



# **The Split 2**

## **Episode One**

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1 **INT. SWIMMING POOL. PRIVATE GYM. LONDON. DAWN. DAY 1, 05:48.1**

CLOSE on BARE FEET walking across tiles until-

TOES on the edge of a pool-

On HANNAH, pulling goggles on her eyes, looking across an empty pool-

She climbs down the step, and begins steadily swimming in an endless lane.

The RISE and FALL of her breath underscores.

A second swimmer, in the opposite direction, caught in blurred shot, slowly coming into view, revealed as CHRISTIE, eyes momentarily connect with HANNAH as they cross in their separate lanes-

They swim on, two lone figures, moving back and forth until-

On HANNAH and CHRISTIE pulling one another into a passionate, smiling embrace until-

A woman just visible through the distant glass, running on a treadmill. She turns her head a little, catching HANNAH's gaze.

She looks away, with a quiet smile.

On HANNAH, guilt puncturing, playfully pushing CHRISTIE away-

CUT TO:

2 **OMITTED.** 2

2A **EXT. STREET. NEAR HEATH. DAY 1, 06:20** 2A

CLOSE on HANNAH, climbing out of a taxi, hurrying up the street, hair a little damp, blotting her shirt a little, a box of OSCAR's ashes held tight in her grasp. She's late, eyes fixed on someone ahead-

HANNAH

Sorry... Sorry... Sorry-

Lips graze NATHAN's cheek, LIV, VINNIE and TILLY larking around on bollards or wall close by.

NATHAN

You're late. I've got to be in court by nine. Couldn't you have skipped the pool for once this morning?

HANNAH wavers, a flicker of guilt-

HANNAH  
Got to get my lengths in.

NATHAN  
How many today?

NATHAN oblivious-

HANNAH  
40.

NATHAN  
Slipping.

LIV, VINNIE and TILLY descend on HANNAH-

HANNAH  
Careful. You're squashing Grandad.

GROANS. MOANS of disgust. They fall into walking.

VINNIE  
Gross.

SUDDENLY TILLY, with genius thought-

TILLY  
(punching NATHAN)  
Pinch punch first day of the month.  
No returns.

...the first to remember as the communal pinching and  
punching dissolves on up the road, the rag bag family, box in  
hand, heading for the Heath.

CUT TO:

3      **OMITTED**      3

4      **OMITTED**      4

5      **OMITTED**      5

6      **EXT. TREES. HEATH. LONDON. DAY 1, 06:46.**      6

Sunlight speckled through the trees-

RUTH, NATHAN, HANNAH, NINA, ROSE, JAMES and LIV join VINNIE  
and TILLY and at last coming to a stop, close to a vast  
sprawling felled tree.

Not quite sure what happens next.

ROSE  
How do we do...?

They all look to HANNAH.

HANNAH  
We all just-

ROSE opens the lid of the box, a little hesitant-

RUTH  
...Take a handful.

RUTH pushing herself on, digs her hand into the box, taking out a handful of ash. HANNAH clocking LIV's horror on seeing this, empties out the last of her coffee cup.

HANNAH  
Or alternatively a cup.

Everyone empties their half-filled coffee cups, green juice, whatever is to hand. NATHAN looks to HANNAH, eyebrow a little raised. HANNAH digs in her cup, the rest follow suit, chucking old coffee and green juice alike, sharing if needed-

JAMES  
Right.. Right..

JAMES, no cup, sinks his hand into the ashes. ROSE looks at him, aghast. VINNIE follows suit, sinking his hand into the box, with obvious glee. NATHAN mildly horrified, HANNAH seeing this.

NATHAN  
(hushed aside)  
And this is why they don't open up  
plague pits?

HANNAH now ready with her cup of ashes, bracing herself. ROSE by her side, left with the last of the ashes in the box.

ROSE  
Someone should say something-  
(seeing NINA about to  
speak)  
... No. You wanted to flush him  
down the loo.

RUTH  
Could we move this along? I have a  
very busy day.

All look to HANNAH.

HANNAH  
I don't... I can't... Really-?

SUDDENLY VINNIE pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket.

VINNIE

Grandpa-

VINNIE, now totally fixed on what he has to say, unaffected, at the ready, quietly saving and heartbreaking the day.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

...Even though Grandma says you were a 'dirty dog and couldn't help yourself-'

All look at RUTH with disapproval-

VINNIE (CONT'D)

...I thought you were alright. You were really good at *Fortnite* and didn't think it was 'bad' for me. And I wish we had got to that Spurs game you promised we'd go to. Even though I hate Spurs and it's Arsenal I support. And I told you like seven times. I still wish we'd gone. And even though we didn't know you for very long, something is better than nothing.

NATHAN instinctively puts an arm around HANNAH, she stiffens a little.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

And thank you for the condom.

LAUGHTER-

HANNAH

(with a smile/hushed to VINNIE)

Good job.

She looks down at the grey ashes in her cup, trying to keep it together, not to laugh at the absurdity of it all until -

ALL

To Oscar/ Grandpa-

Then throwing her hand up into the air, she sends the ash flying.

HANNAH

Bye Dad-

VINNIE

Goodbye Grandpa...

TILLY

(peering into cup)

Ugh. Grandpa's still stuck to the cup.

NATHAN  
(hushed to VINNIE/TILLY)  
Cease and desist.

NATHAN gently leading them, arguing together, away.

LIV  
Bye Grandpa.

LIV suddenly a little tearful, buries her head in HANNAH's shoulder as the rest slowly peel away. HANNAH looking back to see - only RUTH remains, standing alone amongst the trees as she tosses the last of the ashes into the air.

RUTH  
Goodbye Oscar.

On HANNAH, she hesitates, momentarily moved, coughing a little - a blow back of ashes, staining her shirt and coat.

HANNAH  
(aside to RUTH)  
Mum - don't tell Vinnie stuff like that?

RUTH  
Why - important to know where one's come from.  
(hushed aside)  
Your grandfather knocked up a hooker during the war.  
(seeing HANNAH's look)  
Didn't I ever tell you that?

On HANNAH in quiet horror, as RUTH dumps the cardboard box in a bin in passing, heading away, dressed up, clearly eager to get on with her day.

NATHAN  
Ah yes, that wonderful Defoe sentiment.  
(aside to HANNAH)  
A condom? Really?  
(calling after Ruth)  
Ruth - we'll see you tonight?

RUTH hesitates, HANNAH shooting NATHAN a look-

HANNAH  
Tonight? I can't. Nathan. I have a meeting with a client-

NATHAN  
Rearrange. James has put his photos into a slideshow and everything.

NINA  
(moving off)  
We'll definitely need wine.

MURMURS of agreement as one by one they peel away, HANNAH flustered-

HANNAH  
There's nothing in the fridge.  
Seriously-

NATHAN  
(peck on her cheek/  
heading off)  
It's why they invented Deliveroo.

On HANNAH jangled and annoyed that NATHAN has outwitted her, watching, as he heads away passing RUTH and NINA hanging back, waiting for HANNAH.

HANNAH  
(to self)  
Great. Great.

CUT TO:

6A **EXT. LONDON STREETS. NEAR NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:35.** 6A

CLOSE on HANNAH, caught in a flurry of apple blossom on a tree-lined street, walking behind NINA and RUTH. RUTH is wittering on, HANNAH oblivious, a kind of white noise. The ebb and flow of passing COMMUTERS-

On HANNAH crossing the road, her mind still somewhere swimming in that pool, smiling to herself, a spring in her step-

The SLICE of a COURIER or the like-

The river beyond.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. LONDON. DAY 1, 08:40.**

7

CLOSE on HANNAH, RUTH and NINA by her side, waiting to cross the road, a bus passes by with a large banner, advertising a new talent show, *I'm With The Band*-

RUTH  
(to NINA)  
Your four o'clock. The Sullivan appeal. Have you lodged the skeleton argument?

Some slick logo, and taut-skinned judges' arms folded, heads slowly turning, ready for the action, catching HANNAH's absent gaze.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
You know it has to be filed within  
fourteen days of your appellant's  
notice?

NINA inwardly bristles, crosses the street with RUTH, leaving HANNAH behind.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Just a thought.

ON HANNAH, distracted, lost in her own thoughts, still standing by the lights.

NINA  
Mother, when are you leaving again?  
(looking/calling back)  
Hannah?

On HANNAH crossing the road, towards the office.

CUT TO:

8

**INT. LOBBY. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. LONDON. DAY 1, 08:42.**

8

The *Noble Hale Defoe* sign reflected in the wide glass lobby of the building ahead. CLOSE on HANNAH, with NINA and RUTH as they sweep through security.

RUTH  
(eyeing sign)  
Does the *D* look a little small to  
you?

HANNAH  
We've talked about this.

RUTH  
Sorry... Sorry...

HANNAH moving on, nothing is going to spoil the skip in her day.

HANNAH  
(nod to security guard)  
Morning Ray.

HANNAH and NINA a little way behind, moving through until all three fall once more into step heading to the lift, RUTH's gaze catching on a huge silver Newton's Cradle hanging from the ceiling.



RUTH  
Ridiculous.

On HANNAH, looking at RUTH, in wry warning as she presses the button for the lift-

HANNAH  
And again?

CUT TO:

9

**INT. RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:45.**

9

The PING of the lift -

HANNAH, NINA and RUTH stepping out of the lift, HANNAH now reading over paperwork, passing a beautiful new reception, boxes now unpacked, files now shelved, the office in perfect order and waiting. Only a couple of chairs wrapped in expensive plastic and newly delivered waiting by the door, give away that this is a recent move, part of the recent merger and new life of *Noble Hale Defoe*-

A CARPET FITTER or the like, still down on his knees gluing the carpet.

RUTH  
(in passing/points to  
plastic covered chairs/to  
RECEPTIONIST)  
Can we get those moved please?  
Meeting room four.

HANNAH smiles, in a knowing way, to the RECEPTIONIST.

HANNAH  
Thank you, Dee.

The RECEPTIONIST nods, already on it-

RUTH  
Christie-

CHRISTIE looks up from collecting packages and documents from reception, hair still damp, smiles-

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Very early?

...eyes lingering on HANNAH as they walk by-

RUTH (CONT'D)  
What have you got to hide?

CHRISTIE smiles, upbeat, a spring in his step-

CHRISTIE

Two prenups and a freezing  
injunction. But frisk me if you  
like-

...he resumes looking over paperwork.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(nods in greeting)  
Hannah.

HANNAH

(breezy/ smiles)  
Christie-

FINGERS discreetly grazing HANNAH's in passing.

CHRISTIE

(seemingly as an  
afterthought)  
Don't forget. Mr Grayling? Tonight.

HANNAH deflects, looking through a pile of packages and  
documents resting on the reception desk.

HANNAH

Yeah...  
(genuinely apologetic)  
I need to reschedule tonight.  
(seeing look)  
Rose is back from travelling and we  
do this whole how the hell does  
this slideshow thing work whilst  
arguing over the merits of Indian  
takeaway over Thai-

NINA

Yay!

NINA already moving on-

HANNAH

I'm sorry.

CHRISTIE

Really? We've already cancelled  
twice-

RUTH

Grayling? Grayling? Is he in-

HANNAH

Shipping.

RUTH

I don't know a Grayling-

HANNAH

He comes into town-

He picks up his post, heading towards his office-

CHRISTIE

....from time to time.

HANNAH falling into step by his side-

HANNAH

(hushed/ as walks)

Nathan just sprung it on me-

HANNAH heading into her office, CHRISTIE close behind.

CUT TO:

9A

**INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:47.**

9A

CHRISTIE and HANNAH at once, pulling one another into a dangerous, passionate embrace until-

CHRISTIE

I got you something.

CHRISTIE fishes a key, with a tiny pair of clogs on a key ring, holding it up to her. HANNAH tries not to laugh, smiles-

HANNAH

I don't think they're going to fit me.

CHRISTIE

(with a smile)

Humour me.

He holds them out, waiting for her to take them. They are tantalisingly close, HANNAH considering - does she dare?

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Don't start what you can't finish.  
This way you can let yourself in  
anytime - day or night. I dare you.

HANNAH hesitates, then takes them with a guilty smile-

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(calling out)

Hannah-

They pull away from one another-

HANNAH

I'll bear that in mind.

HANNAH looking on, touching her lip, conflicted, yet enjoying the thrill as CHRISTIE heads out, passing MAGGIE coming in.

MAGGIE  
(on the approach)  
Your nine o'clock's already here.

HANNAH dumps her bags, gathers her things, rifling through papers on her desk, generally prepping for her morning meetings. Taking her notebook out, she opens it, adds a note to herself, part of an ever-growing list.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
She came up in the service lift.  
She looks older in real life.  
(seeing look)  
*Love Won't Leave You Alone* was the  
soundtrack to my entire teenage  
years.

...on HANNAH, hesitates, sliding the key and keyring into her handbag.

HANNAH  
Sorry. I have two decades on you.  
It's a blur post Blur-

HANNAH reaches over, presses the timer labelled with a client's name, HANSEN, on her computer. The clock starts ticking.

MAGGIE  
(holding up bundle)  
I have to get these to court for  
the Toynton Appeal-

HANNAH  
Go... go... go-  
(moving on)  
I've got this.

CLOSE on HANNAH, picking up her paperwork and notebook, her gaze catching on-

CHRISTIE in the distance, back working in his office.

On HANNAH, she looks back at the photo of her with NATHAN on her desk, considers, caught in the conflict.

CUT TO:

... HANNAH enters the boardroom-

FI

Sorry... I could have circled one  
more time-

**FI HANSEN** - startlingly attractive, former girl band member  
now yummy mummy in gym gear and celebrity TV talent, judge of  
new show *I'm With The Band*. Last seen arms folded,  
billboarded across a bus-

FI (CONT'D)

...but my driver wanted to just get  
me inside. I always freak there  
might be paps-

HANNAH

(shaking hand)  
Hannah Stern.

HANNAH slides her notebook and cellphone down, momentarily  
distracted by FI's phone vibrating, a text coming in.

FI

It's my youngest. He's been up all  
night coughing. Hates Calpol.  
Wouldn't take it this morning. Not  
even from me. And now the nanny's  
saying she wants to resign-

Resumes texting, a little too long, a little too vehemently,  
a certain tension to her despite the smile.

FI (CONT'D)

It's crazy right now... Worst time  
to have a new show starting at the  
end of the week.

HANNAH

*I'm With The Band...*

FI wavers, texting-

FI

It's a naff name for a show isn't  
it? I'm not crazy? The trails are  
haunting me in my sleep. They're  
really pushing the whole stripped  
back, real music, back to basics  
*thang*. But at the end of the day  
it's another bloody talent show.  
And aren't we tired of that? I keep  
telling Richie people are going to  
be so bored of our fat faces. But  
he's like 'talk to the hand'-

(SLAMMING DOWN PHONE)

And now he's *airing* me.

The SWOOSH of another message.

FI (CONT'D)  
(snatching up phone)  
Four days to go. He gets like this.

FI furiously types into her cellphone-

FI (CONT'D)  
Shit hits the fan at home and I'm  
meant to juggle all of it.

The WHOOSH as she presses send-

FI (CONT'D)  
Sans nanny.

She SLAMS down her cellphone, LAUGHING, incredulous, tearful,  
smiling yet fragile.

FI (CONT'D)  
...You'd think after five years  
she'd give us more notice than a  
week-

HANNAH's gaze falling on the screen shot of FI with RICHIE on  
her cellphone wallpaper, laughing and smiling, on some  
foreign holiday, intimate and close, kids all around. He's  
slightly out of view.

FI (CONT'D)  
The kids are going to go ape shit.  
(smiles/tearful)  
Sorry...

HANNAH  
Mrs Hansen-

FI  
Fi... Just Fi...

HANNAH  
How can I help?

FI  
(pulling out paperwork)  
It's no biggie. I was gassing with  
my girlfriends the other night...  
And someone mentioned you were the  
best-

HANNAH smiles, a little confused, looking down at the  
paperwork in front of her.

FI (CONT'D)  
It's my prenup. It's been  
thirteen... God, fourteen, years  
and... Tabby...she is my guru and  
friend... got thoroughly screwed...  
long story...  
(MORE)

FI (CONT'D)

husband turned out to be gay, which is fine... But when it came to their divorce... the prenup seemed to really count and she only got half of what she felt she was owed.

HANNAH reading over the paperwork, looks back at FI, tears stinging in her eyes, through the smile.

FI (CONT'D)

...I just want to know... I'm protected. Provided for. If I was to...

FI tripping up over her words, her fragility seeping through now-

HANNAH

(nods/with understanding)

Divorce.

FI recoils, suddenly all the puff out of her, FINGERS nervously playing with her diamonds.

FI

No. God. No.. I've been with him forever... No... No... It's really more advice-

She BLOTS her tears with her fingers, almost pushing them back into her eyes.

FI (CONT'D)

...I've barely looked at it since-

FI's eyes dart to her cellphone resting on the table in front of her throughout.

FI (CONT'D)

...we got married...

HANNAH nods, smiles, FI aware, sees her clocking her distracted gaze.

FI (CONT'D)

He's a brilliant Dad.

The WHOOSH of a new message coming in.

FI (CONT'D)

But when it comes to our childcare arrangements-

Instantly FI reaches for her phone, reads a message from her husband *RICHIE*, just visible in the message ID, the text clearly visibly making her upset.

FI (CONT'D)  
...He doesn't give a shit.

FI a hot mess, tears once more threatening, searching for a tissue in her bag. HANNAH gently pushes forward a box of tissues, letting her cry.

HANNAH  
If it's any consolation my kids had  
crisps and a chocolate bar for  
breakfast.

FI smiles, laughs, lets the tears subside until-

The WHOOSH of a new text message coming in.

FI  
(reading text)  
And now he's ranting that I'm late  
for a fitting-

FI is already up, gathering her bag, mopping the last of her tears, just needing to get out.

FI (CONT'D)  
...they just pop up in my calendar.  
I'm sorry. Wrong time-

HANNAH tailing her out-

FI (CONT'D)  
I need to... Yeah... I need to  
reschedule-

CUT TO:

11 **INT. CORRIDOR/ RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:57.** 11

CLOSE on HANNAH, walking with FI towards reception-

HANNAH  
Take your time.  
(handing over card)  
Call me whenever you're ready. Any  
time.

FI nods, looking down at the card, eyes landing on HANNAH's name.

FI  
Your boy's Vinnie. Vinnie Stern? My  
son's in his class. Callum?

On HANNAH - a little thrown by this.



HANNAH

Callum... Of course... Sorry. Of course. Callum... Yes. I know Callum... Sorry, I'm hopeless with the whole mum thing. I know no one. I don't think I've been to a cake sale since they were five.

FI

What's your secret?

HANNAH smiles, sees how fragile FI is.

HANNAH

You should know anything we discuss is held in the strictest confidence.

FI nods her thanks, looking down once more at the business card.

FI

(sudden)

I knew who you were. Before I came. I knew you were *that* Hannah Stern. A friend of my sister got stung with the whole Indiana Ray 'thang'.

CLOSE on HANNAH, inwardly punched by even the mention of this-

FI (CONT'D)

I figured you'd understand that stuff sticks. We're all clickbait. I'm paranoid around the press -

On HANNAH - seeing in FI's look, pity, that she knows, about it all, the whole humiliating NATHAN thing, feeling the sting-

HANNAH

I'm sure people are much more interested in you than they are in me.

(deflects/calling out)

Maggie-

(with a smile)

Can you show Mrs Hansen out?

MAGGIE politely leads her away, heading off towards the service lift. They pass CHRISTIE, who smiles, side stepping FI, in a brief moment of smiling connection, before moving on.

On HANNAH, considering-

CUT TO:

12A      **INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:59.**      12A

On HANNAH, she crosses over to her desk, still scalding from FI's comment. She sits, exhales, tries to resume work, fingers starting to type.

She hesitates, then stops, opening up Safari. Beyond thought, with compulsion, she types on the search bar -

*Nathan Stern Indiana Ray.*

At once an image of NATHAN pops up, with a reference to her work and name underneath. HANNAH inwardly recoils a little, forcing herself to look on over a checkerboard of doctors, academics, business heads, all stung in the leak. HANNAH's gaze catching on a headline... INDIANA RAY BUSINESS BOOMING SINCE DATA LEAK. Sickened, HANNAH hurriedly closes it down.

HANNAH busies herself, turning pages on her notebook, adding a note to a well honed list scrawled on the back pages...A long held litany of fury and observations of marriage and life with NATHAN... *Never pulls his weight with house stuff, always have to buy his family presents*, noting down a new line:

Always to be known as 'that Hannah Stern' underscoring the last three words repeatedly.

She considers, and as quick closes the notebook, sliding it back on her desk.

She stops, looks down at her wedding ring, turning it a little, unsettled, bothered by something.

Almost deliberately, almost with purpose, she notes the clog keys from CHRISTIE. She places them on top of the book, exhales, gathers herself and goes back to work, picking up FI's prenup. Drawn into reading it.

Reaching for a pen and post-it notes, she starts to mark up, certain phrases, clauses, with growing concern.

ZANDER (O.S.)

Damn -

13      **INT. COFFEE AREA. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 08:59.**      13

On HANNAH, walking, drawn by the sound of-

ZANDER (O.S.)

Shit... Shit..

Standing in the refreshment area, ZANDER, coat still on, is trying to make himself a coffee. A couple of heavy duty larger suitcases somewhere beyond, a RECEPTIONIST already directing a JUNIOR PARALEGAL or the like to wheel them away.

HANNAH

Zander.

ZANDER

(catching HANNAH's look on  
approach)

What's happened to the coffee  
machine?

A wheelie suitcase and raincoat resting close by.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

I hate froth. It keeps giving me  
froth.

He SLAMS down the handful of *Nespresso* capsules.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

The other one was fine.

HANNAH seamlessly takes over, slotting in a capsule, closing  
machine, pressing button. Clearly he's just come straight  
from the airport.

HANNAH

It died.

The RUMBLE of the machine as they wait for it to pour.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How was Chicago?

ZANDER

Windy.

HANNAH

(handing him coffee)  
Welcome home.

ZANDER

Thank you.

...as he grabs his suitcase and wheels it towards his office.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

Several weeks of wrangling 140  
legal egos into 80,000 square feet  
of office space when everybody  
wants a view-

HANNAH clocking a second suitcase and coat resting close by.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

But hey, *someone* had to take the  
bullet.

ZANDER's gaze falls on CHRISTIE in the distance-

ZANDER (CONT'D)

Please say you've got it sorted  
here-?

HANNAH goes to speak, about to break the news-

HANNAH

Actually-

But ZANDER's gone, already heading towards his office-

ZANDER

(calling back)

Incidentally? Why is there a pair  
of high heels living under my desk?

(pointing towards the  
largest office)

I presume it is my desk.

HANNAH wavers, RUTH looking up on the approach, now in bare  
stocking feet-

RUTH

Ah, Zander-

ZANDER hesitates, mid sip of his coffee, looking to RUTH-

RUTH (CONT'D)

...The wanderer returns.

...Then to HANNAH-

ZANDER

Ruth - you're still here? I thought  
you were just-

RUTH

...sorting out the last of my  
things. I hope you don't mind. I've  
used your office. It seemed such a  
waste when you weren't even around.

(with a smile)

Did you bulk up a little?

ZANDER

Superdawgs and Nutella Pockets  
about 3am most nights. Good to see  
you, Ruth.

From beyond-

TYLER (O.S.)

Well I can already tell you now -  
that Private Client and Contentious  
Probate are taking up way too much  
real estate on level 4-

**TYLER DONOGHUE** [late 30's], Management Consultant, former Lawyer, just back from the bathroom.

ZANDER  
(with a smile)  
Tyler everyone.  
(moving on)  
More anon.

TYLER throws smiles and waves -

TYLER  
Hi... Hi... Hi guys-

...following ZANDER, suitcase wheeled behind him.

ZANDER  
Team meeting-

...leaving all intrigued, including NINA who has come out of her office and clocks TYLER.

ZANDER (CONT'D)  
...Ten minutes.

CHRISTIE and HANNAH look at one another, about to cross over to speak. Then COLLEAGUES pass and they hurry on their separate ways.

CUT TO:

14

**INT. HALLWAY / BATHROOM. RUTH'S HOUSE. DAY 1, 09:08.**

14

JAMES, opening letters, a piece of toast and Marmite in his mouth, by the downstairs loo door, about to knock. Then he hesitates.

The SOUND of ROSE throwing up. JAMES listens until-

ROSE (O.S.)  
I hate you right now.

JAMES  
(lips close to door)  
I didn't make us get pregnant.  
(with trepidation)  
Are we pregnant? Rose?

ROSE  
(opening door)  
Kinda did.

ROSE pulls out a pregnancy test, with a triumphant smile-

JAMES  
Oh my God... Oh my god...

ROSE clearly queasy, JAMES peering closely at the thin blue line with a smile. He pulls her into a LAUGHING/ SMILING/ WHOOPING embrace.

ROSE  
This was a bad idea... I've changed  
my mind. This is your fault. I  
can't do this. I can't...

JAMES  
You can. I will be there... Helping  
you get that watermelon out of your  
vajoozi-

ROSE  
(singing to herself)  
La...La..La.La.. Not comforting...  
Not comforting right now.

Nicking his toast, she heads away, in search of warm clothes and more Marmite.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
I'm calling Hannah-

JAMES  
(calling after)  
We tell everyone together. Rose?

ROSE stops, turns back, close to JAMES now with a smile, peering at the pregnancy test with disbelief and delight.

ROSE  
...We tell everyone together.

JAMES kisses her goodbye, moving on-

ROSE hesitates, turns to walk away, her gaze catching on a framed photo on the wall. She peers closer, her face reflected a little in the glass-

On ROSE considering, biting on toast, stomach lurching once more, moving on-

On the framed photo, an image of younger OSCAR with RUTH and the kids and MAYA, and another face of a younger **PROFESSOR RONNIE BRENTON**, former neighbor, legal peer and friend, arm draped around RUTH close by, all laughing and happy, squinting in the sun.

CUT TO:

NATHAN binning the last of his sandwich, clocking the time, seeing he is late. A small take out black Americano coffee, resting on the counter of a coffee stall searching for milk.

SUDDENLY from behind-

CHLOE

Milk's out.

**CHLOE HOWELL** [late 20's] smiles. Petite. Tenacious. Stirring her black coffee with a sense of purpose. She's cool. Everything NATHAN is not. NATHAN turns, smiles his thanks, looking to the BARISTA, who slides over a carton of milk.

NATHAN

Thanks.

Topping up his coffee, he drinks, then picks up his files, heading out into a courtyard.

CHLOE

Do you mind if I walk with you?  
Chloe Howell. I'm one of the new pupils.

NATHAN looks non-plussed, taking a business card she offers.

NATHAN

Business card. Ahead of the curve.

CHLOE

I'm waiting to be assigned to a supervising barrister-

NATHAN

Right. Well officially-

CHLOE

You haven't taken your decision yet which pupil you'll go with?

NATHAN hesitates, but does not break his step.

NATHAN

Not my decision. I get who I'm allocated.

She nods, smiles, concedes, walking along with him.

CHLOE

Even so. It's nice to be wanted. I appreciate you probably get this all the time but I have read everything you've written.

NATHAN

That shouldn't have taken too long.

CHLOE

You arguments on heteronormativity, intersectionality and surrogacy are seriously progressive-

NATHAN

Thank you.

CHLOE

...I just assumed you were younger.

NATHAN - oddly conflicted with both deflation and a mental fist pump, despite the air of cool-

CHLOE (CONT'D)

It's still a very conservative institution, Frencham Street. In a way that's why I wanted to come here. Shake it up a bit. You do know that the total percentage of black, Asian and minority ethnic background barristers is still only 12.7%. I mean, you say you've slashed the bias towards the privately educated candidate, but just a reminder that statistically, I'm an anomaly to have got this far. Just wanted to get that in.

The SWEEP of COLLEAGUES, NATHAN falling into step by their sides, catching CHLOE's smile as he leaves her behind.

NATHAN

Good to know. I'll see you later.

On CHLOE with surprise-

NATHAN (CONT'D)

2pm. My office.

On CHLOE inwardly fist-punching as he heads away.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, I don't choose.  
Informed this morning.

CUT TO:

15A

**INT. CAFE. NEAR NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:09.**

15A

NINA feeling rough, waiting for a coffee. Picks up a bottle of water. As she pays for the coffee, she steals a flapjack. And then one more for luck. Her cellphone pressed to her ear. REX's answerphone picking up-

NINA

(into phone)

Stop calling me Rex. Stop leaving me late night texts. Stop asking for my forgiveness. Congratulations. I'm glad your pilot is going.

(MORE)



NINA (CONT'D)

I'm even glad you are getting on so well with your ex-wife. But to be clear, if I ever see you again it will be too soon. So please just leave me to my shitty life and enjoy the sun in your beautiful new LA bubble..

NINA slams down the phone, shoving it in her bag. Then defiantly eats the flap jack, taking her coffee and heading out.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:12.**

16

The meeting room, ZANDER now at the helm, TYLER by his side, CHRISTIE, HANNAH, NINA, RUTH and MAGGIE close by, taking their seats, notebooks and iPads in hand. HANNAH clocks CHRISTIE, making sure she is positioned away from him, clearly not wanting to alert anyone. He clocks this as she takes a seat opposite. The key fee earners in, the highest echelon of the company all around.

ZANDER

Hello... Hello... Hello...

A RIPPLE of interest around the room, curious, clocking TYLER.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

Thank you... Thank you. Not belying the fact that the coffee machine has been changed-

(drinking coffee/wincing)

I'd like to thank Ruth for so ably covering and smoothing over the handover. We now set you free with our gratitude and good wishes. Incidentally congratulations on your forthcoming award. Attendance is mandatory. So ring-side seats all round. Now go...

(catching HANNAH's eye)

Run wild.

RUTH smiles, but it stings-

ZANDER (CONT'D)

Rumour is true. I am back. And you will be pleased to know that we are now fully functioning in midtown Chicago.

APPLAUSE. CHEERS. MUTTERS. LAUGHTER.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

On that note I'd like to introduce  
Tyler Donoghue-

TYLER smiles, throwing a wave and a smile.

TYLER

Hey... Great to be here guys.

ZANDER

Tyler is a management consultant  
and one time lawyer who's going to  
help us here for a while.

TYLER

Don't let the accent kid you. Five  
years in Chicago and three years in  
Toronto before that. Great to be  
here. Heard so much about you.

SMILES. HANDSHAKES. GENERAL GREETINGS.

MAGGIE

(aside/in greeting)

Maggie-

MAGGIE seated close by.

TYLER

Nice top.

MAGGIE a little flattered-

TYLER (CONT'D)

I specialise in mergers, which can  
be a difficult time. Two often very  
different work cultures coming  
together takes time, team building  
where I can.

RUTH

We've made a few adjustments and my  
hope is that everything is running  
smoothly now.

TYLER

Good to hear.

ZANDER

And again, thank you. The plan is  
for Tyler to help us oversee a  
programme of review, point up where  
we can rationalise-

ZANDER throws TYLER a look, once more he picks up on his cue-

TYLER

...Any new merger is an opportunity  
to do due diligence, scrutinize  
practice, look to cut away fat-

A RIPPLE of INTEREST. CHRISTIE shoots HANNAH a look. MURMURS  
of INTEREST TINGED WITH CONCERN.

ZANDER

(touching TYLER's  
shoulder)

He's on our side. Really.

LAUGHTER-

ZANDER (CONT'D)

And so to business-  
(deflects)  
Hannah? Christie?

CHRISTIE, got this, reaching for his papers, smiling.

CHRISTIE

Flagged business today - in  
particular the Lady Lexford  
prenup... Ours is not to ask the  
reason why. It may be her fourth-

HANNAH

Fifth-

CHRISTIE smiles, sharing her amusement, the sense that they  
are a double act.

CHRISTIE

...Fifth marriage... But love finds  
where it falls.

NINA

Even if it falls quite a lot for  
Lady Lexford.

LAUGHTER - TYLER catching on NINA, a connection briefly made.  
HANNAH hesitates, clocks him taking notes. HANNAH looks down  
at her notebook, open on the desk.

HANNAH

The Murray, Parson and Lykvel  
divorce, all look like they're  
heading to court.

CHRISTIE

The fallout from Indiana Ray-

CHRISTIE's eyes briefly skirt over HANNAH, determinedly  
keeping a poker face.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
...is still keeping business  
booming.

LAUGHTER. This is acutely painful to HANNAH -

MAGGIE  
(hushed/aside TYLER)  
Extra marital affair website.  
Client list leaked three months  
ago. Aftershock continues to cause  
waves.

HANNAH, clocking this, keen to move things on-

HANNAH  
The Ahmadi appeal-

ZANDER  
That's still going?

RUTH  
(cutting in)  
We're wrapping it up. Slowly slowly-  
Mr Ahmadi can be tricky. And there  
are some clients that just won't  
let one 'gracefully retire.'

ZANDER bristles-

ZANDER  
Anything else of interest?

HANNAH  
Possible. High profile client.  
Entertainment industry. Wanting to  
review her prenup. She's 50% of a  
powerful brand. Three children.  
Assets both here and abroad. A  
production company. And yet she is  
under the illusion that she will  
share these assets. But on  
reviewing her prenup, it doesn't  
look that way. It's archaic,  
riddled with issues and one I would  
have advised her not to sign. Plus  
it includes an NDA-

ZANDER  
Track it. We want more of the high  
profile, high revenue cases please.  
But clearly you have been managing  
beautifully. I must remember to go  
away more often.

LAUGHTER-

ZANDER (CONT'D)  
I've missed you guys. I think of  
you as my family. And as family, I  
wanted to share my good news...

ZANDER looks to TYLER, both trepidatious, TYLER gently urging  
him on.

ZANDER (CONT'D)  
Full disclosure - and be assured we  
will keep it separate, there will  
be no conflict of interests - but  
Tyler is not only a very welcome  
addition to the *Noble Hale Defoe*  
team -  
(smiling at one another)  
...We're getting married.

STUNNED SILENCE UNTIL-

HANNAH/CHRISTIE/ALL  
Wow... Amazing...  
Congratulations...

MAGGIE a little disappointed, but covering with a smile.

MAGGIE  
(shaking hands)  
Really. Amazing. Amazing.

CHEERS. LAUGHTER. APPLAUSE, TYLER and ZANDER amidst the  
celebrations.

RUTH  
(aside to ZANDER)  
That's quite a souvenir.

ON HANNAH, picking up her files, NINA passing-

NINA  
(aside to HANNAH/as  
passes)  
Is it me or is that totally  
inappropriate?

HANNAH wavers, catching CHRISTIE's playful and pointed gaze.

CHRISTIE  
(wry/moving on)  
*Totally inappropriate.*

CUT TO:

16A

**INT. CORRIDOR. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:15.**

16A

The SPILL of colleagues from the boardroom, including HANNAH  
and CHRISTIE, NINA and MAGGIE-

HANNAH

Wow-

CHRISTIE

(smiles)

Yeah -

NINA

He has tiny feet.

(to MAGGIE)

Can you post these?

MAGGIE hesitates, taking the post off NINA, before moving on.

MAGGIE

Sure-

MAGGIE throws a look to HANNAH-

HANNAH

(hushed aside)

I'll talk to her.

The OTHERS moving on-

MAGGIE

(nods across to reception)

Bishop Tony-

HANNAH looks beyond, seeing **BISHOP 'TONY' VENWELL** [80s] flamboyant, vibrant Church of England Bishop, dog collar and purple singlet just visible, greeting anyone who passes with a nod or a smile.

HANNAH

I thought he was tomorrow.

MAGGIE

(moving on)

I did too.

NINA

(clocking appeal/look)

Oh God Hannah. Please no. I drank two vodkas last night. That's all. And I feel like crap.

(falling into step by her side)

Fine-

CUT TO:

17

INT. CAR./ EXT. THEATRE. DAY 1, 09:15.

17

CLOSE on FI, seated in the back of a blacked-out car, pulling up outside a West End Theatre.

A vast banner advertising *I'm With The Band - Coming Soon*, billboarded overhead.

FI's phone vibrating, RICHIE's face comes up on the Caller ID, FI hesitates, then picks it up.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. THEATRE. DAY 1, 09:16.**

18

CLOSE on **RICHIE HANSEN** [late 30's] attractive and influential music producer and former artist in his own right.

RICHIE  
Where are you?

Beyond, a set, a sense of preparation, a sweeping lighting rig hanging over a stage - a few days away from the first live show going out.

A sense of rehearsal.

A stripped back set, guitars, amplifiers. This is playing against type, taking music and the whole talent show thing back to where it began, scratch nights and discoveries in back rooms and busking spots. Basically a last ditch attempt to reinvent the talent show wheel - a little cooler, a little more authentic than your usual Saturday night ITV slot.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. CAR./ EXT. THEATRE. DAY 1, 09:17.**

19

CLOSE on FI, wiping back a tear-

FI  
Just coming in now.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. THEATRE. DAY 1, 09:20.**

20

CLOSE on RICHIE, PAs and MANAGERS hovering as FI crosses the room, tailed by a COSTUME and PRODUCTION TEAM with a selection of COSTUMES, holding them up to her, looking to RICHIE for approval.

RICHIE  
Let's go with the silver. It makes  
her skin really pop in the light.

FI bristles, RICHIE's lips GRAZING her neck.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Smile, babe.

Fi stiffens, anger threatening, holding his gaze.

FI  
I'm coming down with whatever  
Dexter's got.

RICHIE moving on, not really listening-

RICHIE  
Ok let's go again-

FI  
(sudden)  
Why's she leaving, Richie?  
(seeing non plussed  
look/close to)  
Our nanny? Why does Carrie want to  
go?

RICHIE holds her gaze, unashamed, almost goading, until-

RICHIE  
(calling out)  
Grace - can you stand in for my  
gorgeous wife?

RICHIE nods to a PRETTY PA, a certain tension, yet to the  
rest of the world he is all smiles.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Rest up, babe. You look a bit baggy  
around the eyes.

FI stands, kicked in the guts, sickened to her core.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
We've got dinner with Amazon  
tonight.

On FI, stinging with anger and humiliation, looking on as  
RICHIE once more commands the set-

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Let's walk through the opening  
again.

CUT TO:

21 **OMITTED. MOVED TO SCENE 16A.**

21

21A **INT. OUTSIDE HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09 ~~21A~~**

MAGGIE and TYLER standing, MAGGIE scrolling through the  
billing app on her computer, at her desk close to HANNAH's  
office.



MAGGIE

We bill the usual 6 minute units.

TYLER taking note, FINGER GRAZING over a line on the screen.

TYLER

These are all the partners?

A sense of activity all around - LAWYERS and PARALEGALS in conversations on their phones, meeting CLIENTS, catching up with paperwork.

MAGGIE

(nods/scrolling down list)

Down to juniors and paralegals.

TYLER

You are-?

MAGGIE

Junior solicitor. Though you might not know it. I hang somewhere between courier and assistant. But hey - that's five years out of law school for you. Helps if you have your name above the door.

TYLER smiles. MAGGIE smiles.

TYLER

Enough said. You don't order according to revenue so you can clearly assess who's bringing in what?

MAGGIE shakes her head. TYLER noting this down with obvious concern.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll also need everyone's passwords. Just for their work emails. And a desk. I really need a desk.

CHRISTIE passing, catching on this-

ZANDER

(on the approach)

Christie-

CHRISTIE smiles, shakes hands with ZANDER, a little caught out.

CHRISTIE

Congratulations.

ZANDER smiles, but is keen to keep it professional, clocking CHRISTIE's mild curiosity, TYLER and MAGGIE working beyond.

ZANDER

He's just going to guide us through  
the merger, help us rationalise-

CHRISTIE

I mean it Zander. Congratulations.  
You deserve this.

ZANDER

(nods/smiles)

Being in Chicago, it raises your  
game. You should try it-

Beyond, HANNAH greeting BISHOP TONY, clearly effusive and  
ebullient, squeezing her and NINA in an embrace.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

...I know you had your reasons to  
stay in London, but tell me you  
have managed to sort them out now?  
I don't need drama. Chicago was  
drama.

On CHRISTIE, deflecting his gaze, away from HANNAH.

CHRISTIE

No drama.

ZANDER

Good. So we're on the same page.

From beyond-

RUTH

Mr Ahmadi, how's that racehorse?

RUTH passing ZANDER with a smile, leading a small contingent  
including a WEALTHY MIDDLE EASTERN MAN and his WIVES-

RUTH (CONT'D)

Khanomha lotfan az-in-taraf.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(FARSI translation)  
Ladies, please this way.

ZANDER moving on with a smile-

ZANDER

(to CHRISTIE)

You next, buddy...

On CHRISTIE, he nods, smiles, looking back at HANNAH closing  
the door on BISHOP TONY, catching his gaze.

CUT TO:

22

**INT. SMALL MEETING ROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:45.** 22

BISHOP TONY stands, staring out, a certain energy to the man, despite his years, midway through his story-

BISHOP TONY

...You've left your brain behind with the pilot. By the time you open your parachute you are hurtling down, almost on the ground, standing with both feet, ready to land-

HANNAH seated with NINA close by, notebook open, pen in waiting.

NINA

Wow. Sounds like hell. Some might call it a death wish.

HANNAH

You've been married 48 years, Tony, and respectfully, do you really want to do this now? Five children. 12 grandchildren.

NINA

This is not skydiving.

BISHOP TONY

It's on my list-

NINA

Along with bungie-jumping from the San Francisco bridge and climbing Machu Picchu.

HANNAH

All of which you can do but -

BISHOP TONY

I want to divorce my wife.

NINA

And God won't mind?

BISHOP TONY

God is not my jailor. To each are given free will to decide. I've been to Thailand and a ladybar. And it's all proved interesting and fine. And now I want to divorce. It's time. It's Number 10 on my bucket list. And I've exhausted the other 9.

HANNAH

You love your wife.

BISHOP TONY

Yes.

NINA

And you have a nice life with her.

BISHOP TONY

I do.

HANNAH

Then why do you want to leave her now?

BISHOP TONY

Because I can. Because to do is to dare. I'm not unhappy. But neither do I wake excited about my day. Except when I think of divorcing my wife. And then the possibilities seem endless. Haven't you wanted to shake it up a bit? I mean, do you look forward to your day?

HANNAH

Not always.

BISHOP TONY

I married my wife 48 years ago and nothing untoward has happened. I have risen up the ranks of the church, had children, found my way. But over time life calcifies. To expect the promises you made to one another several decades ago to still feel the same. It's a tall ask. And I can't do it. I want a divorce-

HANNAH

And your wife -

BISHOP TONY

I haven't told her yet. I will. The most important thing is she is OK. I want nothing. I leave her everything-

On HANNAH and NINA, a little lost for words, briefly exchanging a look.

HANNAH

We were in fact scheduled to meet you tomorrow-

...clocking ROSE, arriving in the distance-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Why not give it 24 hours. We can reconvene-

BISHOP TONY  
I won't change my mind.  
(with a smile)  
What is faith but a leap in the dark?

ON HANNAH, catching on this-

BISHOP TONY (CONT'D)  
Really. We're all so afraid.

CUT TO:

23

**EXT. CORRIDOR. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:47.**

23

HANNAH watching BISHOP TONY being lead away, NINA follows her gaze, watching BISHOP TONY being lead out.

NINA  
48 years-

CHRISTIE, just visible in a boardroom, HANNAH's eyes grazing over him in passing.

HANNAH  
48. Or 4. If he's unhappy-

He turns, holds her gaze, the meeting clearly going on around him.

NINA  
Can Bishops even retire? Don't they have a fundamental sense of responsibility? Duty? God we're all screwed when the Bishops start to walk out-

From beyond-

TYLER  
Nina-

TYLER smiles, electronic sensor tape measure in hand.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Is it your office right of reception?

NINA  
It is.

TYLER  
(with a smile/moving on)  
A lot of floor space for one  
person.

TYLER close by-

NINA  
(hushed aside)  
Is it me or is he starting to  
grate?

HANNAH holds out the paperwork from their meeting to NINA.

HANNAH  
Can you file this?

NINA  
Can't Maggie-?

HANNAH  
She's not your assistant.

TYLER once more passing-

TYLER  
And I hear it's starting to grate.

NINA  
She said that?  
(seeing look/bristling)  
She said that.

TYLER moving on-

NINA (CONT'D)  
Really don't like that man-

Following HANNAH into her office-

CUT TO:

24

**INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:50.**

24

...HANNAH stops on seeing ROSE, perched on her desk, absently looking through OK! magazine or the like, FI and RICHIE just visible, in an 'at home' shoot or the like on the front cover, advertising *I'm With The Band*-

ROSE  
You know the photo in Mum's  
bathroom of Mum and Dad. In the  
kaftan. Mum. Not Dad.

HANNAH  
(crossing over to desk)  
The one where Prof Ronnie looks  
like a paedophile?

ROSE  
(nods/ to HANNAH)  
...Exactly. Yes. You look like Mum.  
(to NINA)  
And you look like Dad. And I don't  
look like anyone.

NINA  
Because you-

ROSE  
Came from the monkeys.. Yada.. Yada-

HANNAH  
This conversation is making no  
sense. Get some sleep. You're jet-  
lagged-

ROSE  
Or maybe you think about this shit.  
When you're having a kid-  
(enjoying their shock)  
Because officially at 5 weeks the  
fetus is the size of an apple seed.  
Though, and close your ears if you  
are queasy when I say this-  
(smiling/pulling out a  
pregnancy test)  
...Shit, I'm pregnant-

WHOOPS of DELIGHT...

ROSE (CONT'D)  
...By 9 weeks the earlobes are  
defined and he'll or she'll have  
hair follicles.

BONKERS NEWS JIG-

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Calm yourself. People have babies.  
No biggie-

HANNAH looks down at the pregnancy test, eyes filling with  
tears, smiles. ROSE seeing this, nudges her, enjoying her  
delight.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(eyeing fingernails)  
Shit - I swear I've got dad's ashes  
still under my finger nails.  
(seeing HANNAH's eyes  
well)  
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Five seconds... You get five seconds..

HANNAH and NINA grip ROSE, SWINGING her in their arms, JIGGING across the floor with WHOOPS of delight, clinging to one another, mid jig, faces blotted with tears.

RUTH

(entering)

Please. Girls, I am trying to start my meeting...

(eyeing/suspicious)

What is going on?

CUT TO:

25

**INT. CORRIDOR BY HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 09:54.**

CLOSE on CHRISTIE coming out of his meeting, lost in reading, ZANDER close behind-

SUDDENLY LOUD WHOOPS and SCREAMS of delight-

CHRISTIE looks up, just seeing HANNAH with RUTH, ROSE and NINA all now hugging and jigging around HANNAH's office.

ZANDER

This place has gone to pot.

MORE WHOOPS. DELIGHT.

On CHRISTIE, quietly fascinated, eyes on HANNAH, happy and delighted, in the bosom of her family.

CUT TO:

25A

**EXT. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DAY 1, 14:03.**

25A

CHLOE walks through Chambers grounds, heading to Nathan's office for her meeting. She's in a hurry, keen not to be late, but trying to maintain her cool.

CUT TO:

26

**INT. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DAY 1, 14:05.**

26

NATHAN

So Chloe-?

CHLOE smiles, NATHAN trying his best, but acutely aware that she is attractive to him, shifting the mounds of papers a little around him.



NATHAN (CONT'D)

What brought you to the law?

CHLOE considers, a certain poise, a certain experience to her despite her obvious age.

CHLOE

The desire to effect change.  
Putting your clients first.  
A belief in fairness. A certain  
ethic to the way one lives.

NATHAN

OK - so that's the law school  
pitch. Let's rewind and start  
again.

CHLOE

My parents divorced when I was  
five. My mother remarried,  
unhappily, when I was ten. By the  
time I was fifteen I was helping  
her fill out forms for housing  
benefits to escape a marriage that  
she never left because she never  
found a lawyer who could help her  
understand there was a way out from  
a kind of living death.

NATHAN wavers, she's gauche, amusing and something else...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

People stay in marriages that they  
are unhappy in. In public they are  
the couple we know and love. But in  
private they have excused  
themselves. The marriage is in a  
kind of emotional and sexual limbo.  
We even have a legal term for it...  
*A mensa et thoro* - from table and  
bed. What we do-

NATHAN caught under her gaze.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

We help them escape.

NATHAN, disarmed, looks away, busies himself making notes. He  
looks up, CHLOE calm, still staring at him - smiles.

NATHAN

Rowing. Now that's unusual.

CHLOE

All girls college.

NATHAN wavers -

NATHAN

Moving on-  
(reading paperwork/CV)  
...A desire to focus on surrogacy  
law. Perhaps you'd like to  
elaborate.

CUT TO:

27

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD. LIV'S SCHOOL. DAY 1, 15:35.**

27

CLOSE on LIV amidst the SPILL of SCHOOL KIDS out of school gates, walking with FRIENDS, passing **MR MATEO LOPEZ** [mid/late 20's], LIV's Spanish teacher and resident geek.

LIV  
Buenas noches, Profesor  
Lopez.

LIV  
(in Spanish)  
Night Professor Lopez.

MATEO LOPEZ  
Hasta lluego Olivia.

MATEO LOPEZ  
(in Spanish)  
Have a good evening, Olivia.

On LIV, laughing with her friends, **INNES** [17yrs], her best friend, walking with her.

LIV  
(hushed)  
Olivia....

INNES  
(hushed/giggling)  
He so wants you.

CUT TO:

28

**EXT. OUTSIDE LIV'S SCHOOL. DAY 1, 15:36.**

28

CLOSE on FI standing across the street from LIV's school, watching **CARRIE SCANLON** [20's], FI's pretty, young nanny, stepping out of a white Lexus 4x4 outside a local private school. Part of a number of cars lined up close to school waiting to pick up. **DEXTER** [6 yrs] sits in the back seat, clearly unwell. **RALPH** [11 yrs] is greeted by CARRIE with a smile and a nod, clearly in a well-honed routine, opening up the boot to let him put his bags and sport kit in the back.

SUDDENLY CARRIE hesitates on seeing-

CARRIE  
Fi-

FI crossing the street, FI ignores her, squeezing RALPH's cheek playfully.

FI  
Get in the car, babe.

RALPH wavers, but does as he is told.

CARRIE  
It's fine. I said until the end of  
the week.

FI closing the car door on RALPH, turning to CARRIE, quietly  
bracing herself.

FI  
(holding out hand)  
Give me the keys.

Making to snatch the car keys out of CARRIE's hands.

FI (CONT'D)  
(close to)  
Give me the keys.

FI wavers, a car pulling up close by, a **YUMMY MUMMY, TABBY**,  
winds the window down.

TABBY  
Hello stranger. You still OK for  
Book Club at yours this week?-

FI inwardly curses, despite her relaxed smiles and laughter.

FI  
...Of course. Looking forward to  
it.

The TOOT of HORNS moving TABBY on.

TABBY  
(winding window up)  
Great. I'll put it out on the  
WhatsApp? Say 8?

FI nods, smiles as TABBY drives on, turning her gaze back on  
CARRIE.

FI  
You want to leave?  
(close to)  
Why do you want to *suddenly* leave?

CLOSE on CARRIE, face scalded with embarrassment, aware of  
the passing glances of familiar NANNIES, MOTHERS etc, not  
wanting to create a scene.

CARRIE  
I don't want to do this now.  
Please, Fi... Let me get just get  
my-

CARRIE reaches into the car, pulls out an expensive handbag.  
RALPH reaches a hand out to stop the door.

FI  
(sharp)  
Ralph, get back in the car. Get  
back in the car.

FI closing the door on her kids, turning back to confront  
CARRIE once more.

FI (CONT'D)  
Why?

CARRIE, desperately trying to ignore her, smiling at the  
kids, trying to reassure.

CARRIE  
You're upsetting the kids.

FI  
You've been with us for five years,  
Carrie. And suddenly that's it. No  
explanation. Not to me. Not to  
Richie. You can't just-

CARRIE slides over the keys-

CARRIE  
That's my door keys. Ralph's got a  
dentist appointment tomorrow at  
six. He needs another filling. I  
don't know why. He just does.  
Callum's at a friend's. And  
Dexter... Dexter-

FI grabs her arm, holding her wrist tightly.

FI  
Why?

CARRIE rounds on her, eyes stinging with tears.

CARRIE  
Why do you think? You know why...  
You know, Fi.

On FI, recoiling, CARRIE's pain, confirming everything she  
fears, pulling her hand away.

FI  
(deflects/eyeing handbag)  
That's my handbag.

CARRIE  
You gave it to me?

FI  
(snatching bag)  
Oh my God you are a liar. You're  
right. You should leave. I want you  
out. Take your purse. And your  
skanky make up.

Make up. Chewing gum. Cellphone scattered onto the ground.

FI (CONT'D)  
And get out of our life. Because  
you *steal*-

CARRIE tries to SNATCH her bag back -

FI (CONT'D)  
You *steal*.

FI instinctively SHOVES her away. She SLAMS too hard against  
the side of the car, shocking them both, CARRIE left reeling.

SUDDENLY FI looks up, sees a PAP across the street-

FI climbs into the car, SLAMS the car door shut, driving  
away.

CARRIE, weeping on the pavement, desperately trying to gather  
her things, reaching for the pack of gum and cellphone.  
Humiliated, aware of the curious GAZES of the odd YUMMY MUMMY  
as she gulps back sobs, sinking down onto the ground, crying  
as she picks up the last of her discarded things.

CUT TO:

29

**INT. CAR. STREET. DAY 1, 15:40.**

29

On FI, wiping back tears, determinedly driving away until-

FI stops, pulls over, letting the tears fall-

The CHATTER of her KIDS dissolving to silence until-

FI  
It's alright... It's alright.

On FI, wiping away her tears, in her rear view mirror-

FI (CONT'D)  
Mummy's alright... It's OK,  
sweeties... It's all good. It's all  
good.

CUT TO:

30

**INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 18:25.**

30

CLOSE on HANNAH, standing as she works, looking over FI's prenup. The SENSE she is one of the last to leave, illuminated in the dusky light. She rings certain clauses, making notes, totally absorbed in her work, until-

CHRISTIE  
Working late?

He smiles, goes to close the door-

HANNAH  
Leave it open.

CHRISTIE quizzical, smiles-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
I don't want people to think-

CHRISTIE  
Think what?

HANNAH looks at him, a little incredulous. Surprised and a little wry, he pointedly leaves it open, crossing over to her, peering over her shoulder.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
Fi Hansen? Interesting. I saw her  
being sneaked out the back way.  
(as if reading prenup)  
Wow this is-

HANNAH  
Circa 2005.

CHRISTIE  
She won the jungle thing.

HANNAH  
(with a smile)  
So you *do* watch those shows.  
(seeing look)  
I have teenagers. It's non-  
negotiable viewing-

CHRISTIE scrawls on a post it note, sticks it on, circles and rings his initials - CC.

CHRISTIE  
Clause 8. No longer applicable.  
Actually not enforceable and very  
unethical.

HANNAH  
Agreed.  
(reading)  
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

'Fiona will make a commitment to stay fit and active and take care of appearance.'

HANNAH reaches for a post it note, slapping it onto the prenup and scrawling a note to herself.

CHRISTIE

Signed under duress?

HANNAH

(nods)

Two days before their wedding-

CHRISTIE

You could argue it refers to the maintenance of their brand?

HANNAH

I don't see him agreeing to workouts.

CHRISTIE

He's a music producer. He spends most of his life behind a music desk. That first album alone. What was that boy band's name? Early naughties. Three big guys, one little guy. Sounds like a post-code - maybe?

HANNAH

Please tell me Lauren listed this in the unreasonable behaviour particulars of your divorce-?

CHRISTIE

Along with work addiction and Playstation at obscure times of the night.

HANNAH

You're not selling yourself here.

HANNAH's scribbling down on another post it note, and slapping it down onto the paperwork.

CHRISTIE

Already gone to the highest bidder.

HANNAH silenced by his kiss, beard scratching a bit.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

What-?

She pulls away a little.

HANNAH

Still getting used to the beard.

He smiles, shrugs, lets it go.

CHRISTIE

You looked happy. With your sisters? Earlier?

HANNAH

Rose is having a baby.

CHRISTIE

Really? Mazel tov.

HANNAH

It'll make tonight more interesting.

(clocking time)

Which I should be at-

HANNAH reaching for her bag, coat, getting ready to leave.

CHRISTIE

Grayling was wondering if tomorrow - that meeting?

HANNAH

Perhaps we need to cool on the whole the Grayling thing-

CHRISTIE

You OK?

HANNAH nods, smiles-

HANNAH

Yeah. Just-

DISTANT VOICES - a stray COLLEAGUE heading home, making them both a little alert.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Don't you ever feel guilty?

CHRISTIE

No -

ON HANNAH - he pointedly kisses her one more time-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

And neither should you.

He smiles, she smiles, pulling him closer.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

How long have we got?



HANNAH's gaze flicks to the time on her computer-

HANNAH  
Average wait for Deliveroo?

CUT TO:

31

**INT. CORRIDOR. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 18:28.**

31

CLOSE on MAGGIE, pulling on her coat, heading out for the night, passing a couple of COLLEAGUES, the last to leave at the end of the day.

The office now drained of PEOPLE beyond.

MAGGIE  
Night.

She walks on, hesitating on seeing-

The shadow of FIGURES just visible through the glass of HANNAH's office-

A HAND pressed flat against the flat of a frosted glass wall.

On MAGGIE, catching on this, with shock, realising it is HANNAH and CHRISTIE, then hurrying on.

A CLEANER far off in the distance, SLIDING a floor polisher back and forth across an endless corridor.

CUT TO:

32

**INT. HALLWAY. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 1, 18:58.**

32

CLOSE ON NATHAN, bottle of beer in hand, pulling open the door on-

NATHAN  
And unto Mary a child was born-

ROSE's and JAMES's faces fall, JAMES looks back at RUTH, trying to do her best poker face, standing, entering with them close behind. Then back at ROSE-

JAMES  
Are you genetically pre-disposed to  
just not being able to keep a  
secret?

JAMES already pulling off his coat, ROSE close behind, kissing NATHAN in passing-

ROSE  
It's a medically proven fact it's  
not a good idea to shout at a woman  
when she's pregnant.

ROSE takes NATHAN's beer off him, gulps.

JAMES  
But beer's OK. Yeah?

ROSE  
I'm wetting the baby's head.

CHEERS from inside the sitting room.

JAMES (O.S.)  
(calling out/disgruntled)  
Rose.

ROSE sinks a little, scowls at a now beaming RUTH and NATHAN.

ROSE  
(pointed to NATHAN/RUTH)  
Genius. Thank you..  
(moving on)  
Where's Hannah?

On NATHAN - looking at the empty street beyond.

NATHAN  
Late.

CUT TO:

32A **EXT. STREET NEAR NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 1, 18:58.**

32A

HANNAH hurries along the street, flagging down a taxi, late  
for the family dinner.

CUT TO:

32B **INT. TAXI. STREETS. DAY 1, 19:01.**

32B

Once inside, she gathers herself, checks her face in the  
mirror, concerned she has slight beard rash.

Putting the mirror back in her bag, she catches on CHRISTIE's  
KEY with the CLOGS keyring in her bag. She considers them,  
turning the key over in her hands, guilt pricking a little.  
Then puts the keys back inside her bag zipping them in the  
inside pocket.

CUT TO:

33

HANNAH rushes towards her house. She stops, finding mints in her bag. She shoves one in her mouth, eats, looking across at the illuminated house-

CUT TO:

34

HANNAH  
Sorry... Sorry...

She briefly kisses NATHAN on the cheek in passing. He wavers, senses something-

NATHAN  
Ice cream?

HANNAH's face falls, guilt once more threatening-

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
What do you do with your day?

On HANNAH, punctured with guilt, smiles on seeing LIV, swinging on the bannister rails.

LIV	LIV
Buenas noches mamá.	(Spanish translation) Good evening mother.

HANNAH YANKING off a tangle of scarf and coat, hot and flushed, smiling at LIV.

TILLY  
Why's your chin all red?

HANNAH  
Chlorine. I think it's chlorine.

NATHAN already moving on passing VINNIE on a skateboard-

VINNIE  
(in passing)  
Or the menopause.

HANNAH FINGERS GRAZE over VINNIE's hair-

HANNAH  
Thank you again.

HANNAH wavers, reaching in her bag for her cellphone and scrolling through to her deleted messages.

Then deleting them for good measure, aware of VINNIE's gaze, watching as he skates away.

VINNIE  
You smell of polos.

CUT TO:

35

**INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 1, 20:11.**

35

The beautiful brilliant chaos of family life; NINA, ROSE, RUTH, JAMES, LIV, VINNIE and TILLY, spooning take-out onto plates, pouring wine, popping open beer, all cheer as HANNAH enters-

JAMES  
And this is Rose with a Sri Lankan water buffalo-

Slideshow of photographs now up on a TV screen, as all sit watching, HANNAH waves hello, smiles, crossing over to get a plate, hungry-

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Interesting fact about water buffalo. They were actually domesticated by the Chinese.

An easy family get together, NATHAN and VINNIE falling into conversation with JAMES.

NINA  
Playing hooky?

NINA smiles, taking a poppadum from HANNAH's plate, eats. HANNAH's phone now resting by her plate.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Ingenious.

The PEEP of a message on HANNAH's phone. She clocks it is from CHRISTIE - an image of a river fish attached. She wavers, quizzical, then reads his message underneath. *You mean this kind of Grayling?* Hurriedly sliding it back on the side.

RUTH  
My little girl...

RUTH sliding a plate of food on a cushion on ROSE's lap.

NINA  
Don't get too used to this.

NINA sitting down, next to ROSE, glass of wine in hand, HANNAH joining them.

ROSE  
Ahh... This is interesting...  
Someone doesn't like the loss of  
attention.

NINA throws ROSE a look.

RUTH  
I hope he's tall. But that seems  
somehow unlikely.

ROSE affronted. NINA smiles, wearily shaking her head.

ROSE  
You are a horrible person.

JAMES playing with VINNIE and NATHAN on FIFA or the like.  
VINNIE's friend, **CALLUM HANSEN** [13 yrs] flat on his front,  
playing FIFA by VINNIE's side, HANNAH's eyes graze over him.

NINA  
Who's the boy?

HANNAH's phone peeps again, she crosses over, another message  
in - This time an image of *Grayling, Alaska* and two words  
underneath - *Or this?*.

NATHAN  
New kid...

NATHAN a little distracted, clocking HANNAH, reading her  
text. NATHAN suddenly spies VINNIE serving himself with more  
food.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Little shit, last samosa.

NATHAN crossing over to VINNIE, grabbing at the last bits of  
food before he can.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(aside to HANNAH)  
Turn it off.

HANNAH smiles apologetically, going to turn it off-

LIV  
Boy or girl?

LIV sits down next to ROSE, putting her hand on her belly.

RUTH  
Please. No more girls.

HANNAH raises an eyebrow towards Nina, crossing over to  
mediate samosa battle now occupying NATHAN and VINNIE.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Your father cried when Hannah was born. Nina - he was in denial half the time. By the time you turned up I think he was resigned. You know they say you can also tell how many children you'll have by the lines on your left hand apparently. Just on the side of your little finger-  
(holding up hand)  
You see, I have three.

The WOMEN all look at the side of their hands-

ROSE

None... I've got none.

NINA

I've got five.

LIV peers at HANNAH's hand.

LIV

Well it's definitely wrong, Grandma. Or Mum would have had four.

HANNAH wavers, NATHAN catching on this-

LIV (CONT'D)

Unless you're planning on having another one.

LAUGHTER-

HANNAH

And again - thank you.

The BUZZ of HANNAH's phone again-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(seeing NATHAN's look)  
Sorry... Sorry.

ROSE

It'll be a boy. Dad's last gift to me.

RUTH

Is that right? I got moths and a crematorium bill.

RUTH falling into talking to TILLY or the like.

ROSE

She's a monster.

NINA crossing over to HANNAH, starting to clear in the kitchen.

NINA  
Getting worse.

The BUZZ of the doorbell-

HANNAH  
(jumping up/calling out)  
I'll get it.

NATHAN, looks up from playing Fortnite or the like, clocking how jumpy HANNAH is-

NATHAN  
(calling back)  
If it's Barbara from over the road again, we've already found God.

CUT TO:

36

**INT. HALLWAY. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DUSK 1, 20:12.**

36

HANNAH leaving the noise and laughter behind, catching her reflection. She's a little flushed, a little giddy, shocking herself, her eyes darting to NATHAN playing with the children or the like through in the other room.

Then turning, she opens the door-

RICHIE  
Sorry... Sorry... Work thing  
overran... I think you have our  
child.

RICHIE stands on the doorway, dressed in a dinner jacket-

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Callum-

HANNAH opens the door a little, CALLUM and the party beyond-

HANNAH  
Yes.. Yes... He's somewhere inside.  
(calling out)  
Callum-

CALLUM just visible beyond, NATHAN curious, throws a half wave.

RICHIE  
I don't think we've met.

SUDDENLY FI comes up the drive, beautiful in fashionable evening clothes-

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(shaking hands)  
Richie-

...smiles on seeing HANNAH-

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
We're new to the school. Years of  
play dates and you can't get rid of  
the parents and then-

FI steps forward, shaking HANNAH's hand, trying to conceal  
the fact that they have already met.

FI  
...it's six months of dump and  
drive and you hardly meet anyone.

HANNAH wavers, catching on this, seeing a fragility behind  
FI's smile-

FI (CONT'D)  
(shaking HANNAH's hand)  
Fi-

HANNAH nods-

HANNAH  
Hannah-

FI's look asking her for silence-

NATHAN  
(on the approach)  
You get to dump and drive? We're  
under strictest orders to stay at  
least two hundred yards away-  
(holding out hand)  
Nathan-

NATHAN smiles, shaking hands with FI and RICHIE.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I think I've met your nanny.

RICHIE  
Who we've just fired-

HANNAH catching on this, FI avoiding her gaze.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
She stole a handbag.

NATHAN  
Oww... Unlucky.



RICHIE  
(greeting CALLUM)  
Hey buster, got all your stuff?

CALLUM pulling shoes and bags from a pile on the floor at the bottom of the stairs. HANNAH gestures towards the pile of shoes on the floor.

HANNAH  
It just morphs and grows. I try to tame it but-

RICHIE  
(sharper/to CALLUM)  
Come on. Look lively.

FI  
He's *hangry*. He's been in the studio all day-

RICHIE  
...and then it's back to change and out again - and they say dinner and you get there and it's a couple of rank canapés.  
(nod to FI)  
And this one's coming down with something-

HANNAH  
(holding her look)  
It's doing the rounds.

RICHIE clocks a signed Arsenal shirt or the like on the wall, pulling away from FI.

RICHIE  
Arsenal fan-

NATHAN  
Fully paid up member.

RICHIE  
Private box, mate. Bring -

FI  
Vinnie-

RICHIE  
...next match. Really. Love to have you there.

NATHAN  
Wow... Great. Great. Thanks.

RICHIE

OK buddy boy. We're moving out.  
(ushering CALLUM out)  
Nice to meet you guys.

NATHAN following him down the path, leaving HANNAH and FI alone.

FI

(hushed/close to)  
Can we forget today? I blame Gina.  
Bloody shots. And then next thing  
I'm meeting a divorce lawyer.

FI laughs, turns to leave-

HANNAH

Family. Family lawyer. I'm actually  
a family lawyer. People call us  
that but..  
(turning to get her bag)  
You left your paperwork. I can -

FI

(sudden)  
Don't give it to me now.

FI looks beyond, RICHIE just visible by his car.

HANNAH

I'll get it couriered back to your  
house tomorrow-

From beyond-

RICHIE

(calling back)  
Fi-

FI flinches a little-

HANNAH

(seeing this)  
Or, if you prefer, I have a window  
first thing. There's a couple of  
points that might be worth talking  
about. Sleep on it. If you're  
coming down with a cold. Your head  
might be clearer in the morning.

FI nods, eyes falling on *The Marriage*, a romantic novel by  
Jack Brodeur on the hall table-

FI

We're reading that in Book Club.

HANNAH smiles, hurriedly covers the book.

HANNAH

It's work.

From beyond, RICHIE throws his hands up in mock exasperation, now waiting by the car.

FI

Night.

NATHAN stands on the front step, watching her leave, climbing into RICHIE's amazing car.

NATHAN

(in passing)

That was-

RICHIE throwing a wave as he climbs in the car, HANNAH watching as the car pulls away, considering.

HANNAH

(almost to self)

...weird.

CUT TO:

37

**INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1, 20:15.** 37

CLOSE on RUTH standing, hands in warm water, washing up glasses, momentarily lost in thought-

NINA (O.S.)

Oh mother of God... thank you-

HANNAH drying up, looks at RUTH intrigued.

RUTH

This is going to be at my expense... I can just feel it.

ROSE

So, I was clearing out the shit that's in my bedroom and found these little gems.

ROSE, tailed by NINA, carrying a load of photo albums, brought from RUTH's house.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Let me take you back through the many *moods* of Ruth Alice Defoe.

LAUGHTER. GASPS. GENERAL MIRTH as all gather to swap and examine photos.

NATHAN

That's a mullet worthy of Kevin Keegan.

VINNIE

Who's Kevin Keegan?

NATHAN looks at him appalled-

NATHAN

I despair.

NINA

Dad had an earring?

RUTH

(peering at photo)

Oh yes... he did.

ROSE fishes out through the photographs the photo seen earlier of the whole family including MAYA and PROF RONNIE in swimming trunks.

NINA

You're right. Prof Ronnie does look like a paedophile.

ROSE

(peering at photo)

With a touch of Fred West.

HANNAH

I loved Prof Ronnie.

RUTH

He was a very nice man. Where's my glasses? Why have I never got my glasses?

(peering closer)

We were quite friendly with him and his wife for a bit.

ROSE

You look it. He's wearing Speedos.

RUTH

It was summer.

NINA

One would almost say dental floss.

RUTH

That's the problem with your generation. All so prurient. We should make a bonfire-

ALL

No-

NINA peers at a photo of HANNAH with OSCAR as a child and then another with ROSE, but can't find any of her.

NINA

Why are all the photos with Dad  
always with Hannah or Rose. There's  
not a single photo of just him with  
me?

ROSE

Yes there is.

NINA

No... No... There's you... And Mum,  
and even bloody Maya...

HANNAH peers closer at the photo of MAYA and OSCAR and RUTH  
and PROF RONNIE, the kids all close by, in the garden,  
looking so happy.

The TING of a glass, JAMES banging a fork against a beer  
bottle.

JAMES

Sorry... Sorry... Rose wanted me to  
say something-

(cheers)

Now that you all know that yes  
indeed we are with child, I hope we  
can put to rest the concerns about  
my procreation ability-

(nod to NINA)

Thank you, Nina.

LOUDER CHEERS-

JAMES (CONT'D)

And enjoy what we do best..

JAMES smiles, SUDDENLY a little emotional.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...being a family.

COOS. AHHS.. CHEERS.

ROSE

(approaching)

Getting a little moist there?

JAMES LAUGHS. ROSE LAUGHS.

MORE LAUGHTER AND CHEERS. NATHAN TINGS his bottle.

NATHAN

And to second that -

HANNAH GLARES at NATHAN, non-plussed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I would like to personally say Bon Voyage to a shitty, shitty few months. But let's take a moment. Because I for one am very grateful I'm still here.

(taking HANNAH's hand)

Quite frankly it was touch and go for a while. In this beautiful, crazy, wonderfully dysfunctional, truly screwed up and yet uniquely unique family, there is nowhere I'd rather be.

NINA wiping a tear away. ROSE leans into her, with a little comforting nudge.

NINA

You're going to get really fat.

CUT TO:

38 **OMITTED**

38

39 **EXT. DRIVE. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1, 20:33.**

39

HANNAH putting the rubbish in the bin. She stops, looks back at the house, clocks the lights going on in their bedroom, NATHAN pulling down the blinds.

She looks away, hating herself.

Then slides a brick down on top of the lid.

A starry sky above.

She turns to go back in, FREEZES on seeing-

The fox standing on the roof of her car, staring at her, bold.

CUT TO:

40 **INT/EXT. CAR/DRIVE OUTSIDE HANSEN HOUSE. NIGHT 1, 20:35.**

40

The DROP of the car engine, as RICHIE FLICKS off the ignition. CALLUM already spilling out of the car-

RICHIE

They seem nice.

CLOSE on FI, his HAND GRAZING her back, as she leans over, pulls out the last of CALLUM's things.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
What does she do?

FI  
Lawyer. Family lawyer.

RICHIE  
(stroking her neck)  
Hangry?

Then he kisses her, full on mouth, smiles-

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(close to)  
Don't ever patronise me in front of  
people like that again.

RICHIE's phone vibrates, he scrolls through to an incoming message from his PUBLICIST, **ALI**, clear on the message ID with a link attached-

FI  
Are they running it?

RICHIE nods, clicking on the link, opening up Mail Online and the sidebar of shame and tapping on a *breaking news* photo- An image of FI mid-fight with CARRIE-

RICHIE  
They went with the handbag line at  
least.

FI takes the phone, it shakes in her hand as her eyes track over the headline - *Catfight at School Gates with 'Thief' Nanny*.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Told you I'd sort it.

FI  
Thank you.

RICHIE  
Don't I always?

He makes to get out of the car.

FI  
What if she goes to the press?

RICHIE holds her gaze with quiet unfazed challenge-

RICHIE  
And say what?

The moment punctured by RICHIE's phone ringing, he gets out, answering it-

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Yeah... Yeah... Just seen it...  
Yeah she's fine... Just make sure  
it's shut down by the morning. They  
always crank up the heat when they  
know you've got a show going out -

FI watches RICHIE walking back to the house, cellphone  
pressed to his hear, swallowing back angry despair, eyes  
hardening, as he looks back at her.

CUT TO:

41

**INT. BEDROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1, 22:10.**

41

HANNAH and NATHAN side by side amidst a sea of work. HANNAH  
doing notes, whilst NATHAN is distracted by crap on his iPad.

NATHAN

Did you know Richie scored four  
times in the *Children In Need* World  
Cup? Plus the former boy band  
member has a secret passion for *How  
I Met Your Mother*.

HANNAH

You show business whore.

NATHAN

I may maintain a healthy interest  
in celebrity culture from a socio-  
anthropological point of view but-

NATHAN holds up the image, clearly on Mail Online of FI, mid  
spat with CARRIE, taken by the pap outside the school.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

...to not would mean we miss gems  
like this.

HANNAH catching on this, peering back at the photo.

HANNAH

Fi Hansen came to see me this  
morning.

NATHAN with obvious yet resigned surprise.

NATHAN

Bang go those tickets-

HANNAH

It was just advice. Nothing more  
yet.

SUDDENLY, from beyond-



LIV  
(entering)  
Dad? My allowance?

LIV flops down on the bed between HANNAH and NATHAN.

NATHAN  
Ah yes - we have considered your  
application and-

LIV groans, exiting. NATHAN stares at HANNAH non-plussed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(face falls/to HANNAH)  
What did I do wrong?

As HANNAH smears thick cream all over her face-

HANNAH  
Nothing. And her allowance is fine.  
Stop trying so hard. Stop trying to  
make everything OK. Tonight? You  
don't need to make it sound better.  
You can't make it better.

HANNAH wavers, they hold one another's gaze, the moment  
punctured by a sting of sadness. She looks away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(nods)  
I'm just tired.

NATHAN  
You're tired all the time. I  
thought the swimming was meant to  
be helping you sleep.

HANNAH  
It is. It has.

NATHAN's gaze falls down on the paperwork on the bed,  
clocking FI HANSEN's prenup, notes scrawled on post-its down  
the side. He hesitates, clocks CHRISTIE's handwriting  
alongside HANNAH's, a silly doodle done by CHRISTIE,  
CHRISTIE's initials 'CC' or the like on a post-it, irritating  
him. HANNAH hesitates, seeing him see this, climbs into bed,  
putting her work away, then rolling over, turning off the  
light.

SILENCE UNTIL-

NATHAN  
Are you ever going to forgive me?

HANNAH  
Working on it.

He goes to kiss her. She pulls away a little.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Not yet.

(turning to him)

I'm *that* Hannah Stern. When people hear my name, or talk amongst their friends, that's what they say. Do you know how humiliating that is?

NATHAN nods, resigned, reaches over for the light, turns it off.

They lie in silence-

The DISTANT SCREECH of foxes fucking somewhere far off.

On HANNAH, eyes open, wide awake. She turns and looks back at NATHAN, relents a little, reaching a hand out-

SNORING-

NATHAN asleep.

HANNAH resigned, inwardly kicking herself, staring back up at the ceiling, restless.

CUT TO:

41A **INT. NINA'S FLAT. NIGHT 1, 02:16.**

41A

Nina alone in bed. Can't sleep. Swiping through Tinder.

She gets out of bed, pours herself a glass of wine.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. KITCHEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1, 03:00.**

42

Darkness - 3am.

HANNAH illuminated, pulling a fridge door open, pulling out milk, pouring it into a bowl of cereal.

She sits, eats, taking in the silence of the house.

She looks down at her phone. Scrolls through to CHRISTIE's messages. She considers, then going over to her laptop on the table she opens it taps in *Nathan Stern Indiana Ray* on her safari -

Immediately an image of NATHAN pops up, her name also attached to some of the copy. A series of old Mail Online and the like copy, his face amidst a checkerboard of doctors, academics, business heads, all stung in the leak. HANNAH's gaze catching on a headline... INDIANA RAY BUSINESS BOOMING SINCE DATA LEAK. Still sickened, HANNAH flips her laptop closed.

Her gaze falling on NATHAN's things resting on the table in front of her. She considers, looking over his notes, examining his pen, a little bored, a little sexually frustrated.

She sinks down on the sofa, channel flicks, hesitates on an adult channel. Considers. Then scrolls through to the *Great British Bake Off* or the like.

She watches, one hand spying NATHAN's jacket close by.

She pulls it over herself a little cold, instinctively pushing her hands into the pockets to keep warm.

Then hesitates, pulling out a folded business card - *Chloe Howell* - 07700 900543.

She looks up, catching her own reflection in the mirror - suspicion and disappointment threatening to overwhelm, looking at the card once more in her hand.

Shaking her head, she slides it back into his pocket, a decision made.

Makes to turn the light off-

SUDDENLY the PEEP of a phone message, HANNAH clocks CHRISTIE now back online - *Go to sleep.*

On HANNAH, considering.

CUT TO:

42A

**EXT. EMBANKMENT. DAY 2, 07:45.**

42A

The SWEEP of the bridge.

HANNAH coming into view, caught in the ebb and flow of human traffic-

A BEAUTIFUL, VOLUPTUOUS FEMALE SINGER lighting up the bridge, with some beautiful 50's romantic classic, the lyrics catching in HANNAH's ear-

SUDDENLY CHRISTIE is falling into step by her side, FINGERS catching hers, in brief elicited hand holding. They walk on, enjoying the novelty until-

A SKATEBOARDER or the like passes-

They break apart, walking on, seemingly going their own separate ways.

CUT TO:

43

**INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 2, 08:13.**

43

CLOSE on HANNAH, working, looking over the prenup, the margins now covered in writing and post-it notes as MAGGIE slides down paperwork for HANNAH to read -

HANNAH

Thanks-

MAGGIE turns to leave, HANNAH's appointments now up on the screen-

MAGGIE

The meeting with Mr Grayling's back in?

HANNAH hesitates, clocks the invite to a 6pm meeting, considering, a photo of NATHAN and the kids resting close by-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Want me to confirm it in the diary?

...HANNAH clicks on the *confirm* button, a decision made.

HANNAH

(shakes head/with a smile)

Already done.

MAGGIE nods, HANNAH catching a FLICKER of something of her face-

MAGGIE

She's here by the way.

On HANNAH, she dismisses it with a smile, picks up the marked up prenup heading out.

CUT TO:

44

**INT. BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 2, 08:14.**

44

On FI, standing, coffee in hand-

FI

I haven't got long. I need to be at the studio in less than an hour.

HANNAH gently closing the door, FI clearly on the edge.

HANNAH

OK. I've marked it up.

HANNAH slides down the marked up prenup - a list of questions open in HANNAH's notebook. FI seeing this.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No obligation. But if I was to give any advice, I would change the terms of your prenup by signing a postnup. I find this document disturbing. Not least because who ever did advise you let you sign a suffocating NDA. There are ways around it, but-

FI FINGERS GRAZING over the scribbled post-it notes.

FI

(sudden)

She didn't steal a handbag. She slept with my husband.

(silence)

I'm so embarrassed-

HANNAH

Don't be.

(holding her look)

I'm *that* Hannah Stern. It wasn't a nanny. And she didn't steal a handbag. But he did sleep with her four times.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

FI nods, caught between laughter and heartbreak.

FI

The first time it was our PA. Lovely girl. From Cardiff. I found a tampon in our loo. Said he'd been on his own the whole weekend. That lasted quite a while. Second time, that was pretty sticky. Actress. Never screw an actress. But again he shut it down. After that - I stopped looking. More you ignore it, easier it is. Only this time.

(holds her look)

...the kids loved her. Love her.

FI, fragile with a FLICKER of despair in her eyes.

FI (CONT'D)

So how do I get out?

ON HANNAH, she nods, taking a seat, reaching for paper.

FI (CONT'D)

He mustn't find out. Not yet.

HANNAH

Are you scared of him?

FI looks at HANNAH, her gaze exposing a seeping, eroding terror until-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

There are things that we can do.  
Things we can put in place. To set  
the process in motion. I'm going to  
walk you through this.

(gentle)

Take a seat.

FI sits, HANNAH waiting calm until-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Start by writing it all down. I'm  
old school. I prefer a notebook but  
there are those that keep it on  
their phone. A list. Every woman  
should have one. Give it a title.  
*Birthday list, Things to Do, Ocado* -  
whatever you like. A record of his  
unreasonable behaviour, anything  
you feel uncomfortable with,  
anything you don't like. We can  
prepare carefully in order to  
minimise the impact on you and the  
children. You'll need a new email.  
That's the first thing. Anything  
you send, keep it separate from  
your work or personal life. We need  
to find a way to meet so he doesn't  
find out. Get your phone out.

FI nods, taking out her cellphone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Get into the habit of deleting your  
messages. Anything that might  
reveal your plans. A brief  
conversation with a girlfriend.  
With me. And most importantly  
delete the deleted messages in your  
trash...

CUT TO:

45

**INT. RESTAURANT. DAY 2, 13:21.**

45

CLOSE on ZANDER in the heart of a beautiful old school  
restaurant with RUTH, midway through lunch-

RUTH

I love this place.

The WAITER pours water, moving around them.

ZANDER

You brought me here. I was 19 and wet behind the ears and you took me in. Three months in the post room and on my last day you brought me here and said 'Don't give up the day job.'

RUTH

Thank God you didn't listen.

She drinks, smiles-

RUTH (CONT'D)

And now that's exactly what you're asking of me.

ZANDER

Why don't you teach? And before you say no.

RUTH a little taken aback, laughs.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

You're too brilliant to go to waste.

RUTH's pride hanging in the balance.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

You know you want to. Give the next generation a taste. If you need any contacts-

Catching ZANDER's eye, she smiles-

RUTH

Thank you, Zander. Very gracefully done. But I'm fine. I have one or two of my own I'm sure I can call upon.

ZANDER hesitates, reaches out a hand, grips it, gentle and thoughtful-

RUTH (CONT'D)

Being engaged suits you.

ZANDER hesitates, clocking CHRISTIE arriving-

ZANDER

(with a smile)

And on that note-? I may need a favour from you. I've asked Christie to join us-

CHRISTIE smiles, taking a seat with a smile-

ZANDER (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd make the dream  
team.

CUT TO:

46

**INT. RECEPTION/ SEATING AREA. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 2, 17:31**

On HANNAH, heading back towards her office, passing-

AMANDA  
Excuse me-

**AMANDA VENWELL** [late 70s], nice face, if a little tear-  
stained, pillar of the community and BISHOP TONY's wife.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
I wonder if you can help me. I've  
been waiting but the young lady  
said-

MAGGIE on the approach, HANNAH nods, she's got it-

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
I'm Bishop Tony's wife.

HANNAH  
(gesturing to seating  
area)  
Of course. Won't you-?

AMANDA  
There's a meeting in his diary for  
today. And I tried to call but... I  
didn't know what to say. I presumed  
it was a church thing. But it's  
family law...

HANNAH  
Mrs Venwell-

AMANDA  
I found his list-

ON HANNAH, with shock, looking down at a scribbled list in  
AMANDA's hand-

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
I've humoured his adventures but  
it's number 10... It's number 10...  
*Leave Amanda...*

On HANNAH, seeing the shock and pain in AMANDA's face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
We've known one another since we  
were kids.  
(MORE)



AMANDA (CONT'D)

I thought we were happy... He was shaving and then... I just found him on the floor... with his stupid list... He's dead....

ON HANNAH, with surprise-

HANNAH

I'm so sorry-

...clocking NINA on the approach, walking past the seating area.

AMANDA

Number 10-

(reading list)

*Leave Amanda...* Was he planning to?

NINA

I'm afraid we can't discuss that.  
It's client confidentiality.

HANNAH

(sudden)

Everything... *Leave Amanda everything.* We're family lawyers.  
(seeing NINA's look)  
It was a probate matter.

On AMANDA - she hesitates, nods, a mixture of sadness, relief, wanting to believe.

AMANDA

That's what I thought... Thank you.  
That's what I thought-

AMANDA sinks back in her seat, weeping, NINA looking at HANNAH incredulously-

HANNAH

Maggie... Would you get Mrs Venwell a cup of tea?

ON MAGGIE gently leading AMANDA away, NINA tailing HANNAH back to her office-

NINA

What are you doing?

CUT TO:

CLOSE on HANNAH crossing to her desk, NINA in the doorway-

HANNAH

What?

(deflects/sorting through  
work)

We all have lists, Nina. Things we  
want to do. Things we fantasize  
about. But we don't just drop them  
on people. We take time, we  
consider, we think about the  
consequences. We prepare-

Then looks down at the photo of NATHAN with the kids on her  
desk.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...to minimize the heartbreak. It's  
called calculated risk.

On NINA, surprisingly upset, surprisingly angered by HANNAH's  
words.

NINA

(moving off)

Or - lying.

On HANNAH - sits, stands, sits.

CUT TO:

48

**INT. NINA'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 2, 17:40.**

48

NINA crossing over to her desk, distracted and oddly upset.  
She sinks down, exhales.

SUDDENLY she's up again, hurrying out-

CUT TO:

49

**INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 2, 17:41.**

49

CLOSE on ROSE, entering the hallway, carrying a bag of food.

ROSE

(shouting out)

Alright, I don't care if you like  
it or not but it's spag bol for  
tea.

ON ROSE, moving through the house, she slides down shopping,  
in need of a pee, hurrying towards the bathroom.

CUT TO:

50

**INT. BATHROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 2, 17:42.**

50

CLOSE on ROSE closing the door, and crossing over to the loo. She pulls her trousers down, pees as she reads, listening to the sound of VINNIE and TILLY playing outside.

SUDDENLY through the door-

VINNIE (O.S.)

Tilly keeps farting on my head-

ROSE, reaches for some toilet paper-

ROSE

...Coming...

She goes to wipe then hesitates. Her face falls, breath catches a little, heart sinking inside, clocking it is blotted with blood-

ROSE (CONT'D)

In a minute... I'll be there in a minute...

CUT TO:

51

**INT. LADIES. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 2, 17:43.**

51

The BANG of the cubicle-

NINA sits, reaching for tissue paper, wiping her tears away. She shoves the tissue in her jacket pocket, then pulls her hand out, clocking OSCAR's ashes in the palm of her hand.

Standing, she hurriedly drops them in the loo, brushing every last drop off, then going to flush the toilet, she hesitates, pressing her forehead against the cool of the wall.

And suddenly she's down on the floor vomiting, gripping the toilet seat until-

On NINA, wiping her mouth with slow sinking realization.

NINA

Shit.

CUT TO:

52

**OMITTED**

52

53

**EXT/INT. APARTMENT BLOCK. LONDON. DUSK 19:48.**

53

CLOSE on HANNAH crossing the street-

HANNAH (VOICEMAIL)

Hey love. I might be late. I need a swim. I'm going to head to the gym. Rose has dropped by and is feeding everyone. She can stay until Liv gets back from piano. So don't hurry if you're stuck at work-

ON HANNAH, she hesitates on seeing ash still stuck to her coat, brushing it off-

Then reaching in her handbag she takes out the key, considers, then pushes it into the lock-

CUT TO:

54

**INT. LIVING ROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 2, 20:51.**

54

CLOSE on NATHAN, listening to HANNAH's voicemail recording on his phone.

HANNAH (ON VOICEMAIL)

Hey love. I might be late. I need a swim. I'm going to head to the gym. Rose has dropped by and is feeding everyone. She can stay until Liv gets back from piano. So don't hurry if you're stuck at work-

He considers this, popping open a bottle of beer, absently watching the TV. VINNIE and TILLY slumped on the sofa. LIV doing homework at the kitchen table beyond.

A trailer for FI and RICHIE's show *I'm With The Band* underscores-

ON NATHAN considering, as LIV looks up from doing Spanish homework-

LIV  
Dónde está mamá?

LIV  
(Spanish translation)  
Where's Mum?

NATHAN  
Esta en la piscina.  
(beat, looks at LIV)  
Swimming.

Curious, NATHAN crosses over to the radiator, hesitating on seeing HANNAH's swimming costume now dried, hanging over it. Her towel and goggles close by. He picks it up, eyeing it suspiciously.

LIV  
Your accent's terrible.

CUT TO:

55

**INT. LIVING ROOM. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 2, 20:52.**

55

CLOSE on HANNAH, entering a familiar open plan living area, FINGERS GRAZING over a familiar table, a coat, a briefcase. She kicks off her shoes, leaves them by the front door.

The tiny details of a bachelor life as she moves through the living room and towards a kitchen. CHRISTIE standing, clearly cooking dinner. He turns and smiles, holds up a spoon of ragù or the like. She tries it, smiles-

CHRISTIE

Good?

HANNAH nods, crossing over to a long table, falling into laying the table. Turning, she reaches for five forks and then stops herself, resumes laying just for two. Her eyes grazing over the empty places, the sense of the endless table beyond, a little unsettled.

She goes to light a candle and clocks an empty matchbox. She crosses over to a blackboard on his fridge/ wall and writes 'Matches' to an ever growing shopping list. HANNAH catching on this, then dismisses, moving on. Guilt pricks her - this doesn't sit well with her.

Beyond, tiny details of HANNAH's domestic trail; a forgotten hairbrush, her pair of shoes by the door, a scarf...

A drawer with a few pairs of her underwear just visible.

The metronome of them making dinner together, underscores.

CUT TO:

55A

**EXT. LIVING ROOM. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 2, 20:53**

55A

On HANNAH as she lays the table, enjoying the novelty of this moment, catching his gaze, illicit, hopeful, unsettled.

But trying to push a growing doubt away.

**END OF EPISODE ONE.**