



# **The Split**

**6x60**

## **Episode One**

**Written by Abi Morgan**

**SALMON AMENDMENTS**  
**10<sup>th</sup> September 2017**

Sister Pictures (Split) Ltd  
BT Exchange, Castle House  
119-127 Gordon Road West Ealing W13 8QD

Production Office Tel: 0203 725 6352

**Copyright Sister Pictures Ltd 2017**

This script is strictly confidential. Please do not discuss the contents of this script with anyone outside the production. The sending of this script does not constitute an offer for any part in it.

## PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE

1

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, LONDON - DAY 1. [1800]

1

CLOSE on **HANNAH STERN Née DEFOE**, [40's] one of London's leading divorce lawyers, bright smile, attractive. A woman seemingly totally in control of her life, seated, mid sentence, speaking to someone off camera-

HANNAH

There's just a moment when you know, if you don't leave now, you'll never go.

From off screen a male voice-

ZANDER OOV

20 years is a long time to stay in any relationship-

HANNAH smiles, hesitates-

HANNAH

Sometimes you have to take the tough decision. When it's time, it's time.

CUT TO:

2

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON, FLASHBACK - DAY 0. [1300] 2

CLOSE on a very different HANNAH, enraged, a fury to her as she reaches for a glossy, glass award, shoving it into a box, the sense of a frenzied exit as she tries to pack the last 20 years of her career into one box.

HANNAH

We made a deal. You reneged on our deal.

In the doorway of her office, **RUTH DEFOE** [late 60's] HANNAH's mother, an elegant and also brilliant family lawyer, standing in the doorway of her office. She is the formidable boss and Managing Partner of *DEFOE'S* - one of London's leading Family Law firms. This is a very traditional firm, old school, not a white wall or modern artist in sight -

RUTH

One more year as **Managing Partner** will allow me to-

\*

HANNAH

(with absolute clarity)  
You're never going to step down.

RUTH

No. Not this year, Hannah, but-

HANNAH shoving the last of her possessions into a box-

HANNAH

Also said last year.

HANNAH DEFOE, SENIOR PARTNER clear on her office door as she makes to head out.

RUTH

...I have raised Nina to Senior Partner-

(seeing look)

AK Walton's was going to poach her-

The scene freezes on HANNAH's incredulity.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, LONDON - DAY 1. [1801]

3

Now CLOSE ON the male voice, **ALEX 'ZANDER' HALE** [40's] respected family lawyer and chief partner in *Noble and Hale*, one of the top five Family Law firms and a rival to *Defoe's*, a very different firm, sleek, modern, vast.

ZANDER

I imagine it wasn't easy leaving the family firm.

HANNAH

(wry)

Everyone has to leave home some day.

ZANDER

You got a Double First-

HANNAH modestly nods-

ZANDER (CONT'D)

...then top of your class at law school.

HANNAH

(smiles)

Vicious rumour.

ZANDER

I'd expect nothing less from a Defoe. I know your mother.

HANNAH

People often do.

ZANDER

Formidable. And isn't your sister  
also -?

HANNAH wavers - offers a half smile, though it chokes her  
inside.

HANNAH

(nods)  
Senior Partner. Yes. Recent  
promotion.

CUT TO:

4

INT. OFFICE/ CORRIDOR, DEFOE'S, LONDON, FLASHBACK - DAY 0. 4  
[1301]

CLOSE on **NINA DEFOE**, [late 30's], HANNAH's sister, toned,  
fashionable and tailing HANNAH clutching her box of  
possessions and coat.

HANNAH

Who taught you to walk in high  
heels? Me. To smoke? Me.

NINA

A lifetime of blisters and lung  
cancer. Forever grateful, Hannah.

HANNAH

Senior partner? You're not ready,  
Nina.

On NINA, stung, her humiliation shared with the entire floor,  
including RUTH-

NINA

I know there was a congratulations  
in there somewhere.

The action freezes.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, LONDON - DAY 1. [1802]

5

On ZANDER, eyes fixed on HANNAH-

ZANDER

So, why now? Why my company?  
You could go anywhere.

HANNAH

...Aside you being in the top five  
family law firms in the country?  
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Because I admire you. You're the youngest lawyer to be made joint CEO in the last decade. You've steered the company in an exciting direction ever since. I like your commitment to the diverse cases. Your thirst for the high profile Pro-bono. Plus - your office is close to my favourite coffee place-

ZANDER

Serendipitous for us that we put in the call.

ZANDER hesitates, smiles, throws a wave on seeing-

ZANDER (CONT'D)

Christie speaks very highly of you-

...**CHRISTIE CARMICHAEL** [mid 40's] ZANDER's handsome colleague and HANNAH's former friend, newly arrived, standing across the room, eyes alighting on-

HANNAH

Don't listen too much to Christie.

CHRISTIE almost at their table.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hello stranger.

ZANDER smiles-

ZANDER

It took some persuading but we finally lured him back from Hong Kong.

....CHRISTIE smiles, holding HANNAH's gaze, a man very much comfortable in his own skin, an undeniable chemistry between them, as he makes to approach.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

I hear it's been a long time.

HANNAH hesitates - a FLICKER of something between CHRISTIE and HANNAH - history, an unspoken past?

HANNAH

We haven't seen one another since-

Taking a seat by ZANDER's side, CHRISTIE smiles.

CHRISTIE

(nods/in agreement)

...after law school.

On HANNAH - catching on this, holding CHRISTIE's playful gaze.

ZANDER

I should warn you, we're perhaps a little more dynamic. A little more -

CHRISTIE

...progressive than Defoe's.

HANNAH nods - taking it in her stride. She can give as good as she gets.

HANNAH

The Defoe family have been  
practicing family law since 1855.  
My great, great grandfather was  
instrumental in the drafting of the  
Marriage and Divorce act in 1857.  
We're nothing, if not progressive-

ZANDER

We expect a 2 million pound net  
profit from a senior partner.

HANNAH

Is that per annum or per quarter?

ZANDER smiles, shoots a look to CHRISTIE.

CHRISTIE

I think what Zander's trying to say  
is, it might be quite a change.

ON HANNAH, holding CHRISTIE's gaze-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

...Are you sure you're ready to  
come over to the dark side?

CUT TO:

6

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRS, OFFICES, DEFOE'S, LONDON, FLASHBACK - 6  
DAY 0. [1302]

On HANNAH, holding RUTH's gaze, before she turns and heads  
down the stairs, tears stinging in her eyes-

SILENCE - the office brought to a still.

On RUTH - this hurts more than she shows, she turns, eyes  
grazing over NINA. Then **DONNA** [late 40s'] RUTH's long serving  
and suffering assistant, looking up from behind her desk.

RUTH

She'll be back.

On NINA - looking beyond, OTHERS falling back into work. She  
stands, inwardly cursing, looking over at RUTH, now back  
working at her desk.

An old, master-like painting of a family looming on the wall  
overhead.

CUT TO:

6A

EXT. FRONT STEP, DEFOE'S, LONDON, FLASHBACK - DAY 0. [1305] PA

The SLAM of the front door closed-

On HANNAH, momentarily wavering, before pushing herself on, heading out of shot-

**DEFOE - 1855**, just visible, etched on the door.

CUT TO:

7

**EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, LONDON - DAY 1. [1805]**

7

HANNAH pulling herself back into focus, pushing all emotion away with a deep breath and a smile.

HANNAH

Yes. I'm ready.

CHRISTIE looks at ZANDER, a sense of a decision made.

ZANDER

Welcome to Noble and Hale-

At once ZANDER, then CHRISTIE and HANNAH, are up on their feet, shaking hands - a sense of HANNAH's relief and celebration, catching CHRISTIE's smile.

CUT TO:

8

**EXT/INT. ROOFTOP BAR, LONDON - DAY 1. [1806]**

8

On HANNAH walking with CHRISTIE, seeing her out-

HANNAH

You really prepped him.

CHRISTIE

Just gave him the heads up. Didn't want a good thing to pass him by.

HANNAH

Thank you.

CHRISTIE

You're welcome.

They look at one another - laugh, the chemistry palpable.

A COUPLE PASSING GIGGLING and LAUGHING TOGETHER, KNOCKING PAST HANNAH. Instinctively HANNAH reaches out a hand, grips his arm.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

It's OK, I got you.

HANNAH smiles, rights herself, sees her hand on his arm, releases her grip.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Steady there.

They smile at one another-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

So-?

...a line briefly crossed.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

See you Monday-?

HANNAH nods, makes to go. Then suddenly, HANNAH looks at him with a FLICKER of concern-

HANNAH

Christie-

CHRISTIE

(cutting her off)

We'll be fine. Like Zander says-

(holding her gaze)

It was a long time ago.

On HANNAH, heading away, trying to contain the FLICKER of emotion, giddy with happiness, surprise, trepidation - what the fuck has she done?

CUT TO:

**TITLE SEQUENCE WITH OPENING CREDITS**

9

INT. BEDROOM, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0800]

9

CLOSE ON the SCRAPE of clothes hangers along a rail.

HANNAH midway through getting dressed. She is late for work, hands searching for something to wear. Nothing she holds up against herself is working for her. Until she reaches for a dress - this is different. Slicker. Hotter. Expensive. The Net A Porter tag still attached. She hesitates, ripping it off and resuming getting dressed, accessorizing as she walks, adding an expensive necklace, a spray of perfume. A woman putting on her armour with care. Oh and she's got a new hairdo. Sassy. Different.

NATHAN OOV  
Legally, you downloaded it.

**NATHAN STERN** [mid 40's] a brilliant family law barrister and utterly his own man, putting on his suit, he hesitates on seeing HANNAH in the new dress. It's foxy and surprising.

HANNAH  
I *thought* it was Disney. It *was* about a man who loved a dolphin.

**VINNIE STERN** [10 years] nose buried in NATHAN's iPad.

VINNIE  
A lot.

CUT TO:

10 **INT. STAIRS/HALL, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0805]** 10

HANNAH now with a hairbrush, running it through her hair as she picks up papers on route, stepping over **TILLY STERN** [10 yrs and VINNIE's twin], as she finishes homework whilst eating a bagel.

VINNIE  
Tilly watched it too.

HANNAH shoots a look of growing horror at NATHAN - moving on.

HANNAH  
(to Tilly)  
Eat your bagel.

NATHAN on her tail, sliding bundles of files into his briefcase and searching for a lost shoe or the like.

NATHAN  
(eyeing dress)  
New?

HANNAH  
No.

NATHAN  
Yes. Hot.

On HANNAH, NATHAN leaning in close, with a smile.

HANNAH  
Lunch. Management team.

NATHAN  
How is Christie? Still Danish?

HANNAH wavers, holding NATHAN's gaze, catching the wry edge-

HANNAH

Fine. And he's still *Dutch*

The MURMUR of the TV on, HANNAH smiles, passing the open doorway - BBC breakfast news, or the like, catching her eye-

TV PRESENTER

*So, the tour that shall not speak  
its name?*

HANNAH clocking **REX POPE** [30's], a celebrity stand-up comic and the husband of one of HANNAH's clients. The interview a kind of white noise, half seen.

TV PRESENTER (CONT'D)

*Your ex-wife must be delighted.*

On REX, the consummate performer-

REX

*Ask me that once I've told her.*

LAUGHTER ON THE TV-

HANNAH reaching for her cellphone, talking as she walks, phone in hand.

HANNAH

(into phone)

Message for Maggie. Mr Pope on BBC News now. To be discussed.

Reaching for her coat, she trips on shoes dumped on the floor.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

STAIRS. SHOES. PLEASE.

The SOUND of DISTANT FIGHTING -

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(calling)

IF YOU WANT TO KILL EACH OTHER CAN YOU WAIT UNTIL AFTER TONIGHT?

CUT TO:

HANNAH, NATHAN, VINNIE, TILLY and **LIV STERN** [16 years] tall and stroppy, close behind, all heading off up the road to school. They mainly grunt in passing, HANNAH kisses them, squeezes cheeks etc.

HANNAH  
(eyeing LIV's skirt)  
Liv, pull your skirt up a little  
higher?

LIV  
(calling back)  
I hate you.

HANNAH  
(calling after)  
Grandma's birthday card - on the  
TV.

(walking on)  
Do not let me get drunk tonight.

NATHAN  
Do not drink.

HANNAH  
Do not be an arsehole.

NATHAN  
Do not be late.

HANNAH  
We agreed if I was late you would  
cover-

NATHAN  
Your family. Your mother's  
birthday. I'm in court til-

HANNAH  
Four.

NATHAN  
Plus I have a mountain of briefs.  
(beat)  
Call Nina.

HANNAH  
She won't pick up. Then I have to  
leave a message. Then she will have  
the upper hand. I have to see her  
twice today. Twice. Once in the  
office. Once at the party.

NATHAN  
It's been six weeks, Hannah.

HANNAH  
And happily counting.

NATHAN  
You'll talk. And tonight...? You'll  
drink. You'll make your speech-

HANNAH

I stopped listening five minutes ago.

NATHAN

Is this the menopause?

HANNAH

And there it is. Your arsehole status at once confirmed.

(with realisation)

Bins.

They kiss, smile, she loves him really. They part.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(turning back)

Go brighten someone else's day.

On HANNAH, rounding back to wheel the bins out for collection. She hesitates, quietly considering her rag bag family heading off up the street. NATHAN caught up in the straddle of KIDS - laughing and goofing around. On LIV - she looks back. HANNAH throws her a half wave. LIV walks on, determinedly ignoring her. On HANNAH resigned.

CUT TO:

12

**EXT. SQUARE, BEHIND NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0840]**

12

CLOSE on HANNAH, picking up a coffee from a coffee cart, crossing a beautiful square towards an impressive modern office. This is HANNAH's thinking time, the best part of her day.

Love is in the air. Couples. Old and young. HANNAH's hopeful, nothing can spoil her day.

SUDDENLY, HANNAH stopped in her tracks, kicked in the guts. The world brought to a still- **OSCAR DEFOE**. We will discover this is HANNAH's estranged father, now in his 60's, still distinguished, glimpsed crossing the square. He instinctively turns, his eyes briefly graze over HANNAH without recognition. Yet something about her stare pulls his focus back, emotion flickering from quizzical to seeping realisation. He throws up a hand in a half wave, eyes filling with tears. They have not seen one another for nearly 30 years.

SUDDENLY the SLICE of PEOPLE at once cutting him out of view- HANNAH hurries on, leaving OSCAR behind, the world kicking once more back into life.

CUT TO:

13

EXT./INT. LOBBY, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0842]

13

CLOSE ON HANNAH, hurrying through the wide glass doors of *NOBLE & HALE*. This is a very different world from *DEFOE'S*, sleeker, more modern, affluent in a more cosmopolitan way. Falling into step with the swell of PEOPLE entering the lift, pressing a button, 7th floor.

CUT TO:

14

INT. RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0843]

14

The GLIDE of lift doors open-

HANNAH stepping out, distracted as she walks, still thinking of OSCAR.

**MAGGIE LAVELLE** (late 20's), HANNAH's bright and ambitious junior family law solicitor, on the approach. She hands Hannah a flyer for REX's comedy tour entitled, **MY EX WIFE'S A BITCH-**

MAGGIE  
(holding out flyer)  
My Ex-Wife's A Bitch.

HANNAH reads as she walks, the flyer now in her hand, barely pausing for breath. MAGGIE by her side as they walk.

HANNAH  
Catchy-

MAGGIE  
I thought so.

HANNAH  
...If a little premature. Not officially an ex-wife until the decree absolute is in. And he asks himself why she won't let him see their child?

MAGGIE  
I'll have security close by.

HANNAH  
War Room?

MAGGIE  
(nods/on the approach)  
Booked.

MAGGIE hands her files as they walk.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
The Pierson meeting - set for tomorrow. I've briefed counsel.  
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Watson, Roe and Dimova all to be signed. Mrs Abdalla has called three times. And your father was here-

On HANNAH - time slows.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
He might still be downstairs.

On HANNAH - she nods, inwardly reeling, trying to maintain calm, but there's frantic paddling just under the surface.

HANNAH  
Right. I thought I saw him in the square.

The FLICKER of MAGGIE clocking something - a little bewildered.

MAGGIE  
I put him in for-

HANNAH  
No. Cancel.

MAGGIE wavers-

MAGGIE  
Only he was pretty insistent he wanted to see you.

HANNAH  
(sharp)  
He can't-

MAGGIE hesitates, nods.

MAGGIE  
Right.

HANNAH nods, too much cover blown, she turns into her office.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(calling after)  
...And Christie wants to brief you on your 9 o'clock.

HANNAH pokes her head back out.

HANNAH  
What 9 o'clock?

CUT TO:

15

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0845] 15

HANNAH dumping coat and bag in her wake, on edge.

CHRISTIE

Moving in is making progress then?

HANNAH turns, CHRISTIE stands in the doorway. At once busying herself, she pulls out files etc from her bag. The sense that she has not quite unpacked all around.

HANNAH

A corner window would be making progress. If you tell me who I have to sleep with...

CHRISTIE

Suzie Mackie. HR. Second floor.

CHRISTIE smiles, spying the novelty mouse mat on HANNAH's desk-

HANNAH

Mother's day present.

(beat)

You dodged that bullet.

HANNAH smiles - a certain spark between the two.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Whatever you are asking - No.

CHRISTIE

Davey McKenzie.

(seeing look)

His business makes up 3% of JJ Johnson's entire turnover.

HANNAH

I won't poach from any of the big five-

CHRISTIE

He fired them. Late last night. We got the call. He needs someone senior in family law.

(seeing look)

There isn't a kid who doesn't own a pair of his trainers.

HANNAH

Can't Zander-?

CHRISTIE

On the Romanov dispute. Maddison's still working through the Lawrence Inheritance Act claim.

(MORE)

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

This is too high profile for any of  
the juniors and I'm on the Assid  
divorce. Your name stands for  
something. They hear Defoe and-

HANNAH, going to hang her coat, flicks her name plaque on the  
door - *HANNAH STERN*, engraved in bold-

HANNAH

(cutting him off)

Stern. I'm Stern now.

...moving on, returning to her desk and tapping her keyboard, pulling up a time keeping App for Pope Vs Pope on her screen-

CHRISTIE

Curious? You never thought of using your married name before?

HANNAH looking back out of the window-

HANNAH

What can I say? Nathan finally wore me down.

CHRISTIE sensing she is on edge, a little quizzical.

CHRISTIE

You OK?

SUDDENLY ZANDER, HANNAH's boss and chief partner in the firm from the opening scenes, passing the doorway, reading as he walks.

ZANDER

(looking to CHRISTIE)

Did you tell her-? Davey Mckenzie?

He is wearing cycling gear and barefoot trainers. He looks up, seeing HANNAH and CHRISTIE staring at his feet.

ZANDER (CONT'D)

(already moving on)

It's how we used to run as Neanderthals.

On HANNAH, the expectation she should tail him out.

HANNAH

And that is why I walk-

CUT TO:

16

INT. CORRIDOR/RUTH'S OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 2. [085016]

CLOSE on NINA, coming up from the stairs. She's gripping coffee, clearly hungover from the night before, holding dry cleaning, trying to get herself together for the day, falling into step with DONNA-

NINA

(nodding in passing)

Hey Donna.

DONNA

(nods/towards door)

Be careful, your mother is on fine form.

NINA smiles as DONNA turns into RUTH's office-

RUTH  
Running late again.

NINA freezes - hoping she might have sneaked past. She stops, back tracks, stands in RUTH's doorway.

NINA  
We keeping count?

RUTH  
Your sister is threatening to use  
my old wedding dress **for her**  
**wedding**. I couldn't tell her I  
burnt it. Though I have my  
suspicions she is rooting through  
my wardrobe as we speak. You need  
to deter her.

NINA  
On it.

RUTH  
Your shirt.  
(eyeing shirt)  
It's too-

NINA  
Trying too hard?

DONNA passes handing NINA paperwork.

DONNA  
Pope and Pope.

DONNA moving on, NINA stands, looking over the paperwork.

RUTH  
It's today? You're facing Hannah.  
Update?

NINA inwardly bristles a little - HANNAH wouldn't have this shit.

NINA  
We're sticking on a couple of  
financial points.

RUTH  
Child access-?

NINA  
Also holding us up.

RUTH resumes writing, barely looking up.

**NINA** (CONT'D)

His ex-wife is upset, so his son is  
upset and now refusing to see him.  
My concern is that they will use it  
for leverage.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**RUTH**

Delay the Decree Absolute if you  
need to.

\*

**NINA**

Yes.

(hurriedly making note)  
That's what I thought.

RUTH seeing this, quietly concerned. She resumes work. NINA  
irritated, making to move on. Then stops-

NINA (CONT'D)

Sorry...Happy-

RUTH

No -

(holding up a hand to stop  
her)

No, Happy Birthdays.

CUT TO:

16A INT. RUTH'S HOUSE, RUTH'S BEDROOM, LONDON - DAY 2. [0855] 16A

CLOSE on **ROSE DEFEOE** [now in her late 20's/early 30's] HANNAH and NINA's younger sister, standing on a chair, pulling stuff out from above a cupboard or the like, searching for RUTH's old wedding dress. A forgotten fur coat, old stuffed toys, old clothes, photo albums... The sense that RUTH keeps way too much crap - this is the bedroom of a hoarder.

A huge ugly engagement ring on ROSE's wedding finger as she pulls out a box of old camcorder tapes and a camcorder; peering at the labelled tapes. ROSE smiles, quizzical - pulling them down to look over them. Various titles catching her eye including; *Summer '82*, *Hannah Gym Competition '81*, *Nina Chicken Pox '83* or the like.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0900] 17

A vast boardroom-

**DAVEY MCKENZIE** [50's] a youthful looking multi - millionaire sporting magnate seated with his wife **GOLDIE MCKENZIE** [50's] all long nails, fur gilet and good diamonds. A handsome couple, both working class made good. They look up on seeing HANNAH with **MAGGIE** close behind-

**HANNAH**

Mr and Mrs McKenzie, I'm Hannah  
Stern, Senior Partner-  
(pouring coffee)  
And this is my Junior Solicitor,  
Maggie Lavelle.

GOLDIE wavers, looks at DAVEY nonplussed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

OK, so perhaps you'd like to bring  
me up to speed?

SILENCE - HANNAH in waiting. GOLDIE looks to DAVEY quizzical.

GOLDIE

Davey?

DAVEY bracing himself.

DAVEY

This is my new lawyer, Goldie love.  
She's going to help me.

GOLDIE  
With what?

DAVEY  
Our divorce.

On HANNAH equally surprised - MAGGIE shoots her gaze to HANNAH. HANNAH silences her with her look.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
We'll find you one of your own, of course.

GOLDIE makes to stand. DAVEY stands and makes to block her path, tipping the coffee over. It spills across the desk. At once, MAGGIE stands to clear, but HANNAH gestures for her to stay still.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
You've been an exemplary wife. And I can't fault you as a mother. You'll be recompensed. You get the old apartment. The apartment in Nice. Connaught Crescent, I am afraid, you can't keep but-

GOLDIE catching on this, looking at DAVEY, seeing he is on the edge-

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
...I'll give you a healthy allowance. Pay for your travel. There will be a small income from your shares. We should tell the children soon. I think they already suspect. I thought we could have a small... a small-

DAVEY looks at GOLDIE - the moment unbearable.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Goldie sweetheart... I just don't-

GOLDIE looks at him - caught between shock and disbelief.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
...love you anymore-

And at once DAVEY is sobbing, great gulping tears that threaten to overwhelm him.

HANNAH  
Mrs Mckenzie-

GOLDIE still standing, caught between the table and walking out of the door-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Why not take a breath? Give  
yourself -

Ignoring her, GOLDIE calmly crosses over to DAVEY, standing, gulping back tears.

GOLDIE  
(gentle)  
Davey-

She places her hand on his chest, calmly holding his gaze.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
Did you take your pills this  
morning?

The donkey with the race horse, GOLDIE knows what to do, holding his gaze with quiet reassurance. DAVEY sobs, gently sobering to gasping gulps until-

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
Your heart's going like a train.

On HANNAH - visibly moved, looking down-

Coffee now dripping from the table, landing in a puddle in the dip in the skirt of her dress.

CUT TO:

18

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0920]

18

HANNAH, her dress stained with coffee, on seeing ZANDER, now changed and showered and in a suit, passing.

ZANDER  
I heard.

HANNAH tails him.

HANNAH  
She had no representation. She  
didn't even know why she was there.

ZANDER  
So, you ended the meeting?

HANNAH  
Of course.

ZANDER  
Set up another with Mr Mckenzie  
alone and he can instruct us  
formally on his divorce.

HANNAH

I don't do circus. This will be circus.

ZANDER

Who doesn't love circus?

HANNAH

Never have. Hate clowns.

ZANDER

Your mother warned me - you prefer to encourage settlements. You don't burn up enough hours in court. There is a certain paradox in a divorce lawyer who is actually averse to divorce.

HANNAH

I'm not averse-

ZANDER

He is a multi-millionaire. He wants us to litigate so you will litigate. And it will be war.

HANNAH smiles. This day just gets better and better. Inwardly cursing, she looks down at the coffee stain on her dress.

CUT TO:

19

INT. TOILETS, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0925]

19

CLOSE on GOLDIE, taking in her own reflection, the shock still hanging. HANNAH comes out, mopping her dress, stopping on seeing GOLDIE.

GOLDIE

You need to get a wet wipe on that.

GOLDIE fumbles in her bag, pulling out a packet. HANNAH takes it gratefully, cleans her self up.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Do you enjoy this - watching people tear themselves apart?

HANNAH

No - but I trained from an early age. Which is why I try and make it as painless as possible where I can.

She really shouldn't be talking to GOLDIE. But something about this case-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Mrs Mckenzie...I know you want to run right now but if I may give you some advice?

GOLDIE, still reeling, HANNAH seeing this, moved by her confused dazed gaze.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Get the best solicitor you can afford. Keep swimming past the sharks. Find someone who can put herself in your shoes. To give you the divorce *she* would want if *she* were to ever find herself there.

A single word hanging from the chain etched in diamonds around GOLDIE's neck catching HANNAH's eye - *Forever*.

GOLDIE

She-?

On HANNAH - momentarily caught out. Pushing herself on.

HANNAH

I'll ask Maggie to pull you up a list.

CUT TO:

20

INT. RECEPTION/LIFT, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0930]

20

CLOSE on HANNAH, walking towards ZANDER with DAVEY by the lifts, mid exchange.

ZANDER

We'll get the letter of engagement over to you-

ZANDER looks to HANNAH to pick up, already moving off to greet another client.

HANNAH

(nods)

..this afternoon.

DAVEY wavers, nods, hurriedly pressing the button for the lift.

DAVEY

Tell my wife I'll meet her downstairs.

HANNAH nods - it's killing her.

They wait for the lift to ascend.

The PING of the LIFT as it last arrives.

Yet HANNAH can't stay silent, suddenly putting a hand on the doors, stopping them closing.

HANNAH

Just as a matter of interest.  
Was she given any legal advice?  
Your wife? Before she came in at  
all? No - of course not. She didn't  
know you were going to divorce her  
today.

DAVEY's silence, confirmation enough.

DAVEY

To be clear-

HANNAH

(cutting him off)

No. To be clear. Legally she is  
entitled to 50%. And if I am going  
to represent you, you need to know  
I play by the book. So, if there is  
anything you are keeping secret now  
would be the time to say.

(holding look)

And cut the tears.

On DAVEY - royally bitch slapped.

DAVEY

Careful, Mrs Stern. Remember what  
you said? Take a breath.

HANNAH wavers-

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Bill me for your dress.

The LIFT DOORS SLIDE CLOSED.

The PING of the LIFT TO THE RIGHT-

SARAH OOV

I hate him-

HANNAH bracing herself to greet **SARAH POPE** [30's] REX's cool,  
smart, estranged wife, comedy agent and funky mum.

SARAH

He's a total shit.

HANNAH wavers on seeing -

HANNAH

Hello Eddie-

**EDDIE POPE** [ 8 yrs] looks up from playing a game on his iPhone, big headphones on. Small for his age, backpack on, caught in the middle of all of it.

EDDIE  
We went to the wrong floor.

He smiles. He's just a normal kid.

SARAH  
(hushed/aside/seeing  
HANNAH's look)  
Nanny phoned in sick. Inset day.

HANNAH nods to MAGGIE on the approach. This is all she needs today.

HANNAH  
(aside to MAGGIE)  
My office. Take Eddie the back  
corridor. His father's already  
here. I don't want him seeing him.

MAGGIE nods, leading off-

MAGGIE  
(hushed aside)  
Your sister's running late.

CUT TO:

21

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0935]

21

CLOSE on HANNAH, trying to calm SARAH reading out tweets on her cellphone, as they head along the corridor.

SARAH  
'My ex-wife is such a f%\$\*%ing beep  
beep beep. She won't let me see my  
kid.'

In a boardroom, waiting for NINA, REX looks up on hearing SARAH's voice passing.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
It is not enough that this morning  
I have to explain to our son why  
there are posters of daddy calling  
mummy a bitch all along the Harrow  
road. Now he goes on TV and tweets  
this crap? It's really upset Eddie.

REX comes out the boardroom. He's in the same clothes as he was on TV this morning - only in repose now, less the performer, more the estranged husband and father, wanting to see his kid. You can see this couple fitted together once.

SARAH (CONT'D)

*'There's an Englishman, Irishman  
and Scotsman- and they all had sex  
with my ex-wife'*

REX

It went down a storm at the Comedy  
Store-

SARAH

Dick move.

REX

No - that's what got us here in the  
first place.

On SARAH - this really hurts.

SARAH

You are a sick, sick man-

REX

(shouting out)

It's Wednesday. On Wednesdays I get  
dinner with my son. Now you're  
saying he doesn't want to see me at  
the weekends. I've not seen Eddie  
for three weekends. And three  
Wednesday nights. Tonight will be  
the fourth. I have a right to spend  
time with my son.

CUT TO:

22

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0937] 22

CLOSE on EDDIE, seated, legs crossed on HANNAH's chair, big  
headphones on, trying to stay focused on his game on his  
iPhone.

The DISTANT SOUND of REX and SARAH arguing-

He reaches out, takes another biscuit from a plate, bites. A  
juice box resting on a table close by.

CUT TO:

23

OMITTED

23

24

INT. LOBBY, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [0955]

24

NINA, running late, irritated and waiting for her security  
badge at the sleek reception of NOBLE & HALE. Finally she  
snatches it from the SECURITY GUARD and crosses the  
reception, pressing a button, waiting for the lift.

On NINA, hesitating on seeing DAVEY, now pacing, on his cellphone.

The PING of the lift opening. GOLDIE just coming out, on the approach towards DAVEY. NINA considering them as she enters the lift, pressing for the 7th floor.

The GLIDE of the lift doors closed.

CUT TO:

25

**INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1000] 25**

HANNAH picking up a file, turning to see- NINA, standing in the doorway, spying HANNAH's glossy, glass award on a shelf close by-

NINA  
(pointing to the award)  
Technically, I own half of that.

HANNAH  
*Technically, you own 10%. It was for the Thompson case. I won the Thompson case. I got Mrs Thompson both houses and retained her sanity.*

NINA  
The shares-?

HANNAH  
A nice sweetener.

They look at each other, almost pause for breath.

NINA  
Hello Hannah.

HANNAH  
Hello Nina.

NINA  
New hair.

HANNAH  
New job.

They nod, smile, a little sad - this is odd for them both.

SUDDENLY, NINA hesitates on seeing EDDIE, seated, still playing on his iPhone, big headphones on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 (mouthed/leading NINA out)  
 Don't ask.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1002]

26

HANNAH walking, NINA now on her tail, both heading towards the distant boardrooms.

NINA  
 Does Rex know?

HANNAH  
 (shakes head)  
 And Sarah wants to keep it that way. He broke the terms of their agreement. My Ex-Wife's A Bitch? He didn't think of mentioning it?

NINA  
 She's a comedy agent. She was *his* agent. She knows the way this works.

HANNAH  
 Well hell hath no fury like an agent scorned.

HANNAH turns, NINA by her side, REX and SARAH now seated in the same boardroom, MAGGIE keeping guard.

NINA  
 What's Davey Mckenzie doing downstairs?

HANNAH non-plussed, holding her look, giving nothing away.

HANNAH  
 (entering boardroom)  
 Nice shirt.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1005]

27

NINA seated by REX, facing SARAH seated with HANNAH, in the heat of battle.

HANNAH  
 Mr Pope, your ex-wife is experiencing considerable distress, seeing her life-

NINA  
*Former life-*

HANNAH  
...with you continually sourced as material.

REX  
It's pretty distressing for -

NINA  
(cutting in)  
...my client not to be able to see his son.

SARAH  
You can't use the gags about my mother's cancer.

REX  
Not even the chemo party bit?

Turning to HANNAH incredulous-

SARAH  
See what I've got to work with here?  
(to REX)  
Have you got nothing happy to write about?

REX  
You used to find this funny. You used to say nothing was so bad you couldn't take the piss out of it. How else do I shine this shit?

NINA gently puts a hand on REX's arm. HANNAH notes this.

REX (CONT'D)  
When you loved me-

SARAH wavers - she doesn't want to care about him but...

SARAH  
Yeah. When I loved you...  
(close to)  
But then you used to be funnier than this.

REX - inwardly recoils. HANNAH sees this.

HANNAH  
All we would ask is that you find an alternative source for your comedy.  
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Otherwise the current situation  
with regard to spending time with  
your son may be made permanent.

REX

No. No. No.

NINA

Our concern is that the continued  
separation between my client and  
his son compounds a growing  
parental alienation-

REX

You threw me out.

SARAH

And I'm forever to be punished for  
it?

REX

I love my son.

SARAH

You think this is loving him?

On SARAH - it's all suddenly too unbearable.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(making to move)  
I'm sorry. I need a break.

CUT TO:

28

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1010]

28

NINA on HANNAH's tail, heading back towards HANNAH's office-

NINA

Do not do this. Do not make threats  
with visitation, Hannah. Do not  
screw with us.

HANNAH

It's not a threat. We'd negotiated  
a settlement. We'd nearly agreed-

NINA

And how do you think Rex is going  
to pay for it? This tour. He needs  
this tour.

REX looks up from the distant boardroom.

NINA (CONT'D)  
I'm concerned about him. He's on  
the edge. He really is-

NINA throws REX a reassuring gesture, she'll be there in  
five. HANNAH clocking this, sensing something between them.

HANNAH  
No one is disputing your client's  
right to tour. We're just disputing  
his right to what's in it.

NINA  
This is not fair on the kid.

HANNAH  
When has divorce ever been fair on  
the kids?

NINA wavers. HANNAH stops by a small kitchenette, pours  
herself coffee, looks to NINA. NINA shakes her head. HANNAH  
drinks.

NINA  
You're coming tonight?

HANNAH  
Of course.

NINA  
Rosie called -?

HANNAH  
And texted. Several times. I could  
have brought stuff. I always bring  
stuff-

NINA  
Yeah well, this time we did it. You  
get to give the speech.

HANNAH  
Great. Lucked out there.

NINA  
I'm tasked with balloons. Shiny.  
(seeing look)  
It's a surprise party.

HANNAH  
She knows. You know she knows.

NINA  
No - she just hates birthdays.

HANNAH  
Exactly. A surprise party? Insane.

SUDDENLY on the approach-

CHRISTIE

Hey-

CHRISTIE smiling on seeing NINA-

NINA

Hey. Last time I saw you was the night before Hannah's wedding, in our back garden, dancing so badly to *Wonderwall*.

HANNAH

Please-

CHRISTIE

(with a smile)

Hannah never approved of the illicit rave.

HANNAH

That is ridiculous. That is totally ridiculous. I raved. We raved.

NINA and CHRISTIE look at one another wry.

NINA

You never raved.

(gesturing to HANNAH)

You took her in.

CHRISTIE

(with a smile)

Your loss is our gain.

NINA

You got grey.

NINA - always the flirt.

NINA (CONT'D)

I like it.

CHRISTIE smiles.

HANNAH

(cutting in/to CHRISTIE)

The Dolan papers? Did you sign? I left them on your desk. I need them signed and picked up in the next hour.

CHRISTIE nods, taking his cue, smiling at NINA-

CHRISTIE

Right.

(moving on)

Hannah. Nina.

CHRISTIE, moving off to greet a CLIENT.

NINA

He's got better with age.

(seeing look)

Seriously? Is he-?

HANNAH

Divorced.

HANNAH entering her office-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. I know you prefer them attached.

CUT TO:

29

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1015] 29

HANNAH, sliding down papers on her desk, moving around EDDIE, headphones still on-

NINA

(throwing half wave)

Hey little man.

EDDIE flicks up his gaze, unamused, then flicks it back down to his iPhone, lost in his game, headphones on.

NINA (CONT'D)

We need to find a compromise here.

HANNAH picks up another file, moving across to the other side of the office, a little away from EDDIE.

HANNAH

*Cutting 'My ex wife swore a lot.*

*Sometimes I'd get offended just by what came out of her mouth-*

*(reading from notes)*

*...for example my best friend's*

*...[cock]... might be a start-*

They talk, aware of EDDIE, in hushed exchange.

NINA

It's always better for-

HANNAH

Not always. Dad left us when you were seven-

NINA

Eight. I was eight.

HANNAH

And we did-

NINA

If he is fundamentally a good  
father -

HANNAH

We did-

NINA

...it is *always* better for the  
child to see their dad.

HANNAH

....We did fine.

NINA wavers, HANNAH has revealed too much. Too sharp. Too on edge today. Both stalling on EDDIE looking at them, briefly. He goes back to playing. HANNAH and NINA questioning if he heard, making to go.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Start with the tweets. Cut the  
tweets and we might get him his  
Wednesdays back.

On NINA, she hesitates, suddenly clocking the letter of engagement on HANNAH's desk. Letting HANNAH go on ahead, NINA angles her head to read, with growing curiosity until-

She turns, sees EDDIE silently looking up from playing, watching her.

30

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1018]

30

On MAGGIE on the approach, walking into NINA just coming out of HANNAH's office.

MAGGIE wavers. NINA smiles, heads away. MAGGIE looks back at the STILL of HANNAH's office, then back towards NINA already on her cellphone, walking along the corridor heading away. MAGGIE hesitates, hurriedly entering HANNAH's office, clocking the McKenzie letter of engagement on HANNAH's desk. MAGGIE slides it into a drawer in the desk, unsettled.

CUT TO:

31

INT. HALLWAY, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1130]

31

The STILL of a lavish house - more Embassy than family home. A sweeping stairwell. Several floors. Tasteful yet indulgent. Modern art. Heavy bronze lamps.

Taupe velvet and tasteful chintz. Family photos of grown children and grandchildren. Of a life lived. Rolling lawns, ornamental gardens and a pool beyond.

A GARDENER just visible through the windows, tweaking at plants, trimming a lawn.

GOLDIE stands, coat on, lost in thought, still shell shocked.

The DISTANT DRONE of a Hoover being slid back and forth somewhere deep in the house. **TRIXIE** [40's] the housekeeper passes-

TRIXIE  
Mrs Goldie-

TRIXIE hesitates, clocking GOLDIE's general state, just standing, coat still on.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

GOLDIE  
I'm meeting the girls for lunch at  
midday.

TRIXIE nods-

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
What's her name?

A FLICKER of conflicted emotion crossing TRIXIE's eyes. She shakes her head, offers her a shrug.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
(making to head  
upstairs/almost to self)  
Liar.

CUT TO:

31A

INT. GOLDIE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 2. [1135]

31A

On GOLDIE getting herself ready for lunch with friends, putting on her makeup. She puts on a pair of earrings - a jewellery box with the many gifts that DAVEY has given her over the years, catching her gaze. She straightens her necklace, adjusts her hair. Then pulling herself together, she turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

32

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1215]

32

The meeting, a sense of time passed. Water drunk. Paper scrunched. Lunch pending.

NINA

My client will desist with the  
tweets but he asks in return that  
you consider giving back weekends-

HANNAH looks to SARAH. She hesitates, nods.

HANNAH

On the proviso that any material that also relates directly to my client or the marital breakdown is removed from any live tours or broadcasts.

NINA shoots a look of agreement to REX.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

A transcript of the modified material would be provided.

REX nods, clearly broken, SARAH seeing this.

NINA

(nods)

Fine.

HANNAH

It would be subject to approval of course.

NINA concedes with a nod to HANNAH.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So, we'll regroup after lunch and review?

HANNAH looks to SARAH - she nods, makes to leave. Then stops.

SARAH

The stuff about when he was a baby. When Eddie was a baby and that time...that time we were at your mother's and I started to leak...You can keep that stuff...You can keep that bit..

REX hesitates, nods, inwardly pleased.

REX

(nods)

You think?

SARAH

(nods)

I snorted out my tea when I read that bit.

The RING of SARAH's cellphone, puncturing this. She hurries out to the roof terrace to answer it, falling into conversation. REX clocking the ease, seeing the happiness in SARAH's eyes that whoever is on the other end of the line brings. On REX, visibly hurt on seeing this. HANNAH also clocking, seeing how much SARAH still means to him. He turns suddenly self conscious under HANNAH's gaze.

REX

The new man. Support on my last tour. That makes me the 'warm up' act.

SUDDENLY a PARALEGAL pokes her head around the door-

PARALEGAL

Do you need me to get lunch for you all?

On HANNAH, gathering up paperwork-

HANNAH

I think we're fine.

PARALEGAL

Not even for Eddie-?

On REX - his face falls, turning to look first to NINA and then HANNAH-

REX

He's here? Eddie's here?

Up on his feet, he's out, HANNAH and NINA close behind-

CUT TO:

33

INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1217] 33

CLOSE on REX, eyes searching, heading fast along the corridor. Opening doors of boardrooms - meetings disrupted, ZANDER's included, he looks in every room-

REX

(shouting out)

Eddie-

On SARAH, further down the corridor, looking up from her call.

HANNAH

Sarah was forced to bring him with her today. He is here. But it will not help your case-

REX keeps walking, NINA now trying to calm him, reaching out to touch his arm.

NINA

Rex-

REX shakes her off, crossing the open plan floor now, weaving his way past desks-

REX  
(louder)  
Eddie-

ZANDER now standing outside of **his** meeting-

**ZANDER**  
Call security.

MAGGIE  
On their way.

REX's search more desperate now, NINA trying to stop him.

NINA  
Please. You need to calm down. This  
isn't helping you.

REX pushing past her, refusing to concede, eyes searching,  
peering into boardrooms-

REX  
(louder)  
Eddie-

REX standing in the middle of the open plan office now,  
turning, almost like a wounded animal.

REX (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Eddie.

REX visibly distressed, upsetting for them all.

REX (CONT'D)  
It's dad.

From beyond SECURITY GUARDS on the approach-

REX (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I upset  
you.

REX breaking down now, all too overwhelming, looking beyond  
to HANNAH-

REX (CONT'D)  
I just want to see him.

The SECURITY GUARDS closing in on him - he throws his hands  
up despairing and defeated, looking beyond seeing SARAH with  
MAGGIE, trying to stop EDDIE, coming out from HANNAH's  
office, seeing this. REX, wavering, not wanting to distress  
his son, retreats.

REX (CONT'D)  
OK....OK....It's OK...Eddie...It's  
OK.

On HANNAH - unsettled, shoots a look to NINA, both seeing this, feeling terrible.

CUT TO:

34

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1300] 34

On HANNAH pulling on her jacket, preparing to go out, hesitating on seeing NINA standing in the doorway.

HANNAH

Is he-?

NINA

In the boardroom. I calmed him down. He's not moving until he gets to talk to Eddie. He doesn't want lunch.

HANNAH

Fine. Nil by mouth. Smoke him out.  
(seeing look)  
I don't want to fight.

NINA

No. You just don't want to fight unless it's with a smile.

HANNAH

(making to leave)  
I'm late. See you back at three.

HANNAH hesitates by the door.

NINA

What is bugging you today?

HANNAH

(sudden/turning)  
He's back. Dad.

NINA inwardly reeling, scrabbling to understand.

NINA

OK - rewind.

HANNAH

He was here. I saw him. This morning. Down in the square.

NINA

You recognised him?  
(as HANNAH nods)  
I wouldn't-

They look at one another - eyes filling, both punctured, both implicitly feeling for one another.

HANNAH

Of course you wouldn't. You haven't seen him since you were seven.

NINA

Eight. For the last time.

They laugh - it's all too much this. Then stop, clearly emotional but not wanting to buckle.

NINA (CONT'D)

Did you speak to him?

HANNAH

And say what-?

NINA

Where have you been for the last thirty years?

(beat)

Does he want to see us?

HANNAH wavers-

HANNAH

I don't know.

...can't talk about this now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(clocking time)

I have to go. Deal with what's in front of you. Do whatever you can. Stand over Rex with a pen and get him to cut his material or-

NINA nods, concedes. HANNAH makes to exit-

NINA

Hannah -

HANNAH hesitates by the door, her back to NINA.

NINA (CONT'D)

How did he look?

HANNAH

(moving on)

Old.

CUT TO:

An oak-panelled reception leading into a light filled restaurant.

Tables filled largely with EMINENT LAWYERS and JUDGES - the great and the good of the legal profession lost in animated conversation or quietly eating alone, working over lunch.

CLOSE on HANNAH, seated with ZANDER, CHRISTIE and a couple of DISTINGUISHED BOARD MEMBERS-

ZANDER

Obviously we're excited about  
expanding -

SUDDENLY HANNAH feels hands on her shoulders, NATHAN en route to meeting CLIENTS-

NATHAN

Excuse me interrupting but-

HANNAH smiles, surprised to see him.

CHRISTIE

Nathan Stern-

NATHAN wavers, nods with a respectful smile to CHRISTIE-

NATHAN

Christie Carmichael.

CHRISTIE holds NATHAN's gaze, a quiet goading in his smile.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Hong Kong clearly agreed with you.

CHRISTIE

You've been keeping track of me.

NATHAN

You look well.

CHRISTIE

And you owe me a fiver-

(tapping head)

I kept my hair.

NATHAN wavers, smiles- a familiar tension between these two men.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Zander, Nathan Stern-

No love clearly lost, despite the smiles-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Zander Hale-

NATHAN nods, shakes hands with ZANDER-

ZANDER

You represented Nichols-

NATHAN  
(nods)  
...and Evans.

ZANDER  
And won.

CHRISTIE  
(to the table)  
Nathan has been instrumental in  
representing those looking to UK  
parental orders for foreign  
surrogates.  
(seeing look)  
I keep track of you too.

NATHAN catches on this, smiles - always a quiet dig with  
CHRISTIE-

NATHAN  
Right. Well....I just couldn't pass  
by without kissing my wife.

NATHAN leans in close, lips brushing HANNAH's cheek-

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(close to/hushed aside)  
Your mother. 12 0'clock.

At once, HANNAH's eyes dial towards midday, silently clocking  
RUTH standing to greet someone at a distant table.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(close to/hushed aside)  
Still spinning your exit like a  
rabid hamster.

She watches with a sense of ill ease as she sees it is DAVEY  
MCKENZIE. CHRISTIE discreetly follows her gaze, both silently  
watching over ZANDER's shoulder.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your lunch.

NATHAN moving on, HANNAH throws CHRISTIE a look.

WAITER  
(clearing plates)  
How was the sole, Sir?

ZANDER  
Boney-

SUDDENLY HANNAH clocks DAVEY gesturing to his phone, making  
to answer it, leaving RUTH alone at the table.

HANNAH  
(making to stand)  
Would you excuse me a moment?

CUT TO:

36

INT. RESTAURANT, CLUB, LONDON - DAY 2. [1318]

36

CLOSE on HANNAH, leaving the conversation behind, heading towards RUTH, aware of the curious gaze of the other diners, feigning a calm air as HANNAH approaches the table also clocking the looks and brief asides between passing COLLEAGUES.

HANNAH  
(hushed)  
Davey Mckenzie-?

RUTH nods to them with a smile.

RUTH  
Apparently he's not happy with his  
solicitor. Fortuitous that we put  
in a call.

DAVEY visible in the distance, pacing on his cellphone mid call.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(seeing look)  
First rule. All bets are off until  
the letter of engagement is signed.

HANNAH  
(turning to go)  
Invaluable advice.

RUTH  
Are you coming tonight?

HANNAH  
You do know. I said you'd know. You  
always know everything.

Aware of DAVEY finishing up his call, about to enter the restaurant.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
At least look surprised. If only  
for Rose's sake.

RUTH  
No speeches by the way.  
(looking back at menu)  
I'm starving. Anything you'd  
recommend?

On HANNAH, shaking her head incredulous and heading back to her table.

HANNAH  
Try the sole.

CUT TO:

37

INT. SMALL OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1320]

37

CLOSE on NINA, mid stand up fuck with REX. They are fully clothed. NINA a little distracted, eyes on her watch or the like, the transcript in her hand, cutting lines mid sex.

NINA  
(as if reading)  
*'I saw my ex-wife recently and  
she's got a stud on her tongue now-*

This is purely recreational, a kind of self medication for NINA, greasing her day.

NINA (CONT'D)  
(reading on)  
*...Apparently his name's Mark.'*

On REX, on the edge of climax - seeing NINA unimpressed by the joke.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Not yet.

On REX - desperately holding back as NINA at last climaxes, REX close behind.

REX  
It's a good line.

Then matter of fact, NINA unhitches herself, straightens her skirt, going back to the task in hand.

NINA  
(cutting another line)  
You've got to cut it. You've got to  
cut some more.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CAFE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1330]

38

A lovely old Italian cafe-

**YVONNE DUCHY Née CLIFFORD** [late 40's] blonde, hair over bleached, former show girl, attractive, slightly overweight, **SAL WARD Née BUCKLEY** [early 50's] no nonsense, and **ANDIE PETERS Née Watts** [mid 50's] the life and soul of the party, laughing over pasta and a bottle of champagne. They are flushed and giggly, GOLDIE's oldest friends. CHARLIE, the elderly cafe owner, slides down a plate of food. GOLDIE touches his face, kissing his cheek in thanks.

GOLDIE

Thanks, Charlie.

ANDIE leans in close, fingers grazing the diamonds on GOLDIE's ears with a smile.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Golf weekend last anniversary. Left them in the fridge for me to find.

ANDIE

Those little Tiffany boxes.

YVONNE

Does it for me every time.

GOLDIE catching on this, looking to YVONNE smiles-

GOLDIE

To Don, RIP-

YVONNE wavers, eyes fill with tears as they toast YVONNE's recently deceased husband, holding up their glasses-

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

(close to YVONNE)

You nursed him to the end, sweetheart. No one could have got better care.

GOLDIE leaning in close to YVONNE - they've been through thick and thin. Yet something about YVONNE today?

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Something's different today.

YVONNE flushes - GOLDIE clocking the tightness of her top, a little extra padding her chest out.

SAL

That's where you've been hiding.

YVONNE

Don always wanted me a little bigger.

GOLDIE

Carningham Clinic? Didn't I say...?

(close to/with a smile)

You've just got to enjoy them now.

YVONNE wavers, something she's not telling GOLDIE. She raises her glass - chinking with GOLDIE's once more.

YVONNE

Drink up.

GOLDIE's eyes catch on YVONNE's diamond earrings- smiling, but something is off.

YVONNE (CONT'D)  
Bubbles'll die.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1411]

39

CLOSE on ROSE DEFoe [now in her late 20's/early 30's] standing, holding bags and newly bought burritos, pausing on seeing NINA carrying loads of shiny balloons.

ROSE smiles, she is a breath of fresh air and the much loved baby of the family. A huge engagement ring on her wedding finger as she hands NINA a burrito.

ROSE  
You're late.

NINA  
And you're a part-time nanny..  
(handing over balloons)  
My work here is done.

ROSE  
I've left Hannah at least five  
messages.

NINA  
(nods)  
She's had a new haircut.

ROSE  
You've seen her?

NINA  
Working on a case. Communicating by  
semaphore.

ROSE  
The Shining Christmas you didn't  
speak til gone -

NINA  
(nods/smiling)  
...May.

ROSE  
Was that when you were with psycho  
John?

ROSE eats her burrito, NINA leaves hers untouched.

NINA  
(sudden)  
Do you ever think of dad?

ROSE  
No. I was two when he walked out.  
After I was left by the monkeys.

NINA  
That's a myth of your own making.

ROSE  
That's what you and Hannah said.  
God I hate you two. You say these  
things...And then you say you never  
said them. And you keep stuff from  
me...

NINA  
That's because you're young and  
impressionable.

ROSE  
I'm getting married in two months.

NINA  
Exactly. How is the mouth breather  
by the way?

ROSE  
He has a sinus problem.

NINA  
And the other little problem?

ROSE  
He is not gay. James is not gay. We  
live in fluid times. If he was gay  
he would say.

NINA smiles, loves riling ROSE.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
I will never ever get drunk with  
you again. He's gentle. You're  
irritating.

NINA  
Essential part of my remit.  
(eyeing watch)  
Got to go.

ROSE grappling to take all the balloons laden down with  
shopping. NINA pockets her uneaten burrito.

ROSE  
Don't make a scene tonight, OK.  
No inappropriate behaviour.  
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 No getting drunk. No turning up  
 with randoms. Nina-

NINA smiles - she loves her little sister, leaving her standing surrounded by balloons.

NINA  
 Don't get blown away.

CUT TO:

39A INT. RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1454] 39A \*

On HANNAH crossing the reception with ZANDER, CHRISTIE close behind, back from lunch- \*

ZANDER  
 We had a window of opportunity and  
 it has been firmly closed. \*

HANNAH  
 I'll sort this. \*

ZANDER  
 We've lost him. There is nothing to  
 sort. Learn from this. \*

On HANNAH, suitably admonished, as ZANDER heads away. \*

HANNAH  
 It won't happen again. \*

...turning to see CHRISTIE offering her a look of  
 commiseration. She is obviously gutted. He gently bumps into  
 her, a little playful. \*

CHRISTIE  
 No one died. \*

On HANNAH - with a half smile, yet with a fire in her. \*

HANNAH  
 Not yet. \*

CUT TO: \*

40 INT. RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1455] 40

HANNAH on the approach, pulling MAGGIE aside, eyes on ZANDER in a meeting beyond, not wanting him to know her concern.

HANNAH  
 (hushed)  
 When Nina was in my office, was the  
 McKenzie letter of engagement out?

MAGGIE hesitates, nods. HANNAH with a quiet yet suppressed anger, looks across to the boardroom, clocking NINA handing a burrito to REX. He unwraps it gratefully. SARAH on the approach, HANNAH entering the boardroom forcing back a rising fury that threatens to overwhelm, with a smile to SARAH.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Shall we?

CUT TO:

41

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1510]

41

HANNAH with SARAH seated opposite NINA and REX. Both are reading over a transcript of REX's amended set. NINA and REX in anticipation, waiting-

NINA

You can see that my client has made  
considerable strides to modify.

HANNAH underscores another line, with growing irritation.

HANNAH

(cutting him off)

*'My ex-wife was very sexually  
adventurous, her favourite thing  
was having sex in a public place.  
Her vagina.'*

REX holding SARAH's look with heartfelt appeal.

REX

I'm talking about ex-wives in  
general.

SARAH and REX holding one another's gaze, genuine pain and love there on both sides.

HANNAH

(reading/scoring out)  
*'We used to enjoy doing the  
 mannequin challenge, or as she  
 called it 'having sex'.'*

HANNAH, anger spilling over, scoring through another line with a thick pencil-

REX

I'm laughing at myself as much as I  
 am laughing at you, Sarah.

SARAH looking to HANNAH, wanting to be guided, yet HANNAH isn't listening-

HANNAH

No, Mr Pope, the joke is entirely  
 on your wife.

REX

(genuine/ to SARAH)  
 I've cut half my act.

HANNAH

Misogynistic, deeply offensive with  
 little attempt to meet our demands-

REX

You have to leave me with  
 something.

HANNAH

No. No more chances, Mr Pope-

NINA at once, stands-

NINA

I'd like to consult with my  
 colleague. A word?

CUT TO:

HANNAH rounding on NINA in hushed anger-

NINA

OK - cut to it, Hannah-

HANNAH  
(rounding on her)  
Davey McKenzie was *my* client.

NINA  
Then you should have done a better job of keeping him. Instead you are taking it out on them and screwing this up. This isn't you-

HANNAH  
But it is you. Don't ever go in my office again.

NINA  
You walked out of Defoe's. You don't tell me what to do now.

HANNAH  
I do however give my client the best advice I can and I have to think of that child. Therefore we retract the offer of every Wednesday night. And we have no intention of extending visitation rights to weekends.

NINA  
I've got a father who is not going to leave that boardroom until he sees his son.

HANNAH  
Well, remind him you bill by the minute.

HANNAH wavers, clocks NINA's wrongly buttoned shirt.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Third button. You might want to do that up.

NINA hurriedly re-buttons up. HANNAH hating herself.

NINA  
You've consulted with your client on this first?

HANNAH  
I don't need to. She'll be in agreement.

SARAH and REX, for once silent, standing in the boardroom, looking on curious. NINA and HANNAH's voices now raised.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(close to)  
How about yours?

HANNAH looks back at REX, clearly looking to NINA, concerned.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(close to/passing NINA)  
That better for you? And look. I'm  
not even smiling.

On SARAH, hearing it all, looking at HANNAH in shock-

SARAH  
Hannah?

On HANNAH seeing REX and MAGGIE beyond, seeing she has crossed the line.

HANNAH  
You need to trust me on this,  
Sarah. This is what you pay me for.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFE, STREET, LONDON - DAY 2. [1630]

43

GOLDIE and the other WOMEN, tripping out of the cafe, late afternoon now. They are flushed and giggling. GOLDIE squeezes SALLY then ANDIE goodbye, they head off, leaving GOLDIE behind with YVONNE.

YVONNE  
You alright?

GOLDIE nods, smiles, yet there is something.

GOLDIE  
Something and nothing with Davey.

YVONNE wavers, nods

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
It'll be fine.

YVONNE nods, the sense of a tension hanging between them.

YVONNE  
I can't talk now... I... I'll call  
you later, OK...

SUDDENLY YVONNE embraces her, pulling her close.

YVONNE (CONT'D)  
(kissing her cheek)  
Love ya, Goldie. Don't ever forget  
that.

On GOLDIE, quizzical, yet YVONNE is gone, before she can reply.

On GOLDIE as another taxi pulls up, she hesitates, climbing inside. The taxi pulls away, following close behind.

CUT TO:

44

INT. CAR, STREET, LONDON - DAY 2. [1640]

44

The SLICE of traffic as GOLDIE tails YVONNE's taxi. Left. Right. The RIPPLE of street signs as the car makes a left again. It pulls up outside a smart yet discreet hotel. GOLDIE hesitates, peers out, clocks YVONNE stepping out. She quickly pays the DRIVER then heads inside.

CUT TO:

45

INT. RECEPTION, HOTEL, LONDON - DAY 2. [1642]

45

On GOLDIE crossing the elegant reception, just seeing YVONNE crossing towards the lift, a growing sick feeling in the pit of her stomach-

SUDDENLY from close by-

DAVEY

Yvonne-

At once GOLDIE shrinks back into an alcove, clocking DAVEY seated, almost waiting for her. YVONNE sees him and at once they embrace, pulling apart to kiss.

On GOLDIE, her heart ripped out of her chest. She leans back against the wall, gasping for air-

Then turns, heading back towards the door.

HOTEL DOORMAN

Have a lovely evening, Madame. Hope to see you again.

On GOLDIE heading out, tears now pouring down her face.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. SQUARE, OUTSIDE NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 2. [1730]

46

HANNAH alone, seated in the square, just trying to come down from the day.

HANNAH exhales, then stands as if about to head back into the office.

Suddenly from behind-

OSCAR

Hannah-

HANNAH hesitates, sees OSCAR, a *Financial Times* under his arm, killing time.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
It's quite cold when the sun goes in.

HANNAH caught between staying and leaving. She makes to go-

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Your assistant said you were busy  
so I thought if I come back a little later I might catch you-

HANNAH  
(cutting him off)  
Junior solicitor. She's a junior solicitor.

OSCAR  
Right. It's been a long time since I've been anywhere near the law.

HANNAH hesitates-

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
You look just like your mother.

HANNAH wavers-

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Would you give her this?

OSCAR holds out a card in an envelope, addressed to RUTH-

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
It is today?

HANNAH clocks the envelope, shaking a little in OSCAR's hand-

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
It failed to make the post. So if you could...Would -

HANNAH hesitates, finds herself reaching out a hand, taking it. She nods, turns to go-

Then stops.

HANNAH  
My father went out to buy a newspaper and never came back. I can only assume that while he was out some catastrophic accident must have happened. Because there's no other acceptable reason for how he could leave us like that.

OSCAR

Hannah-

HANNAH

My father is dead.

On OSCAR, looking on, as HANNAH walks away.

CUT TO:

47

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE/RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 247  
[1845]

Later-

On HANNAH seated in the half light of her office. MAGGIE stands in the doorway, silent for a moment, clocking her lost in her own thoughts, watching REX seated, pen in hand, clearly still working on cutting material.

MAGGIE

Sarah's already gone with Eddie.  
But he's refusing to go home. He's  
still cutting material. Nina said  
she'd wait but apparently she had a  
party to go to so-

HANNAH hesitates, suddenly looking at the time with realisation.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So, I said I'd wait.

HANNAH

(nods)

I'll deal with it.

MAGGIE

You sure-?

HANNAH nods-

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hannah-

HANNAH feigns a smile.

HANNAH

Go home. It's late.

MAGGIE exits. HANNAH sits until-

She picks up the phone, pulling up SARAH's number on the caller ID and makes a call.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hi...Sarah...?

HANNAH looks towards REX, seated in the distant boardroom.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Can you talk?

CUT TO:

48 INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - EVENING 2. 48  
[1900]

Later -

On HANNAH coming from the ladies, she's now changed for the party, new dress on. She stops on seeing REX pacing, still desperately trying to cut lines from the transcript.

HANNAH  
OK, there are two ways this can go.

HANNAH takes a seat, sitting opposite REX -

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
You can continue to talk about your ex-wife on this tour. You can say exactly what you want. And one day, if not now, your son is going to pull you up on YouTube doing your set and he's going to hate you for hating his mum. Or - you could write new material, talk about other stuff.

REX hesitates -

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
There must be other stuff.

HANNAH holds his gaze, REX looks down at the flyer, seemingly absently doodling on it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Because you can't stop someone if they want to leave a marriage-  
(holding up the  
flyer/pointed)  
...however hard you try and make them stay.

REX hesitates, caught out under HANNAH's gaze, seeing the pain in his eyes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And in my experience...It's always better...If he is fundamentally a good father, it's always better for the child to see their dad.

REX nods, smiles, wiping away a fat tear rolling down his face.

REX

Have you heard the one about the stand up comic and his agent?...One moment he's lying next to her, listening to her snoring. The next? He's part of a story she'll share with someone else.

A DISTANT PING of the LIFT-

REX (CONT'D)

And he still has to give her 10%.

REX hesitates, sees SARAH standing with EDDIE holding a bag of take out burgers, further down the corridor.

HANNAH

You get Wednesday nights. We can talk about weekends after that.

EDDIE smiles at REX, steady on the approach along the corridor, carrying the milkshakes and take out with focused concentration.

REX

(mouthed/to SARAH)

Thank you.

SARAH nods- heading back into the lift, leaving EDDIE.

REX (CONT'D)

Do you think they ever forgive you - children?

HANNAH goes to speak, but REX is already moving on to greet EDDIE.

EDDIE

(holding milkshake)

I got you Banana.

On REX, visibly moved-

REX

Lovely boy.

(close to)

I'm so sorry, buddy.

HANNAH hesitates, her eyes catching on the flyer still in her hand, an inner eye roll on seeing REX has graffitied over **My Ex Wife's A Bitch** to amend to **My Sex Life's a Bitch**.

HANNAH  
I'm just next door.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - EVENING 2. [1902P]

CHRISTIE, now standing in her office. CHRISTIE wavers on seeing her, she looks stunning in her dress. He holds up a novelty mouse mat-

HANNAH  
Mother's day present.

CHRISTIE smiles, HANNAH smiles, pulling on her heels, sliding down the clothes she was in-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
You dodged that bullet.

...a certain spark between the two.

CHRISTIE  
You look-

HANNAH laughs- turns, her zip slightly undone revealing a glimpse of skin-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
Your zip.

HANNAH hesitates, lets CHRISTIE zip up her dress.

HANNAH  
You and Nathan today?

CHRISTIE  
What -?

HANNAH  
You know what. The edge? Just like in moot court when we were kids-

HANNAH reaching for her make up bag, shoving it in her bag, gathering the last of her things.

CHRISTIE  
What happened to us? We-

HANNAH  
(Cutting in)  
...shared a shitty flat. A long time ago.

CHRISTIE  
No. What happened to us?

HANNAH

I got married. I got babies. I grew up.

CHRISTIE watching her - she looks beautiful.

CHRISTIE

You did.

HANNAH deflects, searching for an earring.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

The night before your wedding-

HANNAH

(cutting in)

No. We don't talk about that night-

CHRISTIE

You and I-

HANNAH

(cutting in)

If this is to work we don't talk about that.

CHRISTIE hesitates, nod-

CHRISTIE

Nina seemed on good form.

Finding it at last, HANNAH puts the earring on, nods.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

She suggested we grab a drink sometime.

HANNAH

She's a cheap date.

CHRISTIE

You don't mind?

HANNAH

I love my husband.

CHRISTIE

That's not what I said.

He holds her gaze, the moment dangerous-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(deflects)

Davey McKenzie-

HANNAH

(firm)

I won't go after him.

CHRISTIE  
His wife's here. Boardroom eight.

CUT TO:

50

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - EVENING 250  
[2000]

The RING of a doorbell-

RUTH's birthday party now in full swing. GUESTS arriving. KIDS on the stairs. OLD and YOUNG mingle including LIV, TILLY, VINNIE and LIV's gangly boyfriend SASHA [16 yrs].

RUTH  
(on the approach)  
Nathan - Thank God you are here.  
That very boring man I invited for  
Christmas-

NATHAN pulling off coat and briefcase, greeting RUTH with a warm embrace-

NATHAN  
(kissing her cheek/in  
greeting)  
On it.

DONNA, as ROSE moves through, holding a platter of canapes out in passing-

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

RUTH  
What's happy about it? It's a funeral where you smell your own flowers. I should have died at 69. Saved us all.

ROSE smiles, kissing NATHAN in passing, a clear affection.  
NATHAN swipes a canape from DONNA's platter.

NATHAN  
Donna.

DONNA  
Nathan.

NATHAN  
Finally, we're alone.

DONNA  
Yeah. Promises. Promises.

**NATHAN** kisses **DONNA**'s cheek in passing, falling into conversation with **ROSE**, clocking **LIV** now seated in the corner with **SASHA**.

\*  
\*  
\*

NATHAN  
(to ROSE)  
Oh God, she's brought the man  
child.

NATHAN already cramming a mouthful of canapes in his hand, heading off in search of a drink.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Hannah here yet?

ROSE  
No - as ever. You're MC for the  
night.

\*  
\*  
\*

NATHAN  
Ah, promotion. Last year I was on  
coat check.

\*  
\*  
\*

**NATHAN** then takes a glass out of **LIV**'s hand.

\*

LIV  
You know the liver can regenerate  
to its full size when shrunk to 25%  
of itself?

ROSE looking on watching NATHAN getting subsumed into the party.

ROSE

And that is why you are going to be  
a doctor and I am going to keep  
drinking.

(knocking back drink)  
Why's your mother always late?

CUT TO:

51

INT. BOARDROOM 8, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2023]

51

The STILL of the boardroom-

GOLDIE sits alone, pencil in hand, running a finger down a list of figures on a bank statement-

GOLDIE

I was trying to add up how many  
hours I've spent married.

The city skyline glittering beyond.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

How many hours I've spent listening  
to him, cooking for him, washing  
for him, screwing him? I'd see my  
girlfriends checking their  
husband's pockets for a hotel  
receipt or a phone for the deleted  
message. I was always so grateful  
that Davey wasn't like that. I  
should have remembered he's a  
businessman - He always said-

GOLDIE wavers, pencil in hand-

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

'See Goldie, little thieves are  
hanged but great ones escape.'

She clocks what she has been looking for.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Well-  
(almost to self)  
...Not anymore.

Then she heavily underlines a figure on a bank statement for  
one of DAVEY's account - *Carningham Clinic - breast  
augmentation - 9,247 pounds-*

HANNAH

Mrs McKenzie, I believe your  
husband's appointed another  
solicitor.

GOLDIE

I heard. So represent me.

On GOLDIE, holding her look.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Give me the divorce you would want  
if you were to ever find yourself  
here.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2115]

52

HANNAH, stressed and late, hurrying up the path. She hesitates. The house is illuminated, the party now in full swing, GUESTS including NATHAN and NINA lost in animated and laughing conversation. She reaches in a bag to pull out the card, hesitating, on seeing her cellphone vibrating deep within. Pulling out her phone, she clocks a text message from CHRISTIE-

*Nina's phone number. Can you send?*

HANNAH hesitates, then shoves her phone back inside, heading up the path.

CUT TO:

53

INT. LIVING ROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2116] 53

CLOSE on ROSE, talking to GUESTS, watching SASHA now dancing with LIV and OTHERS on the dance floor.

NATHAN

Biologically, man is not designed  
to watch the mating rituals of his  
children.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SUDDENLY ROSE's dopey city fiancé, **JAMES CUTLER** [early 30's] slips his arms around her, swiping a canape.

JAMES

(eyeing canape)

What's the green stuff?

The DOORBELL RINGS-

ROSE

Just eat it.

ROSE pulls away, opening the door on HANNAH-

ROSE (CONT'D)

She's right.  
(eyeing haircut)  
New hair.

HANNAH embraces JAMES.

JAMES

Looks good.

HANNAH  
That's why I like you.

HANNAH smiles on seeing NATHAN, he goes to kiss her cheek. \*

NATHAN  
(handing her a drink)  
Brace yourself.

NATHAN makes to go. SUDDENLY HANNAH pulls him close, kisses him passionately, surprising him. \*

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(wry)  
What have I done?

HANNAH smiles, NATHAN already moving on, helping ROSE or the like with drinks etc- \*

SUDDENLY some terrible inappropriate music - grime or the like. \*

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

NATHAN heading off towards the music; the kids now in charge. \*

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Not on my watch. This music must die.

Clocking LIV swigging a glass of wine in the corner, HANNAH throws her a wry look, then concedes, mouthing 'one'. LIV smiles, a momentary truce, falling into dancing with SASHA and TILLY. HANNAH throws a wave and a smile to DONNA in passing- \*

HANNAH  
Hey Donna.

DONNA nods, smiles, holding out a tray of canapes.

DONNA  
And I say it one more time, what do we have to do to get you back?

HANNAH smiles. DONNA smiles, moving on. VINNIE sits in a distant room, watching TV. Some very OLD RELATIVE, sleeping upright next to him. HANNAH exhales, eyes catching on RUTH across the room - they nod to one another in stiff exchange.

CUT TO:

ROSE and NINA a little drunk, rifling through RUTH's things, hurriedly dressing up in necklaces, dressing gowns, high heels, GIGGLING and LAUGHING.

NINA  
OH MY GOD-

NINA pulls on the highest shoes and some ghastly 80's power frock-

NINA/ROSE  
Mrs Shilower

NINA  
She nicked it.

ROSE  
(nodding in agreement)  
Must have.

ROSE pulls on something suitably glamorous, clocking HANNAH passing en route to the bathroom.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Hannah...In here...Now.

HANNAH hesitates, standing in the doorway as ROSE wraps a feather boa round HANNAH and puts a flowery towelling turban and 80's power jacket on her. It is the same jacket RUTH is seen wearing in the opening credits.

HANNAH  
Really?

HANNAH concedes as ROSE and NINA dress her up.

ROSE  
Yes.

ROSE smiling, watching NINA and HANNAH as NINA pins on earrings and adjusts HANNAH's flowery towelling turban-almost having fun.

HANNAH  
Once we've cut the cake I'm out of here.

On HANNAH, flanked by them both as she takes in her reflection-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Great...Marge Simpson meets Sunset Boulevard.

They look at one another, smile, this is a fun few minutes, taking in the chaos and clutter of RUTH's room.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Our mother is a hoarder.

HANNAH hesitates, clocking boxes of old dusty camcorder tapes marked HANNAH in fat black marker.

NINA  
Oh my God, these are prehistoric.

NINA looking over HANNAH's shoulder reaches out to grab a tape, but HANNAH slaps her hand away.

HANNAH  
What are they doing out?

HANNAH trawls through one of the boxes, pulling out old dusty tapes dated and titled *Summer '82, Hannah Gym Competition '81, Nina Chicken Pox '83, Rosie 1st Birthday '87*.

ROSE

I thought there might be something I could use for the wedding.

Hurriedly HANNAH shoves the tapes in the box, sliding them back on a shelf with the others.

HANNAH

You should have asked.

ROSE and NINA, laughter sobering, surprised at the edge in  
HANNAH-

ROSE  
OK. Please may I use your tapes.

HANNAH  
No.

ROSE darts a look to NINA. NINA, a little drunk-

NINA  
Rozabell, back slowly away.

HANNAH  
Don't do that. Don't make me always  
have to be the grown up. These are  
my tapes. *Mine*. You don't just take  
something that is not yours and  
leave the rest of us to pick up the  
shit-

On ROSE, kicked to her guts. HANNAH at once seeing this.

ROSE  
Hannah-

NINA  
OK.

HANNAH looks faintly ridiculous in flowery towelling turban  
and feather boa.

NINA (CONT'D)  
...we're going to go downstairs to  
this thing known to some as a  
party, Hannah.

HANNAH  
(looking to NINA)  
Did you tell her?

NINA  
Not yet-

ROSE  
Tell me what?

NINA and HANNAH look at one another, both turning to ROSE and  
taking her hand.

HANNAH  
OK. Rose, you are going to cry in a  
minute. And when you do you'll then  
get cross because you hate anyone  
seeing you cry. But it is OK.  
Because we can take it. Nina and I  
can take it.

On ROSE quizzical-

ROSE  
You've got a terminal illness?

HANNAH wavers-

HANNAH  
I saw Dad today.

ROSE  
What-?

HANNAH  
He just turned up at my office.

On ROSE - her face falls, emotion FLICKERING, the complete chart of emotional weather, until slowly her eyes fill with tears-

ROSE  
What?

HANNAH and NINA standing close with her-

NATHAN OOV  
(calling out)  
Hannah-

SUDDENLY stumbling through the door, NATHAN, glass in hand-

NATHAN  
Your moment has arrived.

The moment punctured.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Speech.

NATHAN sees he has interrupted something.

ROSE  
(wiping away a tear)  
Shit. Cake.

On ROSE, stumbling out, pushing back her tears. NATHAN looks at HANNAH quizzical. She shakes her head. Implicitly he heads away, NINA looks to HANNAH. HANNAH nods, reassuringly, NINA heads out. HANNAH goes to follow, then clocks a dropped tape, forgotten on the floor, a title just visible in HANNAH's childish handwriting, on the spine of one of the tapes - it reads *DAD '88 - LAST DAY*.

CUT TO:

56

INT. KITCHEN, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2150]

56

A hushed room, candlelight illuminating the flushed and drunk faces of GUESTS, FAMILY and FRIENDS.

HANNAH at its heart, gripping her speech, one arm around TILLY who has slipped in by her side - she is emotional, bamboozled by what she's just said, trying to keep it in.

HANNAH

OK...OK..

HANNAH turns, eyes searching, focusing on RUTH-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So where do I start with Ruth Alice  
Defoe?

CHEERS. LAUGHTER - THE COMPANY JUST WARMING UP.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The 'Doyenne of Family Law..' as  
quoted by The Times.

LAUGHTER. CHEERS - HANNAH smiles, NATHAN and her KIDS leading the rallying cry.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(looking to RUTH)  
When I was...younger....a lot  
younger than I am now...I remember  
you standing in this living room,  
glass of wine in hand, and you were  
dancing.

WHOOPS. MURMURS of SURPRISE.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Not many of you have seen my mother  
dancing. But when I was a child,  
she liked to dance.

HANNAH suddenly aware of the silliness of the flowery turban on her head. She gently pulls it off, absently looking at it, as she turns it in her hands.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Anyway you were dancing and I must  
have asked you something like 'What  
are you doing?' And I'll never  
forget your reply-

RUTH in anticipation, HANNAH holding her gaze-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

'Hannah, the thing you need to know  
in life is men will come and go.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
*So the only relationship really  
 worth having is the one you have  
 with yourself.'*

On NATHAN - catching on this.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 I've always admired that. That  
 certainty. The ability that you can  
 do it on your own. You raised three  
 children. You built up Defoe's and  
 you did it all by yourself. But  
 more than that. You always made it  
 feel as though it was just the four  
 of us-

HANNAH looks beyond to NINA and ROSE, stopping to listen, mid  
 way through putting candles on a birthday cake beyond.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 ...against the world.

HANNAH, emotion threatening, covers with a smile, pulling  
 herself together.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 That we didn't need anyone else.

On NATHAN catching this-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 And we didn't. Until of  
 course...life and love and boys  
 came along-

LAUGHTER-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 But for a while there-

On HANNAH, smiling, yet her face FLICKERING with EMOTION  
 looking back at RUTH, NINA and ROSE-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 So-

CHEERS-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
*(raising glass to RUTH)*  
 ...To my *beautiful*-

CHEERS-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 ...*strong*-

LOUDER CHEERS-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
...*indestructible*-

THE ROOM ERUPTS-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(smiling/laughing)  
...*mother*.

RUTH holding up her glass to HANNAH, her face illuminated by candles, ROSE on the approach holding up the lit birthday cake, NINA close behind-

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Happy Birthday.

RUTH at the heart of the celebration as she blows out the candles on her cake, moved but hating being the centre of attention.

RUTH  
Thank you...Thank you...Thank  
you...I love you all...

RUTH's eyes graze the room, resting on HANNAH, NINA and ROSE-

RUTH (CONT'D)  
More than you will ever know.

CHEERS. LAUGHTER-

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Now go dance and we will never talk  
of this again.

CUT TO:

57

EXT. GARDEN, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2300]

57

Later-

RUTH, sat on the grass, watching her GRANDCHILDREN going mental on the swing in the distance- aware of HANNAH on the approach.

RUTH  
I said no speeches. Though it was  
quite touching as far as speeches  
go.

RUTH makes to go-

HANNAH  
(hesitating)  
You signed Davey McKenzie?

RUTH

It's not personal-

HANNAH

In your hands it always is.

RUTH

Do you want me to treat you as my daughter or a lawyer?

HANNAH

He is a shit. Davey McKenzie is a shit and you are going to make that divorce even shittier.

RUTH

Divorce shouldn't be easy. It's there to remind you however bad it is in that god awful state called marriage - getting out will be an even greater hell.

HANNAH

Who says-? Who says it has to be terrible? There is another way of doing it.

HANNAH wavers - lets this hang.

RUTH

He was bad mouthing you. I shut him down before he moved his business on and continued his tirade.

HANNAH laughs-

RUTH (CONT'D)

We need him. Defoe's needs him.

HANNAH hesitates, hears a FLICKER of genuine concern in RUTH's voice.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I relied on you Hannah. I counted on you. I could always count on you. And you walked out.

HANNAH

(with realisation)

Maybe it's because I'm tired of being the one relied upon.

On RUTH - HANNAH unravelled in front of her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Counted on.

Then HANNAH stands as if to go-

RUTH

Be careful, Hannah. Family is fragile. No one is immune to it breaking. Not even you. And I'm afraid you'll abandon it before it abandons you.

(holding gaze)  
I blame your father for that.

ON HANNAH - kicked to the guts yet resigned.

HANNAH

Well you can tell him. I saw him today.

(seeing her surprise)  
Why now? Why does he come back now?

RUTH silent. HANNAH resigned, this is what RUTH does.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(turning/walking away)  
Fine. Card's on the mantelpiece.

RUTH stands, winded, one hand reaching out, gripping the bark of a tree or the like.

DISTANT LAUGHTER and the SOUNDS of the party beyond.

On RUTH - reeling.

CUT TO:

58

INT. LIVING ROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [2350] 58

The last embers of the party-

A few STRAGGLERS still drinking. KIDS asleep on the sofa.

HANNAH seeing NINA in flirtatious conversation with NATHAN, a little drunk. And yet it unsettles HANNAH looking on. NATHAN innocently leaning in close to NINA, caught in what looks like intimate conversation - one arm almost cupping her back, the other gripping the door frame.

The TAP TAP of NATHAN's wedding ring against the door frame, almost goading HANNAH, clocking LIV-

HANNAH

(to LIV)  
Tell your dad I'm ordering a cab.

Reaching for her cellphone from her bag, HANNAH pulls it out, clocking the text message from CHRISTIE-

She hesitates, then scrolls up to NINA's contact number, a goofball face of NINA on NINA's Contact ID-

Then AT ONCE, HEART BEATING, she PRESSES *Send*.

CUT TO:

59

**INT. CHRISTIE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2. [2351]**

59

The STILL of CHRISTIE's house-

CHRISTIE illuminated by a desk light, working late.

The PING of messages on his phone as he reads, considers, NINA's contact details flashing up.

On CHRISTIE, quietly disappointed, as he resumes working.

CUT TO:

60

**INT. LIVING ROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [0100]**

60

Later-

CLOSE on RUTH as she reaches for her wine glass, drinks, then she takes the envelope with her name on it, resting against a family photograph. She hesitantly opens it. Sitting down in her chair, she reads until-

On RUTH, SUDDENLY tearing up the card, emotion threatening, throwing it into the trash.

RUTH heads away, picking up her glass of wine and files and pencils, she heads upstairs.

One hand, SLAMMING a balloon in passing.

The SOUNDS of her FOOTSTEPS heading up to bed.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. BEDROOM, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 2. [0120]**

61

On HANNAH, illuminated in the dark, working late. The file of accounts that GOLDIE brought in now in front of her, sifting through the papers, eyes looking down at a copy of DAVEY and GOLDIE's wedding certificate once more. Then over at NATHAN, half asleep by her side. She reaches up, turns off the light- \*

HANNAH

Do you think I'm like him?

Spooning into NATHAN, she lies, her lips close to his neck.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Do you think I'm like my dad?

NATHAN stirs, on the edge of sleep-

NATHAN  
(murmured)  
Huh?

ON HANNAH, she wavers, NATHAN's breathing falling into a gentle snore. She rolls over, looks up at the ceiling, unable to sleep until-

The WHOOSH of a text message on HANNAH's cellphone. Another message from CHRISTIE- *You still awake?*

HANNAH looks back at NATHAN, relieved he is still sleeping. She lies there, HEART BEATING. Then reaches for the remote, flicking on the TV. An image of a Dolphin's fin on the screen, the image pressed on pause, HANNAH hesitates, presses play-

TV OOV  
*The first time I realised I had a special connection with a Dolphin was when I was 12....But that's the thing-*

On HANNAH, watching with quiet morbid fascination-

TV OOV (CONT'D)  
*...You can't always choose who you fall in love with...*

The gentle sound of NATHAN snoring. She looks back at NATHAN, then back at the TV - her face illuminated in the dark. Then reaching for her cellphone, HANNAH types a reply to CHRISTIE's message - *Yes*.

Dolphin whistles and squeals underscore.

CUT TO BLACK:

**END OF EPISODE ONE**