



Series Two

Episode Four

By

Howard Brenton

EXT. MOSCOW. RED SQUARE - DAY 1. 1514

The Kremlin. A line of limousines sweeping across the Square at speed and through the gates.

CAPTION: MOSCOW

INT. MOSCOW. THE KREMLIN(STOCK NEWS FOOTAGE) - DAY 1. 1528

Big men in suits applauding. Before them President Putin of Russia welcomes President Bush of America to the Kremlin.

EXT. MOSCOW. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY 1. 1535

The camera zooms towards a block of flats then to one of the windows then through them into...

INT. MOSCOW. FLAT - DAY 1. 1536

The camera goes straight to a small television on a round table in the centre of the room. A laptop computer, open, is beside it. A screen saver swirls on its screen.

The scene in the Kremlin is being shown by Cable TV News. The channel logo is on the screen.

Heavy men in suits, vodka glasses in them hands, stand around the table. They are waiting nervously for something.

A well dressed, dapper man, his silvery hair well groomed, stands before the laptop. He is VICTOR SHVITKOY. In his hand there is an automatic pistol. He smiles.

TV SCREEN:

In the Kremlin Bush and Putin shake hands and chat, translators discreetly either side of them. Putin gestures to Bush to lead him away. Smiles and smiles.

The NEWSREADER's voice from the TV set.

The voice is British and halfway through the broadcast the images change to the Cable TV newsroom.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Today in Moscow President Bush and President  
Putin...

EXT. MOSCOW. BACKSTREET - DAY 1. 1536

A YOUNG MAN is walking along the street. Two HEAVY MEN in faded jeans, leather jackets over tracksuit tops stop him. He backs away to run but the Heavies grab him and wrestle him to

the ground.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

...met for their long awaited economic summit. It was announced that twenty billion dollars of aid to the Russian Federation has been granted by the International Monetary Fund.

INT. CABLE TV NEWSROOM - DAY 1. 1537

NEWSREADER

Our correspondent Elaine Midgely is in Moscow. Elaine: twenty billion dollars, a huge amount of money?

On a screen behind the NEWSREADER then on the whole TV screen, the CORRESPONDENT stands before The Kremlin, lit up in the night.

CORRESPONDENT

Michael, this is a massive vote of confidence in the Russian Federation...

INT. MOSCOW. FLAT - DAY 1. 1537

The men are waiting. One looks at his watch.

SHVITKOY

Patience.

CORRESPONDENT (cont'd ON TV )

And it is very much down to pressure from President Bush that the AID has been given.

NEWSREADER

Well, twenty billion dollars. How many noughts is that?

CORRESPONDENT (Laughs.)

I think it's ten.

NEWSREADER

A lot of money anyway. That was Elaine Midgely in Moscow. Sport. Tim Henman was knocked out in the second round of...

SHVITKOY leans forward and turns off the television. Silence in the room.

EXT. MOSCOW. FLAT. STAIRCASE - DAY 1. 1538

The YOUNG MAN is being dragged up the staircase. He clings to a handrail. One of the heavies kicks his hand away.

INT. MOSCOW. FLAT - DAY 1. 1539

The silence continues amongst the men.

Then the door flies open with a bang against the wall. The two heavies pull the YOUNG MAN into the room. He is forced onto the chair before the computer on the little table. SHVITKOY puts the gun to the YOUNG MAN's head. He speaks to him quietly.

SHVITKOY

You are a clerk in the Ministry Financov.

(He presses a computer key.)

You have a password to an account. I cannot access it unless you enter the password. Please do so now.

(Leans in close to him.)

What's the matter? It's only American money.

A ripple of laughter amongst the men in the room. With a shaking hand the YOUNG MAN taps in a password. SHIVITKOY presses 'Enter.'

GO TOWARD THE SCREEN: 7968332/87/B Bank Code 09 87 96. Transfer completed. AND VERY CLOSE ON: Amount \$20,000,000,000.' As the transfer finally completes, we hear a single gunshot.

SHVITKOY looks up. The YOUNG MAN is slumped over the laptop, dead. The men are roaring their approval, glasses are raised, embraces, bottles of Vodka are waved high.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. ESTABLISHING. LONDON. THE CITY - DAY 2. 0919

A general view of London's financial district.

ZOOM down to a narrow street.

EXT. LONDON. THE CITY. STREET - DAY 2. 0919

A grand-looking door. Beside it on a pillar a brass plate reads 'Bowman & Co Bankers.'

SIR RICHARD stands looking at the plate. His face is ashen. He looks up.

Above him the building of the bank looms.

He rubs the brass plate with his sleeve. A doorman, dressed in uniform, has been eyeing the head of the Bank's behaviour. Is the Chairman losing it? He approaches SIR RICHARD.

SIR RICHARD

Don't worry about the Daimler Giles, I'll walk.

SIR RICHARD sets off down the street.

EXT. THE BANK OF ENGLAND - DAY 2. 0928

GENERAL SHOT of the Bank.

CAPTION: 'London: The Bank Of England.'

SIR RICHARD walks into shot. He hesitates before the Bank and sighs.

INT. THE BANK OF ENGLAND. BOARDROOM - DAY 2. 0929

A room with heavy pale green velvet drapes. About the walls there is a fabulous collection of antique clocks standing in glass cases on elegant stands.

SIR RICHARD is sitting at a huge, deeply polished oval table. Also at the table there is the Governor of The Bank of England SIR JOHN BARRY. SIR JOHN is a moon faced man with a scrubbed look. He has a sharp pale eye.

SIR RICHARD

Do we really have to involve them? Can't MI6 do the job?

SIR JOHN

They want to keep a safe distance. And the last thing we want is the Fraud Squad.

SIR RICHARD

Dear God no.

SIR JOHN

So we are stuck with these people.

The door opens and TOM and HARRY are there. SIR JOHN stands at once and ushers them into the room.

SIR JOHN (cont'd)

Ah Harry.

HARRY

Sir John. This is Tom Quinn. Tom, Sir John Barry, Governor of the Bank of England.

TOM (Shakes.)  
Very pleased to meet you.

TOM does not feel at ease in this august company. HARRY is perfectly at home.

SIR JOHN  
And Tom, this is Sir Richard Bowman, head of the Bank Bowman and Co.

TOM (Handshake)  
Please to, yes...

HARRY  
Hello Dicky, how are you?

SIR RICHARD  
Oh not quite in the pink, but well.

HARRY  
And Alice?

SIR RICHARD  
Oh she's... yes, well.

HARRY (To Tom)  
Dicky and I were at school together.

TOM  
Right.

They all sit down.

HARRY  
So shall we...

SIR JOHN  
Actually someone is joining us...

The door opens and AMANDA ROKE comes in at speed. She is a smartly dressed woman - powder blue suit - in her mid thirties. She has an immediate assumption of command about her. The men stand.

AMANDA  
Running a little late, hope no one's inconvenienced. Please sit down everyone.

Men sitting. HARRY and TOM have no idea who she is.

SIR JOHN  
This is Amanda Roke from the Chancellor of The

Exchequer's office. Ms Roke this is Harry Pearce  
and Tom Quinn from M.I.5.

Hand-shaking leaning over the table, the men trying not to  
stand.

HARRY

Pleased to meet you Ms Roke.

TOM

You're a Treasury civil servant?

TOM has got off on the wrong foot at once.

AMANDA

I'm the Chancellor's Political Counsel.

TOM

Ah.

SIR JOHN (An eye to Amanda.)  
Perhaps Sir Richard should...

A nod from her. TOM clocks the deference. SIR RICHARD hates  
this.

SIR RICHARD

Last night one of our employees stole one billion  
dollars from us.

SIR RICHARD pours himself a glass of water. He is carefully  
controlling his hand from shaking. TOM watches.

SIR RICHARD (cont'd)

This is our thief.

He takes a photograph from a file and skids it across the  
highly polished table to HARRY. He looks at it. He hands it to  
TOM who looks at it.

SIR RICHARD (cont'd)

John Lightwood. A young man I would have trusted  
with my life.

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN LIGHTWOOD in happier days: shirt, tie,  
Armani.

AMANDA

The Chancellor is deeply concerned about this  
matter. Bowman and Co is more than an old family  
Bank, it is a British institution. A scandal like  
this could send it to the wall. It could trigger a  
stock exchange crash, even lead to a major

economic depression. We cannot allow that to happen. That is why we have suggested that MI5 be called in to find John Lightwood and recover the money he stole.

TOM

I'm sorry but surely this a job for Scotland Yard?

SIR JOHN

There is...sensitivity here. The police would mean court cases, leaks to the press.

TOM

What sensitivity?

AMANDA

Look: all you have to do is do what you're told.

TOM

I beg your pardon?

HARRY

All right Tom.

(To the company)

The Stock Exchange may tremble but 'Old Family' Banks have gone to the wall before and the Government hasn't called in MI5. What is so special about this one?

A beat. SIR JOHN leans forward.

SIR JOHN

Very well. Bowman and Co handle certain Government accounts.

HARRY

Ah.

TOM

What are these accounts used for?

SIR JOHN

Strategic Aid?

SIR RICHARD

Yes. For example recently it was thought a good idea that a certain head of state - of a poor country - should have a private jet. To get around his country. So the finance was channelled through us.

This loquaciousness from SIR RICHARD has appalled AMANDA.

TOM

So you're the Government's dirty Bank.

AMANDA

I don't think this is helpful.

HARRY (Low to Sir Richard)

This is very adventurous of you Dicky.

SIR RICHARD

Thank you Harry.

AMANDA, a very stern glance at the chattering men.

AMANDA

As far as MI5 is concerned, this operation is on a strictly need to know basis. All you have to do is find John Lightwood and the money. This is his file.

She hands HARRY a file, signalling the end of the meeting.

HARRY (Cheerfully)

Well. We'd better get on with playing at policemen then.

He stands. TOM does too.

AMANDA

You will liaise with my office.

HARRY

Absolutely.

He grins.

EXT. BANK OF ENGLAND - DAY 2. 0941

TOM and HARRY walking fast.

TOM

What will they want us to do next, deploy our officers as traffic wardens? It stinks.

HARRY

I agree. I've known Dicky Bowman for years, never seen him so worried.

TOM

We could put someone into the bank undercover. Find out what they're all up to.

HARRY  
Excellent idea.

TOM (Did not expect that)  
Really?

HARRY (Shrugs)  
Why not? We are spies.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 2. 1110

DANNY and SAM. SAM with tea, cups, thermos flasks, biscuits on a tray.

SAM  
I am the custard cream lady.

DANNY  
The tea-tray can be an office weapon.

SAM  
You mean poison my way up to power?

DANNY  
Yeah, me then Tom then Harry then the DG...

RUTH, ZOE, TOM and HARRY come into the room and sit at the table. SAM hands out tea and biscuits, very waitress and don't look at me. The morale is not good - the general feeling is that the investigation is beneath them.

TOM  
Well, we are doing all we can - credit card, mobile phone usage, the works, to find John Lightwood.

DANNY  
Probably in Barbados now.

ZOE  
I had Special Branch turn over Lightwood's flat. The bank identified this...

A photograph of JOHN LIGHTWOOD with a young man. They are waving at the camera, drinks in hand.

ZOE (cont'd)  
... as Tim Prachett, also a trader at Bowman's. Looks like he and John Lightwood were best mates.

HARRY  
Do I get the impression that you all hate doing this?

Shifty looks all round.

HARRY (cont'd)

Well I'm with you. Enough of being PC plods. We're putting an officer into this bank, undercover. No-one pulls the wool over our eyes.

That's more like it! They are all delighted.

HARRY (cont'd)

No one will be told. Certainly not Sir Richard Bowman.

DANNY

Who's going in?

HARRY grins at him.

DANNY (cont'd)

Me? Undercover in a bank?

HARRY

You have a history of swindling credit cards. I'd have thought that makes you perfect for the job.

DANNY

Yeah. Well. Thanks.

TOM

They're looking for someone to replace Lightwood. We're going to make sure you get the job. Malcolm will give you a legend and a great CV. Ruth will give you a crash course on share trading.

RUTH

Don't worry Danny, it's all about cheating people.

DANNY (Uncertain.)

Oh. Great.

HARRY

And Zoe: I want you in there too. Go through files, records, anything you can lay your hands on. We're looking for any record of John Lightwood transferring this money. I want to know what they're not telling us about this old family bank.

ZOE

Great, we'll see who makes the most money.

HARRY

You'll make zilch. You'll be a cleaner.

ZOE  
Oh.

DANNY grins. SAM has overheard all and giggles. HARRY turns to look at her.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 1418

DANNY is at a computer terminal on RUTH's desk. On the screen are fluctuating prices of stocks and shares, some blue some red.

RUTH is over the other side of the grid, on the telephone. A computer screen before her also shows the market.

TOM is approaching RUTH.

DANNY (on phone)  
Buying half a yard at 75.

RUTH  
OK done.

Other phone rings. She grabs it.

RUTH (cont'd)  
Zurich silver.

DANNY (on phone)  
Selling half a yard at 82.

RUTH  
Too high Danny...

DANNY (on phone)  
Look at Singapore.

RUTH  
Cripes ok done.

DANNY is seen punching the air.

TOM  
What happened?

RUTH  
Danny just made 50 grand. Or he would have if we'd been really trading.

TOM  
How do you know about this stuff?

RUTH

I was in love with a big swinging dick. That's slang for a trader.

Gorgeous smile from her.

TOM

And how is Danny measuring up?

RUTH

Oh he's a huge talent.

TOM (Looking across at Danny)

I was afraid of that.

He looks at RUTH's desk. A photograph of JOHN LIGHTWOOD is bluetacked to the top of her computer's screen.

TOM (cont'd)

Are your old mates at GCHQ helping?

RUTH

They traced his mobile phone number. But it's not been used since he disappeared. Nothing's flagged up at airports, ferries. Looks like he's gone to ground.

TOM straightens, worry on his face. He looks at the photograph.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY 3. 0758

JOHN LIGHTWOOD. He is dead. Burns on his body and cuts on his face show he has been tortured.

PULL BACK: he is laying naked but for boxer shorts on a linoleum floor.

PAN CAMERA: round to a well-manicured hand, ringed. And to VICTOR SHVITKOY's face.

He smiles. He nods to someone.

A heavy man covers the body with a sheet of tarpaulin.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 3. 0816

Rows of screens of different sizes crammed in rows. A white room, pillars, brilliant, even white light from ceiling strips. Two dozen men and women in their twenties, most of the men in shirt sleeves most of the women in suits, jackets off - some exceptions.

SIR RICHARD BOWMAN is walking an avenue of screens and traders with a very smart DANNY a respectful step behind him. They only look at them after they have passed.

There are two desks unoccupied. One is tidy the other is chaotic, with a woman's jacket over the chair-back.

SIR RICHARD speaks to a young, saturnine, thin lipped man next to the empty desk.

SIR RICHARD  
Tim this is Joshua Ikoli.

TIM  
Hi.

DANNY  
Hi.

SIR RICHARD  
Joshua will take over John Lightwood's accounts.  
He is very hot stuff. Blazing references.

TIM  
Have to watch ourselves then won't we.

SIR RICHARD  
Indeed.  
(To Danny)  
Tim will help you out if you're not familiar with  
any of the systems. All right Tim?

TIM  
Yah yah.

SIR RICHARD  
I look forward to your account at the end of the  
day then, Joshua.

DANNY is trying to control nervous excitement. He pulls the chair back.

GO TO: ZOE over the other side of the trading room. She has a blue overall on and a black bin liner. She is looking across the heads of the traders to the scene with DANNY. SIR RICHARD is leaving.

ZOE looks tense and grim.

GO TO: TIM and DANNY.

TIM  
The disgraced man's shoes.

DANNY

Don't get you.

TIM

They say Johnny Lightwood stole money.

DANNY

Success or theft - It's a thin line in this game.

TIM

You could say that.

Glances at DANNY, interested in him for the first time.

DANNY

Did you know John Lightwood well?

TIM

Don't be crass, none of us know each other well in here, why the hell should we?

And he's dialling on his phone.

DANNY shrugs and dials his.

DANNY (into phone.)

Jazzer, Josh at Bowmans, yeah great socking it to the natives over here...

Evil look from TIM.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0850

RUTH is at a computer terminal. She has a phone head set. TOM is looking over her shoulder.

RUTH

There's a GCHQ report the German Government's about to manipulate the cost of German steel. They want the price up five points.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 3. 0851

DANNY

No trade.

TIM has overheard.

TIM

First day nerves?

DANNY (Dialling again.)

Never piss on your own shoes.

TIM

True, true.

DANNY (Very fast dealing manner.)

This is Joshua Ikoli new at Bowman & Co yeah hi  
Dusseldorf Steel buy at 67 68... thank you.

Slams phone down picks it up again.

TIM (Watching the screen)

You put a selling hedge on those options then sell  
them on?

DANNY

Yeah.

TIM is deeply impressed.

TIM

Christ you just made 50 smacks minimum.

DANNY

Yeah.

Lifts phone.

DANNY (cont'd)

This is Joshua Ikoli at...

INT. SOHO BRASSERIE - DAY 3. 1300

It's lunchtime. The brasserie is crowded. TOM and CHRISTINE  
are close together at the end of the bar. Amid the press and  
the noise their conversation is in a private bubble. Both are  
practised at this.

TOM

Secrecy in a crowd.

CHRISTINE

I love it don't you?

(Flirting)

Love these meetings too.

TOM

We are here for our masters not our pleasure.

CHRISTINE

Oh I don't know.

TOM

So what news from our cousins over the water?

He has cooled the moment. She becomes business-like.

CHRISTINE

Washington CIA are hyper-ventilating about money.  
Twenty billion dollars of aid has gone missing in  
Moscow. American money.

TOM

Twenty...I can't do sums like that.

CHRISTINE

Obviously it's all good will toward Russia, to  
keep them in step on the Middle East.

(Closer)

Tom, listen. I know I'm being rude about your  
country...

TOM

Be my guest...

CHRISTINE

... But when it comes to funny money, the City of  
London is a wide open town. The money could come  
here. If you hear anything at all, you'll tell us?

You would gain much love from the heart of  
America.

TOM

How could I refuse?

Humour glints in their eyes.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 3. 1332

MAXIME 'MAXI' BAXTER walks across the room. She is an imposing  
woman: tall, with luxuriant, long curly hair - Italian looks.  
MAXI sits down at her station next to DANNY who is on the  
phone. From a distance ZOE watches. MAXI looks at DANNY.

DANNY

No sale.

He puts the receiver down.

MAXI

I'm Maxi Baxter.

DANNY

Josh Ikoli.

MAXI

Nigerian?

DANNY

My Dad. I was born in Peckham.

MAXI

Welcome to the animal room, Peckham boy.

And she's dialling. She lifts one telephone and then another.

MAXI (cont'd)

Singapore? Yes Lei Feng, it's Maxi. I want...

GO TO ZOE. She looks at a pile of shredded papers. She puts them in a bin on wheels and leaves the trading room.

INT. BOWMAN'S BANK. CORRIDORS - DAY

Pulling the bin of papers ZOE goes down corridors. She meets a maintenance man, wearing overalls.

ZOE

This one.

The man takes the bin.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. FORGERY SUITE - DAY 3. 1402

MALCOLM is tipping the contents of the bin onto a large plastic sheet. There are a few coffee cups, papers and a quantity of shredded material. He has a phone headset on, small microphone at his lips.

MALCOLM

Ah Zoe, you have delivered me shredding.  
Delicious.

ZOE (on phone)

How long will it take?

MALCOLM

An artist cannot be hurried.

ZOE (on phone)

Yes he can Malcolm.

She rings off. He is totally obsessed with the task.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY 3. 1408

General POV of the heath.

CAPTION: Hampstead Heath, London.

The camera moves in on a crime scene. There are Police cordons, canvas barricades around a group of trees, policemen everywhere.

TOM approaches, getting his arms through his overalls.

JACK BRAMPTON, a Special Branch man similarly clad, approaches.

TOM  
Jack.

JACK  
Tom. It's definitely your man, and he's a mess.

TOM pulls his mask on and follows the Special Branch Officer past the canvas barricades.

He stands aghast.

TOM  
They crucified him?

JACK  
Looks like.

TOM  
I want Special Branch on to all the papers, all the media. No press, no news, absolutely none.

JACK  
OK.

They are looking. A full shot of the crucified JOHN LIGHTWOOD. He hangs in greeny shadow nailed to a tree, wearing just his boxer shorts. His arms are straight out, hands nailed at the wrists, arms tied at the elbows.

TOM (O.S.)  
Someone sending a warning. 'Mess with us we crucify you.'

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 3. 1630

The clock shows 4.30 and a bell rings.

DANNY is exhausted.

TIM is irritated. Leaning back in his chair he kicks the edge of the desk.

TIM

Bitch day, bitch market. Wrenched my testicles  
just to keep even. How about you?

DANNY

Up a hundred and thirty thou'.

TIM and MAXI look at each other.

And a fluffy toy is thrown across the room at DANNY. He  
catches it - it's a pink fox.

MAXI

Animal room, trader of the day. A tradition.

TIM

And drinkies are on you.

INT. CITY OF LONDON BAR - NIGHT 3. 2058

Champagne. The bar is packed.

TIM is drunk and unhappy. DANNY and MAXI are drunk and happy.  
The fluffy fox is on the bar.

DANNY

Great. A greasy evening.

MAXI

Little girls.

She goes. DANNY's eyes follow. TIM notices.

TIM

She is a bad woman, you want to find out how bad,  
sleep with her. Johnny Lightwood did.

DANNY

Noted. What's the rest of the squeeze like round  
here?

Across the bar, by the woman's toilets, MAXI looks back at TIM  
and DANNY talking. She has a watchful look. She turns and  
pushes the door.

TIM and DANNY.

TIM

I'm off. Girly club. They lick you.

DANNY

I'll have some of that.

TIM  
Good man.

He finishes a drink smacking the glass onto the bar.

TIM (cont'd)  
(With a flourish)  
Into the dangerous night!

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - NIGHT 3. 2100

The room is empty. A mess of screwed up papers. ZOE stands with a black plastic bag in her hand. She sighs.

INT. LAP-DANCING CLUB - NIGHT 3. 2139

Noisy music.

A girl is all over DANNY. He puts a five pound note in her G string. CLOSE ON his hand: he nightpalms away a twenty pound note. TIM ordering drinks at the bar.

INT. LAP-DANCING CLUB - NIGHT 3. 2150

TIM is having a private lap-dance.

DANNY  
Think of England, Tim!

TIM waves at him. DANNY lurches drunkenly through the crowd and into the gents toilet, staggering by the door.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - NIGHT 3. 2200

ZOE is stooped, picking over paper thrown away in TIM's wastepaper bin. She is finding nothing of interest and is fed up. She looks at her watch.

INT. LAP-DANCING CLUB. GENTS TOILET DOOR - NIGHT 3. 2200

DANNY comes out of the gents. For a moment he is stone cold sober. Then he assumes his drunken role and staggers for a moment, a grin on his face.

INT. LAP-DANCING CLUB - NIGHT 3. 2202

DANNY and TIM shouting into each others' ears against the loud music, a dancer's legs between them on a table.

And then a cut from the crowd and noise to:

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT 3. 2204

Street. TIM and DANNY push open a fire exit door. TIM is well the worse for wear, a bottle of champagne in one hand, in the other a six pack of Guinness cans.

EXT. ROYAL EXCHANGE. DAWN 4. 0458

DANNY and TIM are sitting on a bench. He is dribbling Champagne into an opened tin of Guinness. It is frothing.

TIM

Thing is.

DANNY

Yeah. What is?

TIM

Pleasure.

DANNY

Yeah.

TIM

I mean...Abusing your mind and your body, that's a kind of art form.

DANNY

John Lightwood good at that was he?

TIM

Johnny...an artist of the good time. Couldn't say no to nothing. He had a big thing going.

DANNY

What thing?

TIM

Don't know if I ought'a say. Are you... one of the great and reckless?

DANNY

Try me.

TIM (Drunk conspiratorial.)

John Lightwood was helping dirty money through the bank.

DANNY

Tasty.

TIM

Very. Money laundering these days? If you've got the bottle, why not? This is the mother of bear markets. Everything's in pieces, a butterfly

flutters in Tokyo, millions are wiped off London,  
New York exchanges...firms being blown up for  
fiddling billions...In times like these, you can't  
make money the right side of the line, go over it.

DANNY

And John was well over the line?

TIM

All the way to Lugarno.

DANNY

Lugarno Switzerland? That's where the money was  
going?

TIM

To the Banco Co-operativo.

DANNY

Whose name was...  
(Slur.)  
...the account in?

TIM

No idea.  
(Suddenly perceptive.)  
You're not as pissed as me.

DANNY

Wouldn't say that.

DANNY grins and drinks.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 4. 0701

TOM, HARRY, DANNY, RUTH.

HARRY

Danny sorry about this early morning debrief, but  
needs must. Things have become murderous.

TOM

John Lightwood was tortured to death. We must know  
why, but Danny, you and Zoe watch your backs. Hear  
me?

DANNY

Sure.

HARRY

Right: money laundering, everyone understand it?

HARRY does not. They all look at DANNY.

DANNY

You wash the money clean.

HARRY

I see laundrettes...

RUTH

Right!

DANNY (Rousing himself)

But it's not laundrettes, it's banks. You move the money from one bank to another all around the world, so fast no one knows where it came from in the first place.

HARRY

So Bowman's is...

DANNY

One bank along the way. It can be there then not there in a second. Don't think of cash, coins and notes. It's like... a cloud. It can be blown all around the world, it can be split up into little clouds, it can gather in a big storm in one place. It's a very beautiful thing, money.

TOM

So do we have anything on this bank in Lugarno?

RUTH

It's a Swiss Bank. God Almighty himself wouldn't get a bank statement out of them. And its computers are state of the art fire-walled. You can't even get a list of who works for it.

HARRY

Do they have a London branch or office...?

RUTH

Actually, yes. They have a suite of rooms permanently booked at the Royal Paramount Hotel, Mayfair.

TOM

A hotel suite?

RUTH

To entertain clients discreetly.

DANNY

That Maxi Baxter. I think she slept with John

Lightwood. Can we get everything on her?

HARRY

We will. Squeeze the lemon, good people, and the pips will come.

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. CORRIDOR - DAY 4. 1115

A senior HOTEL MANAGER - immaculately dressed - TOM, MALCOLM and two assistants with steel boxes and bags.

The MANAGER nervous.

TOM (Low to the Manager)

You are certain that all the Hotel security circuits in the rooms are turned off?

The MANAGER about to speak.

MALCOLM

Don't worry I checked.

TOM

Then...

A gesture towards the door. The MANAGER puts a key into the door.

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. ROOM - DAY 4. 1116

The MANAGER leads the MI5 group into the room. They stand for a moment stunned by luxurious, 18th century period splendour. It is contrasted by a wonderful collection of early 20th Century abstract art.

Then the team are pulling on plastic gloves. This further unnerves the MANAGER.

TOM takes out a paper.

TOM

This is a copy of the official secrets act. Please sign it. For your own peace of mind.

MANAGER

My guests must not know...

MALCOLM

They won't. No one sees us, we go through walls.

The MANAGER signs the official secrets act. TOM pockets it. They wait. The MANAGER leaves.

TOM

Just pop through the wall, get us a cup of tea  
would you Malcolm.

Grins all round. MALCOLM blushes.

MALCOLM

Sorry got a bit carried away there.

One of the team opens double doors revealing to a magnificent  
bedroom - king size bed, gold drapes soaring up to a canopy.  
They stare.

TOM

Let's rig the place and get out of here.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 4. 1258

HARRY, MALCOLM and TOM.

MALCOLM, with great care is laying out shredded paper which  
has been glued back onto a flimsy base. He treats them like  
rare manuscripts.

HARRY

So what do we have?

MALCOLM

An amazing thing. Richard Bowman opened an account  
for John Lightwood, with an opening balance of  
five hundred thousand pounds, the day the one  
billion dollars went missing.

HARRY

A bonus?

MALCOLM

No. Bonuses to employees are paid at the end of  
the year. This was opened directly by Sir Richard,  
then a copy of the account sent to Lightwood. And  
clearly someone destroyed any record of it.

HARRY

Or thought they had. Before our Leonardo of the  
dustbins got hold of it.

MALCOLM

Oh thank you Harry.

TOM

So what does this mean? John Lightwood was paid to  
steal from the bank?

HARRY

We need to know more. Tell Danny to get friendly  
with the Maxi girl. As friendly as it takes.

TOM looks at him. This means 'sleep with someone if necessary'  
and they both know it.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 4. 1306

TOM comes down the steps. He goes along the street.

And VICKY is driving her green Morgan sports car along side  
him. She wears retro, 1930s driving gloves - big sleeves. She  
calls out to him.

VICKY

Hey spooky man!

TOM looks around. She stops the car and he goes over to her.

TOM

For Godsake Vicky I said I'd come to your place...

VICKY

Thought I'd come over to Spook House, save time.  
Get in. Mystery tour!

He climbs into the car.

EXT. TEDDINGTON LOCK - DAY 4. 1359

Sunshine. The Morgan is parked a way off. TOM and VICKY are  
locked in an embrace above the lock. They finish, smiling at  
each other. They look down into the lock. The water is pouring  
into it.

VICKY

Ever thought of jumping into the river?

TOM

You have any idea of the trouble suicides cause  
the authorities at the lock here?

VICKY

What a machine man's thought. Machine man!

She begins to tickle him. He laughs, they wrestle.

TOM

Stop it stop it!

They stop.

VICKY

I've thought of jumping. Not into a river. But out of my life, out of the country.

TOM

Giving up your career?

VICKY

You know how grotty the NHS has become? They reckon it would take billions to fix it. Where's that kind of money coming from?

TOM

'Spying' can be grotty too.

VICKY

Then let's bugger off, go round the world together in the car. I can heal people along the way you can use whatever your skills are, break into places...

(Suddenly she's not joking.)

I mean it. Run away with me.

TOM

That is just so...

His mobile rings.

VICKY

Just so what?

TOM stands and walks away listening to his mobile. POV goes with him.

VICKY (cont'd)

Just so what?

TOM

I'll be there.

TOM snaps the mobile shut. The car engine is revving. He turns and sees VICKY driving away from him over the grass.

TOM (cont'd)

Vicky I've got to get back to town...

She raises a finger to him over her head.

TOM is furious.

SHOT: TOM left alone on the lock. He looks down into the violent cascade of the water in the lock.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 4. 1500

TOM comes in from the pods and is making his way toward his station.

RUTH is at her station standing with a big art book open. She calls out to TOM.

RUTH

Tom! Where have you been?

TOM

Don't ask.

RUTH drops the book. She disappears behind her desk to retrieve it. She pops back up, slams the book down on the desk.

It is of an altar piece showing the crucifixion.

RUTH

It was Russian!

TOM

What?

RUTH

The way they crucified him. Look. Here's a fifteenth century, Russian ikon. See? Arms straight, feet not crossed. A Russian did this.

TOM

Russia.

RUTH loves art. Her hands caress the two images.

RUTH

It's right in the tradition.

INT. SIR RICHARD BOWMAN'S. STUDY - DAY 4. 1611

An intimate, dark, snug room, curtains drawn, books on shelves, a small exquisite desk, small beautiful paintings on the walls with individual wall-lamps lighting them - amongst them an ikon. The bust of SIR RICHARD's father - bronze, imposing - overlooks the scene from a shelf of its own.

SIR RICHARD is sitting in a big armchair. He looks very nervous. VICTOR SHVITKOY sits, near, legs crossed.

CLOSE TO: his hands as he taps an oval black Russian cigarette on a black and gold packet.

SIR RICHARD

Dear God Victor what did you do to that boy?

SHVITKOY

I tortured him to death.

SIR RICHARD goes white.

SIR RICHARD

Why? What kind of creature are you?

SHVITKOY

He stole from me, Dicky.

(He looks at the bust.)

This was your father's room, wasn't it?

SIR RICHARD

I should never have got involved with you.

SHVITKOY

I approached you, remember? You were horrified,  
then you said yes. For a handsome commission.

(Pulls back)

This boy Lightwood. You had no idea what he was  
doing?

SIR RICHARD

I swear to you, no. Greed must have overcome him.  
But in the name of God, why leave him on Hampstead  
Heath like that...

SHVITKOY

It was a warning. To you, you genitally-shrivelled  
English pant-pisser.

(He laughs.)

That is so much better in Russian, if only you  
spoke my language.

SIR RICHARD

You're insane.

SHVITKOY

No, just free to do what I want. Huge sums of  
money make anything possible.

(Close suddenly, threatening.)

Listen, English banker. The transfer of the one  
billion dollars was a trial. Now we have to take  
the risk of transferring the rest of the money out  
of Moscow. Nineteen billion dollars.

SIR RICHARD

Oh God...

SHVITKOY

The CIA, the Russian Federation security services are looking high and low for that money. It must go in the next forty-eight hours.

SIR RICHARD

I have no choice.

SHVITKOY

No, you don't, my friend. Nothing will go wrong this time. When the money comes into your bank you will personally make sure it gets to Switzerland.

SIR RICHARD can barely speak.

SHVITKOY's attention has been caught by a Russian Ikon hanging on the wall. He stands, leans toward it and marvels.

SHVITKOY (cont'd)

I had no idea your father owned an Ikon by Dionysius. 15th century, it's incredibly rare. You know what Dostoevsky said: 'Beauty will redeem the world.'

SHVITKOY looks at him.

SIR RICHARD

Please. Take it as a gift.

SHVITKOY

Why thank you, Dicky.

Hands - a clawed embrace - lift the precious ikon off the wall. He lifts a coat, the ikon disappearing beneath it.

SHVITKOY (cont'd)

I'll see myself out.

CLOSE ON: SIR RICHARD.

INT. SIR RICHARD BOWMAN'S. WINDOWLESS TOILET - DAY 4. 1619

SIR RICHARD is on his knees over a lavatory bowl. He sits up, he stands, he wipes his mouth.

He takes out a mobile telephone and dials.

INT. WORK-OUT ROOM - DAY 4. 1620

GENERAL POV: overhead looking down on the floor of a bare room, a pilates mat on polished floorboards. White venetian blinds, slatted sunlight. A punch bag hangs from a hook in the ceiling.

AMANDA - in the latest work-out gear - is doing pilates exercises on her own. Self-obsession.

A mobile rings.

AMANDA  
Speak.

INT. SIR RICHARD BOWMAN'S. WINDOWLESS TOILET - DAY 4. 1620

SIR RICHARD  
Shvitkoy wants to launder the rest of the money.

CUT BETWEEN: THE WORK-OUT ROOM AND THE TOILET showing the speaker, except where marked:

AMANDA  
Where are you ringing from?

SIR RICHARD  
Toilet, a toilet.

AMANDA, a beat, judging how to handle him.

AMANDA  
When does he want to do it?

SIR RICHARD  
In forty-eight hours time.

Even AMANDA has to blink.

AMANDA  
Well, terrific.

SIR RICHARD  
I don't see anything 'terrific' about it!

AMANDA  
This time we'll make it work.

SIR RICHARD  
It's too dangerous.

AMANDA  
Same as before. Who is going to handle the money this time?

SIR RICHARD  
I don't know, I can't think. Everything's crowding in.  
(A beat.)

Alright, I will.

AMANDA

No. You must be deniable in this.

SIR RICHARD

I am very unhappy. I want to talk to the  
Chancellor.

She looks up in the air - 'give me patience.' Then at her most  
sugary.

AMANDA

This matter is too sensitive for the Chancellor to  
be involved in directly.

SIR RICHARD

But if it goes wrong again...

AMANDA

Sir Richard. We are all aware of the great risk  
you are taking for the government.

SIR RICHARD

I'm not taking it for the Government I'm taking it  
for the Country!

AMANDA

Yes of course. Just find someone to do it.

(A beat.)

Sir Richard?

He rings off.

BACK TO AMANDA.

AMANDA (cont'd)

Bloody men!

She throws the phone across the floor. It skids and hits  
skirting board.

She is shaking. She steadies herself. With a ferocious cry she  
kicks the punch-bag with her foot.

INT. SOHO BRASSERIE - DAY 5. 0747

It's early morning, Soho has barely woken up. The bar has just  
opened. A waiter is taking chairs off the tables.

TOM and CHRISTINE DALE sit at the end of the bar drinking  
coffee. They have croissants.

CHRISTINE

Do you...do your own laundry?

TOM (Laughs)

Do I what?

CHRISTINE

I'm talking about Britain. There's a rumour about a British Bank, Bowman and Co, doing something wicked?

TOM

How would you know that?

CHRISTINE

We have to know, we're America, we're trying to run the whole damn planet. Come on Tom. The money stolen in Moscow. It will be laundered. Has your Brit Bank turned baddie and taken in the washing?

TOM

That's ridiculous.

CHRISTINE

Be careful, Tom. We want our money back and if you Brits are holding out on us in some way...

TOM

No no, we're just a poor little country out here on the edge of the American Empire. We wouldn't dream of touching your money.

CHRISTINE

Good. You know your place then.

And this time their eyes are not smiling.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 5. 1009

AMANDA and HARRY are arguing in HARRY's office.

TOM is watching from his station.

And everyone on the grid is watching TOM, waiting for him to make a move.

He does. He goes toward's HARRY's office.

CONTINUOUS SHOT: FOLLOW TOM into HARRY's office.

He opens the door without knocking. A row is in mid flow.

HARRY

Does Downing Street want to know what is going on  
in this bank or not?

AMANDA

Downing Street does not want you accusing a man of  
Sir Richard Bowman's importance of laundering  
Russian Mafia money.

HARRY

Tom close the bloody door!

TOM closes the door.

AMANDA

You have exceeded your remit.

HARRY

Oh, remit!

AMANDA

You put a mole in the bank.

TOM

The only hope of recovering the stolen money is to  
find out what has been going on at Bowman's.

AMANDA

You are interfering in matters that are not your  
concern. You are to withdraw your officer from  
this operation.

TOM suddenly loses his temper.

TOM

Are you giving us orders?

AMANDA

Absolutely.

TOM

And who are you to do that? Are you from the Joint  
Intelligence Committee? No. Are you a member of  
the Government, no, did someone elect you, no, are  
you even a real civil servant, no. So what are  
you?

A beat. She glares at them.

AMANDA

Take this seriously gentlemen, very seriously.

She waits a moment, then goes, TOM opening the door for her.

TOM swings the door shut.

HARRY  
The new world order.

TOM  
Harry...How come our gremlin from Downing Street  
knows Danny is undercover?

They look at each other.

HARRY  
If there's a leak in this department, we must plug  
it now.

They look at each other.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY 5. 1022

COLIN is at work. TOM comes in.

TOM and COLIN.

TOM looks up at a camera in the corner. He suddenly climbs up  
onto a table and pulls the cord out.

COLIN is bewildered. TOM jumps off the table.

TOM  
Colin I'm going to have to trust you. I just have  
to take that leap in the dark.

COLIN (Intimidated)  
What do you mean?

TOM  
Someone has been passing on details of the Bank  
operation. I want you to monitor all the computers  
on the Grid.

COLIN pauses to take this in then recoils.

COLIN  
You want me to snitch?...I don't want to do that  
Tom.

TOM  
This job asks difficult things of us sometimes.

COLIN looks at TOM. He's going to do it.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 5. 2123

It's late at night. Main lights are off. Pools of light in the gloom.

TOM is waiting, keeping his eye on COLIN who is working at his computer.

COLIN takes pages from a printer. He sinks his head into his hands.

TOM stands and goes over to him. COLIN looks up, red eyed with fatigue.

He hands the papers to TOM. He looks at them.

CLOSE UP: TOM's face. It hardens.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID. MONTAGE - NIGHT 5/DAY 6. 0800

TOM is at his station. Staff begin to arrive: COLIN, who looks shifty; MALCOLM who looks cheerful; HARRY moving fast humming to himself.

TOM - unshaven - watches each of them.

Then RUTH arrives. She notices TOM and waves to him across the grid.

RUTH  
Morning Tom!

She goes to her station.

TOM'S POV: as he approaches RUTH. She smiles then grimaces.

RUTH (cont'd)  
Oooh! You look terrible, what have you been doing to yourself?

TOM leans over her desk and speaks low.

TOM  
I'm going to be in Parliament Gardens in five minutes time. Join me.

Her face crumples. They are staring at each other.

EXT. PARLIAMENT GARDENS - DAY 6. 0813

By the Burghers of Calais Statue.

RUTH and TOM sitting on a bench. Rodin's 'Burghers of Calais' statue is behind them. This scene is very painful for both of them. They do not look at each other.

RUTH

I suppose you have evidence?

TOM

Computer traffic from your station, yes.

RUTH

I coded it good.

TOM

Colin uncoded it good. You betrayed us.

RUTH

MI5 is a Government Department. I only told Downing Street what you're doing. The Government can't betray itself to itself, can it?

TOM

Don't be naive, Ruth. You know what's going on here. GCHQ planted you on us.

RUTH

Tom, I so much wanted to join MI5. To be a real spy. They said I could have the transfer if, very occasionally, I reported what you were doing. I mean this is the first time I've done it.

TOM

Reported directly to Amanda Roke?

She nods.

RUTH

The Prime Minister and the Chancellor have their own fiefdoms. She goes between the two of them. In a way she's the most powerful person in Government.

TOM

Well now you're a classic double agent. How does 'real spying' feel?

RUTH

The horrible thing is it's rather exciting.

TOM does not like that remark.

TOM

Ruth I've got two officers in the field at high

risk. Do you want to get Danny or Zoe crucified on Hampstead Heath?

RUTH (Distressed.)  
Don't...

TOM  
I'll have to tell Harry.

RUTH  
What will he do?

TOM  
He'll probably send you to Narnia.

RUTH  
What's Narnia?

TOM  
A collection of damp nisson huts in the Scottish Highlands. Full of alcoholics and busted officers shuffling outdated files.

RUTH (A touch of anger.)  
I'm so bloody good at this job, you know I am.  
(A beat.)  
Well that's that then.

TOM  
Of course double agents can be turned.

They look at each other.

RUTH  
Oh Tom.

TOM  
You're on probation.

RUTH  
Oh thank you...

But TOM has left the bench. She looks at pigeons fighting over crumbs at her feet. Her hands are trembling. She stands abruptly causing the pigeons to rise.

EXT. MAYFAIR. SHEPHERD'S MARKET. PUB - DAY 6. 1307

ZOE is sitting by a little outside table. It's a tiny square, an old fashioned pub.

And CARLO sits down beside her. They kiss.

CARLO

Look...no. It is not a thing I should have done.  
As a banker, I am ashamed of myself.

ZOE

Why? What have you done?

CARLO

I've booked a hotel room.

They are looking at each other. She is near laughing. He smiles realising she's not offended.

ZOE

Well.

CARLO

You don't mind.

ZOE

I love it. Is it...

CARLO

Round the corner, Park Lane. You are not thinking...Greasy Italian man.

ZOE

Oh yes I am.

They laugh.

CARLO

Shall we...It's the Royal Paramount.

ZOE

Posh.

CARLO

Of course. But if you...

ZOE

No no, it's a lovely idea.

Stands and kisses him.

INT. CITY OF LONDON BAR - DAY 6. 1310

DANNY and MAXI are having a lunchtime drink. Fruit juice.

MAXI (Looks at her drink)

A carrot and coriander cocktail. They say back in the 1980s young city bloods like us would drink

two bottles of champagne at lunch. Heroic days.

DANNY

Yeah, but where are all the young bloods now? In alchi clinics. Though some get away with it still. Like John Lightwood.

MAXI

Really? What is it you think he got away with?

DANNY

The jungle drums say he nicked a billion dollars. Now there is a true modern hero. He was a friend of yours, wasn't he?

MAXI

Maybe.

(A beat)

So what are you saying? You want to do what he did?

DANNY

Well, you know, this male thing we have - recklessness.

MAXI

I don't think that's just a male thing.

And they are close now.

DANNY

Tim said that you're a bad woman.

MAXI

Do you think he's right?

DANNY

He said there's a way I can find out.

MAXI

Going to try it?

DANNY

Would I be allowed?

MAXI

That depends on the strength of your market penetration.

DANNY

Of course.

They laugh.

MAXI  
We should get back.

EXT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL - DAY 6. 1315

Establishing.

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. CORRIDOR - DAY 6. 1316

The corridor, empty.

CAMERA POV: look at the door of the Bank's Suite. Then go to the lift which is just about to open. Before we see who is getting out, go to the bank's door again, then along the wall and to the next door. Go through it into...

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. OBBO ROOM - DAY 6. 1319

...A cupboard-like room in darkness but for the light from monitors. COLIN sits bleary eyed before monitors which show the Banco Co-operativo's room next door.

COLIN's eyes close. He doses for a moment.

He wakes to voices...

STAY ON COLIN, not the screens.

ZOE (on screen)  
This feels so decadent.

CARLO (on screen)  
I'm pleased you like it.

COLIN, stunned, eyes wide.

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. ROOM - DAY 1319

ZOE and CARLO are in the room. They are embracing and kissing.

CARLO  
And there is this.

He leads ZOE to the bedroom double doors and opens them. They stand before the splendour of the gold draped double bed.

ZOE  
Oh yes!

INT. MAYFAIR. ROYAL PARAMOUNT HOTEL. OBBO ROOM - DAY 6. 1320

COLIN stares at the screen.

COLIN  
Oh no.

On the screen ZOE and CARLO are pulling at each other's clothes, laughing, rolling on the bed.

COLIN (cont'd)  
No! No!

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 6. 1700

TOM and ZOE are sitting facing each other across the table in the conference room.

ZOE is white faced, tear stained.

Before her is a picture of her and CARLO in the hotel room embracing.

ZOE  
How dare you put an obbo team on me!

TOM  
We rigged that room to see what we could get.

ZOE  
Well I hope you all had a good gawp!

TOM  
Zoe...

ZOE  
Who was on obbo duty?

TOM  
Colin.

ZOE  
Oh no.

TOM  
You didn't sign in that you were seeing this man.

ZOE  
I'm not the first to do that.

TOM  
Zoe, he took you to a suite of rooms used by a Swiss Bank. The bank the laundered money was destined for.

ZOE  
Oh please God no.

TOM  
You know what's going to have to happen.

ZOE  
What? Are you going to tell me I can carry on  
sleeping with him if I inform on him?

TOM  
I'm sorry Zoe, I have to tell you. He's married.

ZOE (A moment's hesitation)  
No he's not.

Shows her a photograph.

TOM  
Her name's Maria. She's the daughter of Antonio  
Gustino, the Italian Minister of Finance. Your man  
married very advantageously. For godsake Zoe,  
didn't you even look him up?

ZOE turns away to hide her face, devastated.

ZOE  
I just wanted...a little space, just for my own  
life, you know?

TOM  
I will get Colin to lose that section of the tape  
and shut him up but we need to know if this man is  
involved.

A beat.

ZOE  
Yes.

TOM  
Right, what can you tell me about him?

ZOE takes a breath - it's the beginning of a long debrief.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 6. 2049

DANNY is sitting on the floor before the sofa drinking from a  
big mineral water. On the sofa there is a pile of fluffy  
animals. ZOE lets herself in.

ZOE  
You on a session?

DANNY  
Stone sober.

ZOE  
Please don't be.

DANNY  
That bad is it?

ZOE  
Oh yes.

She reaches for a bottle of vodka.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1230

The dealing is in full swing.

The clock says 12.30.

From ZOE's POV. She looks across the sea of white shirts and telephones and monitors to DANNY. He is sitting beside TIM and MAXI.

GO TO: DANNY.

Suddenly next to him, TIM stands up. He slams his phone down and storms off.

DANNY and MAXI watch.

DANNY  
What brought that on?

MAXI, close to DANNY. CLOSE UP on their faces.

MAXI  
He hasn't been able to balance his positions three days running. He's half a mill down.

DANNY  
There but for the grace of God go all of us.

DANNY realises that she is leaning against him, a hand on his waist. Their faces are close.

MAXI  
No Josh, not you and me. We are tougher.

DANNY  
You reckon?

Closer still.

MAXI  
Take me out tonight? Few drinks? Your place?

DANNY  
Oh I think so.

INT. BOWMAN AND CO. CORRIDOR OFF TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1250

ZOE and DANNY talking fast low and heatedly. CLOSE on: their faces. Between them the floor of the trading room can be seen through a window.

ZOE  
You can't do that.

DANNY  
It's her idea.

ZOE  
When you said you'd...with her I didn't know you meant in our flat! She's a target. It breaks all operational rules.

DANNY  
I know that. And our flat's not cool anyway.

ZOE  
I like our flat.

DANNY  
It sucks. Get on to Tom.

ZOE  
To say what? Please arrange a millionaire's shag pad for Danny this evening?

DANNY  
Yeah. And make sure it's in a trendy area.

He goes. ZOE incandescent. She flips her mobile.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 7. 1255

HARRY  
He wants WHAT?

TOM  
A flat. Danny's convinced this woman is honey

trapping him and she wants to go round to his flat this evening - his expensive banker's flat, which he doesn't have...

HARRY

I'll need more than feely feely instincts to launch the budget on this operation into orbit!

TOM, hands up 'I'm backing off...'

TOM

OK.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 7. 1258

TOM walking across the grid. He's waylaid by RUTH.

RUTH

Tom. Something wonderful.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 7. 1259

A few minutes later.

TOM and RUTH. She has papers.

RUTH

Death certificate. Maxime Anne Baxter died in Victoria Gardens, Farnham, Surrey, 31st March 1979 aged three months.

Another paper.

RUTH (cont'd)

Birth certificate. Maxime Anne Baxter born Victoria Gardens, Farnham Surrey, 31st December 1978. This birth certificate used to get a minor's British Passport in 1990.

TOM

My God.

RUTH

The oldest tricks fool the wisest heads.

TOM

What about schools, on her CV from the bank...

RUTH

Enrolled at Salehill Boarding School, aged thirteen. Good place for the oddball girl, wildly liberal sort of Rodean for girls on speed...  
(Consulting a paper.)

Before that, the school she was meant to have gone to - Farnham Park - has no record of her. And there are no records at all - doctors, anything - before 1990.

TOM

So she suddenly appeared in London with a complete legend made for her?

RUTH

It's a puzzle, isn't it.

TOM

Great work, Ruth.

RUTH

Oh I'm so glad you think so, Tom.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 7. 1304

RUTH and TOM. HARRY looking at the material and a photograph of MAXI.

TOM

A wild guess.

HARRY

Try me.

TOM

Daughter of a powerful man? Who wanted her safe in England and had the clout to get her a new identity? In 1990? When the Soviet Union was collapsing?

HARRY

Ex-KGB, turned businessman? I'm beginning to see him in the shadows, aren't you?

TOM

So? Can we set up a trap for the girl?

HARRY

Oh, alright. But the budget won't run to the Docklands shag-pad of Danny's dreams. His flat will have to do. Send a team over to clean out Danny's identity and tart it up.

TOM

We'll have to make it convincing. High flying banker's stuff.

HARRY

Within the budget.

TOM

Zoe will have to go to a hotel.

HARRY

Can't she sleep on your floor or something?

A look from TOM to HARRY...

EXT. SHEPHERDS MARKET - DAY 7. 1348

Tables in the open air in a little square. ZOE and CARLO are having a drink.

ZOE is all too aware of TOM sitting at another table.

CARLO leans into her.

CARLO

So. We walk round to the hotel?

ZOE

Lunch time's nearly over, I have to get back...

CARLO

But lunchtime was your idea...

TOM is putting sunglasses on and looking the other way.

EXT. SHEPHERDS MARKET - DAY 7. 1350

ZOE. She has to tell him. It comes out in blurts.

CARLO

Zoe, have I offended you?

ZOE

I don't want to see you any more.

CARLO

What?

ZOE

It's because of work.

CARLO

Work.

ZOE

You're a banker. We're doing some work for a bank.

CARLO

So?

ZOE

So!...There's a conflict of interest.

CARLO

Dear God you're talking like some middle-aged  
bureaucrat.

ZOE

I can't have my work compromised, I'm sorry. I'm  
ambitious and I l. .. Love my work. It's a thing  
I've got, right?

CARLO

Don't do this.

But she can stand it no longer. She stands and half runs, half  
stumbles away.

CLOSE ON: her face, streaming with tears. He sits behind her,  
stunned.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - DAY 7. 1356

MALCOLM and SAM, both very busy. SAM is trying to assemble a  
spindly lamp and making a mess of it.

SAM

What's Danny done to deserve all this stuff?

MALCOLM

It's a honey trap.

SAM

Honey...

MALCOLM

He will be seduced in the interests of Queen and  
Country.

SAM is put out. She is thinking about DANNY and  
doesn't like it.

SAM (She turns the lamp on)  
Anything else?

MALCOLM (pointing)

Stock the fridge with Moet.

SAM

Hunh.

She stomps off. MALCOLM looks around.

MALCOLM

Right. Ready for the cleaners, I think, to eradicate personal details.

EXT. SHEPHERDS MARKET - DAY 7. 1404

CARLO is disconsolate. TOM sits down next to him, replacing ZOE on the bench.

A man in a raincoat - it's a sunny day - sits on the bench, the other side of CARLO.

Nothing happens for a moment.

TOM

Mr Carlo Franceschini.

CARLO

What?

(Looks from one to the other.)

Who...

TOM

We work for a Government Department.

CARLO

Why should I believe that? You could be common muggers...

The restraining hand on him again.

TOM

Your father, Alberto Franceschini, was born in Milan, your mother Magherita, maiden name Pollini, is Italian Swiss. Because of your mother's nationality you hold both a Swiss and an Italian passport.

CARLO

What is this about?

TOM

One billion dollars was stolen from a British Bank. It was placed in an account in the bank you work for. We want the name of its user.

CARLO laughs.

CARLO

How about the secret name of God too?

TOM

We believe the men who stole this money are major criminals. They kill.

CARLO

Look, for a bank, money is morally neutral.

TOM (Closer)

Mr Franceschini, think carefully of the situation you are in here.

CARLO

The situation is I am sitting as a free man on a bench in a free country...

He stops, staring. TOM is holding a wad of photographs out in front of him. He flicks through them.

TOM

Do you wish your wife to get copies in the post?  
Or we could e mail them to her. And her father.

LONG SHOT: the three men on the bench.

BACK TO them. CARLO is grey-faced.

CARLO

You realise that for the Swiss a banker's confidence is as binding as that of a doctor or a priest?

TOM waits.

CARLO (cont'd)

The account is held in the name of Victor Shvitkoy.

He stands and walks away. This time the man in a raincoat does not stop him.

INT.THAMES HOUSE. FORGERY SUITE - DAY 7. 1541

TOM alone. He has the photographs of ZOE and CARLO and their negatives. He burns them above a metal tray.

Voices raised in anger.

HARRY (V.O.)

You invited my department into this operation with our hands tied behind our backs!

AMANDA (V.O.)

I don't think it's professional to vent  
frustrations.

HARRY (V.O.)  
Oh don't you!

AMANDA (V.O.) (Very angry)  
I told you to remove your man from the bank and  
you did not!

SIR JOHN (V.O.)  
Harry, Amanda, please!

INT. THE BANK OF ENGLAND. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 7. 1609

Present are HARRY, AMANDA, TOM, SIR JOHN and SIR RICHARD  
BOWMAN.

HARRY has lowered his voice.

HARRY  
All right. Victor Shvitkoy.

From a slim briefcase TOM - the gesture is contemptuous -  
flicks a photograph of SHVITKOY.

CLOSE UP of the photograph on the shiny table top. No one goes  
to pick it up.

HARRY (cont'd)  
Ex KGB General, art collector, criminal. Why did  
you let us go into this without knowing one of the  
most powerful psychopaths in the Russian mafia was  
involved?

SIR RICHARD closes his eyes.

TOM  
Did you know he has an agent working in your bank?

HARRY flicks Maxime Baxter's photograph onto the table.

SIR RICHARD  
No not Maxime Baxter, she is one of our best...

TOM  
Her passport, birth certificate, everything is  
false. We believe she is Victor Shvitkoy's  
daughter.

SIR RICHARD (Low.)  
Dear God.

TOM

I have two officers in the field. One of them is meeting this woman in... Two hours time. We must know: why is Bowman's Bank involved with this money?

AMANDA and SIR JOHN look at each other.

AMANDA

Governor. Explain.

SIR JOHN

I have Downing Street's authorisation?

A contemptuous waive of the hand from her.

SIR JOHN (cont'd)

When the twenty billion dollars of AID went missing in Moscow, Victor Shvitkoy approached Sir Richard. Would he be interested in handling a rather large sum of money, very quickly?

SIR RICHARD

When I reported Shvitkoy's approach to MI6, they asked me to do what Shvitkoy wanted.

HARRY

And sting him.

SIR RICHARD

Yes.

HARRY

Steal the money from him.

SIR RICHARD

I instructed John Lightwood to move the one billion into Shvitkoy's Swiss account. That was a loss leader. Unfortunately Mr Lightwood stole it.  
(He falters)

The person I most trusted, a brilliant young man...

TOM

And Shvitkoy found him.

SIR RICHARD (A whisper)

Yes.

TOM

What about the other nineteen billion?

SIR JOHN

Shvitkoy is still going to try to launder it.

SIR RICHARD

He believes I am his creature. He thinks I can be used.

AMANDA

You do realise Governmental proximity cannot be acknowledged.

TOM

You mean the British Treasury must not be seen to be anywhere near laundered money.

AMANDA

That is what I said.

HARRY

This will be yellow flagged top secret all the way, have no fear.

AMANDA clammed up, furious.

HARRY (cont'd) (To Sir Richard)

An incredibly dangerous and brave game, Dicky.

SIR RICHARD

Nature intended me to sit behind a desk balancing books, not go double-crossing Russian gangsters.

HARRY

All the more credit to you.

A touch of embarrassment in the room. A mobile goes off. SIR RICHARD takes his mobile from his pocket.

SIR RICHARD (under great stress)

I think, I think this is...

SIR RICHARD answers his phone.

SHVITKOY (V.O.)

Are you alone? If not, be so...

SIR RICHARD (to people in room)

Excuse me, I must concentrate.

He and AMANDA look at each other. SIR RICHARD goes out of the room.

AMANDA has waited for him to leave.

AMANDA

The idea was, and is, to steal the money back.

HARRY

For the Americans.

A silence.

TOM

Is there still something you're not telling us?

AMANDA's face is stony.

INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. CORRIDOR - DAY 7. 1611

Close to SIR RICHARD's face. He is on his mobile. Past his cheek we see a YOUNG MAN approaching along the corridor.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH SHVITKOY IN ROOM:

SHVITKOY

Sir Richard, Dicky, I like calling you by your familiar name. We are close to doing a famous thing. A famous theft. You have no choice but to move the money. Do you understand?

SIR RICHARD

Yes. I understand.

He rings off.

And is staring at a beautiful clock in the corridor. It shows the time as 4.11

SIR RICHARD, lips open.

INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 7. 1612

AMANDA

I can assure you that...

A YOUNG MAN bursts into the room.

YOUNG MAN

Governor!

INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. CORRIDOR - DAY 7. 1612

They are rushing out of the conference room into the corridor.

SIR RICHARD has collapsed. The wreckage of the clock and its glass case are around him. He puts his hand out to HARRY.

SIR RICHARD (slurred)  
Shvitkoy. He's transferred the rest of the money  
from Moscow.

SIR RICHARD (cont'd) (To Tom)  
He's had a stroke.  
(Kneels)  
Dicky, please, what's the number of the laundering  
account.

SIR RICHARD (cont'd) (Whispering)  
Five nine nine eight...

PULL BACK: HARRY listening to the rest of the number. Sir  
RICHARD's head lolls back and HARRY looks up at TOM who is  
handing him a small notebook and a pen. HARRY begins to write  
the number down.

INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. CORRIDOR - DAY 7. 1614

TOM, HARRY and AMANDA are at the end of the corridor  
whispering. SIR JOHN is with a medical team who are getting  
SIR RICHARD on to a stretcher.

A desperate conversation in low voices.

AMANDA  
The money will only be at the bank for a few  
minutes. Your man must divert the money at once.

TOM is already dialling. He is short with her.

TOM  
I know exactly what 'my man' must do and at what  
risk.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1615

DANNY on the phone.

DANNY  
Yes.

He listens. His eyes flicker. MAXI is next to him watching her  
screen, preoccupied. TIM's desk is unmanned.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Right.

MAXI looks at him. Smiles. He smiles back.

MAXI  
You look like a man getting a tip.

DANNY  
Something like that.  
(Into phone.)  
Give me the numbers.

Listening.

INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. CORRIDOR - DAY 7. 1616

TOM on his mobile. AMANDA and HARRY are very close to him.

TOM  
... 495. Want me to repeat?

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1616

DANNY  
Don't bother.

DANNY tosses the phone back into its cradle and begins to work on the keyboard, intent on what he is doing.

MAXI looks across at him then begins to work on her keyboard.

DANNY, with a reflex action of relief, jerks back in his chair, arms hanging down.

MAXI  
What did you do just then?

DANNY  
How do you mean?

MAXI  
Were you transferring something in the main  
foreign accounts?

DANNY  
Nah, just looking.  
(Stands, stretches)  
Taking five.

He turns away nonchalantly. She looks at his back with hatred. She turns to the screen urgently and starts to tap her keys. Her eyes narrow. She takes out a mobile phone and dials. She crouches into the phone speaking in a whisper.

MAXI  
There is a problem.

INT. ROOM - DAY 7. 1617

VICTOR SHVITKOY's face fills the screen, a mobile pressed to his cheek.

SHVITKOY  
Speak.

MAXI (on phone)  
Has the money reached Lugarno?

SHVITKOY  
I've not been advised.

MAXI (on phone)  
Oh God, no. It's happened again.

SHVITKOY  
Alright. Keep calm, CALM! Listen to me. Do you know who is responsible?

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1617

She watches DANNY as he saunters to the swing doors to the trading room and pushes them open.

MAXI  
I think so, yes.

INT. ROOM - DAY 7. 1617

SHVITKOY  
Right. Stay with him, do anything he wants to do.  
But get him to tell you where the money is.  
Maxime: anything. Do what I say.

He rings off. A look of fury on his face.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1618

Fear on MAXI's face. She looks at the doors, as she urgently takes a puff on her inhaler.

INT. BOWMAN & CO. CORRIDOR OFF TRADING ROOM - DAY 7. 1618

DANNY and ZOE. DANNY has just come through the doors. He is high. ZOE is nervous and hurried.

DANNY  
Hey I just nicked nineteen billion dollars! Oh wow  
what an amazing experience!

ZOE  
Danny, concentrate. Are you with me?

DANNY blinks and looks at her.

ZOE

Your lady friend is the daughter of a Russian hood, name Victor Shvitkoy. He killed John Lightwood.

DANNY is suddenly serious.

DANNY

What are Tom's orders?

ZOE

Our lovely flat now has the trappings of a trendy banker's pad.

DANNY

Can't wait.

ZOE

Whatever happens, stick with Maxi. Do anything you can to find out where her father is.

(A beat)

Be careful, Danny.

DANNY

Hope there's good booze in the fridge.

DANNY grins and peels away to go through the doors.

INT. CITY OF LONDON BAR. WOMEN'S TOILET CUBICLE - NIGHT 7.  
2036

MAXI is checking an automatic pistol. She puts it away in her handbag flushes the toilet and opens the door.

She passes ZOE who is checking her make-up before the mirror.

INT. CITY OF LONDON BAR - NIGHT 7. 2037

MAXI comes out of the toilet and goes to DANNY.

ZOE slips out after her and stands by the wall, watching across the crowded bar.

CLOSE ON: DANNY and MAXI.

MAXI

Ready?

DANNY

Dark side of the moon?

MAXI  
Yes please.

ZOE watching.

ZOE (Into her lapel.)  
They're leaving.

EXT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2038

The MI5 surveillance van is parked outside.

TOM (V.O.)  
Good Zoe, go after them. Is Danny's tracker  
working?

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2038

TOM, MALCOLM and COLIN before massed equipment. The rooms of the flat - all steel and glass, as in the brochure - are on screens. There is also a London street map with a bleeping dot showing where DANNY is.

MALCOLM  
I've got a signal.

TOM  
Are we ready with the flat?

COLIN  
All concurrent surveillance systems are  
operational.

TOM  
Colin when the word 'yes' will do use it, right?

COLIN  
Yes.

A smirk from MALCOLM.

TOM  
Let's stay on top of this shall we?

They settle in to concentrate.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON BAR - NIGHT 7. 2041

DANNY and MAXI come out of the bar happy, arms around each other. They hail a taxi and are getting into it.

GO TO: ZOE a distance away.

ZOE

They're on their way. Black London Cab.

EXT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2049

The black cab draws up. DANNY and MAXI get out.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2052

TOM, MALCOLM and COLIN watch the screen - no sound - as DANNY and MAXI arms round each other and giggling go along the corridor.

TOM (Under his breath)  
Come on, Danny...

DANNY opens the door.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2053

DANNY and MAXI walk into the flat. DANNY quickly looks around him, checking what's changed, what's been removed etc.

MAXI  
Thought you'd be more upscale than this, Josh.

DANNY  
It does me. I'm never here.

A beat.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Drinkies.

DANNY goes to the fridge and opens it. He lifts a bottle of champagne. A moment as he stares at the massed ranks of champagne bottles.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Shampoo.

He takes two glasses with a swagger.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2054

Monitor, MAXI looking directly at the camera.

MALCOLM  
Don't get too cocky...

TOM watchful. A flicker of nervousness on his face.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2055

...And MAXI is turning to DANNY as he pops the champagne bottle's cork.

DANNY  
Here we go.

MAXI  
What are we celebrating?

DANNY (Pouring)  
I don't know if I should tell you.

MAXI  
You've made a killing?

DANNY  
Better. I've got unbelievably hot info.

MAXI  
What?

DANNY  
You wouldn't believe it.

MAXI  
Try me.

DANNY  
Good old Sir Richard Bowman's family bank is  
laundering dirty money.

A beat.

MAXI  
Really?

DANNY  
And ah...I've nicked it.

MAXI  
You've what?

DANNY  
It was on its way from Moscow to Lugarno, through  
Bowman's. I just... pushed it into a little  
account of my own. Well a very big account now!

MAXI  
How much?

DANNY  
Nineteen billion smacks.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2056

Consternation amongst the listeners.

MALCOLM

Is this a very risky...

TOM

He's trying to hook her.

MAXI (over the wire)

Isn't that...what John Lightwood did?

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2057

DANNY

Lightwood? Disappeared hasn't he?

MAXI

I don't know if you're a brilliant thief. Or a fool or what...

DANNY

Brilliant thief and in a celebrating mood.

They look at each other then embrace.

MAXI

Where's the bedroom?

DANNY sweeps her up in his arms. She laughs.

MAXI (cont'd)

Oh I do love a corny man.

He carries her towards the bedroom.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 2058

They fall laughing onto the bed. MAXI's face over his shoulder flitting across the room.

DANNY

I mean I'm not actually stealing the money.

MAXI

No?

DANNY

I want to return it to its rightful owner.

MAXI  
For a little commission.

DANNY  
Just two mill. I'm not greedy.

MAXI  
No, right little puritan aren't you.

DANNY  
Trouble is I have to find the owner of the money.

MAXI  
Yes you do, don't you.

DANNY  
Can you help me there?

MAXI  
What makes you ask that?

DANNY  
Instinct?

MAXI rolls over and spots something under his bed. While his back is turned, she looks closer and sees a gym membership card with DANNY's photo on it and the name "DANNY HUNTER". DANNY turns round just in time to see her looking confused.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2059

COLIN  
I think she's...

MALCOLM  
God the cleaners didn't do their job!

TOM  
Hold! Everyone, hold!

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 2100

MAXI looks for something in her bag then gets up off the bed.

MAXI  
I'm going.

DANNY  
What?

MAXI  
I've left my inhaler. Back home. Sorry, I'll have  
to go.

DANNY  
I'll come with you.

MAXI (A smile)  
Will you now.

INT. MI5 SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 7. 2100

They are watching this on the monitors.

MALCOLM  
Shall we lift her?

TOM  
Wait!

DANNY (on monitor)  
Hang on, I'll bring the bottle.

TOM  
Danny's tracker is working?

COLIN  
Yes.

MALCOLM (An edge of panic)  
What do we do, what do we do?

TOM  
We let them leave.

MALCOLM  
Danny will be at serious risk...

TOM (Interrupting.)  
Yes thank you.

EXT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 2110

Seen from over the roof of the observation van, DANNY - bottle  
in hand - and MAXI come out and hail a taxi. They get in and  
the cab drives off.

EXT. SOUTH LONDON ESTATE - NIGHT 7. 2128

The cab draws up on a busy road. A hinterland of estate high  
rises and galleries stretches away.

DANNY and MAXI get out of the cab.

DANNY  
Up and coming area?

MAXI  
You will be amazed.

She turns and kisses him passionately. DANNY responds.

EXT. SOUTH LONDON ESTATE. LANDING - NIGHT 7. 2130

DANNY and MAXI come up a staircase then along the landing.

They come to a door.

GO TO DANNY'S POV.

DANNY  
Done the place up have you?

MAXI  
It's a real bolt hole.

DANNY  
Great!

He looks nervously up and down the landing then over the edge of the balustrade.

MAXI has the door open. She steps back. Inside is dark. DANNY has to decide...He goes into the flat.

Still from his POV: he is immediately overpowered. He sees a black hood coming toward him.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Bastards bastard bastards...

Silence.

BLACKOUT SCREEN.

Then short fearful breaths.

And...

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM. NIGHT 7. 2135

...The hood is taken off DANNY's head.

It is the same room - with the window blocked by chipboard - in which JOHN LIGHTWOOD was tortured.

DANNY is naked. His wrists and ankles handcuffed to an iron garden chair.

Before him on a table there is a laptop computer. Its screen is lit up.

There are two masked men. One takes his mask off. It's VICTOR SHVITKOY. He taps an oval black Russian cigarette on a packet. CLOSE UP: his hands and the cigarette. He does not light it. DANNY watches his hands.

SHVITKOY

So Mr Joshua Ikoli, my daughter tells me she thinks you are very beautiful.

DANNY

I don't think so.

SHVITKOY

No. Well if I put your eyes out, you wouldn't have to look at your face in the mirror.

A horrible moment.

DANNY

Look I'll do a deal with you.

SHVITKOY

Excellent. This is the deal I want. You have some money of mine in an account at the bank of Bowman and Co. Kindly tell me the codes and the number of the account so I can enter the details into this computer. And transfer the money.

He nods to the other man. He has a needle.

SHVITKOY (cont'd)

My colleague is holding a knitting needle. He will now put it straight through the cornea of your eye into the optic nerve.

DANNY struggles. MAXI bursts into the room.

MAXI

I found this in his clothes.

It is a toothpick.

SHVITKOY

It's a toothpick.

MAXI

That's what I thought.

SHVITKOY looks at it more carefully. Then closely. He pulls it into two halves. There is a shiny wire.

DANNY

Yeah you see, Victor, tracker equipment's come on a lot since you were KGB.

The chipboard and the window are blown into the room. For a moment everyone is looking at a stun grenade on the table beside the laptop. The grenade goes off.

EXT. SOUTH LONDON ESTATE - NIGHT 7. 2142

From DANNY's POV. He is walking past policemen and women, through a cordon, towards TOM, MALCOLM and COLIN. ZOE appears, running towards him. She embraces him.

She says something. TOM says something...

But DANNY is deaf. There is only a muffled sound.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 7. 2258

...Still from DANNY's POV.

His hearing is better, though still strange.

Around the table are TOM, HARRY, ZOE, MALCOLM, COLIN, RUTH and AMANDA.

They are all looking at her. We hear what DANNY is hearing: AMANDA's speech muffled.

AMANDA

The Chancellor of the Exchequer too has asked me to thank you. It was a highly satisfactory outcome. Many thanks.

(Turns to Danny.)

I do hope your hearing is better?

General POV.

DANNY

What?

A moment. Then smiles.

AMANDA

Well I will leave you to your internal debrief.

HARRY

Certainly.

AMANDA goes.

HARRY (cont'd)

Well, after the excitement the paper work. Written statements all round then Tom and I will do the personal debriefings...

TOM

'Cuse me.

He rushes out.

FOLLOW: him on to the Grid. He catches AMANDA just by the pods.

TOM (cont'd)

What about the money?

AMANDA

What?

TOM

The nineteen billion dollars, all of what, thirteen billion pounds? What happens to it?

AMANDA

The right thing.

She turns and goes.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 7. 0107

The Grid is in pools of shadow. They have all gone home. HARRY and TOM are having a drink of whiskey. HARRY pours. They drink.

HARRY

The leak to Downing Street. Do I need to know anything?

TOM

I don't know.

HARRY

Someone is on probation?

(Stops Tom replying.)

Only tell me who it is...If the problem happens again.

TOM

Do you know what's happened to the money?

HARRY

Ah.

He smiles.

INT. SOHO BRASSERIE - DAY 8. 1011

CHRISTINE and TOM are having coffee at the bar.

CHRISTINE

Funny you were talking about money the other day.

TOM

No you were talking about money.

CHRISTINE

Our economics analyst at the Embassy has gone insane.

TOM

That's nasty for him.

CHRISTINE

What's freaking him out is a very strong rumour.

TOM

The rumour being...

CHRISTINE

Being that the British Treasury have found a huge sum to improve the National Health Service.

Thirteen billion pounds.

(A beat)

There's also a report from Moscow. There's some bloodletting amongst the Mafia. A lot of money's disappeared in London. Twenty billion dollars worth. World Trade Organisation money, American money.

TOM

Rumours and reports.

CHRISTINE

Yeah. Take a brave thief to steal from the Russian mob.

TOM

What will the American Government do?

CHRISTINE

Oh give them another twenty billion.

This catches TOM out.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

I mean we can't be seen to be losing money like that.

TOM

No.

They are looking at each other close, trying to read other. On the edge of smiles.

INT. SIR RICHARD BOWMAN'S STUDY - DAY 8. 1019

The study is now SIR RICHARD'S sickroom. He lies on a single bed propped up by many pillows. There are machines monitoring him. There is a nurse sitting discreetly by the wall.

SIR RICHARD cannot hear or speak. His watery eyes focus on nothing.

HARRY sits beside him.

HARRY

You did a great service to the country.

(A beat.)

You confronted a most dangerous man and did so with great courage.

(A beat.)

We have recovered this. We believe it belongs to you.

HARRY raises and unzips a special carrying case. He takes out the ikon SHVITKOY took from the room.

Nothing. Then, hands wavering, SIR RICHARD reaches out and takes the ikon. His eyes sweep the image full of love. Tears are running down his cheeks.

END OF EPISODE