

1A **INT. TOILETS. ALEXANDRA PALACE. LONDON - EVENING 1, 1858**

1A

CLOSE UP ON FREDDIE, looking straight to camera, playful, as if in an interview, he clutches a sheaf of paper/ manifesto, a pencil in his other hand-

FREDDIE

The newsreels are dead. We've bored the public for too long. Give me this opportunity and I'll prove it.

FREDDIE struggles with his pencil, the lead snapping on the page as he corrects some piece of a manifesto.

A pencil appears from his left. FREDDIE takes it, resumes correcting.

FREDDIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Of course I'll need an assistant.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL-

ISAAC standing in the doorway, beams on hearing this.

ISAAC checks his watch-

ISAAC

(on tenterhooks)

Two minutes Mr Lyon.

FREDDIE nods, washes his hands, straightens his tie, looking at himself once more in the mirror.

FREDDIE

But may I say one more thing...You haven't seen my best yet.

FREDDIE smiles-

THE TICK TICK of a clock overhead-

CUT TO:

OVER A BLACK SCREEN-

The TICK TICK of a stopwatch through-

WITH CREDITS-

FREDDIE VO

Standby studio..

CUT TO:

1 **INT. STAIRS. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1900**

1

The sway of a silk chiffon ball gown, a WOMAN's footsteps across marble, her breath, close, quickening with every step-

1 CONTINUED: 1

FREDDIE VO

Fade up newsreel-

RUTH ELMS [21 yrs], a nervous, gauche beauty, hurrying down towards a distant lobby.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON SCREEN-

FREDDIE VO (cont'd)

...cue grams.

ARCHIVE BBC FOOTAGE of a smiling group of debutantes cheering on a winning horse at Ascot.

NEWS READER VO

...And here they are, the debutantes of 1956. Young ladies of distinction -

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. STREET. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1901** 2

A cold wind grazing the mink coat of an arriving GUEST-

NEWS READER VO

....enjoying a day at Royal Ascot.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. LOBBY. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1902** 3

An elegant lobby-

RUTH ELMS, eyes searching until-

A walnut telephone booth illuminated across the lobby, RUTH, steady on the approach.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON SCREEN-

3 CONTINUED:

3

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE of the same beautiful young woman, RUTH, gripping the arm of ADAM LE RAY [mid/late 20's], a handsome young actor waving a winning ticket on a racecourse.

NEWS READER VO

And one young woman in particular has caught the eye of a certain leading man, actor Adam Le Ray-

The stiff RP of the NEWSREADER heard through-

NEWS READER VO (cont'd)

Engagement looks set for the Honourable Ruth Elms, daughter of Lord Elms of Framlingham, to this eligible young bachelor-

PULL BACK TO REVEAL-

4 **INT. GALLERY. STUDIO. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 1, 1904**

4

The same **BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE**, now on a bank of monitors-

NEWS READER VO

...All of London society awaits the peal of wedding bells.

FREDDIE LYON [mid/late 20's], dishevelled yet fizzing, pencil scratching away at a crossword, sitting in a cramped gallery looking out on a small archaic studio. The steady pace of a stopwatch in a FEMALE SECRETARY's hand-

FREDDIE

Cue foreign newsreel-

Through the gallery window, a WEARY FLOOR MANAGER just visible in a poky studio, scrawls a cue on a piece of paper, holding it up to a STIFF NEWS READER seated behind a desk, talking into a microphone.

CUT TO:

5 **SCENE 5 CUT AT GREEN AMENDMENTS**

5

5A **INT. CORRIDOR O/S STUDIO. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 1, 1906**

5A

The TAP TAP of heels along a corridor-

BEL ROWLEY, exquisite moving along at a pace. She stops on seeing the red light of transmission, checking her watch, excited. She hovers, waiting, like a whippet before a race.

Suddenly LIX STORM passes, looking up, catching BEL's eye in anticipation-

5A CONTINUED:

5A

LIX
Did you get it?

BEL
We got it.

LIX points at her-

LIX
Producer?

BEL nods-

BEL
(pointing at LIX)
Foreign desk.

YELPS and CHEERS. BEL hushing her, suppressing her excitement.

LIX
Bravo..Bravo...

BEL
(hushed and awkward)
I haven't told Freddie yet.

LIX
Christ.

LIX smiles, moving on-

LIX (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Good luck.

The red light of transmission goes out-

BEL enters, with growing determination-

CUT TO:

6 **INT. GALLERY. STUDIO. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 1, 1908** 6

FREDDIE's eyes dart over to BEL just visible through the gallery window crossing the back of the studio, pulling on gloves, clutch in hand, standing by the FLOOR MANAGER.

FREDDIE
Fade up foreign newsreel-

FREDDIE clicks his fingers, pointing to a screen.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
And thanking you, gentlemen-

FREDDIE pulls on his jacket, smiling his thanks to his GREY-SUITED COLLEAGUES-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
...for another fascinating evening...
May you go home once again happy in
the knowledge that we have delivered
the important news of the day with the
same brisk banality as a debutante
coming out in Mayfair.
(counting down)
Three two one...

CUT TO:

7 **CLOSE UP ON SCREEN** 7

NEWS READER VO
*...In Egypt, election victory for the
Arab Nationalist, Colonel Gamal Abdel
Nasser.*

ARCHIVE BBC FOOTAGE of a smiling Colonel Nasser waving to his joyous electorate in Cairo, jump cut to NASSER shaking hands with British Prime Minister Eden.

NEWS READER VO (cont'd)
*...Here he is with Prime Minister
Anthony Eden during last year's visit
to Cairo where they discussed the
future of the Suez Canal company-*

CUT TO:

8 **SCENE 8 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT** 8

CONTENTS MOVED TO SCENE 9A

9 **INT. LECTURE HALL. LCES - EVENING 1, 1912** 9

A packed auditorium in the London College of Eastern Studies.

9 CONTINUED:

9

Bright-eyed STUDENTS listening, PETER DARRALL [early 30's] midway through a lecture; an image of an ancient papyrus projected across the wall overhead, rippling over his face-

PETER DARRALL
..so you see it was not only the
Pharaohs who failed to write to their
mothers.

LAUGHTER-

PETER quietly captivating, regaling the bright-eyed STUDENTS with his words, eyes hesitating on-

The SCRATCH of a 2B pencil against newspaper-

A DARK-HAIRED MAN sitting in the middle of a row, looks up from his crossword, holding PETER with a cool gaze.

PETER hesitates, resumes talking, yet he is unsettled, fingers nervously tapping the paper notes resting on the podium in front.

PETER DARRALL (cont'd)
And on that note...Papers in by Friday
please...

PETER's eyes flick to the TICK TICK of the clock overhead.

CUT TO:

9A INT. LOBBY. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1913

9A

The shake of RUTH's hand, cupping a telephone receiver-

RUTH
Hello operator. Put me through to
Bloomsbury 7428.

RUTH's eyes anxiously scour the arriving GUESTS, her warm breath misting the glass, obscuring her face-

FREDDIE VO
Counting down-

CUT TO:

10 INT. OFFICE. LCES. LONDON - EVENING 1, 1914

10

A neat office-

PETER entering, tailed by a PRETTY, FLIRTATIOUS STUDENT-

PETER DARRALL
Come back tomorrow.

PETER DARRALL already reaching behind the door for his coat.

10 CONTINUED:

10

PRETTY STUDENT
But have I passed, Professor-?

PETER smiles but there is an urgency, hurrying the PRETTY STUDENT on.

PETER DARRALL
Go out. Go play.

A PROFESSOR BECKETT (BECKETT) just leaving the office-

PROFESSOR BECKETT OOV
Night Peter.

PETER nods in passing, gathering the last of his books, eyes quietly searching the room, littered with books and a series of beautiful Middle Eastern drawings pinned above a desk, with a growing urgency.

PETER DARRALL
(flicking off the light)
Night Gerald.

PETER shoves the last of his things into his briefcase, a light sweat beading his forehead until-

The CLICK of the DOOR closing as PETER exits, footsteps descending down a corridor, oblivious to-

Suddenly the phone rings and rings and rings-

A photo of PETER with his class of pupils resting against the base of a lamp, one particular student, RUTH, just visible, smiling and happy in the photograph.

CUT TO:

11 **SCENE 11 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT**

11

12 **INT. LOBBY. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1918**

12

RUTH, quietly frantic, breath heavy, phone pressed to her cheek, waiting-

The DEAD RING of an unanswered call throbs on the other end of the line until-

LADY ELMS OOV
(through glass)
Darling-

The TAP of knuckles against glass-

RUTH turns, shaking on seeing-

12 CONTINUED:

12

LADY ELMS
(through glass)
Our guests are arriving.

LADY ELMS [early 50's], RUTH's mother, smiles with flickering concern. RUTH puts down the phone, struggling to rest it on its carriage as she steps out of the booth.

RUTH
Lipstick.
(making to go)
I left my lipstick in the-

LADY ELMS smiles, plucking a lipstick from her clutch. LORD ELMS [late 50's/early 60's] stands some way across the lobby.

RUTH hesitates, hands shaking as she takes the lipstick.

LADY ELMS
Ssh...

LADY ELMS smiles, helping her, gently taking the lipstick and applying it for her.

LADY ELMS (cont'd)
No need to be nervous.

RUTH nods, tears pricking. LADY ELMS smiles, with quiet steely determination, waiting to lead RUTH through. RUTH looks beyond to LORD ELMS waiting to lead her in.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. STUDIO. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 1, 1920**

13

The frantic fall of paper-

NEWSREADER
And that is the end of the news.

FREDDIE heading towards BEL, passing the STIFF NEWSREADER, eyes on the FLOOR MANAGER waiting for a countdown-

The FLOOR MANAGER counts down with splayed fingers, the NEWSREADER visibly relaxing, a relieved calm descending across the studio, basically a makeshift corner strung with curtain and desk.

FREDDIE
(in passing)
Impeccable as ever, Johnny. Thank you.

FREDDIE smiles at BEL, clearly waiting, she hands him a sheaf of papers-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Money penny.

13 CONTINUED:

13

BEL

James.

FREDDIE's eyes gaze down the list of news stories for the following day.

BEL (cont'd)

Friday's running cue and I am not your secretary. Next time do it yourself.

ISAAC WENGROW [early 20's], the eager and earnest office runner, wheels a trolley past.

FREDDIE

And what of tomorrow Mr Wengrow? I'm gunning for Kennedy for the VP nom but who knows...

FREDDIE slides a roll of newsreel onto its shelf, barely wavering in his step.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

A new hat for the Queen Mother or a rare sow with twenty in her litter...?

FREDDIE passes GEORGE HEMMINGS [mid 40's], his grey, weary editor looking on as he bins the first paper, moving onto the next sheet of paper-

GEORGE

Lyon. Tonight. The Claringdon. You're covering the engagement.

FREDDIE

How could I forget, Georgie?

BEL

Who's getting married?

FREDDIE

Just another debutante.

GEORGE

(moving off)
Camera's gone ahead.

BEL

(calling back)
Night George.

FREDDIE eyes the papers, reads as he tails her across the floor.

FREDDIE

How was I?

13 CONTINUED:

13

BEL

A little slow on that last cue.

FREDDIE's eyes flick suspiciously to a heavy, expensive man's watch on BEL's wrist.

FREDDIE

Nice watch. Does the broker know it's missing?

BEL

Banker.

The flick flack of doors, FREDDIE tails BEL out through to-

FREDDIE

Please...The details of your love life do not interest me at all.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR. STUDIO FLOOR. ALEXANDRA PALACE - NIGHT 1, 1922

14

...an endless corridor, flagged by open doors revealing distant studios-

FREDDIE

Where did you dine?

BEL slides memos for the next morning into passing pigeonholes as they walk.

BEL

Sheekey's. We ate oysters. And afterwards he took me to the theatre.

BEL takes a left, heading down a stairwell, FREDDIE close behind.

FREDDIE

Dinner then the theatre. I do like a man who plans. That way round no one goes to sleep on a full stomach.

BEL hesitates, eyeing FREDDIE, ever-wicked, a pencil still scratching at the crossword in his hand-

BEL

(floundering)
Can I cadge a lift?

FREDDIE deflects-

FREDDIE

Eight letters. 14 down. Treacherous foe in bad or in good faith. Something o something f something d.

14 CONTINUED:

14

Distant laughter of an audience-

BEL

Bona fide.

A wide doorway into an open BBC studio, a smiling CLEAN-CUT PRESENTER talking straight to camera, standing beside a trio of YOUNG GIRLS; one is holding a ventriloquist's dummy-

PRESENTER

...and so ladies and gentlemen after another delightful evening, we ask the charming Winnie Sisters to play us out.

FREDDIE curses, scores out his last answer, the scratch of a 2B pencil against his Evening Standard blending into...

The trio of YOUNG GIRLS, one holding the ventriloquist's dummy, stand hunched by a microphone, singing along-

CUT TO:

14A **EXT. STREET. NEAR LCES. - NIGHT 1, 1925**

14A

PETER walking, passing endless railings, a sense of footsteps behind him. PETER picks up his pace.

The DARK HAired man just visible as PETER disappears towards a distant tube station.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. KIOSK. TUBE - NIGHT 1, 1930**

15

PETER moving through, the sense that he is being watched-

Pausing at a newspaper kiosk, PETER is caught in brief exchange as he buys cigarettes. Moving on, PETER disappears towards the escalator-

...the scratch of a 2B pencil against a newspaper, the DARK-HAired MAN lost in his crossword. He discreetly follows PETER several yards behind.

CUT TO:

16 **SCENE 16 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT**

16

CONTENTS MOVED TO SCENE 17A

17 **INT. RECEPTION ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 1, 1936**

17

The POP of champagne corks-

The CHINK of CUTLERY-

The murmur of polite conversation-

17 CONTINUED:

17

The SMILES and CHEERS of a HOTEL BAND picking up the same song-

- 17 CONTINUED: 17
- The swirl of chiffon as ADAM LE RAY twirls RUTH in quickening step around a dance floor.
- CUT TO:
- 17A INT. CORRIDOR. TUBE - NIGHT 1, 1939 17A
- PETER, moving steadily along an empty winding corridor. The TAP TAP of his footsteps as he walks. Slowly PETER becomes aware of a second set of footsteps. He turns, just seeing the DARK-HAIRED MAN several yards behind following him-
- Suddenly a PERT OLD LADY passes with her COMPANION-
- PETER nods in passing, picking up his pace.
- CUT TO:
- 18 SCENE 18 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT 18
- CONTENTS MOVED TO SCENE 20A
- 19 SCENE 19 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT 19
- CONTENTS MOVED TO SCENE 20C
- 20 INT. RECEPTION ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1942 20
- The SWIRL of faces as RUTH is spun across a lively dance floor-
- The sense of the MUSIC QUICKENING, of the blood pumping fast in RUTH's head.
- ADAM LE RAY grips her hand tightly, pulling her once more around the room.
- CUT TO:
- 20A INT. CARRIAGE. TUBE. NORTHERN LINE - EVENING 1, 1944 20A
- PETER, standing in a packed carriage, several COMMUTERS lost in reading their newspapers, eyes silently scouring, wavering on seeing-
- The DARK-HAIRED MAN just visible further down the carriage. Squeezing past those all around, PETER peers out, beads of sweat breaking across his forehead.
- Pushing through, the DARK-HAIRED MAN quickens his pace, the lights overhead momentarily hovering into darkness until-
- The scrape of the wheels, as the DARK-HAIRED MAN continues close on PETER's tail.
- CUT TO:

20B INT. RECEPTION ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1946 20B

The FLEETING GLIMPSE of faces, a sense of a quickening in RUTH, anxiety pricking her face as ADAM spins her faster and faster around the dancefloor.

CUT TO:

20C INT. STAIRS. TUBE - EVENING 1, 1949 20C

PETER fleeing up stairs, pushing COMMUTERS out of his way, as he moves up and out. The DARK-HAIRED MAN gaining on him now.

CUT TO:

SCENES 21 & 22 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT

23 INT. CORRIDOR. TUBE - EVENING 1, 1953 23

PETER running now, an endless winding corridor, PETER's hands slapping against the wall until-

PETER takes a sharp left, heart beating, beads of sweat breaking across his forehead as his hand slips inside his briefcase-

The glint of a knife-

PETER hesitates waiting-

A lone set of FOOTSTEPS steady on the approach-

The glint of the knife, ready for the kill as PETER expertly grabs the DARK-HAIRED MAN, pulling him into a locked embrace. The DARK-HAIRED MAN's fate, evident in his eyes until-

One swift move, and PETER is on the ground, suddenly gripping his neck, looking in shocked horror. The DARK-HAIRED MAN steps back, the knife now in his hand, the job done. A steady seep of blood, PETER's gasping death rattle audible as the DARK-HAIRED MAN wipes the knife on a handkerchief shaking in his hand-

DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. ECHO OF PASSING CHATTER. The DARK HAIRED MAN tensely waits until-

The FOOTSTEPS and CHATTER dissolve away-

The DARK HAIRED MAN turns back to PETER; the sense of worse still to come.

CUT TO:

24 INT. RECEPTION ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 1958 24

The HOTEL BAND coming to a triumphant end-

The ripple of APPLAUSE-

24 CONTINUED:

24

ADAM LE RAY smiles, revelling, RUTH spun in a dramatic flourish in his arms.

Head thrown back, RUTH is pulled to a standstill, offering a forced smile to the DELIGHTED GUESTS all around until-

The applause subdues to a silence, the faces fall in growing concern.

RUTH stands, the trickle of a nosebleed spilling down her chiffon dress.

CUT TO:

24A INT. CORRIDOR. ALEXANDRA PALACE. LONDON - EVENING 1, 1959

24A

FREDDIE moving along the corridor, BEL on his tail, he is fizzing, on a high, excited-

FREDDIE

We are calcifying in television news-

BEL slides paper into a memo board in passing, hurrying to keep up with him, clearly wanting to tell him something-

BEL

Agreed.

FREDDIE

Hell, martial law may have been imposed in Poland but we've got footage of Prince Rainier on honeymoon with his show girl. And Hallelujah they are dining with the queen.

FREDDIE opens the door for her-

FREDDIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

We are the nightly dose of reassurance that everything is alright in the world.

BEL smiles, with a growing urgency, clearly with something to say.

BEL

Agreed...agreed..agreed.

FREDDIE

Because some edict sent down from God knows where tells us what we broadcast and how we broadcast.

BEL smiles, FREDDIE smiles, both infectious and a little giddy.

24A CONTINUED:

24A

FREDDIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
We are going to escape.

BEL
Yes but Freddie...

FREDDIE
Don't worry, Money Penny. I'll put in a
good word.

BEL's gaze wavers, she wants to tell him but can't.

BEL
You're coming with me.

FREDDIE moving on, BEL with rising concern, hurrying to keep
up with him, the moment missed.

BEL (cont'd)
Freddie...?

CUT TO:

25 **SCENE 25 CUT AT GREEN AMENDMENTS** 25

26 **INT. LOBBY. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 2017** 26

Distant laughter-

The jaunty song of the distant HOTEL BAND.

BEL

Freddie this is a new programme, this is everything that we've been waiting for.

FREDDIE looks at her-

BEL (cont'd)

Working together. It's exciting. I wanted to talk to you about your interview tomorrow.

(with a smile)

Come on, stay and have a drink with me..

FREDDIE

And miss all the fun?

FREDDIE makes to go, heading towards the distant reception

FREDDIE (cont'd)

He'll be late.

FREDDIE reaching for a Martini from a WAITER holding a tray, looking on at the distant party with growing dread-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

They're always late.
If he's still not here by nine, come and find me.

26 CONTINUED:

26

FREDDIE knocks back a drink.

BEL

At least try and keep a clear head.

FREDDIE reaches for a second drink hesitates on seeing-

BEL (cont'd)

You are impossible.

26 CONTINUED:

26

BEL catches FREDDIE seeing her scouring the GREY SUITED MEN in a distant bar.

FREDDIE

You know we're both worth more.

RUTH just visible, through an ajar door, being introduced to more GUESTS. FREDDIE looks at RUTH, no longer listening-

BEL

(calling after)

Freddie-

BEL bottles it, shakes her head, dismissive yet inwardly kicking herself.

BEL (cont'd)

Don't you be. Late? Tomorrow?

FREDDIE nods, distracted, moving off to a distant CAMERAMAN and SOUND ENGINEER bored and waiting, cocktails in hand.

BEL waiting, heads off, taking a stool at the bar. She sits, waits, something she is clearly used to.

CUT TO:

27 INT. RECEPTION ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 1, 2025 27

The TING of a fork against glass-

A lively party, quietened to a hush-

The cameraman focusing on ADAM LE RAY, capturing him through the lens-

ADAM LE RAY

It is truly wonderful to be able to share our engagement with so many loved ones.

ADAM stands at its heart, close to RUTH, surrounded by FRIENDS and FAMILY, the GREAT and the GOOD. He turns to LORD and LADY ELMS standing close by-

ADAM LE RAY (cont'd)

Lord and Lady Elms, it is an honour and a privilege to be joining this eminent family-

FREDDIE reaches out for a canape, stuffing it into his mouth, eyes catching on-

27 CONTINUED:

27

ADAM LE RAY (cont'd)

And so without further ado, I ask you
to raise your glasses to my beautiful
fiancee. We look forward to seeing you
all a week on Saturday.

27 CONTINUED:

27

RUTH, briefly glimpsed, smiling by ADAM's side. FREDDIE hesitates, oddly drawn, her eyes briefly catching his, a flicker of recognition.

ADAM LE RAY (cont'd)

Do cross your fingers and let us hope
the sun shines.

CUT TO:

28 INT. DRAWING ROOM. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 1, 2050

28

An empty drawing room-

The distant noises of the party, far off-

FREDDIE goes over to a drinks cabinet, pours himself a whisky-

RUTH

Martini then whisky. Beware.

FREDDIE hesitates, seeing RUTH sunk in a chair, oddly broken.

RUTH (cont'd)

The hangover will get you.

FREDDIE considers, clocking the whisky glass in her hand. He holds up the bottle. She hesitates, lets him top up her glass.

FREDDIE

Are you hiding?

RUTH

No...Yes. I hate parties.

RUTH hesitates, drinks.

FREDDIE

And I'd just written '*the newly engaged the honourable Miss Elms was glowing*'-

RUTH

Hello Freddie.

FREDDIE hesitates, smiles-

FREDDIE

Miss Elms-
(beat)
Would you like to comment?

RUTH

Yes, if you pour me another one of those.

RUTH holds up her whisky glass-

28 CONTINUED:

28

FREDDIE
I'd say you'd had enough.

RUTH stands, wobbles a little, FREDDIE steadies her-

RUTH
What is enough if it doesn't make you
feel any better?

FREDDIE hesitates, RUTH's sad pretty face jarring as she holds
up her glass for more-

FREDDIE
How old are you now? Twenty?... Twenty
one?

RUTH
(cutting him off)
Old enough-

FREDDIE hesitates, laughs at the absurdity of this line, the
evening suddenly overwhelming him.

RUTH (cont'd)
I was ten when you left.

FREDDIE deflects, drinks. He needs to go home.

FREDDIE
Well...congratulations. I wish you..
the absolute best-

FREDDIE slides his glass down on the table, signalling his
exit.

RUTH
*A conspiracy is nothing but a secret
agreement of a number of men for the
pursuance of policies which they dare
not admit in public.*
(beat)
You wrote that-

FREDDIE
Actually Mark Twain did but-

Suddenly a drip of blood falls from RUTH's nose.

RUTH
Damn-

RUTH searches for a handkerchief in her clutch. FREDDIE hands
her his, one hand cradling her neck-

FREDDIE
Tilt your head-

28 CONTINUED:

28

RUTH leans back, FREDDIE's hand cups hers, pinching the bridge of her nose-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Pinch the bridge.

RUTH
I'm sorry.

RUTH nods, her hand gripping FREDDIE's, tears suddenly welling-

FREDDIE
It's only a handkerchief.

RUTH suddenly looks at him, eyes searching his with quiet desperation-

RUTH
You see it don't you, Freddie? You always have.

FREDDIE looks at her, bemused.

RUTH (cont'd)
The lies-

FREDDIE wavers, RUTH's quiet desperate despair oddly unsettling-

ADAM LE RAY
There you are, darling.

FREDDIE looks up, seeing ADAM LE RAY standing in the doorway. He withdraws his hands.

FREDDIE
Good night, Miss Elms.

FREDDIE exits, RUTH looks down, FREDDIE's handkerchief still in her hands, the initials *F.A.L.* embroidered in one corner.

ADAM LE RAY
God, you're drunk.

RUTH looks up, about to call after FREDDIE, just visible, disappearing out into the lobby-

RUTH
Not nearly enough.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LOBBY. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 1, 2105

29

FREDDIE collecting his coat from the cloakroom, brightens on seeing BEL-

29 CONTINUED:

29

FREDDIE
(calling out)
Bel-

FREDDIE hesitates, BEL entering a lift with her BANKER, his arm discreetly steering her up to another floor. A wedding band clear on his finger as he taps her arm.

BEL's eyes dart back to FREDDIE, pleading for his silence-
The glide of the doors closing-

CLOAKROOM GIRL
Would you like to take the lady's coat
sir?

The CLOAKROOM GIRL holds up BEL's coat, clearly on the same ticket-

FREDDIE
(shakes head)
I'm sure she'll pick it up later.

FREDDIE moves off, quietly irritated, wanting to get home.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. STREET. NOTTING HILL - NIGHT 1, 2130**

30

FREDDIE passing a gang of BLACK TEENAGERS standing on a corner, hanging out.

Two YOUNG WHITE WOMEN wheeling prams, lost in chat. FREDDIE steps out their way, carrying a bag of fish and chips as he passes-

A LANDLADY cleans the front step of a grubby B&B.

A 'No Coloureds. No Irish. No Children.' sign visible in her window.

FREDDIE steps into the gutter to cross the road.

Across the street, an illuminated cinema sign/poster advertising-

Invasion of the Body Snatchers-

FREDDIE heads towards a distant run-down row of terraces-

CUT TO:

31 **INT. HALLWAY. MALCOLM'S HOUSE. NOTTING HILL - NIGHT 1, 2142**

31

The click of the door closing-

A shabby hallway, neat but austere and thoroughly lower middle class-

31 CONTINUED:

31

The distant murmur of the television.

MALCOLM OOV
(calling out)
Hello-

FREDDIE hesitates, hanging his coat on the wall, knocking a photo of FREDDIE aged six askew. He stands with fishing net or the like, smiling between his parents on a wet beach. FREDDIE contemplates it, straightening it.

FREDDIE
(calling back)
It's just me, Dad.

FREDDIE picks up the fish and chips, moving through-

CUT TO:

32 INT. LIVING ROOM. MALCOLM'S HOUSE. NOTTING HILL - NIGHT 1, 2144 32

Darkness-

MALCOLM LYON [late 50's], a neat little man in shirt and pressed, if frayed, trousers, illuminated by the TV screen, lost in watching *'Dixon of Dock Green'*.

MALCOLM
Good day, Frederick?

FREDDIE nods and slides a packet of fish and chips onto his lap.

FREDDIE
You should have a light on.

FREDDIE reaches for the lamp, switching it on. The bulb has gone.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Has Mrs B. not been in? The washing
up's still in the-

FREDDIE looks at MALCOLM, sees he's not listening.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
What are you watching?

FREDDIE sinks down next to him on the threadbare sofa.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Did you see the news tonight?

SILENCE-

FREDDIE, resigned, resumes eating chips, turning back to watch the TV.

32 CONTINUED:

32

MALCOLM

(beat)
The usual rubbish.

FREDDIE's gaze wavers, a familiar sting.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
How's that nice girl?

FREDDIE
Miss Rowley. She's-

FREDDIE stops, suddenly at a loss-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
...fine.

They sit and eat in silence. MALCOLM suddenly turns and looks at FREDDIE as if for the first time.

MALCOLM
Good day, Frederick?

FREDDIE hesitates, nods, used to this eternal loop. FREDDIE looks at MALCOLM, already lost, back in his television programme. FREDDIE reaches for the crossword, filling in the final clue.

DIXON ON TV
Look, will you leave this with me for
a day or so?

FREDDIE looks down, suddenly clocking the cuff of his shirt, still spotted with RUTH's blood.

The TICK TICK of a carriage clock on a mantelpiece-

CUT TO:

33 **INT. MORTUARY. POLICE STATION. NORTH LONDON - NIGHT 1, 2147**

33

A cold dark mortuary-

PETER DARRALL's body lies on a marble slab, a savage wound to his neck just visible.

DIXON ON TV
I just want to give it some thought-

A closer inspection reveals every seam of his suit and shirt has been expertly cut-

DIXON ON TV (cont'd)
....chew it over.

CUT TO:

FADE TO BLACK

33 CONTINUED: 33

The TICK TICK of a clock through-

CUT TO:

34 INT. RECEPTION. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE - DAY 2, 0850 34

A clock edges towards nine o'clock-

BEL stands underneath it, eyeing the time with growing concern until-

BEL
8.30...We said 8.30-

FREDDIE, dishevelled, tails BEL towards the reception, she is nervous, edging to say something.

FREDDIE
Don't mix single malt with Martini.

The PING of the LIFT-

BEL
Wonderful.

BEL smiles at the RECEPTIONIST as FREDDIE knots his tie-

BEL (cont'd)
Frederick Lyon to see the Director of
Programmes.

FREDDIE rifles through his pockets, pulling out several sheaves of hand written paper-

FREDDIE
I've brought the manifesto.

BEL
That was written years ago when we
were very drunk.

FREDDIE reaches for a pencil, scribbling something down.

FREDDIE
You were drunk. I was sober.
(reading)
You've put three 't's' in topicality.

RECEPTIONIST
7th floor.

FREDDIE already making his way over to distant lifts-

BEL
(calling after)
Lyon-

34 CONTINUED: 34

BEL hurries after him-

CUT TO:

35 INT. LIFT. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE - DAY 2, 0854 35

FREDDIE entering the lift, scratching down a new line onto the manifesto, BEL close behind-

FREDDIE

Do you think I should start with the Marx quote?

BEL

Freddie you really need to focus now.

FREDDIE scratches it out-

FREDDIE

You're right. Don't want to scare them off straight away. Not when one is looking to run-

BEL

It hasn't got a name yet...

The GLIDE of the LIFT rising-

FREDDIE

...this changing face of television news programme that hasn't got a name yet-

BEL

I'd pitch hard on balancing London news with the provinces. It's important that they know you are interested in stories in Manchester, Bradford, Leeds.

FREDDIE

Why?

BEL

Because you need to show them..

FREDDIE

Show them what?

BEL

That you're familiar with the demands of home affairs.

FREDDIE

That's your job.

35 CONTINUED:

35

BEL

You need to keep your options open.

35 CONTINUED:

35

FREDDIE scrutinises her-

FREDDIE
Moneypenny your eyes look piggy when
you lie.

The PING of the lift-

BEL
(sudden)
I'm the producer. The new programme?
Clarence wants me to be the producer.

FREDDIE looks at her aghast until-

FREDDIE
Right-

BEL
Freddie-

Two GIGGLING SECRETARIES get in on the sixth floor, lost in
their own chat. The lift ascends on.

FREDDIE
(deflects)
How many floors up would you need to
jump from to really make it worth it?

The PING of the LIFT-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Four? ..Five?

FREDDIE looks at BEL with growing fury as the lift doors slide
open-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Fine. You produce, I'll present.

FREDDIE turns, mind racing, quietly falling apart.

CLARENCE OOV
There you are.

CUT TO:

36 INT. RECEPTION. DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES' OFFICE - DAY 2, 0857

36

CLARENCE FENDLEY [late 40's/mid 50's], Director of News,
stands as FREDDIE steps out of the lift-

CLARENCE
Now breathe, Freddie-

FREDDIE nods, suddenly speechless-

36 CONTINUED:

36

BEL

Clarence-

CLARENCE ignores her, clearly they are late.

36 CONTINUED:

36

CLARENCE

He is waiting but he has a packed day.

CLARENCE's eyes dart to BEL as he leads FREDDIE towards an endless corridor, leaving BEL far behind.

CLARENCE (cont'd)

Later-

The swing of distant doors, FREDDIE and CLARENCE gone.

Behind BEL, a poster reads-

PERSONAL PROTECTION UNDER ATOMIC ATTACK. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

An image of a perturbed housewife in her kitchen, her children playing close by, looking on with similar concern.

BEL taking a seat in the reception. She sits, stands, waits, suddenly aware of someone watching her-

HECTOR MADDEN [mid 30's], handsome, intriguing and everything that FREDDIE is not, smiles at her across a distant coffee table.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CORRIDOR. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE - DAY 2, 0859

37

CLARENCE with FREDDIE passing photographs of Alexandra Palace, Lime Grove Studios, and Broadcasting House. A sense of history along the hallowed corridors of the Director of Programmes' offices. FREDDIE blindly follows, struggling to take CLARENCE's words in.

CLARENCE

We speak in full sentences. We listen.
We don't try any funnies.

FREDDIE

Yes..Right..

CLARENCE

Your reputation goes before you. The good I have been able to confirm. The bad was youthful recklessness, which in your more mature years you have left behind.

FREDDIE

Clarence I-

CLARENCE taps his mouth, clearly nervous.

37 CONTINUED:

37

CLARENCE

Freddie this is my programme. It's very important that I get the best team and that you are part of it. Ditch the manifesto. Bel told me.

CLARENCE takes a side glance at FREDDIE, taking in the familiar disarray.

CLARENCE (cont'd)

(pointing to collar)

Top button.

FREDDIE hesitates, nods, scrunches up the paper in his hand, binning it as he takes a left, following CLARENCE towards a distant office, trying to hold it together.

CUT TO:

38 INT. DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES' OFFICE - DAY 2, 0901

38

A darkened office, wall-to-wall walnut-

Mr DOUGLAS OWEN [mid/late 50's] stands looking over a reel of film, black and white footage of Gordon Pirie, a tall South London Harrier, making history as he runs 5,000 metres in Norway, just visible projected on the wall.

DOUGLAS

13 minutes, 36.8 seconds - remarkable.

FREDDIE blindly nods, looking to CLARENCE, adopting the same forced interest. DOUGLAS suddenly stops the film, rewinding the reel by hand.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

(pointing)

There. There...

DOUGLAS freezes the frame, one hand on the reel, the other jabbing the screen.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Ballsed it. Left corner.

FREDDIE and DOUGLAS peer closer, just clocking the boom.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Bloody boom. How do we run that? I want two men at Lord's when Jim Laker bats next week. One to hold the camera, the other to keep the bloody boom out of sight...You play?

FREDDIE scrabbles for words-

38 CONTINUED:

38

FREDDIE

Yes. No. Do I need to?

38 CONTINUED:

38

FREDDIE's eyes dart to CLARENCE. CLARENCE silently urging him on.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
I like football.

DOUGLAS
Which team?

FREDDIE
Derby County. My mother was born-

DOUGLAS
So not really...

FREDDIE hesitates, momentarily at a loss.

CUT TO:

39 INT. RECEPTION. DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES' OFFICE - DAY 2, 0905

39

The TICK TICK of a clock on a wall edging past 9am-

HECTOR and BEL sit waiting, BEL flicks through a magazine with growing irritation, time crawling by-

HECTOR
You're something to do with natural history.

BEL considers HECTOR sitting calmly, a cigarette smoking in his hand.

HECTOR (cont'd)
I heard a rumour they were setting up a unit somewhere in the BBC. I'm a big fan of animals.

BEL
Let me guess. Accounts?

HECTOR hesitates, enjoying the game-

HECTOR
Researcher. You fly out with a crew to the Amazon Monday.

BEL barely looks up from reading her magazine, seemingly indifferent.

BEL
Something like that.

A PRETTY SECRETARY slides a coffee down on the table in front of him.

39 CONTINUED:

39

PRETTY SECRETARY
Do you take sugar?

39 CONTINUED:

39

HECTOR smiles, shakes his head, stirs-

HECTOR
(to SECRETARY)
That's a very pretty blouse.

The PRETTY SECRETARY smiles moving on, BEL looks at HECTOR wearily-

HECTOR drinks his coffee, enjoying himself, eyes grazing over BEL's shapely legs.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES' OFFICE - DAY 2, 0909

40

DOUGLAS sits behind a sweeping desk, flicking through FREDDIE's CV-

DOUGLAS
Clarence tells me you are a brilliant journalist.

FREDDIE darts a look to CLARENCE-

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
Give me tomorrow's news.

FREDDIE
A lot can happen in 24 hours.
Eisenhower looks like he'll run for another term. But that's obvious. I'm more interested in the underdog.
Rumour has it the young Mr. Kennedy is a contender for the VP democratic nomination but in newsreels, we don't do scoops.

40 CONTINUED:

40

DOUGLAS

So sixty minutes, six days to get it together. Seventh day it's out there. Three slots. Tell me how it looks.

FREDDIE takes a moment, he's got five minutes to nail this.

FREDDIE

At the top, New Commonwealth immigration. 75,000 people arriving every year from the colonies. But what does it really mean? Martin Luther King gives a public address in San Francisco. The birth of the new Negro, one who is not crippled by fear and self loathing but driven by dignity and destiny. Yet we don't even challenge the fact that in every hotel window we still without shame say 'No Coloureds. No Irish.'

DOUGLAS looks to CLARENCE, silent, but listening, clearly impressed-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Second story. Macmillan and the credit squeeze. Obviously.

DOUGLAS

And third?

FREDDIE'S eyes fall back on the projected image, the image just visible, frozen, the runner crossing the finishing line-

FREDDIE

13 minutes, 36.8 seconds. It's a good story.

DOUGLAS

You've got a boom tracking in every shot.

FREDDIE

Seeing him cross that finishing line's the thing. It makes it more real. Seeing the boom. The mechanics of how we bear witness. Because that's what we do. What one tries to do. Reveal fleeting moments in history, not with apology, not as it is now, endless static newsreel, a man who never leaves his desk delivering the story as if it is the dry five minute warm-up act before *Hancock's Half Hour*.

(MORE)

40 CONTINUED:

40

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Of course everyone wants to be entertained, but while we are all busy laughing...Russia is aligning its missiles and declaring World War III. It has to be the hour you can't miss. The hour you have to see.

FREDDIE racing and over-excited.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Putting real journalists in front of the camera sends out the message that you are taking news seriously.

DOUGLAS hesitates, Freddie fizzing.

DOUGLAS

So you see yourself in front of the camera Mr Lyon?

CUT TO:

41 **INT. RECEPTION. DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES' OFFICE - DAY 2, 0930**

41

BEL slams down her magazine, bored. HECTOR smiles.

HECTOR

I never understand women and magazines. They only ever buy them for the pictures.

BEL looks at him, wavering on HECTOR's mischievous smile.

BEL

You're so right. And those things called novels. Impossible. So many words...

HECTOR

This is where I ask you for a drink.

She hesitates, something dangerous in this game.

BEL

Sorry. I've got to pack for South America.

The SWING of a door opening-

Footsteps fast along the corridor, BEL and HECTOR turn just seeing FREDDIE on furious approach, tailed by CLARENCE, with a face like thunder.

41 CONTINUED:

41

FREDDIE

Home affairs! House of Lords garden
parties and outbreaks of foot and
mouth in Keswick?

41 CONTINUED:

41

FREDDIE hesitates, eyes grazing over HECTOR and BEL with quiet suspicion.

41 CONTINUED:

41

CLARENCE

The audacity to even think you could present this programme!

FREDDIE

He asked for my opinion.

CLARENCE

And you gave it, very eloquently-
(hushed)
...including telling him to stuff it!

CLARENCE spies BEL standing, looking on with growing concern.

CLARENCE (cont'd)

(to BEL)

This is your fault. I said talk to him, calm him down. I said he's a risk...He's always a bloody risk. But you said 'NO'. You don't lead the story. The story leads you, Freddie. First rule of news.

CLARENCE stops at a loss, furious and pacing.

CLARENCE (cont'd)

(moving off)

Maybe you are better where you are.
(to HECTOR)
Two minutes.

CLARENCE moves off, BEL looks at HECTOR with growing suspicion.

BEL

You're not in accounts are you?

HECTOR

No.

FREDDIE stands furious-

HECTOR (cont'd)

Mr Lyon. I am a big fan of your work.

HECTOR holds out his hand. FREDDIE looks at it.

FREDDIE

How exactly? I mean which bit? Of my work?

BEL

Freddie-

CLARENCE suddenly appears-

41 CONTINUED:

41

CLARENCE

Mr Madden...My apologies...This is
Miss Rowley-

BEL turns with realisation to HECTOR-

HECTOR

Yes, I know exactly who Miss Rowley
is.

HECTOR smiles wickedly, she's been had.

CLARENCE

(to BEL)

May I introduce you to the face of our
new programme.

CLARENCE looks pointedly at FREDDIE-

CLARENCE (cont'd)

(to HECTOR)

If you'd like to come this way.

HECTOR smiles, moving off-

FREDDIE

(almost to himself)

Christ, he's charming as well.

FREDDIE's gaze catches on HECTOR being greeted warmly by
DOUGLAS. FREDDIE turns, the wind knocked out of him-

BEL

Lyon-

The PING of the LIFT-

FREDDIE enters, BEL close behind.

The magazine left half-open on a distant coffee table-

An advert for Marlboro or the like just visible. An image of a
swarthy man clasping a cigarette between his fingers. It is
ADAM LE RAY.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. LIFT. BBC BROADCASTING HOUSE - DAY 2, 0934**

42

FREDDIE stands, punch-drunk, BEL by his side-

FREDDIE

How could you do that?

The glide of the lift down-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

How could you not warn me what I was being interviewed for?

BEL

If you would just listen to me -

FREDDIE

And I thought it was so sweet you wanted to meet me beforehand.

BEL

It's still home affairs. You're still part of the team and it's the team that Clarence believes in.

FREDDIE

What? You, me and Gregory Peck? What is he? Oxford educated? Well at least you're with your own kind.

FREDDIE looks at BEL, with disgusted realisation-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Of course. You find him attractive. You're pathetic.

BEL

It's you who said you are calcifying in newsreels. Do you seriously want to die there? The last job I got you. You nearly closed us down because you accused the then Minister of Trade of accepting bribes.

The PING of the lift-

A couple of GREY-SUITED MEN enter. FREDDIE and BEL continue their argument, if a little hushed.

FREDDIE

(close to/hushed)

He had. He was.

BEL

(close to/hushed)

Clarence has championed you since day one. He was giving you an opportunity and you have just thrown it back in his face. You could be even more brilliant than you know, but you just have to ruin it. A new programme, a new era. And they want me as Producer.

BEL pulls on her gloves, struggling with each fiddly finger. FREDDIE by her side.

42 CONTINUED:

42

FREDDIE
They're humouring you.

BEL inwardly winded, humiliation threatening until-

42 CONTINUED:

42

FREDDIE (cont'd)

They don't want a woman. A woman is difficult. Hysterical. And you can never really find one who will ever stay. A couple more years and you'll probably want a baby and then-

BEL

Don't speak-

FREDDIE

Even if they don't say that to your face then it is what they are thinking. Anything else is your vanity making you believe-

BEL

What? That I can do it? That I can actually do this? Watch me. I have a contract on my desk, just waiting to sign.

BEL suddenly looks at the GREY-SUITED MEN, listening to her outburst.

BEL (cont'd)

(close to)

What have you got?

The PING of the lift-

BEL exits. FREDDIE stands, not moving, letting the rest of the lift spill out around him.

CUT TO:

43 INT. CORRIDOR. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DAY 2, 1140

43

The THUDDER of a row of telex machines, keys frantically banging against metal rolls, spilling out reams of paper, with incoming news-

The PING of the lift-

FREDDIE steps out, crossing a run-down poky reception, spying BEL working at a distant desk-

LIX OOV

(roared)

Lyon.

LIX STORM [mid/late 40's], the BBC's leading foreign correspondent, already in some rage, pokes her head out of a doorway. A cigarette smoking in her hand.

43 CONTINUED:

43

LIX

George wants to bump the VP Nom for
the Duke of Edinburgh at some-

43 CONTINUED:

43

FREDDIE keeps walking-

FREDDIE
Not guilty. Mr Wengrow-

ISAAC passes, carrying a tray of teas.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
...is on Royal Duty.

LIX, unamused, tops up her tea with brandy and drinks as
FREDDIE pulls at a reef of paper from a telex machine in
passing-

ISAAC
He does look very smart on his horse.

FREDDIE's eyes absently flick over the list, his gaze briefly
catching on-

*Body of man found in North London, throat cut. Suspected
robbery....Identified as Peter Darrall...*

GEORGE passes-

GEORGE
Copy in by four, ladies and gentlemen,
copy in by four.

GEORGE stands looking at the incoming news lists, FREDDIE
spies BEL doing much the same. They ignore one another.

BEL
Plane crash, Nigeria, 26 dead.

GEORGE
And-?

BEL shakes her head-

BEL
Does your wife find you amusing,
George?

BEL moves off, reading through the news list.

LIX
A doctor's been seen arriving at
number 10. Rumour has it he's unwell
again.

GEORGE
(already moving off)
You know where rumour gets us.

43 CONTINUED:

43

LIX
Then Cairo?

43 CONTINUED:

43

GEORGE

I'm running the Bobsleigh at Bergen
then-

FREDDIE barely looking up from his news list-

FREDDIE

What to you is rumour, to the rest of
the world is foresight, Georgie.

GEORGE stops in his tracks, calmly turns. BEL looks up from
reading, sensing danger-

GEORGE

Done your copy for the Elms'
engagement yet, Mr Lyon?

FREDDIE looks up, holding GEORGE's gaze with quiet challenge.

FREDDIE

Not remotely.

GEORGE

I have any number of men who would
happily fill your post Mr Lyon -

The tension bristles, stilling all to a silence-

FREDDIE

Is that a threat?

GEORGE does not waver. BEL looks at FREDDIE, desperately
wanting to shut him up but-

LIX

(aside)
Hush now my boy.

FREDDIE turns in a fury-

GEORGE

Four o'clock. No Eden. No Cairo.

BEL looks on, looking back, watching GEORGE head off down the
corridor.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DAY 2, 1152**

44

FREDDIE sinks down in front of his desk, a sense of a
makeshift office in the corner. His eyes absently graze over
the collage of conspiracy theories and bleak news articles,
mushroom bombs and images of Hiroshima vying for attention
with smiling images of a winning match for Derby County and
alien sightings in Utah pinned to the wall.

44 CONTINUED:

44

FREDDIE scoops up a well-thumbed copy of *Diamonds Are Forever* by Ian Fleming resting on his desk. He absently flicks through it-

LIX

She left it for you.

FREDDIE looks over at BEL, just taking a seat at a distant desk. He looks back at the book hating himself, deflects to LIX across the corridor, just sinking down in front of her desk.

FREDDIE

They could have at least offered me foreign affairs.

LIX

Already taken.

FREDDIE looks at LIX with sudden realisation.

FREDDIE

Traitor.

LIX smiles, tapping another cigarette on her desk.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I want my desk back.

LIX

As I recall I won this desk.

FREDDIE

You scored your cards.

LIX

Didn't need to, sweetheart.

FREDDIE looks beyond, BEL just visible heading out.

LIX (cont'd)

(close to/passing)

You have absolutely no poker face.

FREDDIE wavers, LIX has got him.

FREDDIE's eyes graze frantically over the news list. Nothing. He scoops up the copy of *Diamonds Are Forever*. He flicks it open, eyes recognising BEL's familiar hand, funny comments written for his benefit in the margin.

ISAAC

Mr Lyon, there's a lady to see you.

FREDDIE looks up, with surprise on seeing-

44 CONTINUED:

44

ISAAC (cont'd)
She said you're old friends.

RUTH seated in a distant corridor. She looks the image of the modern young teenager, in pumps, leggings and heavy leopard print coat, checking her lipstick in a tiny compact.

FREDDIE looks down at the copy of *Diamonds Are Forever* in his hand, shoving it across his desk as he exits.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CORRIDOR. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DAY 2, 1159

45

A corridor, FREDDIE stands buying a cup of tea for RUTH from a trolley. He hands the cup and saucer to RUTH, a wrapped sugar cube resting in the saucer.

FREDDIE
Nice coat.

RUTH smiles, bundled up in her coat, oddly out of place. He sits down next to her, drinking his tea.

RUTH
Mother hates it. I wear it to annoy her.

Two STIFF-LOOKING SECRETARIES pass, lost in hushed conversation.

RUTH (cont'd)
Fashion is a terrible evil, Freddie. You wouldn't believe the awful things one has to do in the name of beauty. The hats, the gloves, the underwear. The way it stifles you. One needs to find tiny acts of rebellion where one can.

FREDDIE
(laughs)
Is this a joke?

RUTH smiles, sliding her cup and saucer onto a nearby windowsill.

RUTH
That's funny. Most people think I'm too serious.

RUTH reaches in her bag for a packet of cigarettes. She offers one to FREDDIE. He declines. She taps a cigarette against the box, lights, smokes.

45 CONTINUED:

45

RUTH (cont'd)

You're so serious. Don't take life so seriously. Well I find it very serious indeed. The world.

FREDDIE

You have grown up.

RUTH

Don't patronise me.

(silence)

Why didn't you ever reply to my letters?

(silence)

It didn't matter. I've kept up with what you are doing. Read your odd articles-

FREDDIE

Well then that makes you quite unique.

RUTH

I even found a short story you wrote in *The Listener* which I may add was not very good. Though I suppose the novel is perhaps still the last domain of the free mind, where they can't tell you what to think, what to say. That and art I suppose.

FREDDIE

They? Who are they? What are you talking about?

RUTH's eyes dart over to a distant office of GREY SUITS lost in muted stiff conversation.

RUTH

They are everywhere. Here in this building. Out on the street. In your office. They even control what you write.

RUTH falters, a group of TYPISTS pass, lost in giggling conversation. RUTH's eyes dart around her, she moves in closer, fingers playing with a sugar wrapper scrunched in the saucer of her cup.

RUTH (cont'd)

Have you heard of Peter Darrall? He is...was one of the leading political minds this country had. He was killed last night.

RUTH silently turns the sugar wrapper between her fingers as she smokes.

45 CONTINUED:

45

RUTH (cont'd)

It will be reported in the evening papers as a robbery. It wasn't. There will be no investigation. Even those who loved him the most will be told to forget him. They will weave a web of deceitful lies-

FREDDIE laughs-

RUTH (cont'd)

You think it's ridiculous? I wish it were.

(close to)

I want you to find out why he was murdered.

FREDDIE

Go to the police-

(seeing look)

I am not the right person-

RUTH

Yes you are. You are a man. And the world listens to men.

RUTH reaches out, touches FREDDIE's hand.

RUTH (cont'd)

You think you live in a democracy, you think this country stands for freedom of speech? It does not.

RUTH releases her grip on FREDDIE.

RUTH (cont'd)

I never forgot you, Freddie.

RUTH stubs out her cigarette, eyes flicking to the clock.

RUTH (cont'd)

No-

FREDDIE makes to stand-

RUTH (cont'd)

...I'll make my own way out.

RUTH leans in close to FREDDIE, her lips brushing his cheek, seemingly saying goodbye.

RUTH (cont'd)

(close to)

They will kill me if they know I am talking to you.

45 CONTINUED:

45

FREDDIE watches RUTH exit, disappearing down an endless corridor, passing a GRIP in conversation with an ELECTRICIAN by a doorway.

FREDDIE looks down at the cup and saucer resting on the windowsill. The sugar wrapper, lies in the saucer, artfully folded into-

A perfect tiny paper rose.

CUT TO:

46 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DAY 2, 1221

46

The thudder of the telex machine-

FREDDIE, one finger tracing along the wire service news feeds spilling out of the machines, frustrated, moving on.

FREDDIE rifles through the chaos of his desk, LIX puffs on her cigarette, lost in her own work-

FREDDIE

Man...stabbed...North London...Did you see it? Came in this morning?
Peter...His name was Peter something-

ISAAC hands FREDDIE a piece of paper, FREDDIE's eyes scanning down the list until-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

(almost to himself)
Throat slashed.

FREDDIE already reaching for his coat-

GEORGE

(in passing/calling after)
We don't report gangland spats.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BENTLEY'S RESTAURANT. LONDON - DAY 2, 1300

47

A lively restaurant, BEL crossing towards a distant table, suddenly seeing HECTOR segueing close to her, on the same route-

HECTOR

Did he forgive you?

BEL looks at HECTOR sharply-

BEL

Who?

HECTOR

Mr Lyon?

47 CONTINUED:

47

BEL ignores him, smiling at CLARENCE, as they approach his table.

HECTOR (cont'd)
You really should have told him.

BEL
(aside)
He's a big boy.

CLARENCE is already standing, to greet them-

CLARENCE
You found one another.

HECTOR pulls BEL's chair out. She hesitates, sits-

CLARENCE (cont'd)
Douglas is on his way.

CUT TO:

48 INT. RECEPTION. POLICE STATION. HIGHGATE - DAY 2, 1305

48

A dingy police reception-

A WOMAN juggles a wailing BABY in a sodden nappy.

A DRUNK mutters to himself.

A poster on the wall warns *BE CAREFUL SOMEONE'S LISTENING* with an image of two suited men on a tube train, one clearly listening in on the other's conversation, one ear trained.

The POLICE OFFICER at the reception looks away, trying to avoid Freddie-

FREDDIE
Alright Charlie?

FREDDIE takes a scrap of paper, a rolled pound note just visible, which FREDDIE slides underneath-

POLICE OFFICER
No-

The POLICE OFFICER considers, the pound note tempting-

FREDDIE
Suspected robbery. Came in last night.

The POLICE OFFICER looks down, reads FREDDIE's scrawl-

It reads-

Take the money or the baby gets it.

48 CONTINUED:

48

The POLICE OFFICER looks at FREDDIE, discreetly taking the note-

POLICE OFFICER

(hushed)

Plain clothes were in an hour ago.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BENTLEY'S RESTAURANT. LONDON - DAY 2, 1309

49

BEL peruses the menu, a WAITER hovers pouring water and wine.

BEL

Alexis Storm will be heading the foreign desk.

BEL mid-sip of her glass of water, considers HECTOR. He smiles, playful.

BEL (cont'd)

She covered-

BEL flushes, aware of HECTOR quietly studying her. She forces herself on-

HECTOR

...the Spanish Civil war in Madrid, broke the news in '40 that British troops had arrived in France.

BEL hesitates, quietly impressed-

BEL

Her network of stringers is extensive in Europe, the Middle East, Africa-

HECTOR

I am presuming you have resolved the issue of the home desk-

CLARENCE

There are a number of faces in the frame...

BEL

Clarence, I know Freddie was not at his best today-

CLARENCE studies his menu, yet BEL is not giving up.

CLARENCE

You don't need him.

BEL

He's passionate.

49 CONTINUED:

49

CLARENCE

He's dangerous.

HECTOR

There's that very nice chap on that Sunday news review. He might be an idea.

BEL

No-

HECTOR smiles, surprised by the fire-

BEL (cont'd)

He's infuriating and outspoken but he sees the extraordinary in the ordinary. I truly believe we need him. I need him to make this programme the best it can be.

HECTOR

And what is that?

BEL

The world that Freddie sees. When you're with Freddie you suddenly see the world as he sees it, in all its extraordinary detail. He spots folded corners that the rest of us don't even notice and he just can't resist peeling them back. A train crash. A labour strike and somewhere you will find Freddie, away from the other journalists, talking to the last person that seems to matter and yet that's the story that matters most to ordinary people. He finds them.

BEL smiles, giddy, quietly captivating HECTOR and even CLARENCE-

HECTOR

And you really think you can't do that?

Their eyes lock, BEL clearly flattered by HECTOR's words.

CLARENCE

Douglas-

DOUGLAS just visible, steady on the approach, taking a seat-

DOUGLAS

I hope you ordered for me.

CUT TO:

50 INT. MORTUARY. POLICE STATION. HIGHGATE - DAY 2, 1325

50

The dull chill of the mortuary-

The body of PETER DARRALL lies flat on a marble slab-

FREDDIE peers close, a young POLICE OFFICER keeps watch close by-

FREDDIE

How many men?

POLICE OFFICER

Five.

FREDDIE nods, eyes tracking slowly over PETER's body.

FREDDIE

MI5?

FREDDIE looks to the loitering POLICE OFFICER, sensing his discomfort. The POLICE OFFICER shakes his head-

POLICE OFFICER

Box 850, governor says.

FREDDIE

SIS? You know you're someone when MI6 come to pay respects.

Using his pen, FREDDIE gently lifts up the corner of PETER's jacket, revealing-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Did they do this?

Every seam has been cut, every cuff and collar, the stitching neatly sliced as if in search-

POLICE OFFICER

(going)

No...Came in like that. Someone was looking for something.

FREDDIE considers, eyes lingering on the neat wound, perfectly executed on PETER's neck. FREDDIE's gaze falls on a watch in a plastic bag, resting on the marble counter. A wallet, including a library card and money-

FREDDIE

It wasn't much of a robbery.

FREDDIE slips a hand in PETER's jacket pocket, everything gone but for a crushed packet of empty cigarettes.

50 CONTINUED:

50

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Unless they took his last cigarette.

50 CONTINUED:

50

FREDDIE considers, pocketing them.

POLICE OFFICER
Five minutes. We're done.

FREDDIE considers, he absently leans over, turns off a dripping tap.

FREDDIE
Yes we're done.

CUT TO:

51 INT. BENTLEY'S RESTAURANT. LONDON - DAY 2, 1340

51

The aftermath of lunch-

CLARENCE
McCain's in.

HECTOR darts a look over to a distant table, ANGUS MCCAIN [late 40's], neat, if prematurely grey, lost in conversation with several GREY-SUITED MINISTERS. He throws DOUGLAS a wave.

BEL
(hushed aside/to HECTOR)
One of Eden's press minions.

MCCAIN stands, ready to make an approach.

CLARENCE
(aside)
Christ, he's coming over.

DOUGLAS
Leave it to me.

DOUGLAS smiles, taking ANGUS's outstretched hand-

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
So this is how Westminster feeds you?

MCCAIN already moving on to CLARENCE to shake his hand-

MCCAIN
Clarence. What a gathering this is. Mr Madden-

HECTOR smiles, surprised-

HECTOR
Yes.

MCCAIN shakes hands moving on-

51 CONTINUED:

51

MCCAIN

Miss Rowley. I almost didn't see you
there.

(MORE)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MCCAIN (cont'd)

You did that lovely piece 'At Home With Lady Eden'. My wife so enjoyed it.

BEL

Prime Minister Eden's in good health?

MCCAIN

He is, thank you.

BEL

Only I hear he has been unwell again.

MCCAIN

Miss Rowley, such maternal instincts, you do seem so wasted in news.

BEL's bites her tongue, silent as MCCAIN turns his attention back to DOUGLAS-

MCCAIN (cont'd)

I was hoping I'd see you today. Michael was very keen to have a word. Pandit Nehru's coming into town. I've had Barton on the phone banging on wanting an interview for weeks. I told him, sorry BBC gets first dibs.

The ripple of male laughter; BEL looks on, unsettled.

MCCAIN (cont'd)

Are we celebrating?

DOUGLAS throws a smile and a wave, getting up to join a distant gathering of WESTMINSTER MINISTERS.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

...We're launching a topical news programme-

MCCAIN wavers, unsettled-

MCCAIN

Really? Marvellous. Does it have a name yet?

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Working on it. Mr Madden will present it, Clarence at the helm and Miss Rowley as Producer.

MCCAIN

(looking to BEL)

That must have been a surprise. What a coup Miss Rowley!

(MORE)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MCCAIN (cont'd)
(moving off)
Douglas I must introduce your team to-

51 CONTINUED:

51

DOUGLAS smiles on seeing a familiar MINISTER, offering a discreet wave.

MCCAIN (cont'd)
Clarence, now second to left is the
man you'll want to talk to.

MCCAIN smiles escoring CLARENCE and DOUGLAS across the room-

MCCAIN (cont'd)
(calling back)
Mr Madden?

HECTOR nods, eyes darting to BEL, MCCAIN ignoring BEL.

HECTOR
Of course. Miss Rowley will you-

BEL shrugs smiles-

HECTOR follows CLARENCE across the room, leaving BEL seated on her own. The loud GUFFAW of male laughter. BEL sits quietly stinging. She looks around the room, eyes quietly watching-

TWO PRETTY WIVES lost in lunch, heavy diamonds on their fingers.

And then table after table of MEN.

BEL sinks a little, sips her water, clinging onto a waning confidence, with quiet defiance. HECTOR looks back, clocking her alone.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. LOBBY. BENTLEY'S RESTAURANT. LONDON - DAY 2, 1414**

52

A muted lobby-

BEL waits for the CLOAKROOM ASSISTANT to get her coat-

BEL
(to CLOAKROOM ASSISTANT)
It's the blue-

A distant drawing room, DOUGLAS, MCCAIN, CLARENCE and OTHERS lost in smoking and port.

HECTOR
You left it on the table.

HECTOR stands, BEL's purse in his hands. He holds it out. BEL takes it, their fingers brushing in brief exchange.

BEL
Thank you.

52 CONTINUED:

52

Distant laughter, HECTOR follows BEL's gaze -

52 CONTINUED:

52

HECTOR

What about a brandy to celebrate?

BEL smiles, HECTOR follows her gaze falling on a sign overhead-

BEL

I'd love to but-

Could ladies refrain from entering the drawing room, or the like-

BEL

What is it about you men? You always need a tiny corner where we can't quite reach you.

HECTOR laughs, BEL turns to go, pulling on her hat and gloves.

HECTOR

Then we will have to take you elsewhere.

BEL looks at him, with quiet surprise.

HECTOR (cont'd)

I'm good at smuggling contraband.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. BAR. UPSTAIRS. BENTLEY'S RESTAURANT. LONDON - DAY 2, 1420**

53

An empty bar, closed from guests, chairs upturned on tables, in waiting for use another day-

Distant male laughter-

HECTOR leading BEL, peering around a corner. He scoops up two glasses and a brandy bottle from behind the bar. He pours-

BEL

This is highly illegal.

HECTOR slides a brandy glass across the counter to her.

HECTOR

That's what makes it so much more enjoyable.

BEL hesitates, drinks, aware of HECTOR's quiet gaze.

HECTOR (cont'd)

How can you bear that man talking to you like that?

BEL hesitates, unwilling to speak and yet-

53 CONTINUED:

53

BEL

We'd be foolish to make an enemy of
anyone close to government, Mr Madden-

HECTOR

Hector-

BEL

Hero of Troy.

HECTOR

Father with pretensions of a scholar.

BEL

And mother?

The swirl of brandy in BEL's glass, dangerously heady.

HECTOR

Died when I was ten.

BEL hesitates, something about HECTOR catching her heart, but
she resists-

BEL

And I've been out long enough.

BEL finishes her drink, sliding it down on the counter.

BEL (cont'd)

Some of us have work to do.

HECTOR

So it's true what they say?

BEL smiles, quizzical-

HECTOR (cont'd)

You work twice as hard as any man and
none are half as good as you.

BEL

I enjoy the company of men.

HECTOR

Is it true you covered
McCarthy's Lincoln Day speech?

BEL

With a tape recorder that didn't work.

53 CONTINUED:

53

HECTOR should smile, impressed.

HECTOR

I don't believe you're prepared to give up this job for Mr Lyon. I think you'll do whatever it takes.

BEL wavers, quietly thrown, the air is crackling with sexual tension. He touches her arm-

HECTOR (cont'd)

Take the afternoon off. You'll be out by the end of the week anyway.

BEL

I hope you're not going to be this lax when I'm your producer.

BEL looks down at his hand still resting on her arm. He releases his grip yet his gaze lingers.

HECTOR

Talk to Mr Lyon.

BEL

I intend to but-

BEL keeps walking, heading out.

BEL (cont'd)

He doesn't listen to anyone but himself.

CUT TO:

54 **SCENE 54 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT**

54

55 **INT. OFFICE. LCES. LONDON - DAY 2, 1615**

55

A neat office-

The click of the door, FREDDIE enters, taking in the room; art books covering the wall. FREDDIE's eyes graze over a collage of newspaper articles including one of FREDDIE's own. One reads-

Nasser: Friend or Foe?

PROFESSOR BECKETT

This shouldn't be open. They locked it.

PROFESSOR BECKETT stands hesitant in the doorway-

FREDDIE

They?

55 CONTINUED:

55

PROFESSOR BECKETT wavers-

55 CONTINUED:

55

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I have an appointment with Mr Darrall.

FREDDIE pushes a key, flat in his palm, deep in his pocket.

PROFESSOR BECKETT

Professor Darrall sadly passed away
last night-

A swell of STUDENTS just visible through a wide window-

FREDDIE

I'm so sorry-

PROFESSOR BECKETT

You knew him-?

FREDDIE

(shakes his head)

No, but I hoped to. You work in the
same department?

PROFESSOR BECKETT

(nods)

Our paths crossed at this time of the
year-

FREDDIE looking out of the window at the small clutch of
STUDENTS lost in conversation on the street below.

PROFESSOR BECKETT (cont'd)

We have a number of international
students who take summer courses.
Mainly French-

A YOUNG COUPLE hold hands, laughing across a distant square-

PROFESSOR BECKETT (cont'd)

Though London is hardly Paris.

The YOUNG COUPLE kiss-

FREDDIE

Oh, I don't know.

PROFESSOR BECKETT holds the door open, waiting-

PROFESSOR BECKETT

If you'd like to talk to the bursar, I
could-

FREDDIE

(beat)

Was he married?

PROFESSOR BECKETT's gaze wavers-

55 CONTINUED:

55

PROFESSOR BECKETT
Professor Darrall?
(beat)
No, I don't believe so.

FREDDIE peers at some beautiful Arabic paintings on the wall.
PROFESSOR BECKETT follows FREDDIE's gaze-

PROFESSOR BECKETT (cont'd)
He had a love of Middle Eastern
painting-

FREDDIE nods, hesitating on seeing -

A group photograph resting by a lamp close by, PETER DARRALL
standing with a class of STUDENTS. RUTH ELMS just visible in
the front row, smiling-

FREDDIE
Tragic.

FREDDIE nods, concern growing-

PROFESSOR BECKETT
Apparently it was a robbery-

FREDDIE looks at him with surprise-

FREDDIE
You've spoken to the police?

PROFESSOR BECKETT hesitates, quietly caught out.

PROFESSOR BECKETT
I'm sure it will be in the afternoon
press.

FREDDIE nods, quietly clocking-

A cold sweat just visible breaking out on PROFESSOR BECKETT's
forehead.

They make to exit-

The photo of PETER with his class gone from beside the lamp.

CUT TO:

56 INT. KIOSK. TUBE. RUSSELL SQUARE - DAY 2, 1631

56

FREDDIE's eyes darting to the clock, edging past 4.30pm as he
hurries down the stairs-

He hesitates, taking in the flight path of a passing COMMUTER-

56 CONTINUED:

56

Going over to the newspaper kiosk, FREDDIE scoops up a newspaper, mild irritation on catching an article on the front page-

56 CONTINUED:

56

Kennedy Tipped for VP Nom...

NEWSAGENT

Alright, Sir?

FREDDIE nods, searching through the newspaper until-

Two columns, a few lines just visible...

...murder of North London academic believed to be robbery...

FREDDIE considers, standing back to let another COMMUTER pay for a newspaper, buy cigarettes. His gaze catches on the brand, feeling his pocket, pulling out the crushed packet. He considers-

FREDDIE

Do you recognise this man-?

FREDDIE flicks out the photo of PETER. The NEWSAGENT looks at it, considering-

NEWSAGENT

Tall fella...Yes...Came in last night,
I was just closing up. He didn't have
no change.

The NEWSAGENT rifles behind his kiosk, finally pulling out a silver cigarette case, handing it to FREDDIE, the initials 'PD' just visible in one corner.

NEWSAGENT (cont'd)

I told him to pay me in the morning,
but he insisted I take it as security.
It seemed a lot for a packet of smokes
but-

Flipping it open, FREDDIE considers a lone cigarette inside-

NEWSAGENT (cont'd)

He never came back.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1810**

57

A beautiful orchid flower arrangement newly arrived on her desk-

BEL plucks a card, reads-

Congratulations, Producer. From a Hero of Troy.

BEL considers, quizzically, looking up to see FREDDIE just passing, pulling off his coat, clearly on the trail of a scent. He briefly looks over at the orchids resting on her desk.

57 CONTINUED:

57

FREDDIE
(in passing)
Orchids. You ought to talk to your
banker-

BEL, already fizzing with irritation-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
(moving off)
...they really are an awful cliché.

CUT TO:

58 INT. CORRIDOR. NEWS DIVISION. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1816

58

BEL watching FREDDIE moving along the corridor, heading
towards a distant desk.

BEL
George-

GEORGE stops, by a pinboard.

BEL (cont'd)
You know don't you? I'm leaving.

GEORGE deflects, pinning up a series of call sheets on a pin
board.

GEORGE
(seeing BEL's look)
What? If I'm about to lose two of my
best journalists I'm entitled to feel
a little sore. You're a big girl, Bel.
So I'll tell you this for nothing. I
know because there are no secrets in
this place. You'll have your strings
yanked like the rest of us.

BEL hesitates, unsettled yet determined.

BEL
No, George.

GEORGE
You'll see.

FREDDIE stands in his doorway hearing it all-

FREDDIE
There you are Georgie-

FREDDIE slams a sheet of copy into GEORGE's hand-

58 CONTINUED:

58

FREDDIE (cont'd)

An eminent professor is found with his
throat cut and it's reported as a
robbery. No inquest.

(MORE)

58 CONTINUED:

58

FREDDIE (cont'd)

No search for suspects. Every seam in his suit has been cut. MI6 visited the mortuary.

GEORGE turns to go, heading towards his office, absently reading the copy.

GEORGE

You missed your slot. Programme's filled.

FREDDIE ignores him, hard on GEORGE's tail. BEL close behind.

CUT TO:

59 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1819

59

GEORGE takes a seat at his desk, going through his work, FREDDIE takes a seat opposite GEORGE refusing to move-

FREDDIE

When does MI6 visit the body of a robbery victim? They won't even answer my questions.

GEORGE searches in his drawers for cigarettes, finally finding a packet, infuriated when he sees they are empty. He rifles through his pockets.

GEORGE

Why would they? They're MI6.

GEORGE finally finds a packet of cigarettes-

FREDDIE

What? And we can never challenge that? He still had his wallet and his watch. Give me another 24 hours and I know I can follow it up, George.

GEORGE lights a cigarette, reading FREDDIE's copy, leaning far back in his chair.

GEORGE

Though I share your desire to live in the pages of an Ian Fleming novel, Mr Lyon, I prefer to keep life separate from a work of fiction-

GEORGE slams the page of copy back into FREDDIE's chest, reaching for his jacket, making to go-

59 CONTINUED:

59

FREDDIE

NO! This is happening now, right now
outside this building, down on those
streets, in this world and we are
doing a disservice to the public to
deny it.

(MORE)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FREDDIE (cont'd)

You won't run this, but you'll run
footage of Ruth Elms smiling at her
engagement-

FREDDIE reaches out a hand to stop GEORGE by the door-

GEORGE

No, film blew. That and the bobsleigh
both gone.

FREDDIE hesitates, suspicious, GEORGE's gaze wavering-

GEORGE (cont'd)

Eddie thinks there's something wrong
with the machine.

FREDDIE

For God's sake, George. Have you had a
single original thought in your life?
Do you want to die knowing you were a
yes man all your life?

GEORGE

If you'll excuse me I have a news
programme to get out.

GEORGE makes to go-

CUT TO:

60 INT. CORRIDOR. NEWS DIVISION. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1822

60

FREDDIE stands at a loss watching GEORGE disappear up an
endless corridor until-

FREDDIE

Do you know more people watch The
Sooty Show than us, George?

GEORGE inwardly snaps-

GEORGE

You're sacked.

BEL looks up from reading on the pinboard, eating her banana-

FREDDIE

Accepted.

FREDDIE turns tail, heads back towards his desk-

BEL

(calling after)
Freddie-

CUT TO:

61 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1824

61

FREDDIE kicks his bin, sending paper flying-

BEL stands nearby waiting until-

FREDDIE
Buzz off, Money Penny.

FREDDIE sits fuming at his desk, refusing to look up from his work.

BEL
It is true, I am asking myself why I am doing this, when of course it should be you apologising to me. But that's what you do when you believe in someone-

FREDDIE
You let me go in there-

BEL
I should have told you. I'm sorry. But home affairs is-

FREDDIE
Not presenter. Not good enough...

FREDDIE reaches for a box, hurling his stuff from his desk into it, ignoring BEL standing nearby.

BEL
And most of all not here.
(beat)
Who else is going to have you?

FREDDIE turns his back, slamming the last of his things in a box. FREDDIE sinks down in his chair, oddly broken.

BEL (cont'd)
You know some nice girl needs to rescue you.

BEL reaches a hand out, touches his, genuine, caring-

FREDDIE
(sudden/wretched)
Who? There's only ever been you.

BEL hesitates, the moment dangerous between them. FREDDIE looks away, deflects, absently slamming the last of his things into the box.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
And you're not even that nice.

61 CONTINUED:

61

BEL laughs, oddly moved-

BEL

Alright you sit here carbonating in
your bitterness, pulling apart some
stupid cigarette case-

FREDDIE looks up from snapping open and closed the cigarette
case on his desk.

BEL (cont'd)

...when next week you could be-

FREDDIE

Before it was an offer I declined. Now
it is a pity post, which I just can't-

BEL

Won't.

FREDDIE finally accepts her gaze, his cold dark pride
unwavering-

FREDDIE

No.

(beat)

And don't ask again, because quite
frankly, it's getting very tedious.
Your inability to stand on your own
two feet. But then I suppose one
should expect that of you. I mean for
all your strong talk, Money Penny, you
really are hopeless aren't you? You
want to be oh so independent but you
just can't quite cut it alone. Why
else do you throw yourself at such
unavailable men?

BEL hesitates, cut to the quick.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I suppose I'm just another one.

BEL looks at FREDDIE, deeply injured and yet determined to
smile.

BEL

Bravo.

BEL exits, FREDDIE looks on, hating himself, watching BEL
return to her desk, pack up her things-

Suddenly the phone rings, FREDDIE scoops it up, distracted,
irritated.

61 CONTINUED:

61

FREDDIE
(into phone)
Yes-

Silence-

CUT TO:

62 INT. BATHROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 2, 182762

RUTH, perched on a toilet, naked but for a man's shirt and her underwear, smoking a cigarette. She looks far from the debutante of yesterday, eyes distracted watching a distant television; **ARCHIVE BBC FOOTAGE** of the DUKE of EDINBURGH marching on his horse, the Queen looking on-

RUTH
There's nothing. They've reported nothing.

RUTH hesitates, tears welling-

FREDDIE ON PHONE
...I'm sorry but-

A click on the line-

CUT TO:

63 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 2, 1828

63

FREDDIE stands, phone pressed to his ear, a sense of the day winding up around him, trying to ignore BEL across the room, clearing her desk.

FREDDIE
...you were stupid to ask me to help you and I was even more stupid to think I could.

FREDDIE sinks into his seat, suddenly exhausted.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BATHROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - EVENING 2, 182964

RUTH's fingers touch her top lip, a sense of her growing distress-

FREDDIE ON PHONE
Are you still there?

The familiar trickle of blood from her nose, RUTH raises up FREDDIE's handkerchief to her nose, FREDDIE F.A.L initials clear-

RUTH
(nods)
Yes.

64 CONTINUED:

64

RUTH's tears pouring down her face, fighting them back.

RUTH (cont'd)

*Two things are infinite. The universe
and stupidity. And I'm not sure about
the universe.*

FREDDIE ON PHONE

Well if you're going to start quoting
Albert Einstein then-

RUTH

(cutting in)

Never give up, Freddie. Never.

CUT TO:

65 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 2, 1830

65

FREDDIE turns to look at BEL, across the corridor, eyes
constantly watching her, aware he is losing her-

RUTH ON PHONE

If it's something you truly care
about, believe in, then you have to
keep kicking back. Let the rest of
them give up if they must but if that
is being a grown-up-

FREDDIE looks across at a GREY-SUITED COLLEAGUE, weary and
jaded and yet carefully ordering a row of pencils on his desk
before heading home for the weekend.

RUTH ON PHONE (cont'd)

...I'd rather stay twenty one forever-

A click on the line-

FREDDIE

(sudden)

Ruthie-

The line suddenly goes dead-

FREDDIE sits, suddenly impotent.

OPERATOR OOV

Sir, could you please hang up-

FREDDIE

Where is this call being made from?

OPERATOR OOV

The Claringdon Hotel, Sir.

He slams down the phone looking up to see LIX standing in the
doorway, a typewriter and a bottle of whisky in her hand.

65 CONTINUED:

65

LIX

When I was in France, there were these men, I'd loosely call them journalists. Never went to the front line, never really put their head above the parapet, terrified of getting shot. Yet they wrote some of the best battle reportage I've ever read, filching from the rest of us. You're not one of them but you'll never truly know, will you Freddie, if you don't stick your neck out, get yourself a bit muddy...

LIX slops a large whisky into a chipped cup on his desk, moving on, pouring one to anyone in passing, in celebration.

LIX (cont'd)

I dare you-

FREDDIE scoops up more stuff, dumps it in the box, sinks down on his chair. He looks at the copy of the day's *Evening Standard* resting on his desk, the crossword half-finished. He deflects, reaching for a pencil, considers, suddenly defeated. His eyes go back to BEL, finishing up the last of the packing up. She moves out of her office, FREDDIE stands, eyes silently following her-

CUT TO:

66 INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - EVENING 2, 1832

66

FREDDIE stands, watches BEL further down the room, piling up her belongings. He sips his whisky considering, spying a note just visible on LIX's desk. FREDDIE gets up, goes over, reads it-

Enjoy.

He looks across at BEL almost ready to leave-

ISAAC

Coming for a drink?

FREDDIE snaps closed the cigarette case he is playing with in his hands, taps the cigarette on the desk. He sips his whisky looking up at ISAAC standing in the doorway clearly at the end of a long day.

FREDDIE

Already drunk.

66 CONTINUED:

66

FREDDIE slides the cigarette behind ISAAC's ear in passing.

ISAAC
I don't smoke.

FREDDIE
Save it for later.

ISAAC hovers, suddenly pulling a sheet of copy out of his pocket.

ISAAC
I wondered if you'd look at this Mr
Lyon. I'd really appreciate your
opinion.

FREDDIE looks beyond to BEL, just scooping up the last of her things, lightly touching the orchids on her desk.

FREDDIE
(reading/murmuring to self)
*The tradition of Freedom of the City
of London dates back to the 13th
century when it attracted privileges
including being allowed to go about
the city with a drawn sword.*
(wearily)
Did George ask you to write this?

ISAAC nods, FREDDIE moves on, murmuring as he reads, quietly distracted by BEL just leaving, reaching for her coat, turning off her desk light.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
It's very...nice and clear.

ISAAC
It's boring.

FREDDIE looks at ISAAC, sees this fresh-faced boy already tinged with years of future defeat.

FREDDIE
Yes.

FREDDIE looks out across the empty office, the last of the GREY-SUITED COLLEAGUES heading home like worker ants.

ISAAC
Thought so.

ISAAC takes the copy, disappointed, shoving it into his pocket about to move on. FREDDIE watches BEL, she considers a yellow angelpoise light on her desk then leaves it, heading out.

CUT TO:

67 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE ALEXANDRA PALACE - NIGHT 2, 1846**

67

The hum of a taxi waiting-

LIX just visible, the door open, illuminated inside-

FREDDIE
You forgot your lamp.

BEL turns, surprised to see FREDDIE holding the lamp, ISAAC close by. FREDDIE shoves it in after her-

BEL
(reluctantly taking it)
It's just a piece of tat I picked up
somewhere.

FREDDIE clambers in after her-

CUT TO:

68 **INT. TAXI. OUTSIDE ALEXANDRA PALACE - NIGHT 2, 1848**

68

LIX smiles, looking at FREDDIE with growing amused curiosity, seated wedged in opposite BEL in the cramped taxi.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
April. 1952. Your birthday. I bought
it at John Lewis.

BEL
A yellow desk light. Just what every
girl needs.

FREDDIE looks to ISAAC, still standing on the pavement.

FREDDIE
Isaac in.

ISAAC reluctantly enters the cramped taxi, squeezing in next to FREDDIE.

BEL
What are you doing?

FREDDIE
We thought we might 'come along for
the ride'.

BEL
Sir Douglas has invited us for drinks
at Lime Grove Studios.

FREDDIE
Goody.

BEL quietly fumes, staring out of the window. LIX smiles.

68 CONTINUED:

68

LIX
Children. There will be tears.

London skyline streaking past-

CUT TO:

68A EXT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 1923

68A

The taxi carrying FREDDIE, LIX, BEL and ISAAC arrives at Lime Grove studios.

CUT TO:

69 INT. STAIRS/CORRIDOR. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 1925

69

Distant laughter-

FREDDIE, BEL, LIX and ISAAC walking along a corridor. They stop, momentarily silent-

Through an open door....

The wide sweep of a studio, a set midway through being built-

TECHNICIANS rig lights-

CARPENTERS hammer sets-

FREDDIE considers, watching as LIX and ISAAC enter, quietly marvelling.

BEL hangs back, FREDDIE seeing this, a few steps behind.

FREDDIE

What?

(beat)

Falling at the first hurdle?

BEL hesitates, pressing her palms against her skirt, trying to blot the sweat.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

You can do this job standing on your head, Money penny, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Not me, not George, not your stupid bloody banker. You're the best 'man' for the job and you know it-

BEL turns, tears pricking, looking at FREDDIE-

BEL

If that's your idea of an apology-

A LIGHTING TECHNICIAN fires orders in the distance, FREDDIE and BEL entering, taking in the wide sweeping space-

69 CONTINUED:

69

FREDDIE

And after I gave you that lamp-

BEL hesitates-

CUT TO:

70 INT. SCENERY DOCK INTO STUDIO. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 192870

FREDDIE

...we ate at that terrible Chinese-

BEL shakes her head, weary and at a loss with FREDDIE-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

It's an anglepoise because you press your face too close to the page when you read and there's never enough light. And you won't wear glasses because you say your nose is too small and with glasses you'd look like a mole...Which you don't...wouldn't ...They'd suit you..You'd look just as...fairly beautiful as you are...It's yellow because...you said no one wants a yellow lamp. So I thought if I got you it in yellow then maybe for once someone wouldn't steal it off your desk.

BEL oddly touched but confused by FREDDIE-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I do give these things quite a lot of consideration you see...The devil is in the detail...

(beat)

You're right. George will never run it. An academic, seemingly eminent, has his throat slit on a suburban street. Who wants to hear about that?

FREDDIE looks at her, suddenly aching, needing her to understand.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

But it shouldn't stop me trying-

FREDDIE looks to BEL, eyes quietly imploring, BEL enjoying this moment of victory.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

That is why I am pulling apart a cigarette case, that is why-

FREDDIE momentarily at a loss. BEL looks at him, playful.

BEL

I want to hear you say it.

FREDDIE inwardly curses, clearly struggling-

70 CONTINUED:

70

FREDDIE

I get first choice of desk. And I want
an office with a window.

(MORE)

70 CONTINUED:

70

FREDDIE (cont'd)

And an assistant. I'll absolutely need
an assistant.

FREDDIE looks to ISAAC, ISAAC hesitates, clearly surprised,
realising he means him-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

And I won't do the farming slots.

A sweeping desk with two seats on a stage. FREDDIE nods to
passing TECHNICIANS as he takes a look.

BEL

And?

FREDDIE

(struggling)

May I accept the offer that I so-

BEL

Rudely-

FREDDIE

(beat)

...so rudely declined?

FREDDIE's eyes fall on a huge programme logo, hands of a clock
ticking, the words The Hour half painted, just taking shape.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

The Hour?

FREDDIE turns to look at BEL-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

It'll never run.

BEL smiles just seeing HECTOR standing in the wings holding up
a champagne glass-

HECTOR

Mr Lyon.

FREDDIE hesitates, considers the outstretched hand.

FREDDIE

Mr Madden.

HECTOR

(they shake hands)

I look forward to working with you.

FREDDIE

Well at least that makes one of us.

BEL looks at FREDDIE, with a warning glance.

70 CONTINUED:

70

The pop of a champagne bottle, beyond-

DOUGLAS, CLARENCE, LIX, ISAAC and OTHERS gathered.

FREDDIE looks to BEL. She hesitates. Scooping up a glass, she chinks with his, going to join them.

BEL
(whispered in ear)
Welcome on board, comrade.

FREDDIE smiles, sips, in silent truce.

CUT TO:

71 INT. STUDIO FLOOR. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 2105

71

Later-

The impromptu party in full flow-

CLARENCE stands in the wings, watching FREDDIE standing, sipping champagne, taking in the studio-

FREDDIE
(seeing CLARENCE)
Clarence-

CLARENCE
Don't say it. New slate, new day.

CLARENCE taps his cigarette against a silver cigarette case. It catches FREDDIE's eye.

FREDDIE looks beyond to BEL, laughing with HECTOR across the studio, his eyes catching on her leaning into HECTOR as he lights her cigarette.

The familiar flirtatious body language stirring FREDDIE's suspicion and yet also something beyond that-

HECTOR
(on the approach)
You're always watching.

FREDDIE shakes his head, declining the cigarette-

FREDDIE
I find it helps. Otherwise one does
find oneself walking into doors,
walls, that sort of thing.

HECTOR
She said you were witty.

FREDDIE inwardly flinches.

71 CONTINUED:

71

FREDDIE
She's easy to make laugh.

Across the studio floor, LIX stands, with a smoking cigarette talking to DOUGLAS; once more FREDDIE clocks this, a seeping realisation gradually dissolving over him.

HECTOR
So tell me about yourself Mr Lyon.

FREDDIE
(absent)
No-

HECTOR hesitates, laughs, oddly wrong-footed.

FREDDIE is suddenly walking away, CLARENCE looking on bemused.

CUT TO:

72 INT. STUDIO / SCENERY DOCK. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 2109

72

Distant pop of a champagne bottle-

Far off down a corridor, ISAAC flirts with the PRETTY SECRETARY. This is SISSY COOPER[19yrs]. ISAAC helps her carry an ice bucket and glasses towards the studio-

FREDDIE
Isaac, the cigarette...the
cigarette...that I...

FREDDIE suddenly plucks the cigarette from behind ISAAC's ear. He licks it, carefully unpeels the paper from the cigarette, tiny speck of spit, wet on his thumb blotting it to reveal-

A tiny corner of illuminated perforations in the paper. FREDDIE holds it up to the light, to reveal some kind of intricate pattern made up of these perforations, tiny holes puckering the cigarette paper. FREDDIE considers, eyes tracing over them with growing realisation-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
(hushed)
Bingo!

CUT TO:

73 INT. STUDIO FLOOR. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 2120

73

The party in full swing-

TECHNICIANS have downed tools and are sharing a drink with LIX, DOUGLAS, CLARENCE and OTHERS. BEL and HECTOR look on-

BEL
So how did you know I like-?

HECTOR

All beautiful women like orchids.

BEL hesitates, the moment is electric between them until-

BEL

Do they really fall for that line?

They laugh-

HECTOR

Bad?

BEL

Very bad.

From across the studio floor-

MARNIE OOV

(calling over to HECTOR)

Darling, there you are-

BEL's gaze looks beyond just seeing WALLACE SHERWIN [mid 50's], a distinguished looking man crossing the studio with MARNIE MADDEN [mid 20's], pretty and chic, close behind. The way she looks at HECTOR, BEL just knows-

BEL

But it obviously worked on somebody.

BEL turns, flushed and oddly humiliated, stalling for time a little.

BEL (cont'd)

That's your-

HECTOR

Wife.

BEL

Of course. With your-

BEL watches MARNIE and WALLACE as they are greeted by DOUGLAS-

HECTOR

...father-in-law. He and Douglas have been friends for years-

BEL, angered, momentarily locks gazes with HECTOR, eyes searching, trying to understand, seeing a flicker of defeat in HECTOR's eyes.

BEL

And I thought it was because you had such a pretty face-

73 CONTINUED:

73

From behind-

73 CONTINUED:

73

WALLACE OOV

Here he is-

BEL hesitates, HECTOR's hand briefly grazing her back as he smiles, ready to greet WALLACE-

WALLACE

The face of tomorrow.

MARNIE kisses HECTOR on the cheek, smiling with pride. HECTOR looks back, holding BEL's look, helpless as the party swirls around them, watching as BEL shrinks back. All listen to DOUGLAS speak-

DOUGLAS OOV

(raising glass)

Ladies and gentleman may I have your attention. We are embarking on what I hope is to be a truly exciting journey.

(raising his glass)

To the dawn of a new era-

HECTOR looking beyond, watching BEL determinedly raising her glass.

DOUGLAS OOV (cont'd)

... 'The Hour' is coming-

CUT TO:

74 **INT. BEDROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2155**

74

The murmur of the television-

RUTH sits, curled in a chair, wearing only a man's shirt, a cigarette clasped between her fingers, glassy-eyed, nursing a large G&T in her lap-

Distracted, RUTH reaches a hand out, turning the dial on the television, flicking between channels until-

RUTH considers. Suddenly it is all too unbearable. She knocks back her drink, eyes welling with tears, looking towards the bathroom-

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. STREET. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2220**

75

Darkness-

FREDDIE crossing onto the pavement, the Claringdon Hotel glittering in front of him-

A sense that he is being watched as he enters, passing the DOORMAN. FREDDIE just visible heading towards the reception-

- 75 CONTINUED: 75
- The scratch of a 2B pencil against newspaper-
- CUT TO:
- 75A INT. STUDIO FLOOR. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 2229 75A
- HECTOR standing eyes searching beyond, scouring the party but BEL has gone-
- CUT TO:
- 76 INT. CORRIDOR. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2231 76
- The ping of the lift-
- FREDDIE stepping out along an endless corridor. He walks, passing endless doorways, stopping at the door of a suite-
- He goes to knock and sees the door is ajar-
- FREDDIE tentatively pushes it open-
- CUT TO:
- 77 INT. BEDROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2233 77
- Darkness-
- The TV illuminates the room, **ARCHIVE BBC FOOTAGE** of Elvis Presley just visible, lost in wild pelvis shaking for a screaming studio audience-
- FREDDIE peers around him, searching for signs of life. He puts down his folded newspaper, the crossword, half finished. Looking about him, he hesitates on seeing-
- The seep of light from under the bathroom door.
- CUT TO:
- 78 INT. BEDROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2234 78
- FREDDIE taps lightly on the bathroom door-
- FREDDIE
- Hello-
- FREDDIE hesitates, pushing the door open-
- The rise of steam, FREDDIE peers through just seeing-
- CUT TO:
- 79 INT. BATHROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2235 79
- RUTH hangs, a belt around her neck, swinging from a shower head, arms clawing the air, legs frantically pedalling. FREDDIE lunges, arms outstretched, slipping on a wet floor, desperately trying to unhook her.

79 CONTINUED:

79

Grappling, FREDDIE releases the belt, cradling her in his arms, desperately trying to revive her. RUTH gasps, eyes suddenly locked on his, mouth gaping, almost as if she is smiling, until-

79 CONTINUED:

79

FREDDIE

No...No...No...

RUTH, glassy-eyed, all life suddenly drained from her. A single drip of blood trickles from her nostril-

FREDDIE kicks his foot hard against the bath panel in frustration, again and again and again.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - NIGHT 2, 2240**

80

An empty office-

GEORGE pulling on his coat, the end of a long day, the last man out-

The phone rings-

GEORGE picks up the phone-

GEORGE

Hello-

MCCAIN ON PHONE

Did you fire Mr Lyon-?

GEORGE wearily considers, FREDDIE's empty desk in the distance.

GEORGE

Yes, Mr McCain.

(beat)

He's someone else's problem now.

The phone hangs up-

GEORGE flicks off his desk light. Darkness. GEORGE sinks down in his seat, sitting in the dark.

CUT TO:

81 **INT. OFFICE. WESTMINSTER - NIGHT 2, 2241**

81

A glittering skyline-

MCCAIN just putting down the phone, considering the glittering skyline, a whisky in his hand.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. RIVOLI BAR. WEST LONDON. NIGHT 2, 2245 (SCENE REINSTATED)**

82

An elegant bar-

BEL sits, alone at a bar surrounded by BUSINESSMEN, watching the ROUGED WOMEN working in couples, smiling and escorting the BUSINESSMEN.

82 CONTINUED:

82

An ATTRACTIVE MAN smiles at her from across the bar, an invitation lingering in his gaze.

BEL considers. Suddenly getting up to leave, she reaches for her gloves, starting to pull them on until-

BEL looks down at her hands, suddenly overwhelmed and irritated with the effort of it all. She pulls off her gloves with quiet defiance, shoving them in her bag, as she pays the cheque.

CUT TO:

83 **INT. BEDROOM. SUITE. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2247**

83

FREDDIE moving through, reaching for the telephone-

FREDDIE
(into phone)
Hello...Yes...I'm afraid...the
police...Could you call the police?...
Yes this is room 214-

A tiny click on the line-

FREDDIE listens, deeply unsettled, looking around the room, the front door ajar, the world will never be the same-

Resting on the chair, nearby, the crossword half-finished, almost in waiting-

CUT TO:

84 **EXT. STREET. CLARINGDON HOTEL. MAYFAIR - NIGHT 2, 2249**

84

Across the street, the DARK-HAIRED MAN just sliding a distinctive BBC issue 2B pencil into his top pocket-

He slides the newspaper into his jacket.

Above, the illuminated bathroom window. The DARK-HAIRED MAN considers, turning and walking away.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. STUDIO FLOOR. LIME GROVE STUDIOS - NIGHT 2, 2300**

85

The still of a television studio, *The Hour* logo just visible, as if in waiting, for what's to come.

CUT TO:

END OF EPISODE ONE