

**IN THE LOOP**

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**1 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET LONDON - MORNING 1**

MALCOLM TUCKERS, government director of communications, is arriving early.

**2 INT. NUMBER TEN CORRIDOR/MALCOLM'S OFFICE - MORNING 2**

A CIVIL SERVANT hands Malcolm a CD.

**CIVIL SERVANT**

Monitoring. All the usual.

**MALCOLM**

How did your team do at the weekend?

**CIVIL SERVANT**

Yeah, alright. We won.

**MALCOLM**

Great.

(to himself)

Wanker.

Malcolm reaches his office. His assistant SAM is there.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Sam. Morning.

He hands her the CD and she puts it into a CD player.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Well, pop pickers....what Shall we start with today? Wonky Ron....or Simon Foster, on the PM programme for the BBC.

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

**EDDIE MAIR (ON RADIO)**

Well, I'm joined by Simon Foster, the  
Minister for International development.  
Thank you for joining us.

**MALCOLM**

Here we go.

**EDDIE MAIR**

You've been in the job now for eighteen  
months, do you think you're making  
headway?

**SIMON**

(v/o on radio)

Ah. Yes I do. You'd expect me to say that  
I suppose.

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**3 INT. DIFED OPEN PLAN OFFICE. DAY**

**3**

Judy Malloy, the Department's Press Officer, is preparing  
for her minister's arrival.

**JUDY**

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

**MARK**

Yes.

**JUDY**

Well co-ordinate it better.

**MARK**

Yes, can do.

**JUDY**

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

**4 INT. DFID OPEN PLAN OFFICE. DAY.**

**4**

SIMON is arriving with JUDY. Simon carrying his red

dispatch box. Simon's worried.

**SIMON**

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

**JUDY**

No not yet.

**SIMON**

Perhaps he didn't hear it.

**JUDY**

Or maybe he's dead.

**SIMON**

(with a degree of genuine hope)

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

5 INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE. DAY.

5

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

...preventable sickness in many of the poorest countries round the world...and Of course the big one is diarrhoea, which is a major, major issue....

Page 2

5 CON TINUE D:

5

**MALCOLM**

Diarrhoea? I mean, this is the minister for International Development. He should be talking about food parcels, not fucking arse-spraying mayhem.

SAM laughs.

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

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

**MALCOLM**

Oh yes, say it again. Very good. What is this, The Shitting Forecast?

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

...and then hopefully that will strike another blow in the war against preventable diseases.

**EDDIE MAIR**

You mentioned the word `war"

MALCOLM is paying extremely close attention now.

**MALCOLM**

Steady Eddie...

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

Against preventable diseases, yes....

**EDDIE MAIR (ON RADIO)**

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

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

Well....personally, I think that war is unforeseeable.

**MALCOLM**

Sam! Sam!

**EDDIE MAIR (ON RADIO)**

Unforeseeable?

**SIMON (ON RADIO)**

Yes.

**MALCOLM**

NO YOU DO NOT THINK THAT! Sam! I'm going to have to go over to International Development, and pull Simon Foster's fucking hair.

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6 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET LONDON. DAY.

6

MALCOLM emerges into the street. On the phone.

**MALCOLM**

He did not say "unforseeable". You may have heard him say it, but he did not say that, and that is a fact.

7 INT. DFI OPEN PLAN OFFICE. DAY.

7

**JUDY**

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

**SIMON**

On Question Time, you know the funny question they always ask at the end?

**JUDY**

Yes?

**SIMON**

I think we should prep that now. I'd like to shine on the funny question, cos I'm a funny guy. With a light touch.

SIMON deposits his briefcase. Judy finds some clippings, returns.

**JUDY**

There's this guy, he's a property tycoon. He's bought a South Sea Island. It might be something like that, you know. "If you had to spend the rest of your life on a desert island, who would it be with?"

**SIMON**

Ah. Well, I can't say my wife, because I haven't got one, and I can't say my girlfriend, because I haven't got one of those either.

**JUDY**

And don't say Mandela, that's...

**SIMON**

No. Boring. And a bloke.

**JUDY**

Or Keira Knightley.

**SIMON**

Well, that's a good idea.

**JUDY**

Pervert. Sex. Minister.

**SIMON**

I don't think so.

**JUDY**

People don't want to know.

Toby and Suzy walking to work together.

**SUZY**

Did you take the washing out of the machine?

**TOBY**

No.

**SUZY**

What do you mean, no?

**TOBY**

No. I didn't take the washing out of the machine.

**SUZY**

It's going to go really stale.

**TOBY**

It'll be fine.

**SUZY**

It's not fine. By the time...

**TOBY**

It is fine. I'll wear stale pants.

**SUZY**

I don't want to go out with some who wears stale pants.

**TOBY**

Well, there we go. I could go commando, but I don't think that's acceptable in government.

**SUZY**

(Disgusted)

Please. So: got everything you need for your first day in International Development?

Page 5

8    **CON TINUE D:**

8

**TOBY**

Oh Yes. It's all here. My massive intellect. And an apple for Simon Foster.

**SUZY**

Simon Fluster.

**TOBY**

Don't say that, I'm rebranding him.

**SUZY**

Well he was crap on the radio last night. He sounded like a chicken with a wasp up its arse.

**TOBY**

Well I'm going to sort that out. After a week I'll have him sounding like a chicken without a wasp up its arse.

**SUZY**

Have a good day, good luck honey.

**TOBY**

Have a good day at the Foreign Office. Try not to annoy Russia.

**SUZY**

I'll give you a call later. Keep your phone on. Bye.

**TOBY**

Yeah, alright.

**SUZY**

Oh and be careful - cars!

They walk off in separate directions.

9 MORNING/INT. MICHAEL'S FO OFFICE - MORNING

9

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

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

**TOBY**

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

Suzy is still in the FO office.

Page 6

9 CON TINUE D:

9

**SUZY**

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

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

**MICHAEL**

(mouthing)  
Croissants!

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

**MALCOLM**

No. You're fine to go ahead and print that. It's lies, you'd be lying, but go ahead. He did not say unforeseeable. No he did not. Oh, just before you go -- when I tell your wife about you and Angela Heaney at the Blackpool conference...would email be better? Or a phone call? Or, hey I know, I'll write it on a cake, "Your hack husband betrayed you on the 4th of October, and congratulations on the new baby" in those little silver balls. (BEAT) Yeah, maybe



best to spike it? Okay. Fuckity-bye!

Toby is now next to Malcolm in the building (or better still, in a lift). Malcolm becomes aware of him.

**TOBY**

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

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

**SUZY**

Why did you put clingfilm on it?

**TOBY**

To keep it fresh.

Malcolm starts dialling on his phone.

**SUZY**

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

**TOBY**

No, but it still might dry out.

**MALCOLM**

(into phone)

Yeah, Malcolm Tucker. Can I speak to James Lewis at the PM Programme please?

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9      **CON TINUE D: (2)**

9

Michael hands Suzie a croissant.

**MICHAEL**

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

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

**SUZY**

Clingfilm is carcinogenic, Toby.

**TOBY**

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

Malcolm now eyeing Toby with suspicion/contempt -- who is

this dick? Toby tries to smile, lowers his voice, embarrassed.

**MALCOLM**

(into phone)

No, I'll hold,. what's he waiting for? A  
sex-change?

**TOBY**

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

**MALCOLM**

James! Right --Simon Foster? Yeah, very funny, the Diarrhoea of a Nobody. Listen, we get an easy ride on Tom tomorrow, OK? (getting annoyed) No, YOU relax. Tell you what, I'll come over a lock you in a flotation tank and pump it full of sewage until you drown. GET ME FUCKING BRIAN!

**TITLE - IN THE LOOP**

10 **INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY.** 10

Simon and Judy are still prepping the funny question. ..

**SIMON**

Paris Hilton?

**JUDY**

Are you serious?

**SIMON**

Lily Allen.

**JUDY**

No. No women.

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10 **CON TINUE D:**

10

**SIMON**

The Olson twins?

Judy gets a call.

**JUDY**

Hi. Right. I see.

She rings off.

**SIMON**

(sensing something's up)

What?

**JUDY**

Malcolm's coming to see you.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

Now. And don't say you weren't prepared  
because I rang ahead.

(To JUDY)

Give us a minute, will you love?

Judy gets up as Malcolm turns back to SIMON

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

In the words of the late, great Nat King  
Fucking Cole, 'Unforeseeable, that's what  
you are..'

**11 INT. DFI OPEN PLAN OFFICE**

**11**

JUDY has spotted TOBY.

**JUDY**

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

**TOBY**

Toby.

**JUDY**

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

They shake hands.

11    **CON TINUE D:**

11

**TOBY**

Is this a normal morning, or...?

Judy's not got time for questions.

**JUDY**

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

**TOBY**

Rubbish?

**JUDY**

It's a technical term. It means he went  
on the radio and everyone could hear that  
he was rubbish.

Someone goes into Simon's office. As door opens we hear  
heated conversation between Simon and Malcolm.

**MALCOLM [IN OFFICE]**

You sounded like a panicky chimp trapped  
in a washing machine.

12    **INT. DFID SIMON'S OFFICE. DAY.**

12

Back inside Simon's office.

**SIMON**

Come on, Malcolm, he asked me for a  
personal opinion.

**MALCOLM**

Oh why didn't you say? I mean, he asked  
you. Fuck. Of course, that explains it.  
Yeah. Say, if he'd asked you to fucking  
black up, or give him your PIN number, or  
shot yourself, would you have done that  
as well.

**SIMON**

I would have blacked up. It was the radio  
and no-one would have known.

**MALCOLM**

Yeah. Very good.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

That is not our line, alright? Walk the  
fucking line. Look.

**(MOR E)**

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12 **CON TINUE D:**

12

**MAL COLM (CONT'D)**

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

JUDY and TOBY come in.

**JUDY**

Minister, this is Toby.

**MALCOLM**

Not the time love. Fuck off.

JUDY smiles at MALCOLM, and doesn't fuck off.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

Don't apologise for me. You should  
apologise for yourself.

(to Judy)

Did I not just tell you to fuck off and  
yet you're still here?

**JUDY**

That's correct.

**MALCOLM**

(to Toby)  
Hey, foetus boy. Lesson One: If I tell  
you to fuck off what do you do?

**TOBY**

Fuck off?

**MALCOLM**

You'll go far. Now fuck off.

**TOBY**

Right.

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

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

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12    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

12

**SIMON**

Why? We've been prepping Question Time.

**MALCOLM**

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

**JUDY**

Sorry, why wasn't I told about this?

**MALCOLM**

Why should I tell you about this?

**JUDY**

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

**MALCOLM**

Your purview? Where do you think you are sweetheart, in some Regency costume drama? This is a government department, not a fucking Jane Austen novel. Allow me to pop a jaunty little bonnet on your purview and ram it up the shitter with a lubricated horse cock.

**JUDY**

Malcolm, your swearing doesn't impress me. My husband works for Tower Hamlets and believe me, those kids make you sound like Angela Lansbury.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

But...okay, Judy's lubricated horse cock aside for one moment....

(Judy walks out)

Are you saying that I'm now not allowed to make any media appearances?

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

But I was going to keep to the line: "I don't actually think war is unforeseeable."

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12    **CON TINUE D: (3)**

12

Malcolm's looking out of the office, monitoring Judy's movements. She's flashed up on his radar. He's tracking her.

**MALCOLM**

What is it then?

A beat.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

No. Not foreseeable. That's fucking declaring war. Do you want to fucking declare war?

**SIMON**

I'm a cabinet minister. I didn't get here by screwing up every media appearance I ever had.

**MALCOLM**

Write this down. It's neither foreseeable nor undorseable.

**SIMON**

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

Malcolm leaves the office. Toby is still hovering.

**MALCOLM**

(calling back to Simon)

Okay, you need to work on this fucking line.

(to Judy)

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

**JUDY**

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

**MALCOLM**

Purview, Marie Antoinette? Weel listen, darling, why don't you fucking scuttle off back to fucking Cranford and play around with your tea and cake and horse cocks. Let them eat cock! (TO TOBY) You, Ron Weasley -- you do it.

Malcolm heads out.



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

**MICHAEL**

(on phone)

You needn't worry about the Canadians. They're just happy to be there. (Pause) Yes, well, they always look surprised when they're invited.

**SUZY**

Listen, shall I just give Toby a quick call about the Simon Foster thing?

Suzy dials.

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

**INTERCUT PHONE CALL:**

**TOBY**

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

**SUZY**

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

**TOBY**

All a bit manic. It was never like this at Agriculture. People tend not to swear so much about wheat. Apart from farmers. They swear about everything.

**SUZY**

(to Michael, re. the music)

Can you turn that down a bit?

(to Toby)

Look, I've got a leg up for you. I think we could get Simon into the big meeting with Karen Clark?

**TOBY**

Right - Karen Clark from...is that the woman who went round Britain in a coracle for leukemia?

14 CONTINUED:

14

**SUZY**

Karen Clark, US Assistant Secretary of State?

**TOBY**

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

**SUZY**

Hang on, Michael wants to say something.

**MICHAEL**

Meat.

**SUZY**

Meat.

**MICHAEL**

Meat! Simon's only going to be meat in the room. Don't get his hopes up.

**SUZY**

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

**TOBY**

Meat?

Judy, nearby, hears this.

**SUZY**

(waving him away)

Yeah. The Americans don't feel they're getting a real meeting unless there's thirty of you on each side. So Simon is...you know those polystyrene peanut things they use to pack electrical goods? Sort of one of those. But you might not want to tell him that. I ought to go. I love you.

Judy's hovering nearby.

**TOBY**

Likewise. Affirmative on that.

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

15

Judy is hovering as Toby finishes his call.

**JUDY**

So, quick tour.

She starts walking away. Toby follows.

**TOBY**

Um, I do just need to...

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15 CONTINUE D:

15

**JUDY**

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

**MIKE**

What?

**JUDY**

Exactly.

(as they walk on)

He's an idiot. He organised 3,000 tents and sanitation packs for Rwanda.

**TOBY**

Right...is that not...?

**JUDY**

They needed them in Luanda. Angola. It's been in the news.

(checks phone)

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

**TOBY**

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

**JUDY**

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

But she's gone. Toby heads over to Simon's office. The

door's open. He pops his head in.

**TOBY**

Hey, boss.

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

I did it through sheer bloody hard work.

Judy walks past. Simon calls out.

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15    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

15

**SIMON**

Hey Judy.

She comes in.

**JUDY**

Hello?

**SIMON**

Tobes here has got me into the big Karen Clark meeting.

Judy looks at Toby. She heard the `meat' conversation.

**JUDY**

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

**TOBY**

Two `e's.

16    **EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY**

16

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

An awkward silence.

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

**TOBY**

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

**JUDY**

Yeah. It might be like that.

**SIMON**

I think I can work a room, okay? I'm not a room virgin.

**17 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE BUILDING. FOYER - DAY**

**17**

Simon, Toby and Judy are going through security. Suzy and Michael come to meet them.

**MICHAEL**

Simon.

**SIMON**

Michael.

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**17 CON TINUE D:**

**17**

A very young man approaches Michael. Looks like he is 19. He is CHAD.

**CHAD**

Ah, Michael? I'm Chad.

**MICHAEL**

Hello?

**CHAD**

We'd like a dual horse-shoe formation for the meeting set-up - an enclave for Ms Clark, an enclave for the Pentagon delegation. First names acceptable to all

parties and politely we request the presence of both carbonated and non-carbonated waters.

**SUZY**

Right.

**CHAD**

Thanks so much.

He walks purposefully off.

**MICHAEL**

My God. Who was that, Young Lankenstein?

**JUDY**

Oh he'll be running something relatively major. They're all kids in Washington. It's like Bugsy Malone, but with real guns.

**18 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE GRAND MEETING ROOM - DAY**

**18**

Chad's dual horse-shoe is packed with people. The room's pretty much full.

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

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

Lots of hubbub.

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

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**18 CON TINUE D:**

**18**

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

say, 'you're very far away, look how close and therefore important I am'.

**SIMON**

No-one will hear me if I say anything.  
How's your view? Can we swap?

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

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

(to Judy)  
Can I swap with you?

**JUDY**

I think the meeting's starting.

It is.

**SIMON**

Well, quickly then, swap.

Simon and Judy swap seats.

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

**KAREN**

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

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

**SIMON**

Are people thinking that? That's -- a bit  
hardcore.

He cranes again to see.

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

No, this is worse. Swap back.

Simon and Judy swap seats again.

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

18    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

18

**KAREN**

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

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

**KAREN (CONT'D)**

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

**BOB ADRIANO**

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

**KAREN**

Really - such as what?

**BOB ADRIANO**

The committee feels a much quicker  
deployment is possible.

**KAREN**

Which committee?

**BOB ADRIANO**

(covering)

This has been discussed in a number of  
committees. If I said one committee...

**KAREN**

You did.

**ADRIANO**

Then that was a slip of the tongue

**KAREN**

Have you accidentally alluded to some  
secret committee? A war committee?

**MICHAEL**

If I can interject here, I'm aware we're



pushed for time. I'd like to move us on agenda-wise. Our next item is international relief co-ordination.

Karen is conferring with Liza, Adriano with his guy.

**KAREN**

Have you heard of this committee?

**ADRIANO**

What's this Liza Weld paper?

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18    **CON TINUE D: (3)**

18

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

**SIMON**

(to Judy and Toby)

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

**JUDY**

I don't know whether you should say anything.

**SIMON**

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

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

**KAREN**

Look - I just think it's worth noting that Ministers in The UK Government,  
(Liza whispers - Simon's over there)  
such as our colleague here ...

**SIMON**

(pleased)

Is she talking about me?

**KAREN**

Simon Foster ...

**SIMON**

She's talking about me!

**KAREN**

Has made it clear that for them currently war is unforeseeable. Isn't that right Simon?

**SIMON**

Well, yes, I mean, that's what I said. And I stick to what I said.

SIMON sits down. Then stands back up.

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

But that doesn't mean that what I said won't ever change. It's not immutable. Or mutable. It's an ongoing ...

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18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

**MICHAEL**

(cutting in)

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

He's ended the debate.

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

**JUDY**

Thanks.

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

**SUZY**

Is that all fine?

**JUDY**

That's all fine. Thanks for that.

**SUZY**

Thanks.

Toby whispers something in Simon's ear. Simon doesn't look pleased. Karen is still talking to the meeting. Simon shuts up. He'll have this out later.

19 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE BALLROOM - DAY

19

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

**SIMON**

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

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

**JUDY**

You were just meat in the room, Simon.

**SIMON**

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

Page 22

19 CON TINUE D:

19

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

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

20 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

20

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

woman.

TOBY, SIMON and JUDY are above them standing round a circular viewing area that looks down on the lobby.

The UK and US delegations are aware of each other, throwing furtive glances each other's way.

**KAREN**

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

**LIZA**

Okay. Right.

Chad arrives. Karen talks to someone else.

**CHAD**

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

**LIZA**

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

**CHAD**

You could not write anything that clashes more violently with the current climate than you the one you wrote if you were trying, and it almost seems like you were trying.

**LIZA**

I wasn't trying, believe me.

**CHAD**

You are like the woman from The Omen, you've given birth to a demon and it's going to kill you.

Page 23

20    **CON TINUE D:**  
20

**LIZA**

You probably identify with the kid from

The Omen right?

**CHAD**

Ooh.

**LIZA**

See, you're an only child, aren't you?

**CHAD**

You bring this up whenever you run out of arguments. I don't see how my parents' limited reproductive abilities reflects badly on me. I'm the sperm that made it.

Liza walks off, over to Karen.

**CHAD (CONT'D)**

Have fun with your career kryptonite.

21 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

21

**SIMON**

(re : Karen talking  
conspiratorially to Liza  
downstairs)

What's that all about? It looks important.

22 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

22

Karen is back, huddled up with Liza.

**KAREN**

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

Liza stares into Karen's mouth.

**LIZA**

Well, I think that one, that one's always been there, right? I'm not sure. Have you got any painkillers?

**KAREN**

Oh, don't look at my teeth.

23 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE UPSTAIRS MEZZANINE - DAY

23

**JUDY**  
(trying to earwig)  
Sshhh!

Page 24

**24 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY 24**

**KAREN**  
(looking up at the Brits, off  
Simon's smile)  
I don't want to risk a dentist here.

**25 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE UPSTAIRS MEZZANINE - DAY 25**

The US delegation are heading off

**TOBY**  
(shouting)  
Hey Liza!

**LIZA**  
Oh ... Hi ... hi?  
She knows him but can't immediately place him.

**TOBY**  
Toby? It's Toby.

**LIZA**  
Hi. Hi.

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

**JUDY**  
(re the typing gesture)  
What are you doing? You look like you're practicing baby massage.

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

**JUDY**

I can imagine.

**TOBY**

I'm not sure she remembered me.

**JUDY**

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

Page 25

**26 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY.**

**26**

**KAREN**

Linton has set up a secret war committee, I just know it. I mean, Linton is an absolute lunatic, Liza. He is dangerous. The voices in his head are now singing barbershop together.

**27 EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY**

**27**

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

**SIMON**

Yeah. Jesus. I really really hope there's not a war. It's going to be a nightmare. It's bad enough having to cope with the fucking Olympics.

They appear outside. There's a press pack of 10 or so reporters and photographers there.

**PRESS**

Minister!/Simon!/Mr Foster!

Simon is taken aback.

**SIMON**

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

**JUDY**

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

**SIMON**

What? No. No. I'll freestyle it.

The press are calling.

**REPORTER 1**

Is war unforeseeable Minister?

**SIMON**

Look,

(grappling now)

...loads of things that are actually very likely are also unforeseeable. Y'know, For the plane in the fog the mountain is unforeseeable, but then it, is suddenly very real and inevitable.

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

Page 26

27 **CON TINUE D:**

27

The press pack are looking for more.

**REPORTER**

Sorry, are you saying that...?

**SIMON**

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

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

28 **INT. CAR DRIVING THRU WESTMINSTER. DAY.**

28

**(CHANGE SCENE ORDER - GOES AFTER SC. 29G)**

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

**SIMON**



(under his breath)  
Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck.  
(to Judy)  
Why didn't we nail the line?

**JUDY**

I did try to warn you.

**SIMON**

You did try to warn me but you didn't actually stop me, did you?. That's like shouting 'Train!' as I get hit by a train. You should go  
(stupid voice)  
'Look! Train! There's a Fucking Train!'

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

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

Oh shit. It's Malcolm.

**JUDY**

It's Malcolm for me too.

**SIMON**

How does he do that?  
(he answers, tentatively)  
Hello?

Page 27

29 INT. NUMBER 10. DAY.

29

Malcolm has two phones on the go. He's watching the SKY NEWS coverage of Simon's mini-press coverage. It has a 'Government ready to Climb the Mountain of Conflict' banner running across the top.

**MALCOLM**

(on the phone, over TV)  
Simon. I don't like finding out about people I work with via the news, unless they've died. Get over here now so we

can address at least one of those issues.

30 INT. NUMBER TEN - DAY

30

Judy, Simon and Toby are walking towards Malcolm's office.

**TOBY**

The thing is. On the war. With your profile..

(uncertain, but fuck it, he is a senior policy aide to a cabinet minister)

... Maybe we should - get it out there? That the war is a resigning issue for you.

**SIMON**

You can't say it's a resigning issue. Because you then have to resign.

**JUDY**

You are having a really great first day you know that?

They walk in, Malcolm's there.

**MALCOLM**

(shouting)

You are supposed to be a Cabinet Minister. You are supposed to be officer class. Don't do this. Don't make waves.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

You're against talking up the war? Is that why you said, "Climb the mountain of conflict"?

**(MOR E)**

Page 28

30 CON TINUE D:

30

**MAL COLM (CONT'D)**

Do you know what you sounded like? You sounded like a fucking Nazi Julie Andrews.

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

(different tack needed)

(at Toby and Judy)

Right, you two, The White Stripes, outside.

Simon makes to leave with them.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

There's only two people in the White Stripes.

Toby and Judy leave and wait outside the door.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D, TO SIMON)  
(CONT'D)**

Look, I admire you, I really do. Making a stand. So, I take it I can tell the PM you don't want to go to Washington?

**SIMON**

To where...?

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

Oh. Right.

**MALCOLM**

But you were saying, you are on the verge of your stand...

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

I am standing my ground on the verge.

30    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

30

**MALCOLM**

Well, when you go to America, talk to Karen Clarke at the State Department,

**SIMON**

I'll give it a whirl.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

Oh right.     I won't talk to him.

**MALCOLM**

Talk to as few people as possible. That would be best for you.

31    **INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

31

Liza, Karen and Chad arrive in the buzzing State Department offices, knackered but in action mode.

**KAREN**

Okay - so, priorities are: take a shower, get me on Linton's War Committee, get me a dental appointment. Not necessarily in that order.

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

**KAREN (cont'd) (CONT'D)**

What's Linton been up to while we've been away....have we declared war on California yet?

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

**LINTON**

Ah. Karen.

**KAREN**

Linton.

**LINTON**

How was London? Good hotel?

**KAREN**

Great hotel, thank you.

Page 30

31 **CON TINUE D:**

31

**LINTON**

Good meetings?

**KAREN**

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

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

**LINTON**

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

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

**KAREN**

Is Chad coming... ?

**LIZA**

(watching)

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

**CHAD**

(as he passes)

Assistant Secretary of State -- hi.

**LINTON**

Brad.

**CHAD**

Chad

**LINTON**

Uh-huh. Exactly

**CHAD**

Can I...?

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

**KAREN**

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

**LIZA**

Dullest?

Page 31

31    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

31

**KAREN**

Because Linton is not going to call it the big horrible scarey war committee...they'll have buried the war committee under the most boring name they can think of. 'Diverse Strategy Committee'- not that, I'm on that. But it'll be a committee that sounds so tedious you want to self-harm.

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

**KAREN (CONT'D)**

Can you get me General Miller at the Pentagon?

(as she leaves)

My teeth hurt like hell.

**LIZA**

(to herself)

Sick of hearing about the teeth...

Liza goes to her desk, picks up her landline.

LIZA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm calling from Karen Clark's office about a paper written by a staffer here. We need to know if 'Post War Planning: Parameters, Implication's and Possibilities' has reached Assistant Secretary of State Linton Barwick yet?

(listens)

Yeah...by Liza Weld.

(listens, shit!)

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

(listens)

No I don't want to fast-track it. Would it possible to slow-track it? Well can we create one?

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

32

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

**LINTON**

I do not understand why anyone would choose to work in a glass office. In my opinion glass offices are for perverts.

**BOB ADRIANO**

I could request the glass be frosted?

Page 32

32 CON TINUE D:

32

**LINTON**

(as if Bob Adriano brought it up)

Frosting is for cakes, Bob. Now. What happened in London?

**BOB ADRIANO**

Generally positive. Two glitches. Karen flagged a report by one of her staffers - Liza. She's obviously trying to use it as some kind of roadblock. It's called Pwip Pip.

**LINTON**

Pip what?

**BOB ADRIANO**

Pwip Pip.

**LINTON**

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

**BOB ADRIANO**

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

**LINTON**

We've got all the facts we need on this.  
In the land of truth, my friend, the man  
with one fact is king. You said there was  
another thing?

**BOB ADRIANO**

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

**LINTON**

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

Which committee?

**BOB ADRIANO**

(doing the same)

The war committee.

**LINTON**

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

**BOB ADRIANO**

We can do that?

Page 33

32 CON TINUE D: (2)

32

**LINTON**

Yes we can. They're an aide memoir for  
us. So they should not be a reductive



record of what happened to be said, but a more full record of what was intended to be said. I think that's the more accurate version, right?

LATER. Bob Adriano is going through the minutes with Linton.

**LINTON (CONT'D)**

I don't like this section. Cut that. I don't think this is really what France are saying. Let's change that. And these. And let's reverse this.

**BOB ADRIANO**

That's something Karen said.

**LINTON**

It's not right. Change it.

**BOB ADRIANO**

Yes sir.

**LINTON**

And I like this.

**BOB ADRIANO**

Thank you.

**LINTON**

Let's say everyone agreed with this.

**BOB ADRIANO**

Excellent.

**33 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE/BOX ROOM - DAY**

**33**

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

**SIMON**

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

Judy closes the blinds on her side of the office.

**SIMON (CONT'D) (cont'd)**

Why's she got control of the blinds? I'm a government minister. I should have blinds.

33 CON TINUE D:  
33

**TOBY**

(joking)

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

**SIMON**

Yes. I do.

**TOBY**

Oh. Okay ...

**SIMON**

Can we go somewhere else?

They walk to Box Room.

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

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

**TOBY**

I could work with that, definitely. Plus she can be a bit... you know?  
"Everything's a bit shit isn't it?"

**SIMON**

"So you're the President? And I'm supposed to be impressed by that?"

**TOBY**

Yeah. "My husband works in Tower Hamlets."

**SIMON**

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

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

34  
34

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

Bob Adriano.

**KAREN**

Which brings us on to Any Other Business.

**LINTON**

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

Page 35

34 CON TINUE D:  
34

**KAREN**

(putting her hand over her mouth, mocking Linton's gesture from earlier)  
Or everything you're prepared to discuss.

**LINTON**

What is that, Karen

**KAREN**

I understand you've started up a new committee, what's it called?

**LINTON**

What makes you think that?

**KAREN**

It was mentioned in our London meeting.

**LINTON**

You must have misheard.

**KAREN**

I misheard the word committee?

**LINTON**

Maybe it was another word. Like Khomeini.

**KAREN**

You're sitting on a new Khomeini?

**LINTON**

Possibly. There are a lot of words,

Karen. Kansas City. Kitty.

**BOB ARIANO**

Itty.

**LINTON**

Itty is not a word, Bob.

**CHAD**

Commissary?

**LINTON**

Thank you, James

**CHAD**

Chad.

**KAREN**

Ok. Why don't you just recap for me all the committees that you're currently sitting on?

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34    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

34

**LINTON**

I'm Sorry, Karen, you appear to be bleeding from your mouth.

She is. But she doesn't want to leave the meeting.

**KAREN**

Oh don't try to change the subject Linton.

**LIZA**

(Looking at Karen)  
Oh no. Holy Mother of....

Everyone is just looking at her.

**LINTON**

I don't mean to be rude Karen but that is a tad... repulsive. I can't concentrate on what you're saying. You have blood coming out of your teeth and that's not right.

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

**KAREN**

Okay, Liza come with me.

**CHAD**

(aside, to Liza)

Go, Buffy - you belong to the vampire queen now.

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

**LINTON**

I don't like to see a woman bleeding from the mouth. It makes me think of Country and Western music. Which I really can't abide.

**CHAD**

(what?)

Yes! Ha ha! Exactly.

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

**LINTON**

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

Page 37

**35 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - CORRIDOR/BATHROOM - DAY**

**35**

They head into the bathroom.

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

**KAREN**

Where are you at with the committees?

**LIZA**

I got it down to two. The Aims and Policy

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

**KAREN**

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

**LIZA**

Right, no, it is a good name.

**KAREN**

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

**LIZA**

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

**KAREN**

I'm not a fucking monster Liza, okay? Will you stop implying I'm some kind of monster?

**36 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

**36**

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

**LIZA**

Bob!

Bob Adriano stops and turns.

**BOB ADRIANO**

Liza.

Liza sprints and catches up with him.

Page 38

**36 CON TINUE D:**

**36**

**LIZA**

So listen, Bob, there's something I

really want to tell you. We're having a hunk of the month competition, and I just didn't want you to be feel...objectified in any way....and

**BOB ADRIANO**

(hopes it might be a come-on?)

Oh really?

**LIZA**

Karen knows about the Future Planning Committee.

Bob Adriano looks shocked, tries to cover it up.

**BOB ADRIANO**

I have no idea what you're talking about. Liza smiles. Runs back into the toilets and gives a thumbs up to Karen.

**37 INT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT - DAY**  
**37**

Simon and Toby walking past the queues at US immigration, they are being ushered through a separate channel by airport workers and diplomatic staff. As they're escorted Simon and Toby catch each other's eye.

**TOBY**

This is cool.

**SIMON**

Don't be callow Toby. We're on official business.

A Homeland Security official ushers them through.

**SIMON (CONT'D) (cont'd)**

This is a little bit fucking cool.

**38 INT/EXT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT - DAY**  
**38**

But then they reach the end of security and find themselves dumped into the same arrivals area as everyone else. They walk through.

**SIMON**

There will be a car won't there?

**TOBY**

Oh God yeah, of course.

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**38 CONTINUE D:**

**38**

They walk slowly looking at the various cabbies and chauffeurs holding signs.

**SIMON**

Did you book a car?

**TOBY**

Me? No. I mean, Judy will have got someone to do it.

He calls on his phone.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Hi Judy? Yeah sorry if you're in bed, but we're here and...

(looks through papers)

Just can't see the car? Wondered what the car situation was?

**39 INT. JUDY'S FLAT/INT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT**

**39**

Intercut with Judy in bed at her flat.

**JUDY**

What car situation?

**TOBY**

The airport car?

**JUDY**

That's not my job Toby. That's Robbie's job to book it, your job to check it and confirm it. Alright? Good night.

The call is over.

**40 EXT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT**

**40**

**TOBY**

(to Simon)

Yeah. She's really embarrassed. Sounds like a snarl up her end. I'll see what we can do?



He's looking panicked - then.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Here we go.

There's a guy with a sign that says 'England Government - Simon Forester'

**SIMON**

'Simon Forester?'

Page 40

40 **CON TINUE D:**  
40

**TOBY**

(to the taxi guy)

Hi we're the Simon Foster party?

The driver takes their bags and they follow him.

41 **INT. LIMO - DAY**  
41

Simon and Toby are heading into Washington. Their car is accompanied by two police motorcycles.

**SIMON**

(re : the limo)

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

**TOBY**

(thumbs up, on his mobile)

Hey Gav, I'm in a fucking motorcade!

**DRIVER**

You want girls?

**SIMON**

(terrified of things getting out of hand)

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

interested.  
(uncomfy beat, then)  
But thanks. Thanks very much.

42 **EXT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY**  
42

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

43 **INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY**  
43

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

**TOBY**  
It's like a hangar for businessmen.

44 **INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM**  
44

Simon and Toby enter with the porter. He hangs around for a tip.

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44 **CON TINUE D:**  
44

**SIMON**  
Toby, have you....?

**TOBY**  
(seaching his pockets)  
I haven't been to an ATM yet...I've only got English....

SIMON finds two crumbled up one dollar bills and presses them into the porter's hand.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**  
It's supposed to be a dollar a bag.

Porter leaves. TOBY goes to window, opens curtain. The Capitol it just visisble through a building site.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Technically, you've got a Capitol Hill view.

45 INT. GEORGETOWN HOUSE - NIGHT  
45

A smart private cocktail party in a fancy Georgetown house. Karen and General Miller spot each other.

They each take a glass of champagne from a waiter.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Hey Karen. You look beautiful.

**KAREN**

I bet you say that to all the girls.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Yeah I do. And some of the guys.

**KAREN**

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

**GENERAL MILLER**

Yeah, don't believe the hype. I'm just thinking about doing ... something. I'm more than just a soldier, Karen.

**KAREN**

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

**GENERAL MILLER**

Lingerie.

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45 CON TINUE D:  
45

**KAREN**

That's right.

**GENERAL MILLER**

And bestiality.

**KAREN**

I'd forgotten about that. Are you still allergic to that dog?

**GENERAL MILLER**

Yes, yes. I wake up and my eyes are closed and my head is swollen and I look like a giant ball sack.

**KAREN**

Oh my god, they do have medication for that.....but a beautiful ball sack, though. And how's the pentagon?

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

**KAREN**

Is there somewhere we can talk?

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

**46 INT. CAULDERWOOD'S PARTY. ADJOINING PLAY ROOM - EVENING**  
**46**

General Miller and Karen are in Caulderwood's kids' play room. Toys are piled up everywhere.

**KAREN**

What if someone comes in now?

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

**KAREN**

No. Just be careful. Don't mess stuff up.

They sit down on the child's bed. Miller grabs a crayon.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Okay so that's total minimum European Theatre requirement.

He shows her a figure on a piece of paper.

**GENERAL MILLER (CONT'D)**

(he scribbles)

This is Far East, Korea, Japan etc.

46     **CON TINUE D:**  
46

He scribbles.

**GENERAL MILLER (CONT'D)**

Add those. Plus contingency already  
deployed.

**KAREN**

Er - you've lost me.

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

**KAREN (CONT'D)**

Your military hardware is impressive.

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

(he types)

Europe, Asia.

(He types)

And the contingency already deployed.

(He types)

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

(he presses the 'equals'  
button)

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Twelve.

**KAREN**

Thousand?

**GENERAL MILLER**

No, twelve. Twelve soldiers. Twelve.

**KAREN**

You're shitting me.

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

**KAREN**

Uh-huh. Tomorrow I've got to meet these Brits. Simon Foster. He's the guy that said war was unforeseeable, and I think he could very useful on the committee because he could internationalise the dissent.

Page 44

46 CONTINUE D: (2)

46

**GENERAL MILLER**

You're going to use him as a little meat puppet.

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

47

47

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

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

(panic in his eyes)  
What's the plan? For tonight?

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

(approaching breaking point with Toby)  
Well I am tired but I'm also a career politician Toby, in the political powerhouse of the world for forty-eight hours. So I thought it might be nice to, you know, go out rather than sit in my room trying to spank one out watching a shark documentary, because I'm scared if I watch a porno it'll end up in the Register of Members Interests. So what

have you got?

**TOBY**

Okay ... What have I got?

**SIMON**

Don't bullshit me Toby.

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

No.

Page 45

47 **CON TINUE D:**  
47

**TOBY**

No?

48 **INT. GEORGETOWN PARTY. EVE.**  
48

Karen on the phone.

**KAREN**

Liza, where are you?

**LIZA**

Waving at you.

**KAREN**

Make yourself more visible.

**LIZA**

I'm practically on top of you.

They meet.

**KAREN**

You can stop talking on your phone now. Look, I have to leave. Phone Simon Foster's guy. Tell them to come to the

war committee. I'll give them some face time around ten o'clock. It'll be coffee and Danish...tea..they're going to want tea. Tea and sympathy. Tea and a handjob, whatever.

**LIZA**

Ok.

49 **EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - EVENING.**

49

**LIZA**

(on phone, deep breath)

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

50 **INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - EVENING**

50

Toby and Simon are lying on separate beds in their underpants watching a shark documentary. Toby is the one on the phone.

**TV NARRATOR**

There is still a great deal that is unknown about great white shark mating behaviour...

**TOBY**

Well it is unbelievably hectic.

Page 46

50 **CONTINUED:**

50

**SIMON**

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

51 **INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL BATHROOM - EVENING**

51

Toby's ending his call with Liza.

**TOBY**

Attending the war committee. That's big. I mean, I have been on a committee before. "Challenges for the cheese market" - that was a big one...



but...yes, sure I'd love a drink. Forty minutes? Great.

(he does that mobile thing where people sign off by repeatedly saying `bye' with increasing speed but diminishing volume)

Bye bye bye-bye-bye-bye-bye bye.

He hangs up. Very excited. Starts getting ready to see Liza. Checks his hair in the mirror. Not quite right. He opens a pot of hair gel, takes a scoop and rubs it in his hands, ready to put it in his hair. His phone goes again.

Doesn't know what to do. Doesn't want to pick up the phone with gelly hands. No time to wash it off. Grabs a towel and picks up the phone holding the towel. He struggles to press the answer button. Puts the towel-covered phone to his ear.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Hello? Hi? Hello?

He can't hear through the towel. Tries to adjust it.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Matty, hi, How's CNN? yes -- sorry? Do I sound muffled?

Can't mate. Yeah, Liza Weld's's got us on to Linton's Future Planning Committee in the morning. The war committee, to you and me. So I'm prepping...what? Yes, Future Planning Committee is the war committee. You don't know that? I thought you worked for CNN? Or is that Cartoon Network News?

**52 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

**52**

Simon has just answered the door to MALCOLM.

Page 47

**52 CON TINUE D:**

**52**

**SIMON**

Come in....I just wasn't expecting you to be here. Physically here. Obviously,

you're always in my heart.

**MALCOLM**

I'm here, I'm there, I'm fucking everywhere. I am the egg-man.

**SIMON**

Have you come to insult me in a different time zone?

**53 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**53**

Toby still on the phone.

**TOBY**

No, off out now for a drink with her...yeah, yeah, ha-di-ha, but nothing's going to happen there. Little Toby's staying in his hammock tonight.

Toby checks himself in the mirror.

**54 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

**54**

Toby comes out of the bathroom.

**TOBY**

Simon, I've managed to get us on the...

Malcolm is suddenly in his face.

**MALCOLM**

Hello!!

**TOBY**

(heart attack)

Fuck! Malcolm! Jesus.

**MALCOLM**

You're meant to shit yourself in there. Not out here.

**TOBY**

Right.

(to Simon)

I've got us on to Linton's Future Planning Committee in the morning.

**SIMON**

Okay. What's that?

54 CONTINUED:

54

**TOBY**

It's the war committee.

**MALCOLM**

What? The actual...war committee?

**TOBY**

Yeah, Liza says that...

**MALCOLM**

Who's going to be there?

**TOBY**

Karen Clark, Liza, me and Simon.

(off Simon's look)

Simon and me.

**MALCOLM**

Who else is going -- Jimmy Osmond?  
Gwyneth Paltrow? You've been invited to a  
diversion. The real committee, the real  
thing, that's happening at The White  
House.

Toby picks his jacket up.

**TOBY**

Yeah well, I'll text you the details  
because I'm going to go out for a quick  
drink with some State Department bods.

**MALCOLM**

Don't mention this to the press, ok?  
Don't mention it to anyone. Because if  
the press get a whiff there's a war  
committee, even a cardboard one, every  
fucker in this town is going to turn up  
and try and get on it. So no matter what  
gay bar you end up, keep it schtum.

Malcolm flicks the TV over to a news channel.

**SIMON**

I was watching that.

Malcolm looks at him.

**MALCOLM**

I have to have a word with you. You might want to slip into your negligee.

Toby heads out.

Page 49

55 INT. BLACK CAT INDIE CLUB - NIGHT

55

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

**LIZA**

(re : the mosh pit)  
You see those guys? The mosh pit?

**TOBY**

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

**LIZA**

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

They're chuckling, having a good time.

**TOBY**

(beat, looks at her.)  
You're worried.

**LIZA**

(she's been mulling on something else entirely)  
It's Pwip Pip.

**TOBY**

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

**LIZA**

It's my paper. On the war. Pros and Cons  
of the war. But I came up with too many  
cons. The pro-war guys have started  
calling me `Connie'. So, yes I'm fucking  
worried. My career's on the line.

**TOBY**

Yeah- I noticed you're worried, cos I saw  
you looking worried. I'm perceptive like  
that. But...

(can't think of anything  
else)

Don't worry.

**LIZA**

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

Page 50

55 **CON TINUE D:**

55

**TOBY**

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

**LIZA**

You don't want to come back to my place  
for a quick catch up?

It's an alluring offer.

**TOBY**

However, due to technological  
developments I no longer need sleep, but  
am physically rejuvenated by alcohol!

He guzzles from his beer bottle as they leave.

56 **INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

56

Toby and Liza are on the bed together, kissing.

**TOBY**

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

**LIZA**

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

**57 INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - EVENING**

**57**

Malcolm is still in Simon's room. He's texting. Simon sneaks the remote and flips from the news back to the shark doc. Malcolm, without looking up, picks up the remote and flicks back to the news.

**MALCOLM**

We are under enormous pressure Simon. Karen will want you to say, 'war is unforeseeable'. Linton will want you to talk up 'climbing the mountain of conflict'. You say nothing, okay? You can't swing both ways, you're not David fucking Bowie.

**SIMON**

Right. Can I go to bed now?

**MALCOLM**

No, we're going to run that through.

**SIMON**

Am I being tortured?

Page 51

**58 INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**58**

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

He heads down stairs & out of the apartment.

59 EXT. LIZA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

59

**TOBY**

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

He's on the street.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Hello. I need a cab, right now. From?  
From where? From from  
(sees the house number )

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

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

60 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET

60

Toby running.

61 INT. KAREN CLARK'S OFFICE. DAY.

61

Karen, Liza and Simon are making small talk.

**LIZA**

Marcel's is good.

**SIMON**

Uh-huh.

**KAREN**

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

**LIZA**

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

Page 52

61 CONTINUE D:

61

**SIMON**

It sounds a lot of fun.

**KAREN**

There's the aerospace museum, the National Gallery.

**SIMON**

Do they set fire to the paintings?

Polite laughter. Toby comes in.

**TOBY**

Hi I'm sorry I'm so late.

**KAREN**

(re Toby)

And this is your guy?

**SIMON**

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

Toby shoots Simon a look.

**KAREN**

(turning to Toby)

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

**TOBY**

(she can't know?)

Yes. From college, in England.

**KAREN**

Pulled an all-nighter?

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

**TOBY**

Yes, I, uh, got led astray.

**KAREN**

Oh who by?

**TOBY**

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

**KAREN**

Not Penny Grayling?

**TOBY**

Er - no, another - gang?

**KAREN**

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



61    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

61

**TOBY**

(weakly)

The British are coming!

**KAREN**

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

**SIMON**

Er - no problem.

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

**LIZA**

It's been great.

**SIMON**

Terrific.

**KAREN**

I really appreciate this.

**TOBY**

Brilliant.

62    **INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

62

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

**TOBY**

Was that...?

**SIMON**

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

(special needs)

`The British are coming'?

**TOBY**

(feels he's taken enough now)  
So I turned up late to the meeting Simon.  
I'm sorry. But it's not like I threw up  
in there.

Page 54

62    **CON TINUE D:**  
62

**SIMON**

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

An uncomfortable beat.

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

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

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

**LIZA**

(looking at a list on her  
desk, then to a staffer)  
Are these all requests to get on the  
committee? What's going on? Did someone  
post an invite on Facebook? I'm drowning  
in Senators. It's Senator soup here.

**TOBY**

Hi Liza.

They're uncomfy with each other.

**LIZA**

Hey Toby.

Toby gets up for a private word.

**TOBY**

(re last night)

You feeling okay?

**LIZA**

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

**TOBY**

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

Page 55

62    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

62

**LIZA**

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

**TOBY**

I was asleep, of course I didn't. That's how people walk out of windows.

**STAFFER**

((hand over phone, calls over))

Hey Liza, I've got another call about the Committee from Senator Crudden's office, he wants in too.

**LIZA**

What is going on here? Fuck. Why's this my problem? Toby you sure you didn't do bad? You didn't mention the committee to anyone else?

**TOBY**

Nada. Nada.. Bad-da. Nada-bada bing-bong ding-dang-dong.

(beat, she looks at him)

I have no idea what I'm saying anymore I

think I really am still quite drunk.

Chad is passing. As Liza turns away Toby's face does a spasm of regret at his brazen lying.

**CHAD**

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

**LIZA**

I don't feel that.

**CHAD**

It's by degrees. Wafting. Bisque. I smell lobster. Can you smell lobster, Toby?

Simon calls Toby back over.

**SIMON (O.S.)**

Mate!

**TOBY**

I need to...

**LIZA**

Sure.

Toby goes back to Simon

Page 56

62    **CON TINUE D: (3)**

62

**LIZA (CONT'D)**

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

63    **INT. WHITE HOUSE. SMALLISH ROOM - DAY**

63

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

**A.J.**

How are you today? Beat the traffic?

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

**MALCOLM**

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

He gives AJ his coat.

**A. J.**

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

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

**MALCOLM**

(realising)

Your assistant?

**A. J.**

(sitting, picking up a file in the room)

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

**MALCOLM**

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

**A. J.**

Your first point there, the offence. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to take it. Your second point. I'm 22. But - item - It's my birthday in nine days, so if it would be more comfortable we could... wait...?

Page 57

63 CON TINUE D:

63

**MALCOLM**

Don't get sarcastic with me son.

(starts dialling)

We burnt this tight-arsed city to the ground in 1814 and I'm all for doing it

again. Starting with you, you frat fuck. You get sarcastic with me again and I will stuff so much cotton wool down your fucking throat it'll come out of your arse like the wee tail on a playboy bunny. Okay? I thought...I was led to believe I was attending the war committee.

**A. J.**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

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

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

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

Malcolm runs out, on the phone.

Malcolm runs out of the White House.

**64 EXT. ALBERT EMBANKMENT - DAY**

**64**

JUDY power walking/jogging on the phone to MALCOLM.

**MALCOLM**

**(OVV)**

Where is the fucking war committee meeting?

**JUDY**

Simon's going to the war committee I thought you knew?

**MALCOLM**

**(OVV)**

I thought I was going to the war committee? Tell me where the fuck it's happening!

64 CONTINUE D:

64

**JUDY**

It's on the 7th floor in room 712.

(Beat)

Oh Malcolm, do you like how I'm telling you what's going on where you are?

**MALCOLM**

(OVV)

Well let me tell you what's going on where you are sweet heart, a certain vinegar faced manipulative cowbag is about to find that she's out of a fucking job...

JUDY hangs up.

65 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

65

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

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

(as she passes, re magazine)  
... and if you look ... at the line they take in Newsweek - that's very much ... another narrative.

**KAREN**

See you at the committee.

**SIMON**

(like he's busy)  
Yeah, yeah sure, see you in a mo. Just finishing off some stuff.  
(to Toby loud)  
Okay, we're all done there. Let's roll.

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

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

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

Page 59

65 **CON TINUE D:**  
65

They follow Karen around a corner and she disappears into  
a set of doors, they follow her through, but it is the  
vestibule before a toilet door. Karen looks at them.

**KAREN**

Hello?

**SIMON**

Hello.

**KAREN**

Are you joining me or shall I see you  
there?

**SIMON**

See you there. I don't need to ... do any  
of the things you need to go in there to  
do, so I'll just see you there.

Karen goes into the toilet. Simon and Toby head off  
looking sheepish.

As they head out of the vestibule. There is a gaggle of  
Karen hangers-on. Chad-type staffers looking to get in  
with Karen.

66 **INT. COMMITTEE ROOM 712 - DAY**  
66

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

**LINTON**

(For Miller's benefit)



We seem to be overrun with insurgents here, Bob.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Hi, I'm in seat 204, row W. Will I be able to see the big screen from there? Oh, and can I get one of those big pointy foam hands with 'Go, Monster Trucks!' written on it?

**LINTON**

The general is on rare form, very rare form.

Toby spots his hero.

**TOBY**

There he is. General George Miller.

**SIMON**

(And...?)

Right, yep. There he is.

Page 60

66 **CON TINUE D:**  
66

But the room is rapidly filling with bodies and din. More and more people are turning up. Toby's view of Miller is obscured.

**TOBY**

That's the second time in 24 hours I've had a partially obscured view of him.

67 **INT. SMALL COMMITTEE ROOM. DAY.**  
67

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

**LINTON**

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

The committee members file out.

68 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET NR STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY  
68

Malcolm is legging it down the street.

69 INT. LARGER COMMITTEE ROOM 720 - DAY  
69

The committee members file in.

Miller goes close up to Linton.

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

**LINTON**

Well, you're both here now. John and Yoko.

**GENERAL MILLER**

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

Linton not fazed by this.

**LINTON**

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

Page 61

69 CON TINUE D:

69

**GENERAL MILLER**

Good.

General Miller takes his seat. Linton turns on Adriano.

**LINTON**

What the hell happened?

**ADRIANO**

I have no idea how they all heard sir.

There must have been a leak.

General Miller is sitting next to Karen. They're watching Linton having angry words with Adriano.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Look at Adriano. Poor fuck. He looks like he's with his Daddy: "Sorry, Bob, you're adopted. From a couple with hereditary heart defects."

**KAREN**

"And your mother only ever kept your baby clothes for the purposes of voodoo."

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

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

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

**SIMON**

I'm making you pump Chad. Go on.

Toby gets up to leave.

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

It'll be easy peasy lemon squeezy.

**TOBY**

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

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

70 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET NR STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY 70

Malcolm running like a madman.

71 INT. LARGER COMMITTEE ROOM 720 - DAY 71

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

LINTON

So, welcome to this, somewhat engorged session of the Future Planning Committee. You can all see an agenda?

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

KAREN

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

LINTON

It's the Future Planning Committee.

KAREN

Unofficially it's known as the war committee.

LINTON

Well, unofficially we can call anything whatever we like.

(he holds up a water glass)

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

72 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. 7TH FLOOR - DAY 72

Malcolm is running down the corridor. He runs into Room 712. It's empty.

MALCOLM

Bitch!

73 INT. BIG COMMITTEE ROOM. DAY. 73

Karen is talking.

Page 63

73 CON TINUE D:

73

**KAREN**

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

**LINTON**

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

**KAREN**

What makes you say that?

**LINTON**

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

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

**KAREN**

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

**SIMON**

(politely)

I'm just...watching with interest. IN Britain we have a saying for complicated situations such as this, which is that it's

(he can't believe he's going to say this)

'Difficult, difficult, lemon, difficult.'

He goes back to his text.

**LINTON**

As I say it seems a consensus is forming.

**KAREN**

(furious)

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

**LINTON**

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

Page 64

**INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

74

74

It's lunchtime. Lots of staffers have left their desks. A few are eating sandwiches at their desks, or reading a newspaper during lunch. Chad is emailing, reading, multi-tasking, from a corner of desk near Linton's office.

**TOBY**

So - do you want to go out and get some lunch?

**CHAD**

Are you kidding? Lunchtime is work time.

**TOBY**

Yes, what an incredibly depressing motto. You see you're playing into the hands of the French saying that.

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

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

(looking in)

Jesus.

**CHAD**

Yeah work hours are too valuable - for networking. You gotta get in at like 6 work till 8.30 Then start making those connections baby.

(he clicks his fingers  
rapidly, annoyingly)  
Emails and admin at lunch. See if you can  
play some strategic racquetball through  
the pm. Then in the six till midnight  
slot chow down on some serious policy  
work.

**TOBY**

Right. And what - friends, family,  
novels, sexual inter-course you're going  
to save those for your thirties and  
forties?

75 **INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. CORRIDOR/BATHROOM - DAY**

75

Malcolm arrives at the committee just as people are  
spilling out. He's pissed off. Follows Linton into  
bathroom.

**MALCOLM**

Are you fucking me about?

Page 65

75 **CON TINUE D:**

75

**LINTON**

Mr Tucker, isn't it? Hello again.

**MALCOLM**

You might pull this kind of stunt on some  
young wank fresh up from Oklahoma, happy  
to be getting his hookers paid for by  
tobacco lobbyists, but not me.

**LINTON**

What seems to be the problem?

**MALCOLM**

I've just had a briefing from a 9-year-  
old finalist in Americas got talent. I  
think he may have been a ventriloquist.  
Or possibly the fucking dummie.

**LINTON**

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

**MALCOLM**

His fucking briefing notes were written in Alphabetti Spaghetti. When I left I nearly tripped over his umbilical cord.

**LINTON**

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

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

**LINTON (CONT'D)**

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

**MALCOLM**

Yeah, apparently your fucking master race of gifted toddlers can't quit get the job done in between breast feeds and playing with their power rangers. So yeah, we're getting some actual grown-ups to bail you out.

Simon gets closer. Linton moves in.

**LINTON**

(to Simon)

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

Page 66

75    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

75

**SIMON**

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

Linton pulls away, starts walking off.

**LINTON**

It's early days, my friend. All roads lead to Munich.

He smiles and walks off.

**MALCOLM**



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

**SIMON**

Well it just means...I guess, I don't know what it means.

**MALCOLM**

`All roads lead to Munich'?

Malcolm is pissed off, looks around. He is not the centre of attention. He's feeling cut out.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Come on let's go, get back to the hotel, nick as many coat hangers as you can. We're off back to London.

76 **EXT. WASHINGTON STREET**

76

Malcolm, Toby, and Simon are heading towards their car. They see the Washington Monument in the distance.

**SIMON**

It's beautiful.

**TOBY**

If you pull it out, America deflates.

**MALCOLM**

Don't mock that! The closest you'll come to getting one of those is buying a Toblerone.

(Looks at Blackberry)

Mark Hadley's dad's died.

**SIMON**

Oh no. Should we send Mark a card?

**MALCOLM**

Nah, I'll send him a ouija board so they can keep in touch.

Page 67

76 **CON TINUE D:**

76

**SIMON**

So what are we getting back to? Apart

from a nice cup of tea and some knife  
crime?

**TOBY**

Constituency surgery in Northampton.

**SIMON**

Great, meeting my constituents. It's like  
being Simon Cowell, but without the  
ability to say, 'Fuck off, you're  
mental.'

77 **INT. CONSTITUENCY OFFICE. DAY.**

77

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

**ROZ**

(to Simon)

Sorry, could you...? You just need to  
kick the bottom quite hard.

Simon kicks the bottom of the door to unstick it.

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

**SIMON**

(Roz has gone ahead, this is  
to Toby)

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

(to constituents)

Afternoon!

A couple of the waiting constituents respond. They go  
through to another little office.

**ROZ**

Right, here you go, you're pretty booked  
up - there's a list on the desk. I'm just  
going to have a look at the guttering.

**SIMON**

I'm just back from America, so it was  
pretty tough to make it up here - but you  
know. That's me.

**ROZ**

Of course. Right. How was the President?

Page 68

**77 CON TINUE D:**

**77**

She's heading off.

**SIMON**

Good actually.

**TOBY**

And what was the White House like?

**SIMON**

Blown up by spaceships.

**78 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

**78**

General Miller & Aides up stairs

**79 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

**79**

General Miller (and an aide or two?) marches into Linton and Karen's section of State. He's got a meeting scheduled. He's a man on a mission.

He marches straight past Bob Adriano ...

**MILLER**

(by way of explanation)  
Twelve-thirty.

**BOB ADRIANO**

Um, hold on General ...

And into Linton's office.

But - it's empty.

**MILLER**

What the fuck?

**BOB ADRIANO**

Yeah, Secretary Linton Barwick wanted me to let you know his last - meeting looks like it's over-running. He sends

apologies.

Miller stands there for a beat. Very very annoyed.

**MILLER**

He stood me up? They're better be a fucking good reason. Like he's dead. That is just plain fucking rude. I mean, how would he like it if I just did a big hairy shit on his desk?

**BOB ADRIANO**

You're very w-welcome to wait, we have newspapers and periodicals?

Page 69

79    **CON TINUE D:**

79

He gestures to a seating area. Miller picks up a magazine. Rolls it up, looks at Bob Adriano. Might Miller, possibly, hit him?

**MILLER**

Yeah well excuse me if at this time of national crisis I don't sit with a thumb up my ass flipping through Time magazine eating pop tarts?

(he heads off fast - not quite sure where he's going, calls back as he goes)

Tell him to call me. But he might not get through cos I'm a fucking busy man.

He finds himself heading into Karen's office.

It's empty. He stands there for a beat. Shuts the door.

Looks around. Picks up a hole punch. Kicks the couch. Karen enters, surprised to find him there.

**KAREN**

Hey, what is it?

**MILLER**

Yeah - can I hang around in here for a while?

**KAREN**

Er. Sure. Why?

**MILLER**

Do I need a fucking reason?  
(beat, calming down)  
Linton's playing me like a fucking turkey  
drumstick on a big bass drum.

**KAREN**

Look, I was going to order food, do you  
want to eat.

**MILLER**

Yeah. Order us some cute mammals. Alive.  
A lamb or a piglet so I can snap it's  
fucking neck.

**INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY**

80

80

Simon listens behind a desk. Roz is there taking notes.  
Toby is in the corner working on a laptop.

Page 70

80 **CON TINUE D:**  
80

**MRS MCDAIRMID**

My point is - if the septic tank - if we  
didn't know it was there in the first  
place how can we be responsible for it  
now?

**SIMON**

Yes. No. I understand.

**MRS MCDAIRMID**

It's under the communal drive. Why should  
we get it pumped?

**ROZ**

(looking through the  
paperwork)  
Well it's not a council sceptic tank so  
they're not legally obliged to pump it...

**MRS MCDAIRMID**

Look, according to the paperwork there's

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

**SIMON**

No, of course not. Nor should you be  
treated like one. Okay, Mrs McDairmid.  
Leave it with me. I'm sure there must be  
a way through this. Alright?

Mrs Kendrick heads out.

**ROZ**

Er, Colin Lowe.

**SIMON**

Jesus. Still on about bendy buses?  
(thinks)  
No. Tell him no. What else?

Toby closes the laptop.

**ROZ**

Pauline Michaelson's son about the  
constituency office wall.

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

(as he enters)

Hi, thanks for seeing me Mr. Foster.

**SIMON**

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

Page 71

80 CON TINUE D: (2)

80

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

I know I have.

**SIMON**

Lovely.

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

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

in shops.

**SIMON**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

Patronising.

**ROZ**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

I...sorry, is this a joke?  
How many times? For the fourth f...ing time.

(as to an idiot)

The side wall. Of this property. Your wall. Is falling over. On to my mum's garden. She called you up - but she got fobbed off by your people. Because she's not Lord Snooty in his posh car. Because she's not Madonna on a horse.

**SIMON**

That...I agree, it's unacceptable.

Toby comes back in, hands Simon a coffee.

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

Do you know what this is?  
(he hums something irritating)  
That's your constituency office hold music. I don't want it in my head, do I?

**SIMON**

(checks notes)  
We did arrange to get a quote from a builder, but...

Roz has a call on the landline.

Page 72

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

**SIMON**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

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

**SIMON**

Toby, can I hand Paul over to you?

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

"Can I fob Paul off with you?"

Simon goes elsewhere in the room to take his call.

**TOBY**

So, Paul, where are we up to?  
(off Paul's scary look)  
I was out getting coffee. Sorry.

He grabs a pen and paper.

**81 INT. KAREN'S OFFICE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**81**

**(CHANGE SCENE ORDER)**

Later. General Miller is with Karen. They're surrounded  
by cartons of Chinese take-out.

**GENERAL MILLER**

(flicking through Liza's  
paper)

See, this is the problem with civilians  
wanting to go to war. When you've been  
there you don't want to go back unless  
you absolutely have to. It's like France.

**KAREN**

(re the paper in it's red  
folder)

You finally read Liza's paper?

**GENERAL MILLER**

Course, I read it. I'm a voracious  
reader. I'm the fucking Gore Vidal of the  
Pentagon.

(pointing at a spring roll)

You don't want that?



81 CON TINUE D:

81

**KAREN**

Yes I want that.

(points to various packages)

I want that, that, that, that and that.  
Those I don't care about. And these let's  
pack up and drop on North Korea.

**GENERAL MILLER**

(beat, reads)

Someone should leak this.

Outside Liza sees them discussing her paper animatedly.  
It doesn't look good to her.

**KAREN**

Someone maybe shaped a little bit like  
you.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Me? Are you kidding?

**KAREN**

You have more gravitas.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Exactly. I'm too senior. I can't leak.  
Leaking is for people like your Liza and  
the Boy called It out there.

(eats)

It's insane. Not only is the case against  
war incredibly strong, the case for is  
caveated to hell.

(reading)

"Most analysts believe the state is  
looking to expand aggressively beyond its  
borders..." Then here in the caveats, the  
only source is 'Ice Man' - a possible  
alcoholic - who's probably called that  
cos he gets through ten bags / icebergs a  
day in his fucking vodka tonics. INR say  
we can't trust him. That's us disputing  
our own findings. Has Linton read this?

**KAREN**

I'm not sure he reads. You're a General.  
Have him killed.

**GENERAL MILLER**

You see this is why we never got  
together. That and the hobo teeth.

82 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT/INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY  
82

Simon is talking to Karen.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

Page 74

82 CON TINUE D:  
82

**KAREN**

This is a private call right --  
unrecorded, secure line etc etc?

**SIMON**

Well, yeah. I mean, your lot are probably  
getting it somehow, but our lot shouldn't  
be.

Paul Michaelson calls over.

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

I'm still here, Simon.

**KAREN**

What's going on Simon?

**SIMON**

Departmental business. About a wall.

**KAREN**

Gaza?

**SIMON**

Uh-huh. What can I do for you?

**KAREN**

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

**SIMON**

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

**KAREN**

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

**SIMON**

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

But she's gone.

**83 INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY**

**83**

Toby's still talking to Paul the wall guy.

**TOBY**

Paul, look, mate...

Page 75

**83 CON TINUE D:**

**83**

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

Patronising.

**TOBY**

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

Simon wants to talk.

Roz takes over.

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

I'm going to pursue this with, what do they call it? Extreme prejudice, to the very end. I can be enormously persistent. Ask my ex-girlfriend.

**ROZ**

Okay, well, I'll take your details.  
Roz leads Paul away

**SIMON**

That guy's a bit full-beam.

**TOBY**

Full-beam?

**SIMON**

Yeah, full-beam. Headlights.

(he opens his eyes wide to  
show what he means)

I kept thinking, is he going to nut me.  
He appears not to be nutting me, but he  
might well nut me.

**TOBY**

So what did Karen Clark want?

**SIMON**

Do you think I came over as weak on the  
committee over there?

**TOBY**

Well, uh, no, of course not. I suppose -  
Simon's phone goes again. He winces picks up.

84 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT/INT. CONSTITUENCY SURGERY - DAY  
84

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

**KAREN**

Also - the war committee got leaked, and  
that leak came from your department.

Page 76

84 CON TINUE D:  
84

**SIMON**

I find that difficult to believe.

**KAREN**

I want action to be taken. I want a head.  
On a plate. To go.

**PHONE CALL ENDS:**

She hangs up.

**SIMON**

(to the phone)

You don't work here. You're not my boss.  
Fuck off. You can't make me sack people.

**85 INT. DFID - DAY**

**85**

Simon is getting into his office - he and Toby are back from the constituency office.

**SIMON**

We need to talk in my office.

**JUDY**

About what?

**SIMON**

(patronising)

I think you know.

A land line is ringing in the open plan office. Judy picks up. Simon has gone into his office and has assumed the bollocking position.

**JUDY**

(taking call)

Sorry, this is the wrong extension. I'll put you through now.

Judy punches a button on her phone. Toby's land line starts ringing. Simon comes out.

**SIMON**

(walking backwards into his office)

Come, come into my office.

**JUDY**

Why? Why do you need to see me?

**TOBY**

(to Judy)

What's this?

85    **CON TINUE D:**  
85

**JUDY**

It's the mad man about the wall.

**TOBY**

The war?

**JUDY**

The wall.

**SIMON**

(following her out,  
exasperated)

Can you come into my office so I can tell  
you off?

Toby answers his phone, resigned.

**TOBY**

Hello. Can I help you?

Malcolm sweeps in, straight past Toby, slapping him on  
the back of the head as he passes.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

You fucker.

(to phone)

No, not you.

Malcolm pushes Judy back into Simon's office as she's  
leaving it, Simon behind Judy walks backwards to his  
desk, the three of them in a line. Malcolm shuts the door  
and unleashes a torrent of abuse we can't hear.

86    **INT. PAUL MICHAELSON'S GARDEN/INT. DFID - CONTINUOUS**  
86

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

**INTERCUT PHONE CALL:**

**TOBY**

What can I do for you Paul?

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

These `temporary buttresses' you got put  
up.

**TOBY**

Right?

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

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

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86    **CON TINUE D:**

86

**TOBY**

I'm sure they're not twigs.

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

No they're twigs.

(to Journalist)

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

(calling off)

Mum, how old are you? I want to tell the newspaper guy.

**MUM (O.S.)**

Sixty.

During this conversation Malcolm arrives.

**MALCOLM**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

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

**MUM (O.S.)**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

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

**TOBY**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

She needs to get to her plants.  
(like Toby's an idiot)  
She has to water them. Plants need water.

**TOBY**

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

**PAUL MICHAELSON**

She doesn't have a hose, she's got a  
watering can. This is like talking to a  
brick wall about a brick wall.  
(to journalist)  
Get that down, that's gold.

Toby can still see Malcolm going ballistic at Simon and  
Judy in Simon's office.

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**87 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

**87**

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

**KAREN**

Liza, what's up? Why is everyone running  
around? This better be a fucking fire  
drill.

**LIZA**

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

**KAREN**

Shit.  
Karen calls over to a staffer, ABBEY.

**KAREN (CONT'D)**

Abbey, get me the president's statement.

**ABBHEY**

Mr Barwick has asked me to...



Karen is beginning to lose it.

**KAREN**

You work to me, Abbey, you fucking work to me. Get me the statement. Or I will call security and have you escorted off the premises via the window.

Karen crosses quickly to her office. Liza follows.

**LIZA**

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

**KAREN**

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

A beat.

**LIZA**

We're going to the UN.

**KAREN**

Yes, we're going to the UN.

**LIZA**

Shit.

Page 80

87 CON TINUE D:

87

Karen kicks a waste-paper basket.

**KAREN**

I should be told this fucking stuff!  
I'm going into Linton's office and pulling the pin on his grenade.

**LIZA**

Don't do that.

**KAREN**

I'm fucking joking.

**LIZA**

Oh.

**KAREN**

Why didn't you know about this?

**LIZA**

Well since I created the budget deficit the President doesn't tend to run things by me anymore.

**KAREN**

Don't get funny with me. I am not in the mood.

**LIZA**

No. I'm getting that.

**88 INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY**  
**88**

Malcolm is with Simon and Toby. Malcolm has a local Northamptonshire paper.

**MALCOLM**

(reading)

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

**SIMON**

It doesn't say that.

**MALCOLM**

(holding up paper)

No but it says `Wall-ace and Gromitt'

**SIMON**

Wall-ace though?

Page 81

**88 CON TINUE D:**

**88**

**MALCOLM**

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

**TOBY**

It is just a wall, Malcolm.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

Oh great. The crossest man in Scotland.

Jamie enters, holding another local rag.

**JAMIE**

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

**SIMON**

What is this, surround bollocking?

**JAMIE**

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

**SIMON**

Hi Jamie.

**TOBY**

Hello.

**JAMIE**

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

**TOBY**

How is saying "hello" a...

**JAMIE**

(grabbing a hole-puncher)  
Shut it, Love, Actually, or I'll hole-punch your face.

**MALCOLM**

Right, I'm off to deal with the fate of the planet, okay?

Simon, Toby and Jamie look at him.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

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

(to Jamie)

Be gentle with them.

**JAMIE**

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

Malcolm leaves.

An awkward beat.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

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

(looking in his paper)

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

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

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

**JAMIE**

They're builders. What did you expect?!  
Have you ever seen a film where the hero  
is a builder? No. Because they never turn  
up in the fucking nick of time. That's why  
you never see a superhero with a hod.

Simon and Judy on their way into the foreign office.  
Malcolm has gone in ahead. Suzy chatting on the stairs  
with Toby.

Simon draws Judy to one side.

**SIMON**

This is all getting...this is a really

stressful job, you know that?

**JUDY**

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

**SIMON**

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

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89    **CON TINUE D:**

89

**JUDY**

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

A beat.

**SIMON**

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

**JUDY**

Put out some winks?

**SIMON**

And nods.

**JUDY**

Big nods?

**SIMON**

No, no, just sort of...  
(he does a small nod)  
That sort of size nod.

Judy nods.

**SIMON (CONT'D)**

No, not that much.

**JUDY**

No, I was just nodding normally to say I  
understood the need for a small nod.

**SIMON**

Oh. Good.

They head in.

90 INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY  
90

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

**MALCOLM**

So, my lovely friends, bottom line...

**MICHAEL**

I hate that phrase. We're not in retailing

**MALCOLM**

Sorry Michael, I promise never to use it again.

**(MOR E)**

Page 84

90 CON TINUE D:

90

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Bottom line, is that the President is going to the UN, and the PM would like us to join him. This will be the voe to commence military action. So, Rob, Innis,

(to Toby)

Little Bo Cock Jockey

(to Judy)

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

Two CIVIL SERVANTS get up and exit. Judy walks across the room and starts making calls, as does Toby. Michael walks off into the next room, Suzy follows. They start calling.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Now then, you still got doubts, Complicated Simon?

**SIMON**

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

politics. That's the opposite of what I want to be doing.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

I found that a very powerful image.

(a beat)

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

**SIMON**

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

**MALCOLM**

Unlike me, the man abhors physical violence.

(MOR E)

Page 85

90    CON TINUE D: (2)

90

**MAL COLM (CONT'D)**

He's a grade A fucking pussy and he knows you have similar concerns and he wants your input on this. Yeah?

**SIMON**

Where's the intelligence? Where's the hard evidence?

**MALCOLM**

Listen, We've got evidence harder than a diamond dildo. We have intelligence so deep and hard it would fucking puncture your kidneys. There's an informant, 'Ice Man', OK? The stuff he's giving us? It'll

make your blood run cold. And clot. Your insides will turn to black pudding.

(lowering his voice)

...now, certain box-lickers are sitting on it. But you're going to see it, because the PM regards you as a key player now.

Judy's mobile goes.

**JUDY**

Judy Molloy? (BEAT) Ten minutes. Thanks.

(to Simon)

Prime Minister wants to speak to you in ten minutes, Simon. He want you to go the **UN**.

Malcolm's heading out.

**MALCOLM**

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

Malcolm leaves. A beat.

**SIMON**

(shouting to Malcolm)

Show me the evidence, Malcolm, that's my fucking bottom line.

**JUDY**

So do you still want...nods and winks?

Simon nods a little nod. Then shakes his head slightly. Then nods a slight nod again.

**91 INT. WESTMINSTER PUB - DAY**

**91**

Suzy, Michael and Judy are having a drink in a pub. Maybe they're sitting in a four seater booth?

Page 86

**91 CON TINUE D:**

**91**

Their phones are on the table. As is a bottle of Sancerre. Judy's got her power walking trainers on and her rucksack with her.



**MICHAEL**

Cheers everyone. Here's to surviving another day.

They clink glasses.

**JUDY**

My theory is Malcolm built Jamie in a lab out of bits of old psychopath.

Toby arrives, dumps his coat, bag, puts his phone on the table.

**TOBY**

Hello ladies.

**SUZY**

And gentleman.

**TOBY**

(doing the joke again)  
Hello ladies. I'm just going to -

**MICHAEL**

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

**TOBY**

Great.

**SUZY**

If you can afford it.

**JUDY**

If you can get served at the bar.

He goes to the bar. His phone gets a text. Suzy picks it up, reads it.

**SUZY**

Fucking hell. Here we go again. Fucking asshole.

**MICHAEL**

You're kidding? What's it say?  
(peering at the phone)  
Woah!

Suzy shows the phone to Judy.

**JUDY**

What a twat.

(beat)  
What are you doing? Are you replying?

Page 87

91    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

91

Suzy's texting on Toby's mobile. Toby's coming back. Suzy puts the phone back down.

**TOBY**

Yeah I wouldn't want to meet Jamie in a dark alley. Or a bright alley. The whole thing of just being in an alley with him would be scary, regardless of the lighting.

Suzy cuts in.

**SUZY**

You've got a text.

**TOBY**

(reading, covering)  
Oh yeah. It's just Rob about football.

**SUZY**

So, Liza. You shagged her?

**TOBY**

What? No.

**SUZY**

(to Judy)  
Did you know my flakey boyfriend has been getting his flakey end away?

**JUDY**

I don't know anything about his flakey end.

**TOBY**

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

**JUDY**

I should go.

**SUZY**

You haven't finished your drink.

**JUDY**

No. I mainly have.

**SUZY**

Why did you do it?

**TOBY**

I don't know, it was a weird, intense time over there. It was...maybe, subconsciously, I don't know, it was a kind of last ditch attempt to stop this, awful...war.

Page 88

91    **CON TINUE D: (3)**

91

A beat. Michael and Judy dissolve into laughter.

**MICHAEL**

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

**SUZY**

You had sex because of the war?

**TOBY**

In the broad sense.

(to Judy and Michael)

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

**JUDY**

I should go.

**SUZY**

Actually I'll go.

She goes. Toby goes after her.

**MICHAEL**

(a beat)

Shall we stay?

**JUDY**

I should go. I've got a long walk ahead of me. But that'll keep me going.

92 INT. TOBY'S FLAT - EVENING

92

Toby lets himself into the flat. Goes through to the kitchen. Suzy is there with Michael.

**TOBY**

What the fuck is he doing here?

**SUZY**

What?! What the fuck are you doing here?

**TOBY**

Well I live here.

**SUZY**

No you don't actually.

(to Michael)

I'll go make that tea.

Suzy and Toby go into the kitchen.

**TOBY**

(beat)

Well, if I'm leaving, I'm taking my brie.

**(MOR E)**

Page 89

92 CON TINUE D:

92

**TOB Y (CONT'D)**

And the port. And my Nando's peri-peri sauce.

They go back out into the living room.

**SUZY**

Don't forget your hydrocortisone.

**TOBY**

You putting this in your memoirs as well?

**MICHAEL**

I should go.

**SUZY**

No, it's fine. Stay.

93 INT. TOBY'S FLAT - LATER

93

Toby is in the bedroom. A few boxes are lying around.

He's putting clothes into bin liners. Suzy is hovering. Michael brings through some teas. The atmosphere is very frosty and awkward.

**TOBY**

Where's my needlecord jacket?

**SUZY**

Your geography teacher's jacket?

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

**MICHAEL**

That's not how you fold.

**TOBY**

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

**MICHAEL**

The key to travelling is packing.

**TOBY**

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

**MICHAEL**

It'll save time the other end.

**TOBY**

There is no other end.

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

Page 90

93    **CON TINUE D:**  
93

**SUZY**

Has she got big tits?

**TOBY**

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

Toby gets his jeans and some other clothes. He's laden

down with boxes and bags and can hardly see. Comes out into the hall. Suzy is there without Michael.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

See you then.

**SUZY**

Okay.

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

**TOBY**

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

**SUZY**

Quickie?

**TOBY**

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

**SUZY**

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

**TOBY**

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

He holds out the memory stick.

**MICHAEL**

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

**SUZY**

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

**TOBY**

Does such a thing exist?

Page 91

**SUZY**

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

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

**94 INT. CAR - DAY**

**94**

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

**SIMON**

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

**JUDY**

Yes.

**SIMON**

Or is it actually braver to say, 'I don't agree, but I'm going to grit my teeth and get on with it?' Is the really brave thing actually doing what you don't believe?

**JUDY**

No.

**TOBY**

Though -- maybe? What's brave about doing the 'right thing'? Nothing. Doing the wrong thing is braver. In a way. I mean, you know, wars sometimes work. The War of Independence, that worked. For the Americans. Second World War. That was a good idea. I mean not a good idea but ...

**SIMON**

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

**TOBY**

Nurses are good.

**SIMON**

(as if they've achieved something)  
Exactly. So...right. Exactly.

**JUDY**

So you're not resigning?

Page 92

94 **CON TINUE D:**  
94

**SIMON**

No, I..(trying to change the subject)  
where's Malcolm?

95 **INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY**  
95

Judy, Simon and Toby are walking past a baggage carousel.

**SIMON**

(conspiratorially to Toby)  
In the motorcade. Let's get a car without  
Judy.

**TOBY**

You want hookers? You like hooky fucky?

**SIMON**

I want to talk about the resigning thing.

**TOBY**

Still?

**SIMON**

But with you and not her. She has this  
air of moral righteousness that inhibits  
you from... saying anything morally  
wrong.

96 **INT. LIMO - DAY**  
96

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

**MALCOLM**

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



**SIMON**

What? That wasn't supposed to get outside.

**MALCOLM**

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

Simon looks to Toby for help.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Do you know, if I could I'd punch you into total paralysis.

Page 93

**INT. UN BUILDING - DAY**

97

97

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

**SIR JONATHAN**

Hello, gentlemen, Sir Jonathan Tutt. This is it. The United Nations.

**SIMON**

It's all a bit `blurrrrh', isn't it?

**JUDY**

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

**SIR JONATHAN**

I don't know what you were expecting -- Jacobean panelling perhaps, arabesques of stonework tracery... great fountains...

**MALCOLM**

It's a shithole. It looks like a hospice for robots.

They pass a big office.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Linton Barwick is in there. Karen Clark is there. You're right here.

Sir Jonathan shows them to their office.

**SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)**

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

Malcolm and Toby look at one another.

**SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)**

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

Sir Jonathan leaves.

**MALCOLM**

Nibbles? Who still says nibbles?

**TOBY**

Fuck the nibbles, what was with the homoerotic tension?

Malcolm gets a call.

Page 94

97 **CON TINUE D:**  
97

**MALCOLM**

Jamie. Hello?

He looks at his phone.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

No fucking signal down here. Jesus. I'd be better off in an internet cafe in Kircoddy.

He leaves the room.

98 **INT. NUMBER 10 - SAME TIME**  
98

Jamie is on the phone, running down a corridor.

**JAMIE**

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

99 **EXT. UN BUILDING - DAY**  
99

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

**MALCOLM**

Okay Jamie, two jobs. One: find the Pwip Pip leaker and kill them. That's one job. Job one has two parts. Job two: stop Pwip Pip coming out. Sow enough seeds of fear and doubt that the fat arses at the BBC dither till after the vote, okay? After the vote Enola Gay is cleared for take-off and everything is groovy. I love you.

100 **INT. UN FUNCTION ROOM/BAR - CONTINUOUS**  
100

Lots of delegates drinking and eating and chatting. We glimpse Linton, Karen, General Miller. Sir Jonathan is there, mingling.

Malcolm approaches Simon, Toby, Judy and Sir Jonathan.

Page 95

100 **CON TINUE D:**  
100

**MALCOLM**

(to Sir Jonathan)

Do not move from this spot or I'll fucking stab you.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Hm?

**MALCOLM**

(to Simon)

Was it you?

**SIMON**

No, what? No.

**MALCOLM**

But you know what I'm talking about?

**SIMON**

No, but whatever it was I didn't do it.

**MALCOLM**

(to Toby)

Was it you, The-Baby-From-Eraserhead?

**TOBY**

No.

**MALCOLM**

(to Judy)

So it must have been you Woman from The Crying Game?

**JUDY**

It wasn't me. You've really got it in for me haven't you?

**MALCOLM**

Someone's dropped a bollock in the noodles and I reckon it was you.

**JUDY**

We've done this all before. You accused me of leaking last time and it wasn't me.

**MALCOLM**

Yeah well I know you didn't leak last time. But what I reckon is you got so pissy about being accused, you leaked this time.

**TOBY**

Yeah. Yeah, that does sound possible.

**JUDY**

Look Springer Spaniel, keep your little wet nose out alright?

100    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

100

**TOBY**

I'm just saying psychologically speaking that sounds plausible - that you might build up a resentment and then pay it off in some underhand way. That's just something I've observed.

Malcolm's had enough goes over and grabs Sir Jonathan, mid-conversation, and manhandles him away.

**MALCOLM**

Come on, Baldermort, I need a word.

Meanwhile Judy and Toby are left alone - Toby embarrassed about his comments.

**TOBY**

(they look at each other)  
Sorry about that - it's just ...  
(mumbles)  
something I've observed.

**JUDY**

Wanker. It's okay. It's fine. It's probably just the stress of this awful, awful war.

Malcolm drags the ambassador into a corner.

**MALCOLM**

We're in a new reality now and You've got to speed things up.

**SIR JONATHAN**

What things? Speed up what?

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIR JONATHAN**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

Page 97

100    **CON TINUE D: (3)**

100

**SIR JONATHAN**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIR JONATHAN**

Yes but you can't go in, that would be a serious breach of protocol ...

He's blocking Malcolm. Malcolm grabs his hand.

**MALCOLM**

Then you do it. Get in there.

He is almost man-handling him in.

**SIR JONATHAN**

I'm not dancing with you Malcolm.

**MALCOLM**

I'm leading, look follow my lead.

**SIR JONATHAN**

You're not dancing me into the secretariat!

Jonathan breaks off and under his own steam prepares to go in.

As Malcolm is leaving Miller blocks his path.

**MALCOLM**

Where's the intel? Are you sure you're working as hard as me? Cos I'm sweating

spinal fluid here. I'm a husk.

**MILLER**

You get everything you need?

**MALCOLM**

(in a hurry)

Oh yeah I think so. Thanks.

(a beat, thinks)

Oh, Whoa whoa whoa just a wee moment  
General Flintstone. Was it you? Did you  
leak Pwip Pip? I know you can't fire a  
gun, but can you use a fax?

**MILLER**

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

Page 98

100    **CON TINUE D: (4)**

100

**MALCOLM**

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

**MILLER**

Uh-hu. I think you're doing Linton's  
dirty work. I think you're his English  
bitch and if I walked into your hotel  
room tonight I'd find you on all fours in  
fishnets and him hanging out the back of  
you.

**MALCOLM**

Oooo. Tough talk from the armchair  
General. What you going to do? Throw a  
cushion at me? Put your feet up on a poof  
and go back to sleep why don't you?

**GENERAL MILLER**

Listen, Tucker, you may be some scary  
poodlefucker back in London, but here?  
You know what you look like? A fucking  
squeezed dick. You got a blue vein  
running all the way up to your temple  
there. That's where I'd put the fucking  
bullet. But I'd stand well back. You look  
like you'd be a squirter.

**MALCOLM**

Have you ever even killed anybody?  
Really?

**GENERAL MILLER**

Yep.

**MALCOLM**

Falling asleep on someone doesn't count.

**GENERAL MILLER**

(closer)

I've done my share. How many you kill,  
pussy drip?

**MALCOLM**

Personally, I prefer maiming.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Go on, tough guy, take a swing at me.  
I'll smack you so fucking hard you'll be  
shitting teeth.

**MALCOLM**

Go ahead. I can see the headlines now.  
'Peace-Loving General Starts Fight In UN,  
Swiss Intervene'. I don't know, I'm no  
expert on spin but could that hurt your  
career?

Page 99

100    **CON TINUE D: (5)**

100

They eyeball each other. Is Miller going to hit him? He  
doesn't.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Right. Do excuse me. I've got work to do.  
Oh, and don't EVER call me fucking  
English again.

101    **INT. UN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

101

Sir Jonathan walks in. A lot of faces are turned towards  
him, expectantly.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Hello everyone. I was wondering if I



might suggest a cheeky early vote? Bit of an adventure. Maybe, we could knock off early, go for a drink? Ha. I'm kidding. Or am I? No, I am.

102 INT. KAREN CLARK'S UN OFFICE - DAY

102

Karen and Miller are looking at a computer screen, presumably reading about Simon's floated resignation.

**KAREN**

(looking at computer)

There it is. Simon's going. Everyone's saying he's going.

Simon passes their open door.

**GENERAL MILLER**

(spotting Simon)

Simon! There he is! Simon.

(re internet)

This is great shit. I wasn't sure you had the nerve. You're resigning?

**SIMON**

Ah okay. They're not running with that? I have not said that.

**GENERAL MILLER**

You're not resigning?

**KAREN**

You're still playing the hawk?

**SIMON**

It's much subtler than that. It's nuanced. I'm playing a much cleverer game than that. I'm a

(whispering)

fake hawk.

Page 100

102 CONTINUE D:

102

**GENERAL MILLER**

I'm sorry?

**SIMON**

(whispering)

Fake hawk.

**GENERAL MILLER**

You're a fake hawk? You're a fucking idiot. You're not a fake idiot are you.

Karen and Miller go into a confab.

Karen and Miller immediately go into a huddle and start planning Simon's future.

**KAREN**

(to General Miller, as if  
Simon's not there)

We could just tell the press he's going anyway. Say he's confirmed to us that he's resigning.

**SIMON**

Sorry?

**GENERAL MILLER**

I second that.

**SIMON**

What? You can't.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Do we announce it before or after the vote?

**KAREN**

During. Then he can't do anything about it.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Great. That's decided then.

**SIMON**

No. No it's bloody not. I'm - me. You're not me. I decide about all the main things about me, okay? Not you. Me.

**GENERAL MILLER**

No. No Simon. I'm afraid not. Not on this one. This is too big for you.

**KAREN**

Be realistic. You're being used. We all are. The one thing we can do now to influence things is to resign. Sacrifice ourselves. That's our only weapon.

**SIMON**

Like a suicide bomber?

**GENERAL MILLER**

No, not like a suicide bomber. A suicide bomber gets to make a decision.

Toby and Liza are sitting near each other on the floor working on laptops. They're at right-angles to each other. Toby has a view of Liza. She's facing away from him.

**TOBY**

Listen, I'm really sorry about Suzy and the texting and ...

**LIZA**

Good. Thanks. Do you have figures there for CFE minimum requirements?

**TOBY**

Er?

**LIZA**

Conventional Forces in Europe.

**TOBY**

Sure. I'll just dig that out.  
(beat, taps on his laptop,  
then very quietly)  
Look it was a very special evening for me and ...

**LIZA**

(pissed off)  
Sorry? What? You're mumbling.

**TOBY**

I just wondered if tonight when all this shit is over we couldn't - you know. You're single. I'm single now. You're a woman. I'm not.

**LIZA**

You want to have sex again?

**TOBY**

It's not a terrible idea is it? One more.  
For the Gipper?

**LIZA**

You know what a douchbag is Toby? You're  
a douchbag on fucking wheels.

Page 102

103    **CON TINUE D:**

103

**TOBY**

Thanks. That was short and sweet. Well,  
short and sour.

104    **INT. UN MEDITATION ROOM - DAY**

104

Simon is sitting in the Meditation Room, a stark chapel-  
like room with a big piece of granite in the middle of  
it. He's biting his nails, thinking.

Judy comes in.

**JUDY**

You okay?

**SIMON**

I'm thinking of becoming a suicide  
bomber.

**JUDY**

That's certainly a very powerful way of  
getting your point across.

He pulls out some mints.

**SIMON**

Would you like a mint?

**JUDY**

I'm okay thanks. Are you thinking to  
overdose on mints? Because...

Simon eats a mint.

He's lost in his own world. Staring, maybe slightly  
nodding at the thoughts in his own head.

**SIMON**

Do you like me Judy?

**JUDY**

You're my boss.

**SIMON**

Yeah, but do you actually like me.

A beat.

**JUDY**

Sure. Look, I'll leave you to your thoughts.

Page 103

104    **CON TINUE D:**

104

**SIMON**

I haven't got any thoughts. I'm just staring vacantly into space while a distant voice in the back of my head goes "oh shit" like a car alarm in the middle of the night.

Simon eats another mint. Sits there noisily sucking it. Judy leaves.

105    **INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - DAY**  
105

Michael and Suzy are sitting talking in an FO office.

Jamie bursts in.

**JAMIE**

Was it you?

**MICHAEL**

Sorry?

**JAMIE**

Not you. I know it wasn't you, you're too fucking horny for your Knighthood.

**(TO SUZY)**

Was it you?

**SUZY**

Was what me?

**JAMIE**

Was it fucking you!? Answer the question!

**MICHAEL**

She can't very well answer the question if you don't tell her what it is, can she?

**JAMIE**

Fuck off to your room, Count of Cunt  
Cristo, this is between me and her.

(to Suzy)

You leaked Liza Weld's paper to the BBC.  
Tell me you leaked it.

**SUZY**

I didn't leak anything. I don't know what you're talking about.

**JAMIE**

You're lying. You touched your nose.  
That's what's called a `tell'. You are lying.

Page 104

105    CON TINUE D:

105

**SUZY**

No I'm not.

**JAMIE**

`No I'm not.' That's a tell as well.  
Classic.

(changing tack to terror)

I know the leak came from here, from this  
fucking fax machine here.

He pushes a fax casually off the table onto the floor.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

This is what I'm doing to the machine.

(he kicks it, hard till bits  
start to break off, but he's  
still quite controlled  
talking, as he kicks more)

You see? This is how angry I am with the

piece of office equipment which leaked this document, so can you imagine how angry I am with the person who did it? Yeah? Can you Suzy?

He kicks the fax machine again.

**MICHAEL**

It was me.

**JAMIE**

Oh fuck off. Don't come over all Spartacus now.

**MICHAEL**

I leaked it.

**JAMIE**

What?

Advances on Michael, becomes aware of the music. Jamie points to the CD player.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

Okay for a start turn that fucking row off. It's just fucking vowels. Listen to it. Just subsidised fucking foreign vowels. You only listen to that shit because it's bad form to actually wear a big hat that says "I went to private school".

Michael doesn't turn it off, so Jamie does.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

Who did you leak it to?

Page 105

105    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

105

**MICHAEL**

I just sent it. I thought it was important so I sent it through.

**JAMIE**

(considers then, )

Ok. See this fax machine?(kick) That's your career. I'm pretty sure it's fucked. Let me just check (kick). Yeah, it is.

Plus, breach of Official Secrets, so that's fucking swanee. Maybe you can get a part time job in West End as a gentleman's fluffer. Or whatever the fuck they call it these days.

Jamie is heading off.

**MICHAEL**

Well, you know -- better to go out with a bang...

**JAMIE**

No, no. I will not allow this to be a bang. This will be a whimper, a tiny pathetic whimper like a puppy being fucked by a big metal puppy-fucking machine. And they do exist, 'cos my gran's got one.

Jamie leaves.

**106 INT. UN MEDITATION ROOM - DAY**

**106**

Malcolm and Linton enter. We see Simon's mints lying on the big stone in the middle of the room.

**LINTON**

So we're down to the wire here, Mr Miracle Worker, what have you got for me? What intel have you rustled us up?

**MALCOLM**

Honestly? I haven't got it. We need more time.

**LINTON**

You haven't got it? Can you delay the vote to give you time to get it?

**MALCOLM**

No. I've had the vote brought forward.

Simon comes in to retrieve his mints.

**SIMON**

Just getting my mints.

Page 106

**106 CON TINUE D:**

**106**



**LINTON**

I am telling you to delay the vote and get me some new intel. Now.

**MALCOLM**

Okay, quick reality check, J Edgar Fucking Hoover. I don't work for you. You don't tell me what to fucking do.

**LINTON**

Well firstly, don't raise your voice. This is a sacred space. You may not believe that, I may not believe that, but by God it's a useful hypocrisy. And secondarily you do work for me. Your prime minister instructed you to work for me.

Malcolm glances at Simon.

**MALCOLM**

Get your Polos and fuck off.

Simon stays where he is. Linton starts laughing. Toby enters, watches in amazement.

**LINTON**

The great Malcolm Tucker. One of your guys has leaked a paper, you can't do anything. We tell you to get intel, you can't do anything. I need the vote put back - you can't do anything. You, sir, are a useless piece of `S' star star `T'.

A beat.

**MALCOLM**

(quietly, to Toby)

What do you want?

**TOBY**

We've just heard -- the wall's starting to collapse. A brick has fallen. That's the news I'm getting. More to follow. Both news and bricks.

Linton laughs again.

**LINTON**

Why don't you deal with that Tucker? A wall is falling down, that's more your level. I can see you with your shirt off and a wheelbarrow whistling a happy song.

Linton walks out.

Page 107

106    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

106

**SIMON**

You've been working for him?

**MALCOLM**

It's complicated, okay? I've been juggling a number of responsibilities.

Simon stares at Malcolm. He takes a mint and pops it in his mouth.

**SIMON**

Okay, well, right, after the vote, I resign.

**MALCOLM**

Look. It's too late now. Resigning. It's not worth it. The horse has bolted. It's out there getting shot now.

**SIMON**

I'll see you later, Malcolm.

Simon exits.

**MALCOLM**

(to Toby)

If you repeat this to anyone I will pull your leg off, break it in two and stab you to death with your broken shin bone. Now go away.

Toby leaves.

Malcolm sits down, head in his hands.

107    **INT. UN FUNCTION ROOM - SAME TIME**

107

The delegates are still mingling. Toby is there now. Toby's phone goes. He answers.

**TOBY**

(into phone)

Suzy, how's it going? Has Jamie been round? Right...

Liza comes over.

**LIZA**

This is you, isn't it?

**TOBY**

(indicating himself)

This is me, yes. And that's you. I thought we had this worked out.

(into phone)

**(MOR E)**

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107 **CON TINUE D:**

107

**TOB Y (CONT'D)**

Sorry Suze I've got an incoming call, I'll ring back for a further bollocking.

**LIZA**

I've got something big lined up and you better not have fucked it up for me.

Liza leaves.

**TOBY**

(into phone)

Hello? Oh hi, Paul. How's it going? No, yes, I know the wall is collapsing. I'm as frustrated as you are mate.

The Vice President starts to walk by. Toby sees him, wants to shake his hand.

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

Look, could I call you back Paul? It's just the Vice President's ... I couldn't? No, okay, let's keep talking...

The Vice President has gone.

**INT. FOREIGN OFFICE - SAME TIME**

108

108

Michael and Suzy in Michael's office, classical music in the background. Michael's clearing his desk, putting stuff in boxes. Jamie bursts in on Michael and Suzy, his

phone still on.

**JAMIE**

Right, Frank and Nancy Sinatra. I've got good news. You're not fired. That's great news, isn't it?

**MICHAEL**

That sounds ominous.

**JAMIE**

He's fucking delighted.

(cancels phone)

We want to put Liza Weld's Pwip Pip out there, properly. In the public domain. We just have to refine it a bit.

**SUZY**

Refine it?

**JAMIE**

Take out the cons, change the name of the main informant.

**MICHAEL**

That's a complete fabrication.

Page 109

108 CON TINUE D:  
108

**JAMIE**

Changing his name doesn't make a difference. The main source in there he's not really called Ice Man, is he? "Mr and Mrs Man, you've got a son, Ice." So we change it, to another name. Who's the fuck with the fiddle? The Fiddlefuck.

**MICHAEL**

This is Debussy, if that's what you mean.

**JAMIE**

Okay, we'll call him Debussy.

**MICHAEL**

No.

**JAMIE**

And then you'll make a couple of other changes. It'll mean your fingerprints are on it, Mikey, but it's the only way to save your job, you leaky fuck.

Michael is now scared of what he's being asked to do.

**MICHAEL**

It wasn't me, Jamie, alright? It wasn't me. Don't make me do this. Someone else must have come in and used the fax machine.

**JAMIE**

What? Oh, that thing about your fax? Don't worry about that. I made that up. The paper was sent by e-mail. It;s just, the fax machine was there and it;s easier to kick.

Michael looks at Suzy. She doesn't know what to say or do.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

(grabbing Michael)

Come on Deuce Bigalow. You're coming with me.

He drags Michael out of the office.

**109 INT. UN CORRIDOR - DAY**  
**109**

On the closed door of the Meditation Room. Malcolm suddenly bursts out, re-energised, ready for action. He's in the middle of a call.

Page 110

**109 CON TINUE D:**

**109**

**MALCOLM**

Yeah, BBC newsdesk please. Malcolm Tucker. (BEAT) Ben? Hi, how you doing? Yeah, well, I'm hearing you're preparing a story that we might not like.

One of the doors he pushes open has a coffee machine in it. Toby is there getting a coffee. Malcolm gestures to him to come along. Toby joins Malc in his jog through the corridors, spilling his coffee on his hands as he goes and scalding himself.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

I just want to say please, this garden wall story, please don't run with it.

(beat, winks at Toby - you getting this?)

Simon Foster's constituency-office wall? You've got that haven't you? I haven't let the cat out of the bag? Shit. Look, my reputation will be in tatters if you run with...

(to Toby)

And he's gone. Boo hoo. I've got a hard on.

**TOBY**

Can we stop running because my hands are really rather badly burned now.

They stop.

**MALCOLM**

I know it was you who leaked Linton's War Committee.

**TOBY**

Oh? Right.

(tries it out for size)

It wasn't?

**MALCOLM**

Are you telling me it wasn't you? Is that your proposition? Is that what you want to say if I ask them to fly you to Diego Garcia and slip a hood over your head and carry out a cavity search?

**TOBY**

(covering)

I don't actually recall. It was a busy time.

**MALCOLM**

That's more like it. So...you are now on probation. Okay?

**(MOR E)**

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

I am giving you a probationary period, which will last from today...until the end of recorded time.

**TOBY**

Okay.

**MALCOLM**

You're my guy now. I own you now. You're my Kunte Kinte. Go and get your laptop.

Toby goes.

Malcolm pushes open another door. Sir Jonathan Tutt is in there.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Ah, ambassador -- with your big baldy head you are spoiling us.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Good, I've been looking for you. I needed to tell you that by a huge personal effort -- huge --I have managed to bring the vote forward by an hour and a half.

**MALCOLM**

Great. I need it delayed now.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Very funny. That is funny.

**MALCOLM**

By an hour, at least. Although I guess two and a half hours now, as you've brought it forward.

**SIR JONATHAN**

No, I'm sorry I'm very sorry but I won't humiliate myself again.

**MALCOLM**

You do what I say or you can go and see if Belize are looking for a new ambassador but with a broken nose, one bollock, and a half-chewed cock.

Sir Jonathan walks in. A lot of faces are turned towards him, expectantly.

**SIR JONATHAN**

Right. What can I say? .....

Page 112

**111 INT. TINY OFFICE**

**111**

Jamie has taken Michael into a tiny windowless office. Michael's hunched at his laptop, looking at the Pwip-Pip document on his computer. Jamie stands right over him, ominously.

**JAMIE**

(to Michael re: the office)

This is nice isn't it? Cosy. Away from prying eyes.

**MICHAEL**

So what's this, your political wet-room?

Jamie's phone goes.

**112 INT. UN CORRIDOR/TINY OFFICE - DAY**

**112**

Toby is standing in front of Malcolm, holding his laptop up for Malcolm to look at and a physical copy of the red Pwip-Pip folder. He's also got the Pwip-Pip file on screen.

**MALCOLM**

Is it up, have you got it up?

**JAMIE**

Yeah it's all fine.

**MALCOLM**

Okay, go to page nine, highlight that.

**JAMIE**

(to Michael)

Go to page nine.



Michael does.

**MALCOLM**

Highlight from that page to the end of the document.

**JAMIE**

Do you mean select?

**MALCOLM**

I don't know I don't use these things.

**JAMIE**

(to Michael)

Select page nine to the end of the document.

Page 113

112    **CON TINUE D:**

112

**MICHAEL**

The caveats?

Michael does it.

**MALCOLM**

Is it highlighted?

**JAMIE**

You mean selected, yeah it's selected.

**MALCOLM**

Okay, right, standby ... delete!

**JAMIE**

(to Michael)

Delete!

**MICHAEL**

(subdued)

You can't just delete the arguments against the war.

Michael stops what he's doing.

**MALCOLM**

(to Toby)

Messenger! Get Messenger up!

Toby sticks Pwip-Pip in his mouth so he's got a hand free to initiate MSN messenger.

**JAMIE**

Oh hang on Malc. Michael's stopped moving. I think he's crashed.

Malcolm types something on the laptop while Toby holds it up for him.

**MALCOLM**

Have you tried hitting him? Give him a thump, that usually works.

**JAMIE**

Hang on, I think I might be able to use manual over-ride.

Jamie picks up Michael's hand and pulls out his index finger and places it on the delete key.

**JAMIE (CONT'D)**

No, it's okay. It's working again.

**MALCOLM**

Great. Now attach that to email.

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112    **CON TINUE D: (2)**

112

**JAMIE**

(to Michael)

Attach that to an email.

**MALCOLM**

(to Toby)

Right, let's find a printer. The Japanese, they'll have one. They've got everything.

113    **INT. UN CORRIDOR - DAY**

113

Malcolm approaches Toby.

**MALCOLM**

Get me a blue folder.

**TOBY**

Where from?

**MALCOLM**

I don't fucking know. Do I look like I've ever set foot in a stationary cupboard? I do my shagging in five star hotels. Now go and find me a blue fucking folder. Pronto.

Toby runs off.

**114 INT. LINTON'S UN OFFICE - DAY**

**114**

Malcolm walks in. He holds up his blue folder.

**MALCOLM**

The intelligence your guys couldn't find? I think you owe me a massive, grovelling apology.

**LINTON**

What, you did your job? Eventually? Congratulations. Maybe they'll give you a knighthood.

**MALCOLM**

It's been a pleasure working with you. You know, I've met some psychos in my time, but none as fucking BORING as you. Oh sorry, that's right. You disapprove of swearing. A boring F star star CUNT!

Malc hands over the folder and walks out.

Page 115

**115 INT. UN - DAY**

**115**

Linton, with Adriano now back beside him AND LIZA, is waiting for hush from the assembled US delegation, including Miller.

**LINTON**

Welcome aboard Liza. By the way,  
congratulations on Pwip Pip. Excellent  
work.

**LIZA**

Really?

**LINTON**

I don't know. I haven't read it  
personally. No time. But it certainly  
raised your profile.

**LIZA**

No. That old thing? That was like a  
thousand years ago. More maybe.

**LINTON**

Terrific.

(to the delegation)

So, I'll keep this brief and to the  
point. We go in, we make our case using  
the new British intelligence from their  
source `Debussy', we win the argument, we  
get the hell out.

The delegation starts filing out.

**116 INT. UN CORRIDOR- DAY**

**116**

The Brit delegation are gathered round a screen in a  
corridor showing the main debating chamber. The mood is  
sombre.

**CHAIR**

(on screen)

Resolution 5977 is passed.

Judy looks at Malcolm. Malcolm looks straight ahead at  
the screen, nods, impassive.

**SIMON**

Yup. That's that then.

**TOBY**

"That's that then"? That's your quote for  
the ages is it?

Page 116

**116 CON TINUE D:**

**116**

**SIMON**

What?

**TOBY**

'And I remember the moment war was declared. I turned to the Minister and he said "That's that, then. Anyone want a mint?".

**SIMON**

Piss off, Toby.

117 **INT. UN - DAY**  
117

The mood is quietly buzzy. Job well done. Liza is there too.

**LINTON**

We did it Bob!

**BOB ADRIANO**

Yes sir! There were moments when it was a little hairy ...

**LINTON**

No there weren't, no.

They shake hands with various colleagues.

118 **INT. TINY OFFICE - DAY**  
118

A TV shows BBC News 24's report on the vote. Jamie is stroking Michael's hair in a sweet and therefore very very scary way. Michael's staring ahead pretending it isn't happening.

**JAMIE**

(sweetly)

Well done Michael. You did a good job.  
You did a really, really good job.

119 **INT. UN OFFICE - DAY**  
119

Karen enters. Chad is there too with General Miller.

**KAREN**

So, I emailed my resignation ten minutes ago.

(to Miller)

Yours should come right after the President's announcement, to have the biggest media impact.

Page 117

119    CON TINUE D:

119

**GENERAL MILLER**

I've been thinking Karen. This has been the hardest fucking decision of my political life. I'm not resigning.

**KAREN**

What the fuck George. Seriously? You said that the war was intolerable and we'd go together.

**GENERAL MILLER**

It is - it is intolerable. I still agree with myself about that. But I've got to tolerate it. My loyalty is with the kids. At the end of the day I'm a soldier.

**KAREN**

You're not a soldier.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Look at the uniform, Karen. I'm not a pastry chef. I have military commendations on my chest, not a little fucking label saying My Name Is George.

**KAREN**

You're a politician. You live on canapes and white wine and you have three anecdotes you wheel out at every party and you scour the national papers for mentions of your name. You're a fucking politician.

**GENERAL MILLER**

I'm still a soldier.

**KAREN**

When was the last time you shot a guy?

**GENERAL MILLER**

What, if I haven't shot a guy in 15 years then I'm not a soldier? City hall don't insist I bring along a fucking bullet-ridden corpse every five years to renew my soldier licence.

**KAREN**

You know this is an unnecessary war. It's a war you don't believe in. Show me some balls, George.

**GENERAL MILLER**

I know I've got balls, I don't need to show them to you.

Page 118

119 CONTINUE D: (2)

119

**KAREN**

Oh sure, It just so happens they're sitting pretty in a pair of Egyptian cotton Ralph Lauren shorts on a Government salary.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Don't talk about my fucking balls that way. My balls have been around. My balls have got balls.

**KAREN**

Come on Chad, let's leave the General and his over-stuffed scrotum. We're going to draft our resignation announcements.

Karen turns away from him.

**CHAD**

Er, I might, stay with the General actually Karen, if that's okay? If he's staying I might stay with him and see what assistance I can furnish.

**KAREN**

Okay. General Shrek and his faithful talking donkey.

She goes.

**GENERAL MILLER**

This takes balls Karen.

**CHAD**

You've got balls Sir. Anyone can see you've got big balls. They're two-thirds of a snowman.

**GENERAL MILLER**

Get the fuck away from me.

Miller walks off.

**CHAD**

Okay. This was not the plan.

120 INT. UN - DAY  
120

Simon's on the phone to the wall man.

**SIMON**

No, you're right. I am a piss-brain. That's the perfect word, Mr Michaelson. Your mother came up with it? Well congratulate her from me. I am a piss-brain for letting this happen.

Page 119

120 CON TINUE D:

120

Simon sees Malcolm coming along. Starts to head back into the shared office.

He rings off, Malcolm catches up with him in the office

**MALCOLM**

Simon, look, mate. Listen to me. You still don't need to resign.

**SIMON**

No. I'm going to resign, Malcolm. In a hour. You can't stop me now.

Toby comes over.



**TOBY**

Boss?

Yes?

**SIMON**

**MALCOLM**

Yes?

**TOBY (CONT'D)**

It's on the BBC News website -- Partial collapse of the wall. Mrs Michaelson's greenhouse has a smashed pane. The BBC had a crew down there.

**SIMON**

God, and that's NEWS. Ridiculous, isn't it?

**MALCOLM**

It's nor Ridiculous. You're fired.

**SIMON**

What?

**MALCOLM**

The wall. It's just not tolerable.

**SIMON**

It's just a fucking wall.

**MALCOLM**

Look at this.

(clicks his fingers at Toby)

Give me the paper.

(off Simon's look)

He's my new boy. I'm just breaking him in.

**TOBY**

Here.

Page 120

120 CON TINUE D: (2)

120

**MALCOLM**

The Telegraph has a cartoon of you crushed underneath the Great Wall Of China, suggesting you are the only political fuck-up visible from space.

Look at this. No one could survive this.  
The PM is very clear on this - you're  
sacked, over the wall.

**SIMON**

No.

**MALCOLM**

Yes.

**SIMON**

You haven't even - spoken to the Prime  
Minister.

**MALCOLM**

Yes I have.

**SIMON**

You fucking haven't I've been right here.

**MALCOLM**

I have spoken to the Prime Minister.  
Whether it has happened or not is  
irrelevant. It is true. As soon as I  
heard about the wall, I spoke to him and  
he decided you had to go.

**SIMON**

I'm not going quietly.

**MALCOLM**

Yeah well if you try to turn this into  
some anti-war protest, you can expect  
your 'mountain of conflict' soundbite to  
be everywhere from ringtones to a fucking  
dance mix on YouTube. I will marshall all  
the forces of media darkness to hound you  
to an assisted suicide.

A silence while Simon and Toby realise there is nowhere  
for him to go.

**MALCOLM (CONT'D)**

Right, Rupleforeskin's give me your  
laptop, so -- shall we draft your 'Dear  
Prime Minister, just a quick note to say  
thanks for sacking me' letter?

Simon doesn't know what else to do. Toby goes to get his  
laptop. Miller is having a cigarette under a no-smoking  
sign.

**TOBY**

Hi. General? Look I realise this is a slightly strange time to say this, but I just want to say how much I admire...

**GENERAL MILLER**

Go fuck yoursefl, Frodo.

**TOBY**

Great. Lovely

Toby hurries off looking crushed. Miller takes another drag on his cigarette.

**INT. STATE DEPARTMENT. DAY**

Linton is going through a list with Liza. General Miller is sitting in on this meeting, looking slightly like a man who's being shafted up the ass and having to pretend to enjoy it.

**LINTON**

Okay, I don't want to be accused of micro managing but I personally do not see that 'I heart Huckabees' should be on the list of dvds suitable for forces entertainment. That self-indulgent crap is not suitable entertainment for combat troops. And where's 'United 93' on here? That should be playing 24/7.

**INT. CONSTITUENCY OFFICE. DAY.**

Simon is back with Roz.

**ROZ**

Right, I've got a selection of quotes for you, they're all local firms and none of them is very well respected.

(gets another piece of paper out)

Now, this sceptic tank is also rearing it's pooy head again too.

Simon looks zonked with boredom.

123 INT. WHITE HOUSE

123

**A. J.**

Well Alan, I have been balled out by Linton for allowing I Heart Huckabees on to the troops DVD roster. You know the phrase, "I'm too old for this shit? Well, I'm too young for this shit.

**(MOR E)**

Page 122

123 CON TINUE D:

123

**A. J. (CONT'D)**

I should be out there having a youth. Getting high, making women pregnant.

124 INT. DFID - DAY  
124

Malcolm is walking through the open-plan office with Judy. In the background we see Toby getting the last of his things together.

The NEW MINISTER and her ADVISOR arrive. They are almost carbon copies of Simon and Toby.

**MALCOLM**

Ah, here they are. Minister. Elizabeth. Welcome aboard.

**MINISTER**

Thanks Malcolm. Looking forward to it. War seems to be going `great guns' at the moment.

**MALCOLM**

Ah, cheeky! Let me take you out for an expensive lunch, roast swan and all the trimmings, and I'll bring you up to speed on the whole Middle East situation.

**MINISTER**

Are you twisting my arm already?

**MALCOLM**

Aye, but in a friendly, non-breaky way. Watch your step there. There's still blood on the deck.

**ADVISOR**

(to Judy)  
Hi I'm Danny. Dan. I'm Elizabeth's chief  
advisor.

**JUDY**

Judy Molloy. Senior Press -

**ADVISOR**

Have I got a desk?

**JUDY**

Yes, it's that one there.

She points at Toby's desk. The Minister and his advisor  
start making themselves at home.

We stay on Toby now as Malcolm and Judy greet the new  
guys.

Page 123

**124 CONTINUE D:**

**124**

Toby grabs the last of his things, glances over at them,  
and then we follow him as he heads down the front steps.

**THE END**