



The Split 2

Episode Two

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1

INT. BATHROOM/BEDROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 3, 06:55.

1

CLOSE on NATHAN, flossing, eyes catching on HANNAH getting ready for her day, spraying on perfume, creaming her face, taking extra care, unaware of NATHAN's unsettled and suspicious gaze-

TILLY
(reading)
They were at a crossroads-

TILLY sat on the toilet in her school uniform reading from *The Marriage* by Jack Brodeur-

TILLY (CONT'D)
(reading)
...he had heard all marriages had these moments, toying with deceit. He thought back to that time when they too had lived on the edge of constant discovery, reckless and wild-

VINNIE, arms gripping the door frame, balancing on a skateboard, half listening -

TILLY (CONT'D)
(reading)
...and as his hands caressed the soft folds of his wife's back-

NATHAN snatches the book off TILLY.

NATHAN
Is this on the syllabus?
(reading)
He knew he must grasp the memory of her once sweet taste, haunting him-

VINNIE
He goes down on her in a bit...

NATHAN and HANNAH look at one another horrified, as VINNIE skates away-

NATHAN
Tonight. Your turn. They clearly needing policing.
(seeing look)
I've got that welcome drinks thing, new pupils.

HANNAH reaches for her swimming costume now folded on a pile of laundry, on top of VINNIE's clean football kit, NATHAN clocking this-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(goads a little)
You were out late last night-

HANNAH feeling a little rumbled.

HANNAH
Someone's keeping count.

...holding his gaze.

NATHAN
The gym's paying off. You look
good.

NATHAN's suspicion hanging as HANNAH resumes packing a towel
and the last of her gym things, including the swimming
costume, in her bag.

HANNAH
Working on it.
(deflects/ re the pupils)
Who did you get in the end?

NATHAN
Rower.
(seeing look/deflects)
Must have been the shoulders that
swung it.
(as LIV enters)
Does anyone know the meaning of
personal space?

LIV rolls her eyes, picks up a hairbrush, barely looking up
from her phone-

LIV
(heading out)
I need £300. You should have got a
reminder. Señor Lopez said it still
hasn't been paid.

HANNAH
(seeing NATHAN's look)
Spanish trip. Seville. Bank details
on desk.

LIV already moving on-

NATHAN
No really... Thank you... Glad I
could help.
(shouting out)
I'm charging interest.

The moment punctured by HANNAH's phone ringing, CHRISTIE's name flashing up, HANNAH at once grabs her phone, NATHAN suspicious on seeing who it is, HANNAH letting it go to answerphone. NATHAN hesitates, nods, gaze flicking back to the book-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(reading)
...The sweet taste of deceit was on
her lips as...

NATHAN with a look of mock shock, throwing the book back at HANNAH.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Filth... Utter filth... I'm in the
wrong game.

NATHAN gone.

SILENCE-

ON HANNAH, listening, the house now still.

HANNAH, looking back at CHRISTIE's answerphone message flashing up on phone. She considers, unsettled, and then scrolls through, editing the caller ID, changing CHRISTIE's name to **GRAYLING**.

SUDDENLY from BELOW-

VINNIE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Mum... the fox has pooped on the car
again.

On HANNAH, caught out-

HANNAH
(calling back)
Coat, Vinnie love.

The SLAM of a distant door closed-

HANNAH exhales, sick to the pit of her stomach.

CUT TO:

1A **EXT. EMBANKMENT. DAY 3, 07:38.**

1A

ON HANNAH, walking to work, her head full of thoughts, rattled by NATHAN's comments.

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED. MOVED TO SCENE 4B.

2

CUT TO:

3 INT. LIVING ROOM. RUTH'S HOUSE. DAY 3, 07:44.

3

CLOSE on ROSE, pulled up on the sofa, miserable and having a Duvet day, breakfast TV or the like. A BABY advert or the like comes on.

ROSE

Don't...

JAMES stands in the doorway, watching her, scrolling through *Rightmove* or the like on his iPad.

JAMES

We can try again.

ROSE

(nods/pointing at screen)

But I want that baby.

JAMES sinks down next to her, she takes his coffee, drinks, both now watching the BABY advert, toddlers and babies of every brand smiling and crawling and toddling with lambs etc.

JAMES

(pointing at screen)

Really? Not that one? The James Corden one?

ROSE smiles. JAMES smiles, they look at one another, utter heartbreak.

ROSE

His jokes would get on your nerves.

SUDDENLY RUTH appears, slightly hipper, trying to be a little cooler. ROSE and JAMES look at her incredulously-

ROSE (CONT'D)

Elvis is in the house...

RUTH

(wavers)

Too much..?

JAMES

Not for Vegas.

RUTH

These are students. I need to blend.

ROSE
Here's hoping Prof Ronnie will
still be in his Speedos.

RUTH
(taking ROSE's
coffee/drinks)
Your child will be addicted.

JAMES looks to ROSE, sees the tears well again, goes to
speak, RUTH already moving on-

ROSE
(hushed)
Not yet.

From beyond-

RUTH
(calling back)
James... the back door is sticking
again.

JAMES slides the iPad into her lap. ROSE looks down at the
flats then back at the TV.

JAMES
(close to)
We have to move out.

ROSE absently scrolls through *Rightmove* on the iPad, peering
closely at one in particular, plastic baby chair and kids
crap just visible. Then back at the TV - with abject misery.

ROSE sees a box marked *Defoe Office*. Rose considering,
crossing over, a little curious. She peers in - the content
of RUTH's one-time desk now in a box. ROSE about to go back
to watching TV, hesitates on a green file, marked *DEFOE VS*
DEFOE. ROSE peers closer with growing curiosity - OSCAR and
RUTH's divorce papers.

ROSE's phone close by silently vibrating, NINA on the caller
ID as it goes to voicemail.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. OUTSIDE KIDS' BOOKSHOP. NEAR TO NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3,
07:45.

On NINA, phone pressed to ear, leaving ROSE a message-

NINA
Pick up... Rose... when you've
finished picking the flakes of your
sun tan can you call me... Please.
Lunch. Are you listening to me?
(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)
You're listening me? Ok you're not
listening to me.

ON NINA, sinking a little, catching her stomach, in side profile of the window of a bookshop, a kids display or the like inside. Does she look a bit fatter today? Gaze distracted, by kids crawling around a book corner, sitting on bean bags and bashing one another or reading books.

NINA (CONT'D)
I really need to talk to you. Not
burritos. Proper lunch... Call me
back.

CUT TO:

4A **OMITTED**

4A

4B **INT. KITCHEN. HANSEN HOUSE. LONDON. DAY 3, 07:35.**

4B

CLOSE on FI, seated at the kitchen table, making her 'Shopping List' on her phone in the notes section - a list of observations and complaints about RICHIE, disguised as a shopping list. RICHIE taps away on his phone, across the room, though there is a certain edge him to him. He's a little distracted.

FI
Richie...

The chaos of family life all around; DEXTER at its heart picking at a plate of pancakes. This is a sleek, smooth, modernist, super hip home, luxurious and Instagrammable. Which is what RICHIE is now doing at the other end of the table, taking photos as DEXTER eats, adjusting his hair a little-

RICHIE
Love it buddy boy.

RICHIE dabs icing sugar on DEXTER's nose, catching FI's look with a smile as DEXTER laughs. For a moment FI is there, joining in, enjoying their laughter-

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Who's the man?

Yet as RICHIE holds up his phone, capturing DEXTER's laughter, the moment jars-

FI
Can't you just take it of his
hands?

...posting instantly, despite FI's protests. He smiles, defiant.

FI unsettled, catching on this, tapping into her phone -
Posts pictures of the kids on social media even when I ask him not to.

The WHOOSH of another text message on RICHIE's phone,
distracting her, seeing him reading it with obvious concern.
The fall out of the Carrie photo still rolling on-

FI (CONT'D)

Alright?

RICHIE all smiles again, nods-

RICHIE

You've blocked out 10am? This
morning?

FI hesitates, turns, cellphone trembling in her hands a
little.

FI

...I've got the girls coming over
for Book Club tonight-

RICHIE

Cancel.

FI

It's my turn. I've committed to my
turn. I want to pick up a few
things this morning... I'll be an
hour at most.

RICHIE barely looking up from his phone-

RICHIE

We've got a sound check at midday.
Do it later. Get take out. You're
crazy. Tonight of all nights.

The TAP TAP TAP of his FINGERS - on Instagram as he posts
Less than 36 hours to go... And I'm With The Band...

FI

Richie... Don't post his face.

Then attaching another photo of him with DEXTER eating
pancakes, he presses send-

RICHIE

(squeezing DEXTER's face)
But he's so coochie coo...

RICHIE smiles, quietly goading-

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You going like that?

FI turns, her silk dressing gown draped open, a little too revealing, RICHIE at once taking another photo. Then he taps, presses send, posting the image of her instantly-

FI

Prick.

RICHIE hesitates, smiles, looks down at her phone, a little suspicious-

FI (CONT'D)

Ocado.

SUDDENLY he kisses her, short, sharp, all encompassing until-

RICHIE

(moving on/shouting out)

Callum. Ralphie...

(calling out)

Leaving in five.

On FI, inwardly cursing, the phone shaking in her hand as she resumes adding the last few things to her *Shopping List* - ***Puts photos of me on social media, even when I don't want him to. Comments on my clothing/appearance. Makes me feel like shit. Controls my every move.*** Scrolling through she attaches it and presses send to HANNAH STERN. Then looks up, hesitating on seeing DEXTER watching her. She smiles, blows a raspberry in his neck, playfully. He looks at her, reaches out fat sticky finger, making them both laugh.

CUT TO:

5 EXT/INT. ENTRANCE / LOBBY. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. LONDON. DAY 3, 5
07:54.

CLOSE on HANNAH walking, clocking a call from FI-

HANNAH

(answering phone)

Hi-

HANNAH clocking CHRISTIE in the distance, heading into Noble Hale Defoe-

CUT TO:

6 INT. BATHROOM. FI AND RICHIE'S HOUSE. DAY 3, 07:55. 6

CLOSE on FI, looking at the sprawl of things in the bathroom, her shared life with Richie, a cute photo of the KIDS-

FI

(into phone)

I can't come.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)

OK-

FI listening to RICHIE beyond mucking around with the KIDS-

FI

He's got me on lockdown.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)

Did you send me the list?

FI

I'll send it through soon.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)

Good. Let me look over it and I
will get back to you-

SUDDENLY the door swings open, RICHIE enters the room-

HANNAH (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

But we do really need to meet. I've
been thinking about you.

FI

(deflecting)

Great... Yeah... Well, Book Club
tonight... Be great if you can
come...

CUT TO:

7

EXT/ INT. RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 07:56.

7

On HANNAH, hesitating in her tracks-

HANNAH

Is he with you? Fi, are you OK?

FI (ON PHONE)

Yeah... Yeah... We can catch up
then.

HANNAH

Fi-

FI (ON PHONE)

I've got loads to tell you-

HANNAH hesitates-

HANNAH

OK-

CUT TO:

8

INT. BATHROOM. FI AND RICHIE'S HOUSE. DAY 3, 07:57.

8

On RICHIE, now by FI's side, preparing to leave for the day. Yet his eyes silently watch her, sensing as she finishes up her call-

FI (ON PHONE)
See you at mine at eight.

At once, FI flicks off the phone, smiles.

RICHIE
Come on babe, you need to get ready.

On FI, biting back her growing hate.

CUT TO:

9

INT. RECEPTION/LIFT. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 07:58.

9

On HANNAH, sliding her phone back into bag, as she crosses over into the lift, seeing CHRISTIE alone, waiting for her, with a smile-

CHRISTIE
Running late.

HANNAH wavers, entering as he holds the empty lift door open-

HANNAH
I didn't sleep that well.

CHRISTIE hesitates, a slight edge to HANNAH-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(close to)
And calling me at home?

CHRISTIE
I just wanted to hear your voice.

On HANNAH - hesitating, seduced by his smile.

MAGGIE
(entering)
Room for one more.

They discreetly pull apart as MAGGIE turns her back on them waiting for the doors to close as the lift ascends-

HANNAH
Fi Hansen cancelled.

MAGGIE
That's disappointing.

HANNAH

And the Brodeur meeting?

MAGGIE

Set for nine. I've drafted the
petition for you to look over.

They stand in silence, all three reflected as the lift
ascends upwards-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

...You look tired.

The PING of the lift-

HANNAH

(catching CHRISTIE's gaze)
Foxes keeping me up.

CUT TO:

10

INT. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 07:59. 10

CLOSE on NINA, smelling a beautiful arrangement of flowers, a
card attached, HANNAH, with CHRISTIE and MAGGIE close by,
coming out of the lift, a sense of activity all around-

NINA

Did you know Ma is doing Zander and
the manwhore's prenup?

HANNAH, CHRISTIE and MAGGIE stopping to pick up files etc-

NINA (CONT'D)

Why didn't Zander ask me?

NINA clocks *The Marriage* by JACK BRODEUR in Hannah's arms,
turning it, an image of JACK on the back.

NINA (CONT'D)

Aren't they making a film of this?
He must be raking it in. Did you
read *The Affair*?

MAGGIE

Top of the *New York Times*
Bestseller list for nineteen weeks
in 2015.

NINA

Utter trash. Wasn't it about his
affair with his-

MAGGIE

(nods)
Editor - now soon to be ex wife.

HANNAH shoots MAGGIE a look-

HANNAH
Let me know when she arrives.

MAGGIE suitably chastised, heads away with a nod.

NINA
Which once again proves my point-
Clocking TYLER and ZANDER in the distance.

NINA (CONT'D)
Never in the office. And never
think it's forever.

NINA peering at the card addressed to HANNAH on the flowers-

NINA (CONT'D)
(reading card)
Grayling?

On HANNAH, looking at the calla lilies-

HANNAH
(snatching it back)
Shipping.

...then at CHRISTIE, with quiet incredulity.

NINA
Classy-
(reading card)
*Great doing business with you last
night.*

And again... HANNAH glares at CHRISTIE, a little wry - what
was CHRISTIE thinking of-

HANNAH
Long meeting. We overran.

NINA
Lilies.

HANNAH
Weddings and funerals.
(moving on)
Have them if you like?

CUT TO:

On HANNAH walking reading paperwork, barely looking up,
CHRISTIE falling into step by her side-

CHRISTIE
You don't like lilies?

HANNAH, aware of the sound of PASSING COLLEAGUES, hesitates-

HANNAH
If I'd died.
(holding a clutch of post
it notes)
And post it notes left on my
laptop?

CUT TO:

11A INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 08:02. 11A

On HANNAH alone, crossing over to her desk, hesitating on seeing another post it note with a familiar doodle, 'CC', once more. She snatches it off, crumples it, looking up and seeing-

CHRISTIE
Too much?

She looks at her computer screen, scrolling through her emails, stopping on the one from FI HANSEN, already focused on her day.

HANNAH
We're not fifteen.

Opening it, her eyes taking it in with slow consideration-
....Controls what I wear. Controls when I see my friends and family-

CHRISTIE
Damn. And I made you a mix tape.

HANNAH pulls off her jacket or the like.

HANNAH
Is it hot? Are you hot?

CHRISTIE non-plussed-

MAGGIE
(entering)
Hannah?

HANNAH
(hushed / in passing to
CHRISTIE)
We need to talk-

CHRISTIE
Lunch?

HANNAH

Fine-

CHRISTIE heading off, passing MAGGIE standing in the doorway-

MAGGIE

Mrs Brodeur-?

HANNAH nods, a little conflicted, watching CHRISTIE walk away, irritation threatening.

HANNAH

...Is a client. She's not a piece of gossip. So please don't reveal details in a public space like that again.

(nods/moving on)

Just for next time.

CUT TO:

12

INT. RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 08:04.

12

MISTY BRODEUR [late 50s/early 60s] striking, academic but sexy, cashmere and class. A small dog padding by her heels.

MISTY

Oh my God... Get this man away from me.

JACK BRODEUR [50s] - attractive, Gallic, bookish, close behind, in a beautiful cashmere scarf and coat open-

JACK

Mistyla-

HANNAH smiles, making to greet her-

JACK (CONT'D)

...Why did you tell me to take the stairs?

...he smiles on seeing HANNAH and MAGGIE-

MISTY

Because I thought I might kill you if you got in the lift with me. Go away.

JACK smiles, shakes hands-

JACK

Jack-

HANNAH

Hannah Stern.

MAGGIE
Maggie Lavelle-

JACK is quietly captivating, and flirtatious, holding
MAGGIE's hand a little too long.

JACK
Maggie. What a beautifully old
fashioned name.

MISTY
He followed me.

JACK
That is an exaggeration.

MISTY
You literally followed me here.

This is a sparky, dynamic relationship.

HANNAH
Mr Brodeur, we are in the process
of drafting a divorce petition.

JACK
Marvelous. Then shouldn't I be
there? We're going to Paris in the
morning. Book tour-

MISTY
You're not listening-

JACK
Have you ever been to Paris?

HANNAH
I chipped a tooth on the metro last
time I was there.

JACK
The city of love-

MISTY
Merciless in the end-

HANNAH
Maggie, perhaps you could show Mr
Brodeur where he could wait.

MAGGIE leading JACK towards the reception.

MISTY
You can see what I am working with
here?

HANNAH smiles, gestures for MISTY to go ahead.

MISTY (CONT'D)
(calling back)
You are a ridiculous man.

CUT TO:

13

INT. BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 08:07.

13

CLOSE on HANNAH, MAGGIE by her side, facing MISTY. The dog sits on its own chair, staring at HANNAH.

MISTY
It was a gift. From Jack.
Deliberately to annoy me. He's like
the Mona Lisa. His eyes follow you
wherever you move.

HANNAH nods, smiles, trying not to be unnerved by the dog staring at her as she resumes writing-

HANNAH
Ok, so we've drafted your petition-
....slides across paperwork to MISTY-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I just need your marriage
certificate.

MISTY slides the marriage certificate down on the table.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You've said that you'd like 24
hours. And then if you are still
happy to proceed, we can lodge it
at court-

MISTY looks to HANNAH, concedes with a smile - yet there is real pain there as she looks over the paperwork.

MISTY
I'm refusing to pack for him. A
legacy of his first wife. She
utterly babied him. France. Then
Germany. Then Spain. Then back to
Paris.

MISTY clocks HANNAH's copy of *The Marriage* on the table, resting on top of HANNAH's files.

MISTY (CONT'D)
The biggest mistake was becoming a
wife. Chapter Nine. He calls me
fat. Menopausal and fat.

HANNAH
But you married him.

MISTY

There's only so long you can sneak around. They should put that in the mistress contract. It's the guilt that gets you.

HANNAH catching on this-

MISTY (CONT'D)

You always get caught in the end.

HANNAH pushing herself on.

MAGGIE

Well the good news is, your husband is a very wealthy man -

HANNAH shoots MAGGIE a look-

HANNAH

...and you're divorcing in London which is infinitely kinder to the financially weaker party than France, so you're in safe hands.

The DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN-

JACK

I thought I'd take the dog for a crap.

A YOUNG PARALEGAL close behind, looking to HANNAH apologetically-

JACK (CONT'D)

Just come to Paris. For one more night.

MISTY

Chapter Nine. Jack. Chapter Nine. Read Chapter Nine-

JACK

It's a story, my love-

MAGGIE looks to HANNAH, both feeling a little in the way-

MISTY

It's our life, Jack. You stole our life.

On HANNAH, the moment sobering, caught in the crossfire of JACK and MISTY's pain.

CUT TO:

13A **INT. BATHROOM. FI AND RICHIE'S HOUSE. DAY 3, 08:35.**

13A

CLOSE on FI, seated at her dressing table, wearing her dressing gown. She looks at herself in the mirror, considers. Fighting back tears, she starts to get ready for her day.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 09:20.**

14

CLOSE on HANNAH entering her office, already exhausted and the day hasn't even half begun. She crosses over to her desk, putting the *The Marriage* book down. Then looks out at the view beyond, on edge today. Then back at FI's email, it bothers her. The meeting has left her jangled.

She looks out through her doorway, clocks CHRISTIE laughing with a COLLEAGUE or the like.

TYLER
(in passing)
Hannah-

HANNAH looks up, surprised to find TYLER standing in the doorway, file in hand.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'm just going over the comparison of quarterly profit lawyer by lawyer. Adding up billable hours. And I was curious. The Carlton divorce? It never went to court?

HANNAH
The couple had been married 28 years and they went to mediation. It wasn't necessary to haul them both through court.

TYLER
Of course. Though in that particular case it falls between two stools, right? It's neither high profile enough nor litigious enough for you to dedicate quite so much time. I'm saying, bigger, bolder, brutal - if it deserves it.

NINA entering, head down, reading over paperwork-

TYLER (CONT'D)
Mergers don't come cheap and it's NHD now, so can we step it up?

On HANNAH, she wants to punch him in his face, but smiles.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I was saying to Maggie much the same.

On HANNAH, catching on this, incredulous.

HANNAH
(sarcastic)
Right. So a good old dog fight then?

HANNAH moving on-

TYLER
Have you got five minutes?

NINA
Of course. Yes.

TYLER
Might be easier to do it at your desk.

NINA nods, smiles, letting him pass-

NINA
NHD. Brilliant-

On HANNAH passing NINA, coffee mug in hand-

NINA (CONT'D)
(following TYLER out)
...In one acronym he's managed to reduced this company to something that sounds like an STI.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CORRIDOR/ COFFEE STATION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 09:11.

15

HANNAH walking along the corridor, leaving NINA heading towards her office with TYLER in tow, passing ZANDER-

HANNAH
Zander, Fi Hansen?

ZANDER nods, following her as she heads to the coffee station.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'd love a steer on it.

ZANDER
OK.

HANNAH makes herself coffee throughout.

HANNAH

Originally it was a producer/artist relationship. He was the more famous, but over the years, they've built up their brand. Now there's rumours in the press. They've done this whole 'nanny stole the handbag' thing, but in private she's confirmed me to me that he's been having an affair. I'm gathering all the financial information for the Form E but she's not told him yet. I think she's scared-

CHRISTIE falling into making himself coffee-

ZANDER

That the Nanny will go to the press? If she's gagged by an NDA-

CHRISTIE

Any newspaper worth its salt will indemnify her if the story is good enough.

HANNAH

Which it is. By the sounds of it. So when it hits I want to be prepped. They'll want to keep this out of court and out of the press.

CHRISTIE

I can check in with Liz and the media team.

HANNAH

Great. Because I think he's going to come for her. I just get a sense. I want to bring Nathan in on it-

CHRISTIE catching on this, HANNAH seeing this-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...My suspicion is that the opposing party will be aggressive in their strategy and Nathan's the best. Plus if this goes to arbitration I want him by my side-

CHRISTIE throws HANNAH a look, sipping his coffee-

ZANDER

I'm sure you can pull some strings. One advantage of being married to the best.

CHRISTIE
(cutting in)
The Sinclair inheritance act claim?
I left the papers on your desk.

Turning to leave-

ZANDER
Can you sit in - at 1?

CHRISTIE hesitates, looks to HANNAH-

CHRISTIE
Sorry... Lunch meeting.

CHRISTIE makes to leave-

ZANDER
Now when Mr Carmichael says he has
a lunch meeting, one senses he
might mean a *lunch* meeting. You are
a man who eats lunch at his desk.

...stops, eyes grazing over HANNAH, oblivious-

CHRISTIE
She's a keeper.

ON HANNAH, this only gets worse - biting into her apple as
she heads away, heart thumping in her chest, exposed-

ZANDER
Interesting... I'll get her name.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DAY 3, 11:09.**

16

CLOSE on NATHAN working, at his desk, a tap at his door-

NATHAN
Yep-

CHLOE pokes her head around the door, NATHAN barely looks up-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
On my desk.

CHLOE, carrying a handful of files, takes in the chaos and
detail of NATHAN's life scattered over his desk, including a
photo of HANNAH and the kids or the like, naff mini Oscar for
Best Dad etc etc....

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(pointing to package on
desk)
Thanks Mike.

NATHAN looks up, sees CHLOE-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Not Mike. Sorry. Thought you were
my clerk. That needs picking up.

NATHAN picking up his work, clearly needing to get going.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You're looking for your desk.

CHLOE hesitates-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
It was last seen buried over there.

CHLOE nods, smiles, crossing over to a corner desk, heaving
under the weight of bundles and files.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry... Sorry...

NATHAN does his best, moving around the mess, it's amusing to
them both, as they somehow find a small space for her. Job
done, NATHAN awkwardly nods and smiles, making to leave.

CHLOE
(sudden)
Thank you.

NATHAN nods, heading out, CHLOE falling into step, trying to
keep up.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
For taking me on.

CUT TO:

17 **INT/EXT. CORRIDOR/ SQUARE. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DAY 3, 11:10.** 17

NATHAN, nods to COLLEAGUES in passing, CHLOE walking close by
his side.

CHLOE
Particularly as I'm not convinced I
was your first choice.

NATHAN
Persecution complex. Very very
unhealthy.

CHLOE
No, a fair analysis of the
situation.

NATHAN

To be clear - it's the remit of the
aforementioned barrister, me, to
instill a general sense of ill-ease
and discomfort, even dislike, in a
pupil - that's you. Not, as it may
seem, because there is any great
intent, but quite simply because I
am - and my wife will confirm this -
incredibly scattergun and don't
like most people, including my own
children.

CHLOE

But you do like her?

NATHAN hesitates, wrong footed by this.

NATHAN

That stuff... That caring what I
think stuff. This is a place of
work so - save it for another time.

CHLOE a little stung-

CHLOE

Maybe tonight. I hear you're paying-

NATHAN

Ah yes - the age old tradition of
the pupil/barrister fleece-

NATHAN hands her a file-

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Gay couple. German. Expecting
twins. He's run off with the
surrogate.

CHLOE reads the file, pushing herself on, walking by his
side.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Watch and learn.

CUT TO:

17A **EXT. LAW SCHOOL. DAY 3, 11:30.**

17A

Establisher - the beautiful building of HANNAH, NATHAN and
CHRISTIE's old Law School.

CUT TO:

18

INT. CLASSROOM. LAW SCHOOL. DAY 3, 11:32.

18

CLOSE on a young STUDENT facing a 'CLIENT'- 'MR LATHAM', mid mock meeting-

AMY

Client A, Mr Latham, has been married for five years. Two children. For the last three months he has suspected his wife of an affair.

CLOSE on RUTH, coat and bag in hand, slipping into the back of the classroom, a sea of STUDENTS seated below watching the 'meeting' unfold on the stage. Her gaze catches on a familiar face, seen in the photo in Episode One, **PROFESSOR RONALD BRENTON** [70's] distinguished and reliable law academic, a little old for this game, but much loved and with flashes of brilliance as he leads this class.

RONNIE

OK. Let's go. Amy. Skaramoosh!

LAUGHTER-

RUTH smiles, something a little anarchic about him despite the suit, clearly he is liked by his STUDENTS.

MR LATHAM

I'm an acquisitions lawyer with Goldman Sachs-

MR LATHAM looks to RONNIE - clearly winging this, he gestures for him to go on.

MR LATHAM (CONT'D)

...where I met my wife. In fact she was my personal assistant. But she stopped work after we had children.

CLOSE on RUTH, listening, taking a seat amongst the STUDENTS.

AMY

And when did the marriage break down irretrievably?

MR LATHAM

...A few weeks ago. I'd like a divorce-

RONNIE

(raising a hand)

OK, stop... any questions?

RONNIE's eyes search the floor of STUDENTS.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Nothing... Silence?... Hello?...
Nobody has anything to say? OK -
Play on.

SUDDENLY RUTH shoots a hand up-

RUTH
He'd *like* a divorce.

RONNIE, hesitates, eyes searching the room for the familiar voice, hesitating on seeing-

RUTH (CONT'D)
At some point in every marriage
we'd all *like* a divorce. But there
is a difference between what one
likes and what one really wants to
do.

RUTH looks to RONNIE already amusing him, he gestures to her to carry on. She puts down her bag, comes down, takes the floor.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Amy... Is it Amy? I had a dog
called Amy...

LAUGHTER-

RUTH (CONT'D)
But I digress-

RONNIE smiling now too-

RUTH (CONT'D)
(turning to client)
Are you sure, Mr Latham, the
marriage is over?

MR LATHAM
I... um... I think so...

RUTH
See - hesitation. You're not sure
are you? If this was a good friend
who told you what Mr Latham has
just told you... What would be the
first thing that you would say?

AMY
I'm sorry-?

RUTH
Exactly. We're therapist, counsel
and most of all quite possibly the
only running mate they have in the
very darkest hour. And the second?

AMY

Are you sure?

RUTH

Bravo. Always question. People have affairs. People we know. People we love. But it's not always the cue for divorce. In some cases it can be the road back.

MR LATHAM

But she's sleeping with my best friend and stealing my money-?

RUTH

Ah well then - screw her for every penny she's got.

LAUGHTER-

RONNIE

Amy, go again-

RUTH captivating her audience, STUDENTS and RONNIE alike.

RUTH

Hello Ronnie.

RONNIE smiles, a look of genuine friendship, gesturing for her to sit-

RONNIE

Ruth... Take a pew.

CUT TO:

19

INT. RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 13:27.

19

On HANNAH coming out of her office, her gaze looking over to CHRISTIE, clearly just gathering his things.

MAGGIE

(in passing)

Can we go through the Adelaide case?

HANNAH hesitates, shakes her head, covers with a smile.

HANNAH

Sorry. Lunch meeting other side of town.

HANNAH discreetly throws a look to CHRISTIE, heading off on her own. MAGGIE watching her go-

MAGGIE

Maybe later then.

She turns, walks away, passing CHRISTIE, also finishing up, but leaving a little separately from HANNAH. On MAGGIE, clocking this, moving on.

CUT TO:

20

INT. NOODLE BAR. LONDON. DAY 3, 13:43.

20

CLOSE on ROSE and NINA eating at a noodle bar, looking out on the world slipping past. NINA overdoing it on the sauce, hungry, hot, splattered with Ramen, mid-way through talking-

NINA

...Zander is besotted. Kill me if I go away on holiday and come back with husband. He's one step from a mail order bride.

ROSE half listening, scrolling through flats on her iPad whilst shoveling in noodles.

ROSE

Sure - much better to keep dating weirdos and old men.

NINA

First insult of the day.

ROSE

John. Weird John. 48.

NINA

7... 47.

ROSE

Rex. Case in point. Right age. But a screw up anyway. You are jealous. And alone..
(wiping face)
And very sweaty...

NINA

(wiping sweat/ ramen from face)
Shut up. You smug git with your smart new husband-

ROSE

Real husbands have beards. All the flats I am looking at are owned by real husbands who have beards.

NINA

James is never going to grow a beard.

ROSE

The point is... we're all
jealous... even of things that we
don't think... didn't think - we
wanted...

NINA

You're losing me-

ROSE

...and when we do realise we want
it... it's too late.

NINA mid-noodle mouthful, clocking ROSE, tearful and on the
edge-

NINA

Rose-

ROSE

(sudden)

..I'm not pregnant. I'm not
pregnant anymore.

ROSE sobbing into her soup, NINA sitting close to her,
letting her sobs subside, gentle and present until-

NINA

(gesturing)

Your cuff's getting-

ROSE looks down at her jumper cuff, dipped in her soup. She
sucks on it, then looks at NINA, letting big fat tears fall.

ROSE

You really don't think he can grow
a beard?

NINA

I'm not ruling it out completely.
But he has such smooth skin.

LAUGHTER UNTIL-

ROSE

We came to talk about you.

NINA deflects, shakes her head-

NINA

Another time.

ROSE nods, tears at last sobering to a hiccuping still as she
tries to pull herself together.

ROSE

Plus I have a new theory. I don't
think I'm Dad's kid.

NINA

Bonkers.

NINA nods to the WAITER, reaching for her purse to pay the bill.

ROSE

Bear with me-

Tapping in her credit card details as the WAITER holds out the machine throughout.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Did you know it was Oscar, not Mum,
who petitioned for divorce on the
basis of adultery?

NINA LAUGHING. ROSE remains serious, sliding OSCAR and RUTH's divorce papers across to NINA.

NINA

(reading)

She's a ho. It's all making sense.

ROSE

Which means. Me. Hair? Blonde. No
one is blonde. Plus I'm weirdly
stupid next to you and Hannah.
Stupid and a flake. I am.
Bordering on a drop out. Who does
that sound like?

On NINA non-plussed-

ROSE (CONT'D)

Prof... Prof Ronnie...

NINA in shock and laughter-

ROSE (CONT'D)

I didn't recoil when I saw him in
Speedos. It felt like a good
memory. One might almost say I saw
a kindred spirit.

NINA quietly reveling in the giddy surprise of this.

NINA

Shit. You're serious.

CUT TO:

21

INT. CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE LECTURE HALL. LAW SCHOOL. DAY 3,
13:45.

21

The SPILL of STUDENTS leaving the lecture hall, RUTH caught in the swell-

RUTH

Bye... See you next week-

RONNIE falling into step by her side.

RONNIE

You're stealing my thunder.

RUTH smiles, idly following him along the corridor-

RUTH

You've been on your own too long.

RONNIE smiles-

RONNIE

Canteen that way. But I wouldn't bother. Pub over the road's better. How are the girls?

RUTH

Old. Good. All grown up. I have three grandchildren.

RONNIE

Mine have all got terrible New Zealand accents. Tally lives in Auckland now.

STUDENTS passing, clearly holding out paperwork for RONNIE.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Alright... Alright...

(moving on)

Like I said. Pub over the road. They don't always find you there.

RUTH nods, smiles, watching RONNIE moving on, STUDENTS all around-

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll stand you a Guinness.

RUTH wavers, goes to speak, RONNIE already moving on. She stands, a little flushed, a little stirred by this interaction, heading off in search of the canteen.

CUT TO:

21A **OMITTED**

21A

22 **INT. RESTAURANT. DAY 3, 13:50.**

22

CLOSE on HANNAH, seated at a corner table with CHRISTIE, a little on edge-

HANNAH

What?

CHRISTIE

Just watching you.

HANNAH reaches for some bread, caught under his gaze.

HANNAH

And?

...spreading butter.

CHRISTIE

...I like the way you eat. Like really eat. I've only ever been with women who pick. I like that. When you smile, it's like it's a surprise to you. Which makes you smile more. And I was just imagining what it would be like if this was every day. Me facing you. Over a table. Every morning.

HANNAH this is genuinely touching, hitting her in the heart.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

For a more in depth profile I would of course need you to spend the whole night.

Yet it weighs heavily on her.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

Just putting it out there - an alternative to sneaking around. We could go to-

HANNAH

Don't say Paris.

CHRISTIE

I wasn't going to say Paris.

HANNAH

You were going to say Paris.

CHRISTIE hesitates, nods a little-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You can't call me when I'm trying to get my kids off and act like all is OK. You can't look at me... Like that... Like you are looking at me now... When there are people around... Stop it.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You're giving us away. And I'm not ready... I'm not ready to give us up yet.

CHRISTIE

Yet-? Ever?

HANNAH hesitates, looks deeply at him, with genuine love and full heart-

HANNAH

I don't drop hints at work. Because this, if you hadn't realized, is officially a conflict of interests. *'She's a keeper?'*

CHRISTIE

I was just fooling around.

HANNAH

...No. You were trying something on for size. We can't do that. Don't do that.

CHRISTIE

Not now but-

HANNAH

Not ever.

CHRISTIE

Nathan went on a website and pulled up some women he'd never met and yet you and I-

HANNAH

That's not the same.

CHRISTIE

No. It's not. You and I we know each other. Really know each other. I was nineteen when I first met you Hannah-

HANNAH

But now I have children. People that I love. A career.

CHRISTIE

Yes and-

HANNAH

You can bear the risk. I can't. I have to think about this stuff.

HANNAH visibly struggling, emotion threatening.

CHRISTIE
(gentle/comforting her)
Hey... Hey... Hey...

Reaching out a hand, gripping hers discreetly under the table.

HANNAH
It's not that I haven't had the same thoughts. I've had them. I think what would have happened. What if? What if it had been you and not Nathan? What if it had been you waiting for me at the end of that aisle? What if the night before my wedding we hadn't slept together? What if the morning after I had run with you?
(beat)
I have my life, I have responsibility. I have kids. I have-

A REMINDER flashes up on her cellphone-

HANNAH half reads it, a little distracted - *Don't forget. Vinnie verruca appointment. 5pm.* A missed call from NINA.

CHRISTIE
People that you love.

HANNAH hesitates, CHRISTIE seeing the appointment, he deflects, tries to push his feelings down. Yet this sad. The lunch punctured. And they don't want it to be yet.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
We should get the bill-

HANNAH reaches out a hand, holding his gaze, relenting a little-

HANNAH
Not yet.

CUT TO:

22A **EXT. STREET. NEAR RESTAURANT. LONDON. DAY 3, 14:31.**

22A

On HANNAH coming out of the restaurant, CHRISTIE close behind-

NATHAN
Busted.

HANNAH turns, surprised to find NATHAN with CHLOE, clearly on route back from a meeting.

CHRISTIE
We were just talking about you-

HANNAH looking to CHRISTIE, not entirely sure which way this will go-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Hannah was wondering if you were free-

HANNAH

Fi Hansen-

NATHAN

Is that going?

HANNAH

We're just preparing.

NATHAN

Absolutely. Interesting.

HANNAH looking to CHLOE-

CHLOE

(holding out a hand)

Hi -

Damn she's pretty.

HANNAH

(shaking hand)

Hannah Stern.

CHLOE

(eyes still on HANNAH)

I know. I heard you speak at the Women in Law Lunch. Feminist Perspectives on Cross-examination. Great. Although I wasn't quite sure about your interpretation of Hunt and Moore.

CHRISTIE

(jumping in/shaking hands)

Christie Carmichael.

NATHAN

Chloe Howell. New pupil. She has opinions. I'm trying to discourage it.

CHRISTIE smiles.

HANNAH

The rower.

CHLOE

I used to. Do you row?

HANNAH
No.

CHLOE
Are you a fan?

HANNAH
No.

CHLOE
... oh.

NATHAN
I hear Zander's new man is busting
your balls. Checking you're
behaving yourselves.

HANNAH
We've got to go. Nice to meet you,
Chloe.

NATHAN smiles, leans into HANNAH, his lips grazing HANNAH's
cheek, she stiffens a little.

NATHAN
See you at home.

On HANNAH, hurrying on, CHRISTIE by her side. He looks at
her, she briefly holds his gaze.

HANNAH
Shit.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. LIFT/RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. LONDON. DAY 3, 15:12**3

CLOSE on HANNAH coming back, passing NINA-

NINA
Where have you been? I've been
calling you.

CHRISTIE stepping out of a second lift, moments behind her.
Cellphone pressed to his ear, he passes her breezily with a
nod and a smile.

NINA (CONT'D)
Do you deliberately not answer your
phone?

...falling into talking to TYLER, who stands notebook in
hand, amidst the PARALEGALS-

CUT TO:

24

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 15:12.

24

HANNAH entering the office, keen to get back to work.

NINA
(close behind)
Rose has lost the baby.

HANNAH stopped in her tracks-

NINA (CONT'D)
If I call, please pick up. I'm not
good at that stuff. You're good at
that stuff. I did my best. Maybe
it's good. Maybe it's better. I
mean a baby. A baby is a big thing.
Huge. You've got to be ready right?
Because if you're not-

HANNAH already on her phone, calling ROSE-

ZANDER
(in passing)
Hey, you around later? Tyler and I
are having drinks. If you're free-

HANNAH
Sorry - busy.

ZANDER
Nina?

NINA throwing HANNAH a 'I hate you' look.

ZANDER (CONT'D)
Christie's coming and a few of the
other guys.

NINA
Great... Great...

NINA hovering, seeing HANNAH's look-

HANNAH
Haven't you got work to do?

At last, ROSE's phone answers, NINA resigned heads away-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Rose-

CUT TO:

25

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. FLAT. LONDON. DAY 3, 15:13.

25

CLOSE on ROSE, being lead through a pretty if small flat, brimming over with life and baby stuff, by a smiling, stay-at-home BEARDED DAD - plastic toys and the distant sound of CBEEBIES underscore.

ROSE
(into phone)
Howdy-

HANNAH
Where are you?

ROSE
Right now?

A TODDLER sits on a giant sofa, transfixed by the TV, shoving raisins into her mouth as she watches.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Looking around at my last flat of
the day and another property we
can't afford-

ROSE looking at fixtures, a HAND grazing over a huge fridge, opening the door.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
I know you don't think you will but
you will get another chance.

ROSE stares at the Frubes and bottles of breast milk, eyes welling with tears.

ROSE
(into phone)
You see people say that kind of
shit. But they say it when they are
sitting on the other side. You are
formally on the other side Hannah.

CUT TO:

26

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 15:14.

26

CLOSE on HANNAH, standing, looking out-

ROSE (ON PHONE)
Where as I am barren-

HANNAH
And dramatic.

ROSE (ON PHONE)
Let me have my moment-

HANNAH
You're mid chapter-

ROSE (ON PHONE)
Bad metaphor. Also happening a lot
today. James and I are going to
have to live alone with our cats.

HANNAH
You hate cats. James is allergic to
cats.

ROSE (ON PHONE)
The emphasis was on the alone.

HANNAH hesitates, her gaze falling on a family photo of them
all, HANNAH, NINA, ROSE, NATHAN and the KIDS on her desk.

HANNAH
You're not alone. Didn't you read
the Defoe terms and conditions?
Sometimes it's just not the right
time. Sometimes you have to trust
that the universe will give you
another chance. And you'll be ready
to grab it with both hands.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. LIVING ROOM. FLAT. LONDON. DAY 3, 15:15.**

27

On ROSE - wiping back a stray tear.

ROSE
I was ready this time.

SUDDENLY, seeing the BEARDED DAD beyond, holding a tentative
thumbs up to ROSE.

ROSE (CONT'D)
(nods/smiling)
Yay. Big smile.

CUT TO:

27A **INT. ALI'S PR OFFICE. DAY 3, 18:30.**

27A

RICHIE laughing with a couple of young PRESS AGENTS, ALI on
the approach-

ALI
Richie-

RICHIE rolls his eyes, a little resigned, to the young PRESS
AGENTS - falling back into working.

RICHIE

...Let me know how many are coming.
I'll get Ali to add you to the
guest list.

ALI unimpressed but trying to hold it together as RICHIE
takes a seat.

ALI

Don't do that. Don't keep inviting
people, Richie.

RICHIE

Buzzkill.

ALI

I've got the tabloids circling.

RICHIE

You threw the handbag stuff-

ALI

It's a line. They know it's a line.

RICHIE

Then cover better.

ALI

Your nanny's going to talk.

RICHIE

She signed her NDA-

ALI

Richie-

RICHIE suddenly GRABS ALI'S ARM, holds her gaze. ALI
hesitates, unnerved, caught under RICHIE's goading smile.

RICHIE

Fix it. That's what I pay you the
big money for.

RICHIE suddenly seeing a passing COLLEAGUE/ CELEBRITY,
releases her arm, up on his feet again, just can't sit still
today.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Danny boy, what was that piece of
shit I saw you in last night?

On ALI, weary, sick of it, sick of this life.

CUT TO:

28

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 19:21.

28

On HANNAH seated, her copy of *The Marriage* on her desk. She idly flicks through it, clocking the dedication - *To Misty... We'll always have Paris...*

MAGGIE
(in passing)
We're heading out-

DISTANT VOICES. LAUGHTER-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
...But Misty Brodeur is sitting in
reception.

On HANNAH with surprise-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Did you ask her to come back?

CLOSE on HANNAH, she shakes her head, looking back at various open documents, closing them down for the night.

HANNAH
I'll be there in five.

MAGGIE nods, exits, HANNAH hurrying now, readying herself to close down her computer, suddenly clocking CHRISTIE standing in the doorway, watching her.

CHRISTIE
The Hansen nanny's talking.

On HANNAH, with obvious concern-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
I called Matthew Royston. There's
some heat around the Russell
inheritance stuff and it was good
leverage to dig for you.

HANNAH
His newspaper?

CHRISTIE
They put in a bid but lost out to
the Sundays. I'll work out a
strategy with the reputation
management team first thing.

HANNAH
Thanks-

CHRISTIE holds her gaze, really looking at her, goes to speak-

CHRISTIE
Hannah-

SUDDENLY from behind-

NINA
(head around the door/to
CHRISTIE)
OK... If I'm doing this. You're
doing this.

NINA holding the flower arrangement and her bag, heading on.

CHRISTIE
You coming?

HANNAH picks up *The Marriage*, sliding it into her bag-

HANNAH
No. Sorry. Can't tonight.

Reaching for her coat, CHRISTIE's hands grazing hers,
gripping them in an illicit touch-

NINA
(calling back)
Christie-

CUT TO:

29

INT. RECEPTION. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 3, 19:22.

29

ZANDER, TYLER, MAGGIE and OTHERS gathering, NINA, HANNAH and
CHRISTIE on the approach-

TYLER
(seeing the flowers)
Are they coming with us?

...as they all head out together.

NINA
Yeah - you got a problem with that?

...HANNAH looks across, through the glass of reception,
clocking MISTY seated, already standing to greet HANNAH-

MISTY
Before you say I'm mad? He's
French. It's very difficult to stay
angry when someone is saying nice
things to you in French. It's
always been my Achilles heel. And
then he persuaded me to go for
lunch. And one thing lead to
another-

HANNAH hesitates, smiles, reaching into her bag for her files-

HANNAH
You want your marriage certificate
back.

MISTY takes it with relief, pressing it to her chest.

MISTY
You've done this before?

HANNAH
We weren't going to lodge the
petition until tomorrow anyway.

The DISTANT PING of the LIFTS-

MISTY
It's not the affair I miss. It's
the potential it had. The thrill of
potential.

HANNAH hesitates, catching CHRISTIE in the distance, he
throws her a half wave and a smile-

MISTY (CONT'D)
Is it so wrong not to want to lose
that?

HANNAH shakes her head-

HANNAH
I'll walk you down.

CUT TO:

30

INT. BAR. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DUSK 3, 19:57.

30

NATHAN in the bar, surrounded by SEVERAL COLLEAGUES and young
PUPILS including CHLOE-

NATHAN
...he ran screaming out of the
court and chased me half way along
High Holborn until I promised him
that I would get him his Porsche
and plane back-

LAUGHTER-

CHLOE
Classic.

NATHAN smiles, catching CHLOE's flirtatious gaze. She goes to
take his glass, he nods his thanks-

The PULSE of his cellphone in his pocket- HANNAH's name on
the caller ID.

NATHAN
(picking up)
Before you ask, I am only staying
for one drink.

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. STREET. CLOSE TO HANSEN HOUSE. LONDON. DUSK 3, 19:58.** 31

CLOSE on HANNAH, standing, a bottle of wine under arm,
hurriedly reading through the last pages of *The Marriage-*

FI and RICHIE's beautiful house, in a tree lined street in a
smart part of London, just visible beyond.

HANNAH
Good - because I suspect Liv's
homies will have settled in for the
night. And I forgot to say I have
Book Club.

A couple of YUMMY MUMMIES, one carrying a plate of brownies
or the like, pass. HANNAH politely side steps, smiling-

NATHAN (ON PHONE)
Doesn't that classify as a hobby
and you don't do hobbies? Let alone
read a book.

HANNAH
I read books.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. BAR. CHAMBERS. LONDON. DUSK 3, 19:59.**

32

NATHAN throws a nod and a smile to a COLLEAGUE now surrounded
by PUPILS-

NATHAN
Dan Brown preferably on a beach or
an airport lounge at a push. And if
it's for work.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
Fi Hansen invited me.

NATHAN hesitates, suspicion once more stirring, his gaze
falling on CHLOE.

NATHAN
Book Clubs this evening. Bistros at
lunchtime.

SILENCE-

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
Are you getting pissed?

Beyond, NATHAN'S COLLEAGUES ordering more drinks for their PUPILS, it's getting very lively-

NATHAN
Yes. But in my defense, Malcolm's footing the tab..

Letting this hang a little-

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
Is that Malcolm singing?

CUT TO:

33 **EXT. STREET. CLOSE TO HANSEN HOUSE. LONDON. DUSK 3, 20:00.** 33

The sound of GREETING, the YUMMY MUMMIES now at the front door of the house being let in, breaking the moment-

NATHAN (ON PHONE)
I'm leaving any minute-

LOUD CHEERS. NOISE. LAUGHTER OTHER END OF LINE.

HANNAH
Nathan-

SILENCE-

HANNAH flicks off her phone-

FI
(calling out)
Hannah?

FI stands in the doorway, surprised to see HANNAH standing at the end of her path.

HANNAH
(on the approach)
Sorry....

HANNAH on the approach, holding out wine-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hey... Are you OK?

FI holds HANNAH'S gaze, with quiet appeal-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Who's this?

SUDDENLY DEXTER, curving around his mother, eating a Frube or the like-

DEXTER

Dexter.

HANNAH smiles, FI steps back, letting HANNAH in.

HANNAH

Hello, Dexter. I'm Hannah.

CUT TO:

34

INT. CORRIDOR. HANSEN HOUSE. DUSK 3, 20:01.

34

CLOSE on HANNAH, lead by FI towards the kitchen, passing family photos, details of the Hansen success story and life; awards, framed glossy images of red carpet events, a general mix of luxury and sprawling intertwined lives.

FI

This is weird. What's going on?
Richie's been on the phone to his
management all day-

Despite the smile, FI's agitation palpable, HANNAH hanging up her coat and bag as they talk.

HANNAH

Have you spoken to your PR today?

FI

No... I had some dumb photoshoot
and then all this tonight-

The moment interrupted.

TABBY

(calling out)

Fi - your ice machine's really
screwed-

On FI, looking to HANNAH-

FI

Brace yourself.

...as she follows FI towards the kitchen, bracing herself.

CUT TO:

35

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. HANSEN HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 20:57.

35

The FLICKER of scented candles.

The CHINK of glasses, wine poured, conversation mid flow.

A group of YUMMY MUMMIES, elegant, up market, fashion
stylists and shipping broker wives collide;

TABBY [30s] loud and annoying with **BECS** [30s] and **RACHEL** [40s], her sidekicks, among them.

CLOSE on HANNAH, seated in the midst, watching FI, barefoot, beautiful, FINGERS grazing the hair of a passing child as she pours wine.

TABBY
Hated it... Hated hated hated it...

They eat and talk from various grazing plates, words tumbling, cutting over one another, kicking back at the end of a long day.

FI
Don't hold back.

LAUGHTER-

TABBY
Where was the romance? Where were the laughs?

BECS
Where was the sex...?

GROANS. MORE LAUGHTER.

BECS (CONT'D)
I've been more aroused by a bikini wax.

LAUGHTER-

FI
His last...

BECS
God I loved his last-

TABBY
Loved loved love...

RACHEL
Really? I thought it dragged.

CLOSE on HANNAH, slightly overwhelmed by these women, FI seeing this-

HANNAH
It had something-

GASPS. SURPRISE.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's not great. But the end took me by surprise. I think it's trying to say something-

BECS

No way is it better than *One More Night*-

RACHEL

Agreed.

HANNAH

Everyone knows Jack Brodeur. They know what they're going to get but this-

All eyes on HANNAH - smiling, with an internal 'shit'.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...this was at least attempting at something real. To watch this couple, who had once been so passionate, become trapped in this claustrophobic marriage... To realise the mirage of the affair... That this was reality... That the fantasy just can't sustain... it rang true-

For a moment - they are listening, HANNAH inadvertently speaking from the heart until-

BECS

(deflects/dismisses)

Like I said I've had a better bikini wax...

WHOOPS. CHEERS. Even HANNAH finding it funny now.

CLOSE on HANNAH, the white noise dissolving around her, catching FI's gaze-

FI

Top up?

HANNAH nods, taking her cue-

HANNAH

I'll give you a hand.

CUT TO:

36

INT. KITCHEN. HANSEN HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 21:05.

36

FI opening another bottle of wine, HANNAH in search of water-

HANNAH

(hushed/close to)

Carrie's given a tabloid interview.

The WOMEN getting louder, sillier, drunker and more ballsy beyond-

FI

Shit-

HANNAH

A colleague is trying to find out more-

FI

When will they run it?

HANNAH

It'll come out online. It could hit any moment.

FI grips the countertop - she wants to be sick.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm trying to get more information but it may take time. I was wondering... A lot of my clients... They have nanny cams-

FI laughs - yet there is real terror and despair in her eyes.

FI

No.. God no... Really? No... We've got cameras on us all the time. Last thing I want is to be watched when I'm at home.

HANNAH

If we're going to do this, Fi, we have to do this now-

DISTANT SOUND of a front door.

RICHIE (O.S.)

(calling out)

Oh man, you bitches still here? Piss off home, we've got to be up at five.

At once, FI moves on, hands shaking, pouring more wine, HANNAH clocking this. RICHIE already sliding down car keys, greeting the YUMMY MUMMIES with hugs and smiles-

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(on seeing)

Hannah-

Something about RICHIE's hand grazing the small of HANNAH's back, making HANNAH a little uncomfortable.

HANNAH

On my way out.

TABBY drapes an arm around RICHIE, a little drunk and flirtatious. Yet he keeps his gaze on HANNAH, with a smile -

RICHIE
Pity. You're the only one I like.

HANNAH smiles, turns to FI-

HANNAH
My coat and bag?

CUT TO:

37

INT. HALLWAY. HANSEN HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 21:08.

37

CLOSE on HANNAH, lead by FI, as FI hands her her coat and bag resting on the a hook close by.

FI
What does it say?

HANNAH
(hushed)
As soon as I've got anything, I'll
call you-

From beyond-

RICHIE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Fi-

And at once, RICHIE is by FI's side, slipping an arm around her waist.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Tabby's doing Sambuccas. Sort her
out.

FI stiffens, HANNAH clocking this.

FI
In a minute.

RICHIE
Fi - now.

RICHIE's grips her arm, HANNAH CLOCKING the tiny twist of her little FINGER in RICHIE's grip. She winces a little-

FI
(close to)
Don't embarrass me.

RICHIE unfazed, FI close to him now, looking back at HANNAH, Brand Hansen back.

RICHIE
Will you tell Nathan I've got
tickets - Arsenal/ Inter Milan?

HANNAH, standing her ground, calm, holding his gaze.

HANNAH
I will.

HANNAH makes to leave, then stops-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. Good luck tomorrow. Your
show. Looking forward to it.

RICHIE nods, smiles, unsettled.

RICHIE
Thanks.

But once gone, FI's face falls, hearing the laughing YUMMY
MUMMIES, now holding up shot glasses-

RICHIE (CONT'D)
(close to/ faking smile)
Get them out. You need to sleep.
You know how it shows on your face.
I don't want the gallery screaming
in my ear again cause they can't
get a decent close up.

WHOOPS and CHEERS beyond.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
(heading back)
Alright... alright... The boss
wants to get to bed-

On FI, as he walks away, eyes hardening, he looks back at her-

RICHIE (CONT'D)
I know... I know... Such a buzz
kill.

CUT TO:

38

INT. BAR. MEMBERS CLUB. LONDON. NIGHT 3, 22:12.

38

CLOSE on CHRISTIE, NINA, TYLER, ZANDER and MAGGIE, mid way
through drinks in a hip private members bar. Cocktails. It's
all surprisingly fun. CHRISTIE's flowers rest close by.

ZANDER
No... No... you bailed on the first
interview-

CHRISTIE smiles, but he's a little subdued, keeping his cellphone close by.

CHRISTIE

What can I say? A habit of screwing
up a good thing.

ZANDER goes to pour more wine, CHRISTIE stops-

ZANDER

It was Christie who lured Hannah
in.

TYLER

Interesting.

NINA

Stole her.

CHRISTIE

(smiles)

She came pretty willingly.

MAGGIE catching on this-

MAGGIE

That's what I hear.

NINA shoots a look to MAGGIE, a little unsettled.

NINA

Excuse me?

CHRISTIE

(deflects)

We've known each other a long time.
She's a great lawyer.

NINA

(glaring at MAGGIE)

Married to a great guy.

CHRISTIE catching on this, NINA deflects-

NINA (CONT'D)

(to TYLER)

How did it work for you? Did you
have to interview? Or were you head
hunted?

TYLER

Oww...

Everyone is a little drunk. A little tipsy.

MAGGIE

Double oww.

NINA

How's it going? You worked out who should get the chop yet?

TYLER

You guys are not making this job easy for me. Everyone's so great.

ZANDER

No executions. Yet. More a tightening of the belt-

MAGGIE

Phew-

LAUGHTER-

NINA

(to MAGGIE)

You almost didn't get through. Hannah was going with someone else but then Zander said you were new and needed the break.

MAGGIE stung, eyes well a little-

TYLER

This one has a sting in her tail.

NINA

This one?

TYLER throws his hands up apologetically-

ZANDER

Forgive my fiancé, he's new to the place.

NINA

Weird - because he looks like he's been around the block looking at your Facebook page.

CHRISTIE

(hushed)

I should take you home.

NINA

I'm a big girl. Or was that an offer?

CHRISTIE concedes with a resigned smile.

TYLER

Don't stand in her way. Please do go on-

NINA

Put it like this - I have never
seen a Bucking Bronco ridden in
that way.

TYLER hesitates, ZANDER gently places a hand on his arm.

TYLER

My sister's wedding. I walked her
down the aisle. Her husband is from
Texas. But hey that's what you do
for the people you love.

NINA, a little embarrassed-

TYLER (CONT'D)

How about another round?

ZANDER

(to CHRISTIE)

Maybe you should get her a car.

CHRISTIE goes to help, NINA pulls away. He makes to follow.
ZANDER discreetly shakes his head.

NINA

(making to stand)

I'm OK... I'm OK.

CHRISTIE follows her out, wanting to be sure she is OK.

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. STREET. NEAR HANNAH'S HOUSE. LONDON. NIGHT 3, 22:15.** 39

CLOSE on HANNAH walking home, her house illuminated. She
looks up at the bedroom window.

SUDDENLY a NEIGHBOUR putting out the bins or the like.

ON HANNAH, the moment punctured, reaching for her keys
hurrying inside.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 22:18.** 40

The STILL of the house-

The CLICK of the front door as HANNAH turns from closing it-

She hesitates on seeing NATHAN, smiling with a kind of
relief, happy to be home, kicking off her shoes, a little
drunk and tired, heading for the kitchen, hungry and tired.
The moment broken by NATHAN - holding up a spliff.

NATHAN
(hushed)
Liv's bag.

HANNAH midway through taking out cold mac and cheese from the fridge.

HANNAH
Shit.

On HANNAH - genuinely appalled.

NATHAN
She's grounded. Until University.

HANNAH
She's 17, Nathan-

NATHAN
At 17 it's hash. At 19 it's crack.

He takes a fork. Eats some mac and cheese.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Do we confront her? I'm going to
confront her.

HANNAH
Yes we confront her. Tomorrow. It's
too late now. You've got cheese
sauce on your tie.

He looks down, scratches it off.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(taking spliff/sniffing
it)
Did you find anything else?

NATHAN
No-

HANNAH
Then wait til the morning.

NATHAN
(concedes/nods)
On your head.

HANNAH
What else do we do? She's been
grumpy. You get grumpy with weed.
Is it weed?

She sniffs it - not entirely sure.

NATHAN
How was Book Club?

Finding a fork, she eats as she talks-

HANNAH
It's a jungle out there.

He opens his mouth, she feeds him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
And you have whisky breath.

NATHAN
(close to)
Want to smoke it?

On HANNAH considering, smiling a little, spooning another mouthful of mac & cheese in her mouth, idly following him out.

HANNAH
(with a half smile)
Nathan Stern-

NATHAN moving off, in search of matches-

NATHAN
(hushed)
First one outside gets the first puff.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. GARDEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 22:54.

41

Later-

HANNAH and NATHAN perched at the end of the garden, smoking the spliff.

NATHAN
You feeling anything yet?

HANNAH
Not yet. How did this happen? It's my fault.

NATHAN
Yes-

HANNAH
Nathan -

NATHAN
What? I've done my penance. You've been late home three, four times a week.

This hits HANNAH, more than he knows.

HANNAH

It was work. It was work tonight.

They smoke some more - letting this hang, a little dangerous.

NATHAN

How was Richie? Did he ask after me?

HANNAH

If you're coming on board with this, the weird bromance has to stop.

NATHAN

Of course - you don't like him.

Starry night overhead-

HANNAH

He's a creep.

NATHAN

You don't know he's a creep. He might not be someone you take home to meet mother, but that doesn't mean he's a creep.

HANNAH

Nathan-

NATHAN

(dragging on spliff)
You don't like men.

HANNAH

Our line of work, we meet a lot of arseholes.

NATHAN

You... don't... like... men.

HANNAH

Yes I do. I don't like him but-

NATHAN

I beg to differ. Sylvia's husband-

HANNAH

Arseshole of the highest order.

NATHAN

My point being? We've never had them over. Because you don't like him.

HANNAH

I like her.

NATHAN

Exactly. You like her. Name me one male-

They smoke a bit more.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Bar Christie-

This hangs a little.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

How could I forget Christie? A wild card picked before your venom towards men had truly taken a grip. I mean you have *lunch* with Christie. So you must like him. I can't remember the last time you and I had lunch? It's twenty years this week, Hannah, since we got married and I think the last time you and I went out to eat without a child or elderly person or in fact any family was-

HANNAH

You're stoned-

NATHAN

...a long time. No let's cut straight to the chase. You and I have not been out for a 'date' since *I* have continued to disappoint you-

HANNAH

You haven't disappointed me...

They look at one another -

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You've hurt me.

The pain of this almost unbearable to them both.

On HANNAH, making to head inside.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Can you lock up?

On NATHAN, he nods, stubs out the last of the spliff, dropping it in the garden, watching HANNAH heading inside, drunk and a little high, yet unsettled-

CUT TO:

42

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. HANNAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 3, 23:02. 42

HANNAH picking up her briefcase, phone etc, turning to go to bed, NATHAN stands in the doorway, just coming in from outside-

NATHAN

You left your swimming costume last night. When you said you were at the gym.

HANNAH, HEART THUMPING, crosses over, fills a glass with water, drinks, it shakes a little in her hand-

HANNAH

I didn't go to the gym. In the end. I thought I would and then-

HANNAH looks back at NATHAN, the moment a little dangerous-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I worked late.

NATHAN

(nods to himself)

Right. You and I need to be in more evenings.

HANNAH

(nods/turning to go to bed)

Noted.

NATHAN

(sudden)

I didn't think about if I hurt you. I didn't think what it would mean for you or the kids. I didn't care. Whilst it was happening. I didn't care. And that's the thing I find most hard to forgive. In myself. Because I didn't think I'd ever do that. I didn't know I was capable of that. But I think we all are. And it scared the hell out of me.

HANNAH drinks, nods, holds his gaze-

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I put it in with Vinnie's kit. Your costume. You should rinse it more. The chlorine shoots the shit out of the elastic.

HANNAH nods, oddly stung, oddly humiliated, oddly pained as NATHAN passes her, turning out the lights.

The SOUND of NATHAN locking up.

On HANNAH, alone in the dark, she puts down the glass of water, grips the sink.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BEDROOM. NINA'S HOUSE. DAY 4, 07:32.

43

On NINA waking, hungover, a trail of devastation, clothes, half eaten chocolate bars, a wine glass. She turns her head, eyes the wine glass until-

She gets up, crosses over to the bathroom.

DISTANT SOUND of her throwing up.

CUT TO:

44 INT. KITCHEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 4, 07:35.

44

ON HANNAH and NATHAN seated opposite LIV, oblivious, packing her bag, eating a bagel.

LIV

What?

They look at one another. Then back at LIV.

HANNAH

Your dad-

NATHAN glares at HANNAH-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Has something he'd like to say.

NATHAN

Olivia-

LIV

Is this going to take long because I'm meeting Innes early to get the Spanish vocab?

HANNAH

Sit down.

LIV sits down, resigned.

NATHAN

What's a spliff doing in your bag?

SILENCE-

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Are you an idiot?

HANNAH gently places a hand on NATHAN's arm-

HANNAH
It is yours?

LIV
Innes's brother rolled it. I was
just passing it on-

NATHAN
Dealing as well.

LIV
It's one Zoot-

HANNAH
These are important years, Liv.-

NATHAN
And you're screwing them up.

HANNAH darts a look to NATHAN-

HANNAH
This is stuff you talk to us about-

LIV
No it's not-

NATHAN
Liv-

LIV
...I'm nearly 18 and this is stuff
you don't talk to your parents
about. Just like the *stuff* you keep
from us. Like the gross stuff that
Dad did-

NATHAN
That's enough-

LIV
...we found it all online. You know
that website's like Tinder only ten
times worse-

HANNAH
Liv-

LIV
At least on Tinder the selfies are
better and you don't pay someone to
find you a hook up-

HANNAH
(sharp)
Your dad's right. Enough.

SILENCE-

LIV
Are we done yet?
(holding out her hand)
Can I have it back?

NATHAN shoots HANNAH a look.

NATHAN
We binned it.

LIV
(exiting)
I hate you.

The DISTANT SLAM of the front door-

They sit in mutual silence, the sting still ringing until-

NATHAN
Well that went well.

HANNAH turns, holds NATHAN's gaze, sees his hurt, hates it for him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(getting up to go)
I'm late for work.

CUT TO:

44A **EXT. EMBANKMENT. DAY 4, 09:15.**

44A

ON HANNAH, walking to work.

CUT TO:

44B **INT. BATHROOM. FI AND RICHIE'S HOUSE. DAY 4, 09:15.**

44B

CLOSE on FI, in her dressing gown / pyjamas, getting ready for her day. Rubbing cream on her face, putting on make up. She looks at herself in the mirror, exhales. Steels herself for her day ahead.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 09:25.**

45

CLOSE on RUTH, seated next to CHRISTIE, with ZANDER winding up the meeting-

CHRISTIE

So we'll adjust on those clauses
already flagged and get this signed
and done.

They stand, as if coming to the end of the meeting-

ZANDER

Great.

CHRISTIE's gaze, distracted by HANNAH passing the boardroom doorway, stopping to greet a CLIENT. RUTH seeing this.

RUTH

There is just one point-
(shooting a look to
CHRISTIE)
The schedule of Tyler's assets.
They seem a little thin.

ZANDER

One suitcase and an array of nice
shirts.

LAUGHTER - as they head to the door-

RUTH

Quite right. I so hate stuff. Don't
we all have too much stuff.

Beyond, TYLER clearly in conversation with MAGGIE or the like.

RUTH (CONT'D)

But as a thirty six year old
management consultant -

ZANDER

And lawyer-

RUTH nods, pushing on-

RUTH

....who has worked in four of the
big five legal firms in the US. I'm
a little surprised that he hasn't
accrued more.

CHRISTIE

There's little financial revenue
listed in the way of property etc.
Neither is there much debt.

ZANDER

Tyler's job is to rationalise
companies, help them make savings,
avoid undue expenses, etc.

RUTH
Just an observation, Zander.

ZANDER nods, smiles, CHRISTIE and RUTH close behind as they head out.

CUT TO:

46

INT. OUTSIDE BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE, DAY 4, 09:27.

46

CLOSE on CHRISTIE falling into step with RUTH as they come out of the boardroom.

CHRISTIE
(hushed aside)
Stall?

ZANDER in the distance, heading off to talk to TYLER-

RUTH
(hushed aside)
Absolutely. And do a credit search.
Twice.

CHRISTIE nods, smiles, makes to move on-

RUTH (CONT'D)
I was at your old law school
yesterday-

CHRISTIE stops-

RUTH (CONT'D)
Took me right back to you, Nathan
and Hannah. I remember your
graduation day. Lovely you're all
still mates.

CHRISTIE wavers-

CHRISTIE
(nods)
Yes.

RUTH smiles, the sense of her knowing more than she is saying-

RUTH
Now did you get the invite?
Anniversary party. Top secret.
Hannah and Nathan.

CHRISTIE wavers-

CHRISTIE
Looking forward to it.

RUTH smiles - her work here is done.

TYLER
(in passing)
Plus ones all round?

RUTH
Absolutely.

RUTH and CHRISTIE smile, waiting for him to pass.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Credit search?

CHRISTIE
Twice.

RUTH
I'm glad we're in agreement.

CHRISTIE
Always.

Spying NINA passing-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
Hey-

She throws a half smile, clearly a little hungover again-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
You got home alright?

On NINA - irritation brewing, entering her office, making to close the door with a smile.

NINA
Yes thank you. Fine.

CUT TO:

47

INT. NINA'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 09:28.

47

NINA crossing over to her desk, pulling files from her bag. She exhales, feeling a little sick, presses her forehead against the cool of the window. SUDDENLY she clocks TYLER now standing in her doorway.

TYLER
Did you get my email?

NINA
I did.

TYLER
Only you never replied.

NINA
I didn't know it required a reply.

TYLER

I hope you and I are not going to have a problem.

NINA

Problem? Why?

TYLER

According to HR you have had quite a number of duvet days. Key meetings you are known to be late. I appreciate that in your old firm-

NINA

Defoe is still very much alive.

NINA FLICKS a hand against the wall, the *Noble Hale Defoe* signage close by-

NINA (CONT'D)

Third name, top line.

TYLER hesitates, nods, smiles.

TYLER

(close to)

Nina... Zander has asked me to review the productivity and passion of every staff member. And if the books don't balance I will advise he looks to rationalize.

On NINA, close to TYLER, he's got her number-

TYLER (CONT'D)

Are you in AA?

NINA

Excuse me?

On NINA - stung, TYLER seeing her to her core, before moving on, leaving NINA humiliated and surprised-

TYLER

Might be worth thinking about it.

NINA closes her office door, stands, alone.

SUDDENLY miserable, trying not to cry.

CUT TO:

On HANNAH, seated, staring out of the window-

MAGGIE

Fi's here.

HANNAH nods, smiles.

HANNAH

Thanks.

Crossing the room, MAGGIE hands her some paperwork, HANNAH reads.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Can you let Christie know we're sitting down?

MAGGIE

Yeah, sure-

HANNAH quizzical-

HANNAH

Are we OK, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Yeah. Good. Fine. Too many cocktails. Zander and Tyler. They're fun guys.

MAGGIE makes to go and then stops-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I don't have a file for him. For Mr Grayling? It might be useful just in case anyone asks.

HANNAH wavers, MAGGIE holding her gaze-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Is it true you almost went with someone else? I was the second person for the job-

HANNAH

What?

MAGGIE

Just something Nina said. It's fine. I just hope I've proved myself. My reliability. My loyalty. My discretion-

HANNAH wavers, MAGGIE holding her gaze, with seemingly benign challenge-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I think you know you can always rely on me for that.

HANNAH hesitates, nods, feels the threat, watching as MAGGIE makes to go.

HANNAH
I will talk to Zander. I know you
want more Maggie. I will do my
best.

On HANNAH unsettled, MAGGIE moving on, passing CHRISTIE.
MAGGIE smiles, steps out of his way, throwing a look back at
HANNAH-

MAGGIE
I'll tell her you're on your way.

CHRISTIE oblivious, crosses over to HANNAH.

CHRISTIE
(holding up an envelope)
I've got part of the interview.

HANNAH already up, crossing over to the room-

HANNAH
Thank you.

...taking it and reading it-

CHRISTIE
It's going to be serialized over
the weekend. Expenses only but it's
close to a six figure sum.

HANNAH lost in reading the transcript as she walks.

HANNAH
(reading)
Wow... Wow..

CHRISTIE
No. Really. No problem. Thanks.

HANNAH wavers, sees CHRISTIE is clearly a little pissed off-

HANNAH
I've got Fi Hansen waiting-

CHRISTIE
I've just spent all morning getting
you that.

HANNAH
And I said thanks-

CHRISTIE steps back, angry and confused-

CHRISTIE
(heading away)
Yes. Yes you did.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 10:04. 49

CLOSE on HANNAH, following CHRISTIE out-

HANNAH
(calling after)
Christie-

CHRISTIE keeps walking.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Fine.

HANNAH hurries on, clocking MAGGIE waiting by the boardroom door.

MAGGIE
I've just had a call-

On HANNAH, barely listening-

HANNAH
Not now, Maggie.

...agitated, looking over to CHRISTIE's office. He SLAMS his door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Actually Maggie, I think I'll do
this one on my own. If that's
alright.

On MAGGIE, a little thrown, she smiles, resigned, HANNAH closing the door on her.

On MAGGIE, looking back at CHRISTIE in his office. He sits. He stands. He sits, leans back in his chair, angry and tired.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BOARDROOM. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 10:05.

50

CLOSE on FI, seated, HANNAH crossing over to her-

HANNAH
OK?

FI nods, bracing herself as HANNAH slides across the paperwork.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
This is an extract of the
interview.

FI nods, can hardly bear to look at it-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Would you prefer I read it out?

FI shakes her head, hesitantly taking it, then bracing
herself she reads, every line puncturing, compounding her
hurt.

FI
(reading)
Miami... Summer before last... The
weekend my mother was ill... In the
car after he dropped me and the
kids...

Her phone vibrates with a message. But she ignores it, lets
it dance across her desk until-

FI (CONT'D)
When the kids were in the house?

On FI, slides the paperwork back, she nods to herself, then
crumbles a little, overcome with searing pain, letting it out
until-

FI (CONT'D)
It can't be true.

FI'S PHONE VIBRATING AGAIN, INCESSANT, UNDERSCORES-

HANNAH
Isn't it?

RICHIE'S face on the CALLER ID.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(reading from list)
*Does not let me choose my own
wardrobe. Books all medical and
beauty procedures. Controls my bed
times. Does not let our children
spend time with anyone he does not
approve of. Directs me on my choice
of friends. Demands I do not see
certain friends and family members.*
(holding her gaze)
I've been doing this for a long
time, Fi. And while every couple
has difficulties, Richie's
treatment of you is unusual. I
believe it would be classed as
controlling and coercive behavior.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The good thing is I'm not your friend. I'm your divorce lawyer and no NDA controls what you say to me.

(touching the transcript)

When this goes out not only do I want you to be ready Fi. But I want you to be protected. I want you to be safe. I am not sure you are currently safe. Would that be a fair assessment Fi?

FI'S PHONE VIBRATING AGAIN, INCESSANT, underscores - RICHIE'S face again on the CALLER ID.

On FI looking at it, then back at HANNAH, she nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Then it's time.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 17:21.

51

Late afternoon -

CLOSE on HANNAH, working, barely looking up as MAGGIE enters, slides down a pile of paperwork-

MAGGIE

Hannah-

HANNAH looks up, at the file marked HANSEN-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

The Brodeur petition -? We've paused on that, right?

On HANNAH - curious.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I've just had a call from Pierre Rivette. He's Jack's lawyer in Paris. He was asking if we could send the marriage certificate direct. I think we've got our wires crossed. I said we'd returned it to Misty. He said he'd get it from her when she arrived in Paris. I'm worried that-

On HANNAH - picking up her phone, scrolling through to MISTY's number-

HANNAH

Jack's planning to start divorce proceedings in Paris. Shit.

MISTY's answerphone kicking in-

MISTY ANSWERPHONE-
*Hello. I'm terribly sorry but I
can't get to the phone right now-*

On HANNAH considering, putting her phone down, looking back at *The Marriage* book resting on the desk in front of her. She opens it again, reads the inscription - *To Misty... We'll Always Have Paris-*

HANNAH
(with realisation/ getting
up)
Find out which train-

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. THEATRE. CAR. DAY 4, 17:28.**

52

CLOSE on FI, staring out of the window of a limo-

A SNAKING line of AUDIENCE MEMBERS queuing for '*I'm With The Band*'.

DRIVER
(into mouthpiece)
Yeah, pulling through now, talent's
arriving.

On FI, bracing herself.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. RECEPTION/LIFT. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 17:35.**

53

On HANNAH hurrying towards the lift, pressing the button, pacing as she waits.

MAGGIE
They're booked on the Eurostar,
6.30-

On HANNAH entering the lift-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you want me to-?

The SLIDE of the lift doors closed-

HANNAH
No - just keep trying her.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. CHRISTIE'S OFFICE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DAY 4, 17:36.** 54

On CHRISTIE, watching HANNAH, disappearing in the lift, the white noise of his PRETTY CLIENT talking until-

CHRISTIE
Sorry, could you just go over your concerns about Clause 5 again?

A PING on his computer - an invite popping up from the DEFOE FAMILY - labelled **ANNIVERSARY PARTY TOP SECRET.**

CHRISTIE catching on it.

CUT TO:

55 **INT/EXT. LOBBY. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. LONDON. DAY 4, 17:40.** 55

HANNAH, heading out, desperately trying to flag down a taxi. At last a taxi pulls up, HANNAH climbs in.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. LONDON. DAY 4, 17:41** 56

The CLICK of the front door-

On LIV, entering the kitchen, going straight to the fridge, taking out juice, drinking from the carton. Generally taking over the place.

SUDDENLY LIV spies a fox in the garden, loitering close to the rabbit hutch.

CUT TO:

57 **EXT. GARDEN. HANNAH'S HOUSE. DAY 4, 17:43** 57

On LIV, going out into the garden-

She STAMPS her foot-

LIV
Get away.

The fox boldly stares at her, then runs away.

On LIV, peering into the rabbit's cage.

The rabbit munches on a leaf oblivious.

LIV turns, to head inside, stopping on seeing-

The stub of the SPLIFF, on the ground. She picks it up, eyes narrowing as she considers it.

CUT TO:

58 INT/ EXT. EUROSTAR. ST PANCRAS. DAY 4, 18:18.

58

On HANNAH, climbing out of a taxi and hurrying towards the Eurostar concourse, her eyes searching for a platform number on the departures board.

CUT TO:

59 INT. SHOPPING MALL SHOP. DAY 4, 18:20.

59

On NINA, entering a CHANGING ROOM with an armful of clothes, shutting the curtain.

Alone, she runs her fingers over the seams, looking for a tag, popping one where she can. Then shoving it into her bag, she picks up the other dresses on hangers and exits.

CUT TO:

59A INT/EXT. SHOPPING MALL SHOP. DAY 4, 18:21.

59A

On NINA, glancing at the SHOP ASSISTANT, then calmly walking out of the shop, heading out into the street, HEART PULSING, DEFIANT, DANGEROUS, PUSHING HERSELF ON-

This is a walk of destruction, a middle finger up to life, this is NINA, desperate, on the edge until-

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me.

On NINA - the moment punctured-

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Do you mind coming back into the shop?

On NINA - the world spinning, a blur-

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I just need to see in your bag.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ST PANCRAS. LONDON. DAY 4, 18:27.

60

On HANNAH hurrying across a busy concourse towards the Eurostar platform, eyes searching through the ebb and flow-

SUDDENLY-

HANNAH

Misty-

MISTY turns, with a smile, clutching tickets, paperwork, magazine in hand, standing by the champagne bar, smiles at HANNAH, confused-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Where's Jack?

MISTY smiles, gestures to JACK 'five' as he orders champagne at the bar, the dog close by.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I need your marriage certificate-

On MISTY confused, looks down at the clutch of paperwork in her hand, wallet etc-

MISTY

It's still in my bag. Jack wanted me to-

The Tracey Emin Neon sign *I Want My Time With You* illuminating overhead.

HANNAH

Bring it with you?

On MISTY, she nods, a little confused-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That's because he has a lawyer in Paris who has probably already drafted his petition.

On MISTY with growing realisation-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(holding out hand)

You get on that train and very soon you will be served with French divorce papers. And I promise the outcome will be nowhere near as good as in the English courts-

MISTY

No, he needs me... For the book tour-

MISTY pricked with pain, not wanting to accept it yet.

HANNAH

No - if you let him do this you may be left with almost nothing-

ON MISTY, humiliation and betrayal washing over her, finding the marriage certificate folded up with the two Eurostar tickets.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I can still lodge your petition
here first-

MISTY looks back towards JACK-

MISTY
He wants me to meet his new editor.
24. From Toulouse. Not an ounce of
fat-

With heartbreaking resignation-

MISTY (CONT'D)
What is it they say? Marry your
mistress and you leave a vacancy.

Shaking her head, resigned, MISTY hands over the Paris tickets and Marriage Certificate to HANNAH-

MISTY (CONT'D)
(heading away)
Bastard.

ON HANNAH, watching as MISTY heads away, dissolving into the crowd, leaving JACK behind.

JACK
(shouting after)
Mistyla?

On HANNAH, catching JACK's surprise and then realisation as resigned he hurries after her.

JACK (CONT'D)
You've got the tickets. How do I
get on the train?

On HANNAH, caught amidst the ebb and flow of arriving passengers, LOVERS, and MOTHERS and SONS and FRIENDS, kissing one another, and crying as they arrive and depart.

On HANNAH, looking down at the Eurostar tickets, the Marriage Certificate folded inside.

CUT TO:

60AA **EXT. ST PANCRAS. DAY 4, 18:35.**

60AA

ON HANNAH, leaving the station, deciding to head back to the office.

CUT TO:

60A **INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM. RUTH'S HOUSE. DAY 4, 19:25.**

60A

On ROSE, lying on her bed, staring up at the ceiling. JAMES flops down next to her.

ROSE
(turns)
I've found a flat.

He smiles. She smiles - reaches out a hand, touches his smooth chin.

JAMES
What?

ROSE deflects, shakes her head with a smile.

ROSE
Happy jig?

He jumps up-

JAMES
Happy jig.

They do that dancing thangggg.....

CUT TO:

60B **EXT. PARK. DAY 4, 20:06.**

60B

ON HANNAH, walking back to Noble Hale Defoe, a decision made.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. BACKSTAGE. THEATRE. DAY 4, 20:07.**

61

On FI and RICHIE, standing waiting in the wings-
The BUZZ of excitement.

The SOUND of the WARM UP GUY, whipping the audience into a frenzy-

STAGE MANAGER
OK-?

RICHIE smiles, nods-

RICHIE
At least try and smile.

FI
When the children were downstairs?

On FI - she turns and smiles - with searing anger.

WARM UP GUY

Alright, I want loud applause-

LOUD APPLAUSE-

WARM UP GUY (CONT'D)

Cause the beautiful people are
here. Can you put your hands
together for Mr and Mrs Hansen-

CHEERS. LOUDER APPLAUSE. WHISTLES. The AUDIENCE goes berserk.

RICHIE reaches out for her hand-

FI

(snatching it away)

Fuck you.

(close to)

I want a divorce.

On FI holding his gaze, with pure disgust and pain.

...before heading out, RICHIE a little behind, momentarily
stunned and then falling into step-

Arms outstretched, gripping and hands, smiling and waving for
the AUDIENCE-

On FI - at once smiling, Brand Hansen back on, yet her eyes
glisten with tears.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. ROOF TERRACE. NOBLE HALE DEFOE. DUSK 4, 20:21.

62

On HANNAH, alone. The sense of everyone gone home. She sits,
coat on, looking down at the Eurostar tickets in her hand.
First class to Paris. She considers, suddenly exhausted,
looking out over London.

CHRISTIE

I won't stop sending you flowers.

HANNAH turns, CHRISTIE just coming out onto the terrace.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I won't stop looking at you when
you're on the phone. I won't stop
taking the lift for a second time
just on the off chance you might be
in it. I won't. If you don't want
any of that, then what are we doing
here? Because this should be, if
nothing else, all of that-

She moves, he goes to stop her-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

You have people that you love. I
get that. But I have you. Solely
you. I love-

HANNAH

Don't-

CHRISTIE

...solely you.
(close to)
What are you going to do with that
Hannah Defoe?

CHRISTIE holds her gaze, with quiet challenge.

HANNAH

Stern. Hannah Stern.

She looks away, tries not to cry, both a little heavy
hearted.

CHRISTIE

I could have just gone, Hannah. I
could have left. I could have a
whole new life now. But you came to
me. You asked me not to leave. Why
did you ask me not to leave?

HANNAH

Because I needed to know.

CHRISTIE

Needed to know what?

HANNAH

If I'd made a mistake.

CHRISTIE

And did you?

On HANNAH - SUDDENLY her phone vibrates, she looks down,
seeing NINA's calling her.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Don't answer it, Hannah. Please for
once, don't.

On HANNAH, caught between the phone call and CHRISTIE.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Stay. Here. With me. Now. Hannah-

Then she stands, a decision made, answering the phone.

HANNAH
(into phone)
Nina... Nina, calm down... Nina...
I'm coming... I'm coming.

On HANNAH, cellphone pressed to her ear, fighting back tears-

CHRISTIE
(almost to self/ angry)
Good to know.

CHRISTIE heading away.

HANNAH
(into phone)
...I'm there.

END OF EPISODE TWO.