smiles.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2525.

34 INT. LONDON. FCO. EARLY MORNING. 34

ANGELA and a very splendid English foreign office mandarin, REX MAYHEW, are walking and talking in a government building. They talk quietly, sense of a secret shared.

**BURR :**

What more do you need?

**MAYHEW :**

Angela...

**BURR :**

You sent me these papers? There isn't some other RM in the foreign office sending me top secret files by private courier?

**MAYHEW :**

I sent them to you for information. As I did to everyone involved in arms intelligence and enforcement.

**BURR :**

Rex why have you set me up in that little shoe box in Victoria? Richard Roper is selling arms to the youngest Hamid brother in the heart of Cairo in the middle of the Arab Spring. This is exactly what we've been looking for...

**MAYHEW :**

Notwithstanding all that, the Permanent Secretary is concerned that if you go full throttle after Roper without telling our friends across the river...

**BURR :**

That something might actually get done. That's it isn't it?

**MAYHEW :**

There is another point of view on all this.

**BURR :**

And what's that?

**MAYHEW :**

That Richard Roper is performing a useful national duty. Under the counter but valuable nonetheless. She stares at him.

**BURR :**

You're joking me.

**MAYHEW :**

Arming certain key players whose mobile phone numbers we have in our address book may be preferable to indulging a whole new bunch of religious lunatics about whom we know nothing. The Permanent Secretary would therefore very much prefer we brought the River Crew along with us in any operation we wish to instigate.

**BURR :**

I know those people. They've lunched too much with the enemy and not paid the bill.

**MAYHEW :**

The JIC meeting will be next week.

We will have a full and frank discussion, we will share the

intelligence like brothers, and sisters, and we will move forward together as one harmonious family.

Now I have to be at my club in fifteen minutes. I would invite you but you know... member rules.

BURR stares, apparently indignant.

**BURR :**

Rex. You seriously belong to a club that won't allow women?

**MAYHEW :**

Well I mean...

She smiles.

**BURR :**

Go and eat where you want. Bet the food's shit anyway.

35 OMITTED 35

36 I/E. EGYPTIAN DESERT/YOUSSUF'S CAR. NIGHT. 36

A battered old car across the Egyptian desert. The white rocks of the desert pass like ghosts in the night.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 2727.

37 EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAWN. 37

The car draws up at a strange building perched in the desert.

Out of the car steps JONATHAN PINE, YOUSSUF, and SOPHIE

ALEKAN, her face bandaged.

YOUSSUF is speaking to PINE.

**PINE :**

Give my excuses to the hotel. And tell no one we're here. Not even your family. If you see Freddie Hamid in the hotel text me.

**YOUSSUF :**

Call me if you need anything.

PINE nods, they embrace, and YOUSSUF drives off into the desert.

38 I/E. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAY.. 38

They open the door to the house. It's small, stone walls, rugs and runners on stone floors. Simple, almost spartan.

**SOPHIE :**

It's sweet. What is it used for?

**PINE :**

It's a sort of monk's cell for academics, mainly meteorologists and geologists. The University of Chicago pay for it under some stipend.

**SOPHIE :**

Sounds like a front for something.

**PINE :**

Almost certainly.

SOPHIE half-opens the shutters, checks the window. PINE sits on the other side of the room. Pours a drink for them. Hands it over. Sits back on the far side of the room.

**SOPHIE :**

Why do you sit so far away?

**PINE :**

Out of respect I suppose.

**SOPHIE :**

Is that why you came all the way here? To respect me?

Beat.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 28.

She approaches him, her face terribly wounded.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You have many different voices Mr Pine. You say one thing and that person touches me. Then that person is called away and someone quite different takes his place. We have a changing of the guard. Are you like this with all your women?

**PINE :**

You are not one of my women Miss Alekan.

**SOPHIE :**

Then why are you here?

She walks slowly up to him. Smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I want one of your many selves to sleep with me tonight. You can choose which one it is.

He makes a move towards her. He kisses her bruised and broken face with a terrible gentleness.

39 INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAWN. 39

PINE and SOPHIE lie under sheets in the Chicago House in Egyptian desert.

**PINE :**

How did you get the papers?

**SOPHIE :**

Freddie left his briefcase one morning when he was late. He's such an idiot, I don't know how he can be a businessman. When he came back the next night he asked me if I'd looked inside. I said no. I thought maybe he believed me. She smiles at him.

**PINE :**

Why are you with him?

Beat. The question she knew would come.

**SOPHIE :**

When I was twenty three I went to study international relations in Paris. I fell in love with an Englishman called Philip.

(MORE)

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 29.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He promised to marry me. I abandoned my studies...I waited... Months passed. Years. Then one day a little man with a ginger moustache knocked on the door with an eviction letter and an airplane ticket back to Cairo. Philip is to marry a woman from Berkshire and I am not invited. When I got back, my family wouldn't let me in the house. My mother told me to continue in the profession I had chosen, and slammed the door.

**PINE :**

What did you do?

**SOPHIE :**

I put on my most revealing dress, went to the smartest hotel in town. Freddie Hamid was at the bar. Freddie is always at a bar somewhere. He takes her cigarette, smokes it.

**PINE :**

Sophie's a name you gave yourself yes?  
She nods.

**SOPHIE :**

In Paris. I wanted to be more Western.



**PINE :**

What's your real name?

**SOPHIE :**

Samira.

**PINE :**

Samira. It's lovely.

**SOPHIE :**

It's Sanskrit. It means a cool breeze on a hot day.

She is suddenly filled with a sense of loss, for her life, the mess she has made of it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What will happen to me Jonathan?

**PINE :**

Nothing. I'll make sure of it.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3030.

And she kisses him and they begin to make love.

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 41

He is cooking in the small kitchen. Rice and beans. He sizzles the beans expertly. SOPHIE watches him, grabs cutlery and lays the table. It's oddly and wonderfully domestic.

And must be broken. PINE receives a text. From Youssuf. HAMID IN HOTEL. LOOKING FOR HER. FURIOUS.

PINE pauses.

**PINE :**

Did you ever meet Richard Roper?

**SOPHIE :**

I saw him at a few parties. Why?

**PINE :**

What was he like?

**SOPHIE :**

Very charming. When he talks to you it's like he's deciding whether to buy you.

**PINE :**

And did he?

**SOPHIE :**

Do you really want to know the  
answer to that?  
She stares at him. He knows he did.

**PINE :**

Why do you call him the worst man  
in the world?

**SOPHIE :**

Because he sells destruction.  
Beat. PINE stirs the beans.  
SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

**PINE :**

I think you have to leave the  
country.

**SOPHIE :**

Why?  
TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3131.

**PINE :**

I think Roper knows you took the  
papers.  
Her hand shakes slightly.  
PINE (CONT'D)  
It's OK.

**SOPHIE :**

Where can I go?

**PINE :**

To England.

**SOPHIE :**

I don't want to.

**PINE :**

You may not have a choice.

Beat. She nods. He continues to cook. Then:

**SOPHIE :**

Then come with me.

Beat. He continues to cook.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jonathan?

He looks at her. Nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

**PINE :**

We'll see.

**SOPHIE :**

You're burning the beans.

He returns to his cooking. She smiles.

**PINE :**

I have to go back to the hotel or people will wonder where I am. Stay here. I'll organise the flights.

I'll call you when it's done.

He smiles at her. She stares at him. Kisses him.

42 INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. TAXI. DAY. 42

Morning. The taxi drives through the arid sand. JONATHAN PINE stares at the passing desert rocks.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3232.

Like gods blessing their love? Or omens of misfortune?

43 EXT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. DAY. 43

Bustling Cairo. JONATHAN PINE jumps out of a taxi, and with urgency enters the Nefertiti Hotel.

44 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. DAY. 44

PINE walks in, checks for HAMID, he's not here. PINE walks into reception.

And then to his amazement sees OGILVEY sitting in the restaurant calmly sipping a coffee.

45 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. BAR. DAY. 45

PINE walks into the bar. OGILVEY smiles.

**OGILVEY :**

There you are. I was beginning to worry about you.

**PINE :**

I tried calling you. Where the hell were you?

**OGILVEY :**

I was on a call to London. They're very pleased with what you found.

**PINE :**

If they're so pleased, how come they tipped off Richard Roper?

**OGILVEY :**

What are you talking about?

**PINE :**

Someone in London tipped off Roper. Two days ago my source had her face smashed up in her hotel room by Freddie Hamid.  
Beat.

**OGILVEY :**

Are you telling me your source was Freddie Hamid's courtesan?  
OGILVEY's whole appearance changes. Sudden pale fear in his eyes, a man under pressure.  
OGILVEY (CONT'D)  
Where is she now?  
TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3333.

**PINE :**

Somewhere safe.  
Beat.

**OGILVEY:**

Well wherever you've hidden her, that's a temporary solution. Yes?

**PINE :**

Yes.

**OGILVEY :**

So what are you planning?

**PINE :**

I'm getting her out of the country.

**OGILVEY :**

Where to?

**PINE :**

Where do you think?

OGILVEY stares at PINE.

**OGILVEY:**

Jonathan, if you think the British government is going to give safe haven to Hamid's tart, think again.

**PINE:**

The British Government has a duty of care...

**OGILVEY:**

The Hamid family have invested over 5 billion dollars in Britain in the last five years. They have hotels being built in London and Manchester. They fund political parties, they're at every top table you can name. You think your girl is safe in London? Freddie Hamid has more friends in London than you and I put together. She has none.

**PINE:**

She gave us vital intelligence. That can save lives. This wasn't a business transaction. This was a humanitarian act, and we have a duty of care.

OGILVEY speaks with a coldness.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3434.

**OGILVEY :**

I'm advising you Jonathan. You fly that girl out, it's a confession of

her guilt. Freddie Hamid will know it was her. So will Richard Roper. And no one will lift a finger to stop them.

PINE's face.

46 INT. CHICAGO HOUSE. EVENING. 46

The phone rings. SOPHIE, in the living room of the house, answers. Music is on. PINE is in his office in the hotel.

**SOPHIE :**

Yes?

**PINE :**

It's me.

**SOPHIE :**

I think your friend Harry is gay. I found his CD collection.

Pause.

**PINE :**

London is not an option.

SOPHIE's face falls. She turns off the music.

**SOPHIE :**

There we have it. The changing of the guard.

Beat.

**PINE :**

I'll still be here to protect you.

She puts the phone down. PINE closes his eyes in pain.

47 INT. CAIRO. NERFERTITI HOTEL. NIGHT. 47

The quiet of the late evening. JONATHAN PINE is on duty at the hotel.

The sound of a taxi outside.

He stares. Everything slows.

The door opens and the HOTEL DOORMEN open the doors for a glamorous ARAB WOMAN, dressed in long silks and sunglasses even though it is night.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3535.

It is SOPHIE ALEKAN.

She enters and walks calmly to the desk. Stares at PINE.

**SOPHIE :**

My key please.

PINE stares at her. Hands her the key.

She stares at him. Then turns and glides past him and into the lift to the top floors.

PINE's heart is pierced with a terrible pain. But he can do nothing but watch her go.

Alone once more.

47a INT. LONDON. IEA. NIGHT. 47a

Pearl has indeed bought a microwave. The little office is crammed full of files. BURR and ROOK, frozen to the bone, are working late. PEARL in the background as usual. Ashtrays full of fags. Whiskey on the table. Microwaved pizza on the side. ROOK bangs the radiator to no avail. BURR is on the phone. She is tense with excitement at the hunt for Roper being back on.

**BURR:**

Gordon? Listen don't wait up. I'll probably sleep here tonight. Yeah the JIC meeting is tomorrow and I've got to go in fully armed. You too.

She puts her mobile down. ROOK, steeped in the Roper papers, talks across.

**ROOK :**

How is Mr Burr?

**BURR:**

He's being clingy. Wants us to have a child. Thinks it will bring us closer together.

**ROOK:**

Progeny as marital solution. Oh dear.

**BURR:**

I'll let you know when I want emotional advice from you. What have you got?

ROOK is on the computer studying a GCHQ record of red-flag phone calls of R. ROPER. Lists of times and places. Durations

of call.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3636.

**ROOK :**

Not a lot. Roper's careful who he talks to. GCHQ have logged nothing but dross.

**BURR :**

Always the same. His name's on nothing, not a single register at companies house, not one email, not even a bloody SMS. I bet you his fingers have no prints.

BURR stares at Roper's face. Smiling, calm, insouciant. BURR hates every muscle in it.

When suddenly a phone rings. ROOK picks up.

**ROOK :**

Rob Rook. IEA.

He listens.

ROOK (CONT'D)

I see. Do you want to speak to her yourself? (no they don't) Yes I'll tell her.

BURR watches.

He puts the phone down.

ROOK (CONT'D)

The JIC meeting's been cancelled.

**BURR :**

Cancelled? What do you mean cancelled?

**ROOK :**

Apparently there are political reasons why an enquiry into the Cairo papers would not be productive at this time.

**BURR :**

Get me Mayhew's office.

**ROOK :**



That was Mayhew's office.

ANGELA BURR sits staring at the photo of ROPER on her desk.

**BURR :**

Richard Onslow Roper. He's not even  
in the country. But he's right  
here.

Beat.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3737.

BURR (CONT'D)

Who sent the papers from Cairo  
Station?

ROOK looks on the lists.

**ROOK :**

The Station Officer. Name of  
Ogilvey.

ROOK (CONT'D)

Simon Ogilvey?

ROOK (CONT'D)

You know him?

**BURR :**

He was my legman in Kiev 2004.

She is thinking fast now.

BURR (CONT'D)

Get him on the phone. I need to  
know how he got his intelligence.

**ROOK :**

That's breaking protocols.

**BURR :**

Rob. Whoever gave him those papers  
is in danger. Get him on the phone  
now.

48

OMITTED 48

49

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. RECEPTION / IEA OFFICES LONDON49  
NIGHT.

PINE stands at his desk. He stares at the light for the  
Hatshepsut Suite. Thinks about ringing. Does not.  
Then his phone rings.

**PINE :**

Nefertiti Hotel Cairo, how can I help?

It's ANGELA BURR in the IEA offices in London, late at night.

BURR'S VOICE

Is that the night manager?

**PINE :**

Yes. Who is this?

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3838.

BURR'S VOICE

You have a guest in the Hatshepsut Suite. She needs to leave the hotel. Call me when she's safe. 44 700 70 70 70.

PINE writes name and number.

**PINE :**

Who are you?

BURR'S VOICE

I'm a friend.

**PINE :**

What do you mean a friend?

BURR'S VOICE

Just get her out Mr Pine. Her life's at risk.

The phone goes down.

PINE stares.

Then he rings the Hatshepsut Suite. But there is no answer.

And PINE starts to run.

50

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. CORRIDOR/HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT. 50

JONATHAN PINE is running fast along the corridor. His face hollow with the anticipation of what he is about to see.

And then he sees it. The door to her room is already open.

Almost unable to bear it, he enters the room..

51

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT. 51

Time slows. Sound collapses. He does not hear himself scream.

He sees the smashed-up remains of what once was Sophie Alekan lying on the thick pile carpet of the penthouse.

PINE's face goes pale, it's like the air is forced from him

in a silent howl of horror.

52

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. DAY. 52

Hours later. Crime scene. Two EGYPTIAN POLICE are in the room. POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS take photos. JONATHAN PINE stands soberly answering questions. The body of SOPHIE ALEKAN is being wrapped in sheets.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 3939.

EGYPTIAN POLICE

Who found her?

**PINE :**

The maid. She called me.

EGYPTIAN POLICE

Did you know her?

**PINE :**

To speak to yes. I believe she was connected to Mr Hamid.

Blank face.

EGYPTIAN POLICE

Who?

**PINE :**

Freddie Hamid? Freddie Hamid. You must know him. The Hamids?

EGYPTIAN POLICE

Don't know him.

**PINE :**

How can you not know him? They're one of the most famous families in the city.

The POLICEMAN just looks blank. Determinedly so.

EGYPTIAN POLICE

No. Was burglar. Crazy burglar.

**PINE :**

Why would a burglar do that?

He points to her mangled body. The POLICEMAN turns on PINE, hard face.

EGYPTIAN POLICE

What do you care? Maybe you know her better than you say? Maybe you

kill her?

PINE shakes his head, looks away. Maybe he did.

He walks away as the body is wrapped.

He walks into the bathroom to get water.

And stops dead as he sees it.

A dead Pekinese Dog. Lying on the bathroom floor. Its belly slit from arse to neck. Insides bubbling out.

He stares at it. Expressionless. In silent, blank horror.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4040.

Music rises.

53

EXT. LONDON. SQUARE. DAY. 53

ANGELA BURR sits alone in the rain. She stares at the distant River House. Her eyes filled with pale anger.

54

OMITTED 54

55

INT. CAIRO. OGILVEY'S MANSION. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 55

OGILVEY is backing away. A furious, raging JONATHAN PINE is throwing teacups, smashing furniture, trying to reach OGILVEY, SECURITY are entering, PINE is trying to strangle OGILVEY, the SECURITY are pulling him off, PINE's face is racked with guilt and rage.

56

OMITTED 56

57

INT. ZERTMATT. MESITERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 57

It is one a.m.

JONATHAN PINE's impassive face, five years later, as he sits at the desk of the Meisters hotel, staring into the dark night.

Then he looks at the courier parcel.

Carefully cuts the tape with the old letter opener. Looks.

Inside are six brand new mobile phones.

PINE stares at them. At the numbers.

He stares at the guest list for tonight.

R. ROPER.

Two young PORTERS are waiting at the door. They suddenly burst into life.

**BENITO :**

They are here Mr Pine.

PINE looks up. He breathes hard. Controls his breathing.

And stands.

57a

I/E. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 57a

A helicopter has landed on a patch of ground outside the hotel. Its propellers still whirring.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4141.

The PORTERS rushing for the doors.

A retinue of glamour sweeps into MEISTERS hotel in awesome slow motion.

First up are two BODYGUARDS, FRISKY and TABBY, in navy blazers who walk in, discreetly casing the joint, and positioning themselves in corners of the large reception area. Then LANCE CORKORAN, dressed in camel-hair, who walks up to the reception clerk FRAULEIN VIPP and starts to discuss the room arrangements.

Then a whole sweep of British privilege enters the room. Around a dozen of them in all. And at the heart of the group, two figures.

A YOUNG AMERICAN WOMAN. Blonde hair, designer quilted coat of many colours reaching to her feet. She has the whiff of New York State privilege and a touch of Manhattan bohemia. JED. And behind her, a man whose face we have not seen in the flesh until now.

RICHARD ROPER. Tall, slim, attractive, hitting sixty, fair hair stirred with grey. A face to lose to at cards. A stance of arrogant Englishness.

ROPER walks up to PINE. Moment's tension.

**ROPER :**

I'm Dicky Roper. My chaps booked some rooms here. Quite a lot of them actually.

He smiles. PINE smiles too.

**PINE :**

How very good to see you Mr Roper. My name's Pine. I'm the night manager. I do hope your journey wasn't too ghastly.

**ROPER :**

Where's old Meister? Tucked up is he with an Ovaltine? Or German porn? How you doing with those magazines darling?

This to the girl, JED, who is casually leafing through magazines at a coffee table.

Snap back to JED. Beyond her an English couple, he tall and handsome, 40 years old, we will later know him to be SANDY. His wife beside him, sullen, bored. CAROLINE.

**JED :**

Just fine.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4242.

**PINE :**

Herr Meister is unavoidably tied up tonight I'm afraid. He asked me to show you the rooms. But he does enormously look forward to seeing you in the morning when you're rested from the journey.

**ROPER :**

You English Pine?

**PINE :**

To the core sir.

**ROPER :**

Wise man. Corky! Are you proposing marriage to the young lady?

He flicks a look aside to PINE. Quips under his breath.

ROPER (CONT'D)

(Highly bloody unlikely.)

CORKORAN is at the reception desk filling out forms for FRAU VIPP.

**CORKORAN :**

Nearly there Chief.

**PINE :**

It's the new security I'm afraid.

Swiss police insist. There seems to be nothing we can do.

**ROPER :**

You been here long? Wasn't here last time we came was he Frisky?

This to the blazer.

**FRISKY :**

No he wasn't.

**PINE :**

I've been here a year and a half  
sir. To the day.

**ROPER :**

And before that?

**PINE :**

Italy. And before that Tangiers.

**ROPER :**

Travel a lot do you?

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4343.

**PINE :**

I don't tend to settle anywhere too  
long. It's one of the attractions  
of the trade.

**ROPER :**

Not a gadfly are you?

**PINE :**

More of a nomad sir.

**CORKORAN :**

All done!

**ROPER :**

Bloody time too! Whatever happened  
to your signing hand?

**CORKORAN :**

Wankers colic Chief.

**ROPER :**

Limp wrist more like.

And they are heading through the reception, across the Main  
Hall to the Tower Suite lifts. The DOORMAN MARIO opens the

doors.

**PINE :**

Your key sir.

He holds it out. A golden master key. Wildly opulent and O.T.T.

PINE (CONT'D)

One of Herr Meister's new innovations. A little outre I know but our less sophisticated guests adore it.

He dangles it.

**CORKORAN :**

Well I adore it and I'm bloody sophisticated!

ROPER takes the key. Studies it.

**ROPER :**

Taiwan.

He smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Catch.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4444.

He throws it. One of the blazers, TABBY, dives expertly to catch it at full-length allowing PINE to glimpse a Beretta 9mm automatic pistol under his jacket.

58 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS. TOWER SUITE. NIGHT. 58

A bath is running. PINE is showing ROPER and JED around. They both clutch full champagne glasses.

**PINE:**

I believe quite a lot has changed sir since you last came. We have several new features.

FRISKY is on a mobile phone through a doorway on a landing.

CORKORAN is also on his mobile talking French. PINE listens in even as he gives the tour. He is taking everything in.

CAROLINE (TO LANGBOURNE)

Sandy I'm going to sleep. Don't wake me when you come in.

She walks out into the corridor.

**CORKORAN:**



Oui mais il faut changer l'heure.  
Pourquoi? Parce que nous venons  
d'arriver, Monsieur Roper est  
vachement fatigué et il faut  
changer l'heure. Merci.

SANDY is also on the phone to a man in Prague.

**SANDY:**

Gregory listen to me. All we need  
is delivery by Tuesday. Yes so talk  
to your friends there by the  
Moldau, sorry the Vltava, and get  
them to start driving in the  
morning...

**PINE:**

The bathrooms are fully  
refurbished, mini spa facilities  
and hot tub, and a jet-stream  
lavatory.

**JED:**

I'm going to take that bath now  
darling. Excuse me.

She smiles flirting at PINE and closes the door to, but not  
shut. PINE can't help noticing that she is undressing through  
the gap.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4545.

**ROPER :**

Pretty isn't she? I went to buy a  
de Chirico in Manhattan, and came  
back with her instead.

**JED :**

Liar. You were buying a horse for  
the Breeder's Cup.

He smiles at PINE. Goes to the digital radio, turns it on.  
Schubert plays. Lieder.

FLASH IMAGE in Pine's mind of SOPHIE as she stood in her  
dressing gown at the bed.

SNAP BACK to now. PINE collects himself. The Schubert plays.

**Interrupted by:**

**CORKORAN :**

Soldier Boris says okay Monday  
lunchtime. Okay Monday lunch time?

**ROPER :**

Fix. (to FRISKY) Aren't we changing  
these?

He means the phones.

**FRISKY :**

I ordered them for six.

**ROPER :**

Nothing come Pine?

**PINE :**

Nothing that I've seen. I'll chase  
it for you.

**FRISKY :**

Bloody couriers are always late.

**PINE :**

Will that be all?

**SANDY :**

Your friend Appetites says he can  
meet you in town tomorrow night.

PINE listening, gathering every word. ROPER is eating  
pistachio nuts and throwing the shells into an empty  
champagne bottle.

**ROPER :**

Too public. Make it here.

The bath has stopped running. He can hear her limbs entering  
the water. A gentle splashing. The gap in the door is there.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4646.

**CORKY :**

Play golf do we sweetheart?

**PINE :**

No I'm afraid not.

**CORKY :**

Me neither. Just the nineteenth hole.

ROPER is listening to the radio playing Fischer-Diskau singing Schubert. SANDY is on the phone, the water is splashing and she is singing in the bath. CORKY is drinking champagne. It's intoxicating.

SMASH CUT to SOPHIE and PINE making love in the Chicago House.

SNAP BACK to now. The music plays. PINE feels light-headed, revenge, sex, money all combining in a heady brew.

**JED :**

I need more shampoo in here darling. For the mouth, not for the hair.

ROPER holds up the champagne.

**ROPER :**

Take it into her would you old boy.

PINE turns. ROPER smiles. Throws another pistachio shell into the bottle.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Only joking. But we'll need another two bottles I should think. The good stuff.

**PINE :**

Of course sir.

**ROPER :**

And find out where the hell that parcel is.

Not a flicker from PINE.

**PINE :**

Of course sir. I'll have it sent up when it arrives.

PINE turns, walks back through the room. As he passes the bathroom he sees through the crack in the door JED's naked back in the bath. She turns, sees him looking, smiles at him.

SMASH CUT to SOPHIE's beaten body on the hotel room floor.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4747.

SNAP BACK to now. PINE walks out the door.

Outside PINE breathes deep, then walks fast down the corridor, faster, faster...

Until he hits the public toilets on the floor. He dashes inside and we can hear the sound of him retching his guts out into the Meisters loo.

59 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS. LOBBY. NIGHT. 59

Later. A newly elegant PINE is on his nightly rounds through the now completely empty, sleeping hotel.

JONATHAN PINE looks across at FRAULEIN VIPP, the fifty year old Austrian and seriously old-school telephone operator.

Walks over. Asks casually.

**PINE:**

Can I see tonight's late arrivals please?

She hands him the registration forms. He stares at the names. Alexander Lord Langbourne address Tortola British Virgin Islands. Wife Caroline. Onslow Roper. Richard. Company Director. Address, PO Box 245 Palma, Mallorca. Frobisher Cyril, pilot. Macarthur and Danby, down as company executives. Inglis, Francis, Perth Australia. Perez, Tobias, from Spain. Marshall, Jemima, address PO box 245 Palma, Mallorca. Profession. Model.

PINE (CONT'D)

Can you do me copies of these Fraulein Vipp. We're conducting a marketing survey of Tower Suite guests.

**FRAULEIN VIPP :**

Yes of course Mr Pine.

She flirts slightly with this elegant Englishman.

PINE walks over to his desk. Looks at the parcel. Looks at the mobile phone numbers.

Carefully writes them down on a hotel pad. Six brand new mobile numbers.

PINE looks up to see a large tray of smoked salmon, steak, carrot cake and Schlag being carried across the hall by ALFRED the night waiter.

**PINE :**

Tower Suite?

ALFRED nods as PINE holds open the door.

**ALFRED:**

Good tips tonight. It must mean he is in love. English only tip when they are in love.

PINE goes back behind his desk, rewraps and takes out the parcel.

**PINE:**

Alfred, take this up, it just arrived for Mr Roper. And make sure you clear all the rubbish from their bins before dawn. Mr Roper hates mess.

ALFRED nods, enters the lift and presses up. PINE watches him go.

60 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 60

JONATHAN PINE walks across the reception area.

A noise. PINE watches ALFRED carrying a small plastic bin bag out of the back door of the hotel out to the bins round back.

PINE watches as a freezing ALFRED hurries back into the hotel.

PINE dons his coat, slowly walks out of the front of the hotel.

61 I/E. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT. 61

PINE walks languidly, taking a smoke, around the forecourt of the hotel. He stares at the shadowy mountains.

He walks, without hurrying, round the back of the hotel. It's dark here, no lighting.

He reaches the bins.

He opens the bins, apparently to chuck his cigarette inside. There is the small bin bag.

Quietly PINE takes the bag, lifts it out.

As PINE crouches, he quietly and efficiently opens the black bin bag and takes out six disused mobile phones, opening them.

The old SIM cards are not there.

PINE pauses. Thinks.

He carefully looks at the rest of the rubbish from the room.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 4949.

It's mostly plastics, some food. And three champagne bottles.

PINE stares at the champagne bottles.

He upturns them. Pistachio shells fall out of the first. And

second.

But out of the third fall six SIM cards.

PINE stares at them.

He picks up the SIM-cards and pockets them.

Then very smoothly he lifts the black bag and returns it to the bins.

And walks back towards the hotel entrance.

62 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY/RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 62

PINE re-enters, walks to his desk. Takes the sim cards out his pocket.

As Roper's two BLAZERS come through the door. They stare at him. He has the sim cards in his hand but he remains entirely cool.

**PINE :**

Can I help you gentlemen?

**FRISKY :**

Bar still open?

**PINE :**

Yes I believe so.

They nod and walks through into the bar.

PINE stays very still as they do.

Then he slips the sim cards into a private drawer, locks the drawer.

Breathes deep.

62a EXT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT. 62a

PINE walks out, lights a cigarette.

Then hears a voice. From behind him.

**ROPER :**

Glimpse of the infinite.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 5050.

PINE turns, manages not to turn fast. There is ROPER standing alone, also smoking. Staring at the night sky. PINE's heart races just a little.

**PINE :**

Yes. It's reassuring.

**ROPER :**

Up to a point.

Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)

You work here all year?

**PINE :**

Yes.

**ROPER :**

Couldn't do it. Too bloody quiet  
for me.

**PINE :**

You get used to it.

**ROPER :**

Like to keep away from the world do  
we? Got a girl here?

**PINE :**

No.

**ROPER :**

All alone? Well we all are, in the  
end. Aren't we?

He looks at him. Beat. The two men stare at the snow.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Got a chum coming tomorrow night.

Name of Apostol. Bringing his  
daughter and a girlfriend. Make  
sure there's a private room ready  
would you? Champagne, the usual.

**PINE :**

Certainly sir.

ROPER walks back into the hotel. Stops and turns.

**ROPER :**

Lot of people would have tossed  
their cigarette when the paying  
customer turned up.

PINE stands his ground.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 5151.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Good for you.

ROPER smiles, and turns back to the hotel. Over his

**shoulder:**

ROPER (CONT'D)

And tell Meisters he needs new art.

I have a Landseer he can have, 250

and I'll throw in the hook. 'Night.

He goes. PINE takes a deep, relieved drag on his cigarette.

63 OMITTED 63

63a I/E. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. MORNING. 63a

It's early morning, the sun just touching the distant peaks.

JONATHAN PINE does his rounds.

He stops to see through a window the stunning hotel swimming pool.

Someone is swimming lengths. Head down. Graceful in the water.

JED.

She does not see him as he watches.

64 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. MORNING. 64

JONATHAN PINE is preparing to leave at the end of his shift.

His coat back on. HERR STRIPPLI is at the manager's desk.

Changeover time.

**STRIPPLI :**

See you tonight Mr Pine.

PINE stares across into the breakfast room where ROPER is alone with JED, having breakfast "a deux".

He is making her laugh.

ROPER turns to see PINE as he leaves. He waves.

And smiles a dazzling smile at JONATHAN PINE.

65 OMITTED 65

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 52.

66 EXT. ZERMATT. HILLSIDE STREAM. DAY. 66

JONATHAN PINE retraces his steps, walking boots on, anorak over his suit, back to his place of accommodation. The stream bubbles away in the crisp late winter morning. The sun creeps over the mountains.

67 INT. ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. DAY. 67

PINE arrives at the door of his Zermatt apartment.

He walks in.

He searches in a desk. Deep in a drawer. Finds the same piece of paper, now yellowed and dog-eared with time.

With a telephone number. 44 700 707070.

PINE reaches for his phone.

68 OMITTED 68



69 INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY/RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 69  
PINE watches from a distance as ROPER hosts a small Spanish  
man, Juan APOSTOL, in the private dining room of the old  
hotel. APOSTOL is with a young mistress MERCEDES and his  
daughter ELENA. LANGBOURNE is there too, FRISKY and TABBY  
guarding.

**APOSTOL:**

Mercedes has never been to Zermatt  
before. So I said you have to come.  
The air, the beauty. And what does  
she do? Moans all the way, the  
whole way up the mountain!

**MERCEDES:**

I hate the cold. Show me a beach,  
then I'm happy.  
Laughter. ELENA does not laugh. CORKORAN sidles up and  
whispers in PINE's ear.

**CORKORAN:**

I know what you're thinking. Which  
is the daughter and which the  
mistress?

PINE smiles.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

The young beauties will be leaving  
us in a moment. Make sure they are  
well serviced in the lounge.

(MORE)

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 53.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure that won't be too painful  
for you.

He smiles and walks through into the room.

And indeed ROPER nods and PINE watches as the girls rise and  
leave the room. ROPER turns to APOSTOL. JED smiles to PINE as  
she passes.

Then the serious business begins.

**ROPER :**

Apo I've received an offer. Combine  
harvesters. In about six months  
time. Looking for interested

buyers.

And as he speaks FRISKY closes the door. With PINE very much on the outside.

70 EXT. ZERMATT. TRAIN STATION. DAY. 70

A crowded railway station, SKIERS and HOLIDAY-MAKERS make their way across tracks and down platforms. Hustle and bustle.

Among them, a figure, alone, in a coat, gets off the train.

In a coat.

Visibly pregnant.

ANGELA BURR.

71 I/E. ZERMATT. RESTAURANT. DAY. 71

BURR enters a quiet but large Alpine restaurant, out of town, family, not fashionable. Views of the mountain. Takes off her coat, rubs snow from her hair.

**BURR :**

Hello, I'm with Michael Roberts.

**WAITER :**

Yes just on the far side madam.

BURR follows the waiter's gesture to a table tucked away in the corner.

And at the table sits JONATHAN PINE.

PINE looks up to see BURR approach. He looks at her. A moment.

**BURR :**

I'm Angela Burr. You called.

TNM Ep1 PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT 15-3-15 5454.

PINE stares at her. And nods. She sits.

**PINE :**

I'm night manager at the Meisters Hotel. Richard Roper was recently our guest.

He passes BURR an envelope.

PINE (CONT'D)

These are for you.

BURR empties the envelope on to the table. Six SIM cards. Six mobile numbers written on hotel paper.

PINE (CONT'D)

Do with them what you will. I don't want to be involved.

PINE rises to leave.

BURR studies the menu, does not move, does not even look at him when she says.

**BURR :**

Mr Pine. What happened in Cairo shames to me the bottom of my soul.

PINE stops. Turns. ANGELA BURR's face appears over the top of the menu a la carte. An honest face in a world of liars.

Beat. She holds the Sim cards in her hand.

BURR (CONT'D)

Shall we have lunch together? It's on me.

THE END \*