

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

1A

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

FREDDIE

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

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

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

FREDDIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Of course I'll need an assistant.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL-

ISAAC standing in the doorway, beams on hearing this.

ISAAC checks his watch-

ISAAC

(on tenterhooks)

Two minutes Mr Lyon.

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

FREDDIE

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

FREDDIE smiles-

THE TICK TICK of a clock overhead-

CUT TO:

OVER A BLACK SCREEN-

The TICK TICK of a stopwatch through-

WITH CREDITS-

FREDDIE VO

Standby studio..

CUT TO:

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

1

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

FREDDIE VO

Fade up newsreel -

RUTH ELMS [21 yrs], a nervous, gauche beauty, hurrying down

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

NEWS READER VO

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

The stiff RP of the NEWSREADER heard through-

NEWS READER VO (cont'd)

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL-

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

4

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

NEWS READER VO

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

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

FREDDIE

Cue foreign newsreel -

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

CUT TO:

SCENE 5 CUT AT GREEN AMENDMENTS

5A CONTINUED:

5A

LIX
Did you get it?

BEL
We got it.

LIX points at her-

LIX
Producer?

BEL nods-

BEL
(pointing at LIX)
Foreign desk.

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

LIX
Bravo.. Bravo..

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

LIX
Christ.

LIX smiles, moving on-

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

The red light of transmission goes out-

BEL enters, with growing determination-

CUT TO:

9 CONTINUED:

9

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

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

LAUGHTER-

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

The SCRATCH of a 2B pencil against newspaper-

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

9A

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

RUTH
Hello operator. Put me through to
Bloomsbury 7428.

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

FREDDIE VO
Counting down-

CUT TO:

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

10

A neat office-

PETER entering, tailed by a PRETTY, FLIRTATIOUS STUDENT-

PETER DARRALL
Come back tomorrow.

PETER DARRALL already reaching behind the door for his coat.

LADY ELMS
(through glass)
Our guests are arriving.

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

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

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

RUTH hesitates, hands shaking as she takes the lipstick.

L5qT . 5(VB52KTg. M5(VY5qTI . M5(VY5qTa. 5(VB52KTs. M5

BEL

James.

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

BEL (cont'd)

Friday's running cue and I am not your

13 CONTINUED:

13

BEL

A little slow on that last cue.

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

FREDDIE

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

BEL

Banker.

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

FREDDIE

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

CUT TO:

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

14

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

FREDDIE

Where did you dine?

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

BEL

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

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

FREDDIE

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

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

BEL

(floundering)
Can I cadge a lift?

FREDDIE deflects-

FREDDIE

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

14 CONTINUED: 14

Distant laughter of an audience-

BEL

Bona fide.

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

PRESENTER

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

16 SCENE 16 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT 16

CONTENTS MOVED TO SCENE 17A

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

The POP of champagne corks-

The CHINK of CUTLERY-

The murmur of polite conversation-

The swirl of chiffon as ADAM LE RAY twirls RUTH in quickening
step around a dance floor.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

SCENES 21 & 22 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT

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

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

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

The glint of a knife-

PETER hesitates waiting-

A lone set of FOOTSTEPS steady on the approach-

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

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

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

The FOOTSTEPS and CHATTER dissolve away-

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

CUT TO:

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

The HOTEL BAND coming to a triumphant end-

The ripple of APPLAUSE-

24A CONTINUED:

24A

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

BEL
Yes but Freddie...

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

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

BEL
You're coming with me.

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

BEL (cont'd)
Freddie...?

CUT TO:

25 SCENE 25 CUT AT GREEN AMENDMENTS 25

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

Distant laughter-

The jaunty song of the distant HOTEL BAND.

BEL

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

FREDDIE looks at her-

BEL (cont'd)

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

(with a smile)

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

FREDDIE

And miss all the fun?

FREDDIE makes to go, heading towards the distant reception

FREDDIE (cont'd)

He'll be late.

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)

They're always late.

If he's still not here by nine, come and find me.

FREDDIE knocks back a drink.

BEL

At least try and keep a clear head.

FREDDIE reaches for a second drink hesitates on seeing-

BEL (cont' d)

You are impossible.

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

FREDDIE

You know we're both worth more.

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

BEL

(calling after)

Freddie-

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

BEL (cont'd)

Don't you be. Late? Tomorrow?

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

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

CUT TO:

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

The TING of a fork against glass-

A lively party, quietened to a hush-

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

ADAM LE RAY

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

ADAM stand5(VY5qT .Mme(I r q02KTt. M5(V5Tm. 5(KM2: MTe(6V5V50P15\$5M(4650505

27 CONTINUED:

27

ADAM LE RAY (cont'd)

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

27 CONTINUED:

27

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

ADAM LE RAY (cont'd)
Do cross your fingers and let us hope
the sun shines.

CUT TO:

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

28

An empty drawing room-

The distant noises of the party, far off-

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

RUTH
Martini then whisky. Beware.

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

RUTH (cont'd)
The hangover will get you.

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

FREDDIE
Are you hiding?

RUTH
No...Yes. I hate parties.

RUTH hesitates, drinks.

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

RUTH
Hello Freddie.

FREDDIE hesitates, smiles-

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

RUTH
Yes, if you pour me another one of
those.

RUTH holds up her whisky glass-

28 CONTINUED:

28

FREDDIE
I'd say you'd had enough.

RUTH stands, wobbles a little, FREDDIE steadies her-

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

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

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

RUTH
(cutting him off)
Old enough-

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

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

FREDDIE deflects, drinks. He needs to go home.

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

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

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

FREDDIE
Actually Mark Twain did but-

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

RUTH
Damn-

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

FREDDIE
Tilt your head-

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Pinch the bridge.

RUTH
I'm sorry.

FREDDIE

The distant murmur of the television.

MALCOLM OOV
(calling out)
Hello-

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

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

FREDDIE picks up the fish and chips, moving through-

CUT TO:

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

Darkness-

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

MALCOLM
Good day, Frederick?

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

FREDDIE
You should have a light on.

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

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

MALCOLM

(beat)
The usual rubbish.

FREDDIE's gaze wavers, a familiar sting.

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

FREDDIE
Miss Rowley. She's-

FREDDIE stops, suddenly at a loss-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
... fine.

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

MALCOLM
Good day, Frederick?

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

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

34 CONTINUED: 34

BEL hurries after him-

CUT TO:

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

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

FREDDIE

Do you think I should start with the Marx quote?

BEL

Freddie you really need to focus now.

FREDDIE scratches it out-

FREDDIE

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

BEL

It hasn't got a name yet...

The GLIDE of the LIFT rising-

FREDDIE

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

BEL

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

FREDDIE

Why?

BEL

Because you need to show them..

FREDDIE

Show them what?

BEL

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

FREDDIE

That's your job.

35 CONTINUED:

35

BEL
You need to keep your options open.

35 CONTINUED:

35

FREDDIE scruti ni ses her-

FREDDIE
Moneypenny your eyes look piggy when
you lie.

The PING of the lift-

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

FREDDIE looks at her aghast until -

FREDDIE
Right-

BEL
Freddie-

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

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

The PING of the LIFT-

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

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

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

FREDDIE turns, mind racing, quietly falling apart.

CLARENCE OOV
There you are.

CUT TO:

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

36

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

CLARENCE
Now breathe, Freddie-

FREDDIE nods, suddenly speechless-

36 CONTINUED:

36

BEL

Clarence-

CLARENCE ignores her, clearly they are late.

CLARENCE

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

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

CLARENCE (cont'd)

(pointing to collar)

Top button.

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

CUT TO:

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

38

A darkened office, wall-to-wall walnut-

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

DOUGLAS

13 minutes, 36.8 seconds - remarkable.

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

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

(pointing)

There. There...

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

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Balised it. Left corner.

FREDDIE and DOUGLAS peer closer, just clocking the boom.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Bloody boom. How do we run that? I want two men at Lord's when Jim Laker bats next week. One to hold the

38 CONTINUED:

38

FREDDIE

Yes. No. Do I need to?

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)
I like football.

DOUGLAS
Which team?

FREDDIE
Derby County. My mother was born-

DOUGLAS
So not really...

FREDDIE hesitates, momentarily at a loss.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

HECTOR
You're something to do with natural
history.

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

HECTOR (cont'd)KT, .M5(VHBMT .M5(VY5qTa. 5(VB52KT .

39 CONTINUED:

39

PRETTY SECRETARY
Do you take sugar?

DOUGLAS

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

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

FREDDIE

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

40 CONTINUED:

40

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

FREDDIE racing and over-excited.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

DOUGLAS hesitates, Freddie fizzing.

DOUGLAS

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

CUT TO:

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

41

BEL slams down her magazine, bored. HECTOR smiles.

HECTOR

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

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

BEL

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

HECTOR

This is where I ask you for a drink.

She hesitates, something dangerous in this game.

BEL

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

The SWING of a door opening-

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

FREDDIE

Home affairs! House of Lords garden
parties and outbreaks of foot and

41 CONTINUED:

41

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

CLARENCE
The audacity to even think you could
present this programme!

FREDDIE
He asked for my opinion.

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

CLARENCE spies BEL standing, looking on with growing concern.

CLARENCE (cont'd)
(to BEL)
This is your fault. I said talk to
him, calm him down. I said he's a
risk...He's always a bloody risk. But
you said 'NO'. You don't lead the

41 CONTINUED:

41

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

BEL turns with realisation to HECTOR-

HECTOR
Yes, I know exactly who Miss Rowley
is.

HECTOR smiles wickedly, she's been had.

CLARENCE
(to BEL)
May I introduce you to the face of our
new programme.

CLARENCE looks pointedly at FREDDIE-

CLARENCE (cont'd)
(to HECTOR)
If you'd like to come this way.

HECTOR smiles, moving off-

FREDDIE
(almost to himself)
Christ, he's charming as well.

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

BEL
Lyon-

The PING of the LIFT-

FREDDIE enters, BEL close behind.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

42

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

FREDDIE
How could you do that?

The glide of the lift down-

FREDDIE (cont' d)

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

BEL

If you would just listen to me -

FREDDIE

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

BEL

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

FREDDIE

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

FREDDIE looks at BEL, with disgusted realisation-

FREDDIE (cont' d)

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

BEL

It's you who said you are calci fying in newsreels. Do you seriously want to die there? The last job I got you. You nearly closed us down because you

42 CONTINUED:

42

FREDDIE
They're humouring you.

BEL inwardly winded, humiliation threatening until -

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

BEL
Don't speak-

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

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

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

BEL (cont'd)
(close to)
What have you got?

The PING of the lift-

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

CUT TO:

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

43

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

The PING of the lift-

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

LIX 00V
(roared)
Lyon.

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

43 CONTINUED:

43

LIX

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

43 CONTINUED:

43

FREDDIE keeps walking-

FREDDIE
Not guilty. Mr Wengrow-

ISAAC passes, carrying a tray of teas.

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

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

ISAAC
He does look very smart on his horse.

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

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

GEORGE passes-

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

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

BEL
Plane crash, Nigeria, 26 dead.

GEORGE
And-?

BEL shakes her head-

BEL
Does your wife find you amusing,
George?

BEL moves off, reading through the news list.

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

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

43 CONTINUED:

43

Then Cai ro? LIX

43 CONTINUED:

43

GEORGE

I'm running the Bobsleigh at Bergen
then-

FREDDIE barely looking up from his news list-

FREDDIE

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

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

GEORGE

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

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

FREDDIE

Not remotely.

GEORGE

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

The tension bristles, stilling all to a silence-

FREDDIE

Is that a threat?

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

LIX

(aside)
Hush now my boy.

FREDDIE turns in a fury-

GEORGE

Four o'clock. No Eden. No Cairo.

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

CUT TO:

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

44

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

44 CONTINUED:

44

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

LIX

She left it for you.

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

FREDDIE

They could have at least offered me foreign affairs.

LIX

Already taken.

FREDDIE looks at LIX with sudden realisation.

FREDDIE

Traitor.

LIX smiles, tapping another cigarette on her desk.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I want my desk back.

LIX

As I recall I won this desk.

FREDDIE

You scored your cards.

LIX

Didn't need to, sweetheart.

FREDDIE looks beyond, BEL just visible heading out.

LIX (cont'd)

(close to/passing)

You have absolutely no poker face.

FREDDIE wavers, LIX has got him.

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

ISAAC

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

FREDDIE looks up, with surprise on seeing-

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

45

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

FREDDIE
Nice coat.

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

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

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

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

RUTH (cont' d)
You' re so serious. Don' t take life so
seriously. Well I find it very serious
indeed. The world.

FREDDIE
You have grown up.

RUTH
Don' t patronise me.
(silence)
Why didn' t you ever reply to my
letters?
(silence)
It didn' t matter. I' ve kept up with

RUTH (cont'd)

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

FREDDIE laughs-

RUTH (cont'd)

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

(close to)

I want you to find out why he was murdered.

FREDDIE

Go to the police-

(seeing look)

I am not the right person-

RUTH

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

45 CONTINUED:

45

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

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

A perfect tiny paper rose.

CUT TO:

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

46

The thudder of the telex machine-

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

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

FREDDIE

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

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)

(almost to himself)
Throat slashed.

FREDDIE already reaching for his coat-

GEORGE

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

CUT TO:

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

47

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

HECTOR

Did he forgive you?

BEL looks at HECTOR sharply-

BEL

Who?

HECTOR

Mr Lyon?

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

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

BEL
(aside)
He's a big boy.

CLARENCE is already standing, to greet them-

CLARENCE
You found one another.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

48

A dingy police reception-

A WOMAN juggles a wailing BABY in a sodden nappy.

A DRUNK mutters to himself.

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

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

FREDDIE
Alright Charlie?

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

POLICE OFFICER
No-

The POLICE OFFICER considers, the pound note tempting-

FREDDIE
Suspected robbery. Came in last night.

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

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

POLICE OFFICER
(hushed)
Plain clothes were in an hour ago.

CUT TO:

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

49

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

BEL
Alexis Storm will be heading the
foreign desk.

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

BEL (cont'd)
She covered-

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

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

BEL hesitates, quietly impressed-

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

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

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

BEL

49 CONTINUED:

49

CLARENCE

He's dangerous.

HECTOR

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

BEL

No-

HECTOR smiles, surprised by the fire-

BEL (cont'd)

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

HECTOR

And what is that?

BEL

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

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

HECTOR

And you really think you can't do that?

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

CLARENCE

Douglas-

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

DOUGLAS

I hope you ordered for me.

CUT TO:

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

50

The dull chill of the mortuary-

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

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

FREDDIE
How many men?

POLICE OFFICER
Five.

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

FREDDIE
MI 5?

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

POLICE OFFICER
Box 850, governor says.

FREDDIE
SIS? You know you're someone when MI 6
come to pay respects.

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Did they do this?

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

POLICE OFFICER
(going)
No... Came in like that. Someone was
looking for something.

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

FREDDIE
It wasn't much of a robbery.

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

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

50 CONTINUED:

50

FREDDIE considers, pocketing them.

POLICE OFFICER
Five minutes. We're done.

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

FREDDIE
Yes we're done.

CUT TO:

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

51

The aftermath of lunch-

CLARENCE
McCain's in.

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

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

MCCAIN stands, ready to make an approach.

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

DOUGLAS
Leave it to me.

DOUGLAS smiles, taking ANGUS's outstretched hand-

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

MCCAIN already moving on to CLARENCE to shake his hand-

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

HECTOR smiles, surprised-

HECTOR
Yes.

MCCAIN shakes hands moving on-

51 CONTINUED:

51

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

(MORE)

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

51 CONTINUED:

51

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

51 CONTINUED:

51

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

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

MCCAIN smiles escoring CLARENCE and DOUGLAS across the room-

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

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

HECTOR
Of course. Miss Rowley will you-

BEL shrugs smiles-

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

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

And then table after table of MEN.

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

CUT TO:

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

52

A muted lobby-

BEL waits for the CLOAKROOM ASSISTANT to get her coat-

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

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

HECTOR
You left it on the table.

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

BEL
Thank you.

52 CONTINUED:

52

Distant laughter, HECTOR follows BEL's gaze -

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

HECTOR
Hector-

BEL
Hero of Troy.

HECTOR
Father with pretensions of a scholar.

BEL
And mother?

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

HECTOR
Died when I was ten.

53 CONTINUED:

53

HECTOR should smile, impressed.

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

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

HECTOR (cont'd)
Take the afternoon off. You'll be out
by the end of the week anyway.

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

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

HECTOR
Talk to Mr Lyon.

BEL
I intend to but-

BEL keeps walking, heading out.

BEL (cont'd)
He doesn't listen to anyone but
himself.

CUT TO:

54 SCENE 54 CUT AT SHOOTING SCRIPT

54

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

55

A neat office-

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

Nasser: Friend or Foe?

PROFESSOR BECKETT
This shouldn't be open. They locked
it.

PROFESSOR BECKETT stands hesitant in the doorway-

FREDDIE
They?

55 CONTINUED:

55

PROFESSOR BECKETT wavers-

FREDDIE (cont'd)
I have an appointment with Mr Darrall.

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

PROFESSOR BECKETT
Professor Darrall sadly passed away
last night-

A swell of STUDENTS just visible through a wide window-

FREDDIE
I'm so sorry-

PROFESSOR BECKETT
You knew him-?

FREDDIE
(shakes his head)
No, but I hoped to. You work in the
same department?

PROFESSOR BECKETT
(nods)
Our paths crossed at this time of the
year-

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

PROFESSOR BECKETT (cont'd)
We have a number of international
students who take summer courses.
Mainly French-

A YOUNG COUPLE hold hands, laughing across a distance

PROFESSOR BECKETT
Professor Darra I?

56 CONTINUED:

56

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

Kennedy Tipped for VP Nom...

NEWSAGENT

Alright, Sir?

FREDDIE nods, searching through the newspaper until-

Two columns, a few lines just visible...

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

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

FREDDIE

Do you recognise this man-?

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

NEWSAGENT

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

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

NEWSAGENT (cont'd)

I told him to pay me in the morning,

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

BEL, already fizzing with irritation-

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

CUT TO:

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

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

BEL
George-

GEORGE stops, by a pinboard.

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

hoawi wby Ray deo Rects, pinning upqT .M5(VY5qTu.5(VB52KtpqT .M5(V5TQR.M5(VHn.]T

58 CONTINUED:

58

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

(MORE)

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

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

GEORGE
You missed your slot. Programme's filled.

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

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM. ALEXANDRA PALACE - DUSK 2, 1819

FREDDIE

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

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

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

GEORGE

61 CONTINUED:

61

BEL laughs, oddly moved-

BEL

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

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

BEL (cont'd)

...when next week you could be-

FREDDIE

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

BEL

Won't.

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

FREDDIE

No.

(beat)

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

BEL hesitates, cut to the quick.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I suppose I'm just another one.

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

BEL

Bravo.

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

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

FREDDIE
(into phone)
Yes-

Silence-

CUT TO:

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

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

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

RUTH hesitates, tears welling-

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

A click on the line-

CUT TO:

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

63

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

64 CONTINUED:

64

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

RUTH (cont'd)
Two things are infinite. The universe
and stupidity. And I'm not sure about
the universe.

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

RUTH
(cutting in)
Never give up, Freddie. Never.

CUT TO:

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

65

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

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

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

RUTH ON PHONE (cont'd)
...I'd rather stay twenty one forever-

A click on the line-

FREDDIE
(sudden)
Ruthie-

The line suddenly goes dead-

FREDDIE sits, suddenly impotent.

OPERATOR 00V
Sir, could you please hang up-

FREDDIE
Where is this call being made from?

OPERATOR 00V
The Claringdon Hotel, Sir.

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

LIX

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

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

LIX (cont'd)

I dare you-

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

CUT TO:

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

66

FREDDIE stands, watches BEL ft .M5(VHV5TaT0.IyVyVyMyKY(555KyY55(:2MVHV5T

66 CONTINUED:

66

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

ISAAC
I don't smoke.

FREDDIE
Save it for later.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ISAAC
It's boring.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

ISAAC
Thought so.

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

CUT TO:

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

67

The hum of a taxi waiting-

LIX just visible, the door open, illuminated inside-

FREDDIE
You forgot your lamp.

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

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

FREDDIE clambers in after her-

CUT TO:

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

68

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

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

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

FREDDIE looks to ISAAC, still standing on the pavement.

FREDDIE
Isaac in.

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

BEL
What are you doing?

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

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

FREDDIE
Goody.

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

LIX
Children. There will be tears.

London skyline streaking past-

CUT TO:

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

68A

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

CUT TO:

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

69

Distant laughter-

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

Through an open door....

FREDDIE
And after I gave you that lamp-

BEL hesitates-

CUT TO:

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

FREDDIE

...we ate at that terrible Chinese-

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

BEL oddly touched but confused by FREDDIE-

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

(beat)

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

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)

But it shouldn't stop me trying-

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

FREDDIE (cont'd)

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

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

BEL

I want to hear you say it.

FREDDIE inwardly curses, clearly struggling-

70 CONTINUED:

70

FREDDIE
I get first choice of desk. And I want
an office with a window.
(MORE)

The pop of a champagne bottle, beyond-

DOUGLAS, CLARENCE, LIX, ISAAC and OTHERS gathered.

FREDDIE looks to BEL. She hesitates. Scooping up a glass, she

HECTOR
All beautiful women like orchids.

BEL hesitates, the moment is electric between them until-

BEL
Do they really fall for that line?

They laugh-

HECTOR
Bad?

BEL
Very bad.

From across the studio floor-

MARNIE OOV
(calling over to HECTOR)
Darling, there you are-

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

BEL
But it obviously worked on somebody.

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

BEL (cont'd)
That's your-

HECTOR
Wi fe.

BEL
Of course. With your-

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

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

73 CONTINUED:

73

From behind-

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

79 CONTINUED:

79

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

FREDDIE
No... No... No...

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

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

CUT TO:

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

80

An empty office-

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

The phone rings-

GEORGE picks up the phone-

GEORGE
Hello-

MCCAIN ON PHONE
Did you fire Mr Lyon-?

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

GEORGE
Yes, Mr McCain.
(beat)
He's someone else's problem now.

The phone hangs up-

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

FREDDIE moving through, reaching for the telephone-

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

A tiny click on the line-

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

He slides the newspaper into his jacket.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

END OF EPISODE ONE