



The Split

6x60
Episode Two

Written by Abi Morgan

CHERRY AMENDMENTS
18th 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

TITLE SEQUENCE WITH CREDITS

0 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN/HALLWAY, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - 0
DAY 4. [0645]

CLOSE on HANNAH in her living room, pulling up the blinds,
half listening to-

TILLY
...Divorce, beheaded, died.

TILLY stands eating a bowl of cereal, leaning over VINNIE
helping him do his homework, his hair gelled.

NATHAN OOV
(calling out)
Survived. The last wife survived.

NATHAN enters, doing up his tie, collecting his crap for
work.

NATHAN
And for a bonus point I will need
all six names-
(blank/silence)
Philistines. All of you.
(wry/to HANNAH)
Seriously? Your DNA.

NATHAN kisses HANNAH goodbye on the way out, playfully
wrestling VINNIE, TILLY hanging on his other arm.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Both of you most definitely your
mother's side.

CUT TO:

1 **INT. NOBLE&HALE. RECEPTION/LIFT AREA - DAY 4. [0755]** 1

Early Morning -

HANNAH, coffee in hand, fishes her cellphone out of her bag as she comes into reception. A picture of ROSE on her caller ID. Ignoring it, HANNAH slings the phone back in her bag -

CUT TO:

2 **INT. BEDROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0756]** 2

CLOSE on ROSE, inwardly cursing as HANNAH's cellphone goes to voice mail - again.

ROSE THROWS down her phone irritated, resumes pouring over a mood board for her wedding; colour schemes, swatches, bridesmaid's dresses - the works.

Early morning sunlight seeping through the window-

A flickering image of the old footage seen in the opening, just visible, paused on the tv, VHS player resting close by-

CUT TO:

2A **INT. NOBLE & HALE. RECEPTION - DAY 4. [0758]** 2A

On MAGGIE, taking an envelope from a COURIER at reception. MAGGIE already opening the envelope and pulling out the contents, clocking HANNAH passing.

MAGGIE
The McKenzie Form E.

HANNAH takes it off her and reads as she walks to her office...

CUT TO:

2B **INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE & HALE - DAY 4. [0759]** 2B

HANNAH taking a seat at her desk, working her way through each page on the Form E.

HANNAH
Unbelievable Unbelievable

HANNAH already reaching for her phone. She dials a number.

CUT TO:

2C

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 4. [0800]

2C

The phone rings in Ruth's kitchen. Ruth answers it, dressed up and ready for her day, on edge, about to go and meet Oscar.

HANNAH (ON PHONE)
I've received your Form E.

On RUTH bracing herself-

CUT TO:

3

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4 [0801]

3

On HANNAH, phone pressed to her ear-

HANNAH ON PHONE
Go to hell!

On HANNAH slamming down the phone.

CUT TO:

3A

INT. BEDROOM, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0805]

3A

Sunlight seeping through the split of curtains-

On GOLDIE, waking, instinctively turning to see she is alone.

She reaches out a hand, the cold of the sheet next to her.

Beyond, DAVEY's spare reading glasses, resting a well thumbed book, open on the page, as if in waiting.

On GOLDIE - bracing herself for the day ahead.

CUT TO:

4

INT. BATHROOM, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0810]

4

CLOSE on GOLDIE staring at her reflection - disheveled, the sense that she has been wearing the same clothes for days. On the shelf the detritus of a once shared life. Two toothbrushes. An electric razor. Aftershave. A bottle of heart pills.

The RING of the telephone-

The distant tone of the answerphone, kicking in.

HANNAH ON ANSWERPHONE OOV
Mrs McKenzie. It's Hannah Stern.
Please call me.

On GOLDIE, looking down at her wedding and engagement rings, trying to get them off her finger, rubbing them with a little soap, frustrated, finally admitting defeat. They're stuck tight.

HANNAH ON ANSWERPHONE OOV (CONT'D)
We really need to talk.

CUT TO:

5

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0850]

5

On HANNAH - eyeing a distant boardroom, packed to the rafters, spilling over with a predominately male, SLICK ENTOURAGE - some are in suits, most are in club tracksuits and designer labels, with the odd diamond or heavy gold chain. Crackling with energy, they stand, sit, drink coffee, several on their cellphones, at once turning to greet **DIALLO DIOPO** [20's] a smoothly dressed premiership wunderkind and rising football star, entering the boardroom to hand shakes and warm greetings and smiles, including ZANDER, greeting him with enthusiasm in passing and generally pressing the flesh.

CHRISTIE
(on the approach)
Diallo Diopo.

CHRISTIE falling in by HANNAH's side, following her gaze.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

He is the greatest centre forward
of his generation-

The TWITTER and BUZZ of excited conversation amongst the pool
of PERSONAL ASSISTANTS, stalled in their journey en route to
the photocopier or mail room. One particularly excited
PERSONAL ASSISTANT, cellphone raised, trying to catch a
glimpse of DIALLO in the boardroom.

HANNAH

And your point is?

HANNAH hesitates, clocking the enthusiastic ASSISTANT, gently
covering her cellphone lens. HANNAH smiles, firm but benign,
taking a left, passing MAGGIE-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(to MAGGIE)

Let me know when Kelsey arrives.

CUT TO:

6

INT. REFRESHMENT HUB, OFFICES, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. 6
[0852]

....a refreshment area, HANNAH hesitating on seeing CHRISTIE,
still standing close by, holding out his mug. She hesitates,
pours him coffee, they hold one another's gaze.

HANNAH

Christie.

CHRISTIE

Hannah.

They smile, drink coffee, both enjoying the frisson.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I see you got your corner office.

HANNAH

What can I say? Suzie Mackie's a
great gal.

CHRISTIE

I want in.

HANNAH

We're talking about the finer
intricacies of a prenup between a
footballer and a-

CHRISTIE wavers on seeing MAGGIE greeting DIALLO's fiancée and soon to be bride, **KELSEY ASHWORTH** [20's] glamour model and beautician from Essex, part Kylie, part Kendall, a little shy, a little bashful, almost nervous, newly arrived in reception. MAGGIE goes to greet her, HANNAH seeing this picking up her pace, topping up her coffee etc.

CHRISTIE
...glamour model?

HANNAH

Snob.

CHRISTIE

(seeing look)

They're rarely neuroscientists.

HANNAH

Two weeks until the wedding and still I have nothing signed. All exchanges so far done by email. With obstacles put in our way at every turn. So today the circus has come to town.

CHRISTIE

Big game, Sunday. Last of the season.

HANNAH

And you want to help me how?

CHRISTIE

I speak French.

HANNAH

Non.

CHRISTIE

Oui.

HANNAH

What like really speak French?

HANNAH heading out, CHRISTIE close behind-

CUT TO:

7

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0905]

7

...into HANNAH walking, CHRISTIE falling in by her side-

CHRISTIE

Donnes-moi les termes principaux.

HANNAH

£1 million in the event of any infidelity on his part. To be forfeited if it is on hers. Plus an extra £100,000 for every year she serves.

CHRISTIE

And this is what the Suffragettes
fought for?

HANNAH

His lawyer is the bitch from hell.
Patronising. Officious. Also speaks
French. Often in emails.

CHRISTIE wavers, his gaze pausing on-

CHRISTIE

Merde.

LAUREN BROOKER [mid 30's], elegant yet serious and CHRISTIE's
ex-wife, part obscured as she sits in almost conspiratorial
conversation with DIALLO and his SLICK SUITED ENTOURAGE,
ZANDER now moved on.

HANNAH

Exactly. Google translate can only
get a girl so far.

CHRISTIE

Lauren-

HANNAH

Yeah. Brooker.

CHRISTIE

Formerly Carmichael.

On HANNAH with realisation-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(seeing look/shrugs)

It's been two years. Now forever to
be known as my ex-wife.

HANNAH goes to enter the boardroom, stopping on seeing
CHRISTIE making to follow. HANNAH hesitates, in surprise.

HANNAH

(hushed aside/to CHRISTIE)

Fine. Sit quietly. Be nice.

From beyond-

KELSEY

Sorry...Sorry. I couldn't find
anywhere to park.

MAGGIE close by, looking to HANNAH, signaling she has
arrived. HANNAH hangs back greeting KELSEY, car keys in hand,
the chink of the large rock on her third finger as she
grapples with handbag, paper, the lot.

HANNAH
(turning to greet)
Kelsey.

On KELSEY looking at HANNAH with absolute terror on seeing the boardroom full of SLICKED SUITED MEN surrounding DIALLO.

KELSEY
Hannah-

HANNAH reassures with a smile and a gentle hand on her back.

HANNAH
(smiles/calming)
Breathe. Let me talk. And let's get this signed.

CUT TO:

8

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. [0908]

8

Into the packed boardroom, HANNAH squeezing past the press of PEOPLE, at last making it to the boardroom table, taking a seat.

HANNAH
Mr Diopo. Mrs Brooker-

LAUREN turns, smiles, wavering on seeing CHRISTIE.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
This is my colleague Christie Carmichael.

DIALLO nods, smiles, CHRISTIE holding out his hand already ready to greet him.

CHRISTIE
(shaking hands)
Je suis un de vos grands admirateurs.

DIALLO
Merci.

CHRISTIE turns, HANNAH seeing him hesitating in shock on seeing that LAUREN, now completely in view, is five months pregnant and showing.

HANNAH
He speaks French.

LAUREN
Christie.

CHRISTIE, the consummate performer, smiles. Yet there is a tension to this meeting, LAUREN professional and yet-

CHRISTIE

You're-

LAUREN

(nods)

Five...Nearly six months.

CHRISTIE

Congratulations-

(beat)

...Adrian must be-

LAUREN

Terrified...

A sense of the room gathering together paperwork etc readying themselves for the meeting all around.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I should have called-

HANNAH momentarily distracted watching CHRISTIE and LAUREN before deflecting by addressing the room with a smile.

HANNAH

So, if we could start-

All take their seats as KELSEY, the large diamond glistening on her engagement finger tapping against the table, pulls out an iPad and scrolls through her notes. CHRISTIE clocking this, shoots a look to HANNAH, maybe not a neuroscientist but KELSEY's not that stupid.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...by picking up on our amendments to clauses 2, 4 and 5?

CUT TO:

9

EXT. PARK, NEAR GALLERY, LONDON - DAY 4. [0920]

9

CLOSE on RUTH pacing, not knowing whether to sit or stand, clearly in waiting-

DOG WALKERS, SMART LITTLE PREP SCHOOL BOYS with HARASSED NANNIES en route to school beyond.

Bracing herself on seeing OSCAR, RUTH is ready to charge as he approaches.

RUTH

That card...That card? What the hell was that card?

OSCAR

You stopped taking my calls.

RUTH
You gave it to Hannah?

OSCAR
(on the approach)
Good to see you too, Ruth.

RUTH wavers - wisecracks now - she doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

RUTH
What do you want, Oscar?

OSCAR
You got fat.

RUTH
And you got old.

OSCAR wavers-

RUTH (CONT'D)
Sadly that has nothing to do with growing up.

On OSCAR - smiles, oddly calm, holding RUTH's gaze.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Where are you even staying?

OSCAR
The Connington.

RUTH shakes her head, laughs, incredulous.

RUTH
Of course. Is *she* with you?

OSCAR
No - I left her in New York.

RUTH nods - everything just quietly fuelling her ire.

RUTH
Every cloud. Go away, Oscar.

OSCAR
No. I am going to see the girls whether you like it or not.

RUTH
What - and hurt them all over again?

OSCAR
Aren't you tired of this?

RUTH

I've a few rounds left in me yet.
You keep away. From Hannah. From
Nina. From Rose. Especially from
Rose. She's too young to remember
you. I'd like to keep it that way.

(beat)

You walked out.

OSCAR calm, almost defiant as he holds her gaze.

OSCAR

And now I'm back.

On RUTH - anxiety flicking across her face, just needing to
get away.

RUTH

(moving off)

You keep away from *my* girls-

On RUTH walking on, leaving OSCAR behind, struggling not to
break until-

On RUTH, she takes a left, now obscured from view, and at
once exhales, leans back against the bark of a tree or the
like-

CUT TO:

10

INT. OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 4. [1100]

10

NINA and ROSE, both perched at NINA's desk, scrolling through
a social media page-

ROSE

Try full name - Oscar Richard
Defoe.

NINA hesitates, furiously typing- both mildly appalled, peering at a very fat baby with a similar moniker on the screen.

NINA
That's one very ugly baby.

ROSE sinks back, resigned.

NINA (CONT'D)
He isn't anywhere.

ROSE
(with realisation)
You've tried before?

NINA
Haven't you? Possibly several times?

ROSE
I never wanted to upset mum.

NINA
Freak.

On ROSE, absorbed in scrolling through, searching on line.

NINA (CONT'D)
Seriously you are a freak. Well, you missed nothing. There's nothing. Give up the search.

SUDDENLY from beyond-

RUTH
(on seeing ROSE)
What are you two doing?

ROSE wavers on RUTH, passing, a certain edge to her today.

ROSE
Bridal fitting.

NINA holds up a bridal magazine.

NINA
At 5?

RUTH wavers suspicious, eyes her watch - it's not yet even midday.

ROSE
It's in your diary.

RUTH
Not a good day.

NINA

Right.

RUTH

(making to leave)

Use the Amex. Pick it up from Donna
on your way out-

ROSE

James is happy to-

NINA

(cutting in)

Fine-

NINA smiles, silencing ROSE, up on her feet now-

NINA (CONT'D)

We're going to get something with a
really long train.

RUTH

Is that you being funny?

(looking to ROSE)

Is she being funny? You look pale,
Rose.

(moving off)

Eat.

On NINA looking to ROSE - ROSE shrugs, smiles, disappointed.

ROSE

We've got to tell her we're meeting
dad later.

On NINA watching RUTH head away.

NINA

She knows. She always knows.

(seeing look)

Try Hannah again.

ROSE

She doesn't want to come.

NINA shrugs, resigned, resumes typing.

ROSE (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you all? It's
like none of you care.

NINA

Care-?

On NINA- looking beyond to RUTH, now back working at her
desk.

NINA (CONT'D)

That woman did not get out of bed
for a week when he walked out.
Hannah had to get her up. Make her
brush her teeth. Get you to nursery
every single day. So forgive us if
we're not skipping at the thought
of seeing him today. But I'm doing
it. For you. Frog face. And at
least I'm coming-

On ROSE suitably chastised-

NINA (CONT'D)

Now smile.

CUT TO:

10A OMITTED

10A

11 **INT. BOARDROOM, OFFICES, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. [1105]** 11

CLOSE on HANNAH, the meeting has moved on a pace, LAUREN
reading over the amended prenup-

LAUREN

With Mr Diopo's planned transfer a
share of his earnings and assets
will be lucrative -

HANNAH

...and therefore relevant to my
client and the future welfare of
any children they have.

A couple of DIALLO's SLICK SUITED ENTOURAGE reading a folded
piece of paper, passed around by them, designed to irritate
HANNAH.

LAUREN

40% is too high.

On DIALLO - seeing KELSEY, quietly anxious.

DIALLO

Lauren-

LAUREN gently silencing DIALLO with her look.

LAUREN

(to CHRISTIE)

Si tu gonfles ce contrat de
mariage, toutes ces autres femmes
qui traînent au Buddha Bar le
sauront-

HANNAH gently calms KELSEY with her look as CHRISTIE quietly translates.

CHRISTIE

She's concerned this level of
settlement only encourages other
young women-

LAUREN

(to CHRISTIE)

...Tu attrapes un footballeur et tu
t'attrapes une vie très lucrative.

CHRISTIE

..with a propensity to date
footballers in the hope of making
money by similar large prenups.

HANNAH

Thank you. Even I got that.

KELSEY stiffens, DIALLO seeing this. Instinctively, DIALLO
reaches a hand out, WHISPERING sweet words to KELSEY, the
tension growing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It is both offensive and inaccurate
to align my client with any such
behaviour. Mr Diopo is about to be
transferred for a considerable
figure-

LAUREN

And we believe the offer of 20% of
all assets and earnings currently
on the table more than accommodates
this.

HANNAH

We have been going back and forth
over this for weeks-

LAUREN

And you're not listening.

HANNAH

All we are looking for is to offset
such a deal so that in the event of
a marital breakdown-

SUDDENLY KELSEY stands, SCRAPING BACK HER CHAIR-

KELSEY

I can't do this-

At once, DIALLO calms KELSEY with a gentle word and touch,
HANNAH seeing this, it's touching how much he clearly loves
her.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I can't do this no more-

DIALLO
You're upsetting her.

LAUREN
I appreciate this negotiation is difficult, Ms Ashworth but it's not personal. Historically we have examples where players have been manipulated-

KELSEY
This should be the start. Like the happiest time of our lives. And you're all talking about the end. I don't care. I don't care about any of it. Can we just stop this? Can we just stop this now? I don't care. I'll sign it.

LAUREN wavers, shooting a look towards DIALLO's ENTOURAGE.
HANNAH clocking a FLICKER of a smile.

HANNAH
As you continue to not take these amendments seriously I would like some time to advise my client-

On DIALLO - with growing anxiety.

DIALLO
Non...non, nous prenons cela très au sérieux.
(in English)
I want her to be happy. Lauren-?

On LAUREN - she holds her hands up incredulous-

LAUREN
We can't accept these amendments.

HANNAH calmly holds LAUREN's gaze, a look of absolute animosity between the women.

HANNAH
Then I have no alternative than to call time on this meeting.

DIALLO shoves the prenup away, frustrated.

A RIPPLE of concern amongst the SLICK SUITED COLLEAGUES-

CUT TO:

12

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 42
[1110]

The SPILL of PEOPLE out of the boardroom, a SLICK SUITED COLLEAGUE already in heated exchange with DIALLO, trying to draw him to one side.

LAUREN

Your client has just said she is happy with the agreement as stands. No amendments needed. So, why not let my client get back to doing what he does best and let's get this signed.

LAUREN a little distracted, aware of CHRISTIE a little way behind in conversation with KELSEY, comforting her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'd hate to see these negotiations go South.

DIALLO breaks away from his SLICK SUITED COLLEAGUES to talk to KELSEY.

HANNAH

You make threats and I will cite undue pressure which will undermine any subsequent prenup in a court of law. *If* they were to divorce. So, you talk to your client and explain that to him over the next 24 hours. Or this marriage will crash and burn before they've even walked down the aisle.

On KELSEY now clearly in tearful exchange with DIALLO as he tries to calm her down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Let's regroup tomorrow.

LAUREN nods, trying not to be distracted by CHRISTIE preparing to head back to his office.

LAUREN

Your funeral.

On DIALLO's STIFF SUITED ENTOURAGE, pulling him aside, leaving KELSEY looking on.

HANNAH
(close to/to KELSEY)
Twenty years from now, when you
have followed him all over the
world, had his children, looked
after his life, you will care if
you are not recompensed. You have
to care. Now.

HANNAH hesitates on seeing LAUREN stopping to talk to
CHRISTIE - the sense of a tense if smiling exchange.

Then LAUREN goes to join DIALLO and his entourage waiting for
LAUREN and KELSEY.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

KELSEY nods, forces a smile, heading off, falling into
walking by DIALLO's side, his arm slung around her shoulder.
He gently teases her, bringing her around with a genuine look
of love and a wry smile, following LAUREN and the OTHERS out.
CHRISTIE turns, heading back to his office, passing HANNAH-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I mean seriously, what the hell
made you marry her?

CUT TO:

13 **INT. CHRISTIE OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 4. [1112]** 13

CHRISTIE entering his office, HANNAH hanging back, standing
in the doorway. It is sleek with little personality, bar the
odd decent bottle of whisky and change of ties.

CHRISTIE
She's fighting her client's corner-

HANNAH
She was once nice?

CHRISTIE
Yes.

CHRISTIE wavers - a FLICKER of something genuine here.

HANNAH
She's rude, patronising and-

CHRISTIE
...I loved her.

CHRISTIE deflects, goes back to working, doesn't really want
to talk anymore, HANNAH oddly thrown by this. She nods, lets
this hang-

HANNAH

The good news is, you have your
'date' with Nina.

CHRISTIE

It's graduated from a drink to a
date? I must be doing something
right.

HANNAH

(sudden)

And you split why?

(making to go)

No...No need to tell me why.

CHRISTIE

I didn't want kids. She wanted
kids. I didn't want kids.

HANNAH

Right.

(nods to herself)

You and Nina are going to get
along fine. She's never wanted them
either. Plus egg quality seriously
depletes over 35-

CHRISTIE

Well, at least she's not married.

SILENCE - this kicked into the room.

SUDDENLY the PING of HANNAH's cellphone, a text from NINA,
breaking the moment. It simply reads - ***Come to meet our
father tonight or the baby gets it.***

A photo of the ugly, fat baby seen earlier just visible
attached to the text message.

Then a second text - ***I'm serious.***

HANNAH turns heading out, already typing in reply -

On CHRISTIE - looking up, he exhales, it's all kicked him
harder than he expected.

CUT TO:

14

INT. RUTH'S OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 4. [1725]

14

On NINA, entering RUTH's office-

RUTH

The Daniel prelim hearing?

RUTH working at her desk, the sense of the rest of the world
heading home.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Did you-?

NINA nods, sliding the files in her hand down on RUTH's desk, the sense that this is the last job before she heads out.

NINA

Donna sorted it. A week Tuesday.

RUTH nods, turning back to work-

NINA (CONT'D)

So, today-?

RUTH barely looking up from her work.

NINA (CONT'D)

Hannah would normally talk to you about this, but as she's not here? The dress fitting? This might be your last chance. Hannah? Well we know about Hannah. It was all a bit last minute. And as the likelihood of me walking down the aisle any time soon is zero - this is it. Your last chance to do the whole 'mother of the bridezilla' thang.

RUTH silent - working, barely looking up.

NINA (CONT'D)

Right. Good talk.

NINA nods to herself, stung, shakes her head, caught between smiling and wanting to cry. Then makes to go.

RUTH

If your father wants to see you, a word of warning-

NINA hesitates, resigned, nods-

RUTH (CONT'D)

He will wine and dine you and once he has got what he wants, he will leave all of you again.

On NINA - almost laughing, resigned.

NINA

There is this little thing called joy, mother. And sometimes...Rose needs to see it. No - correction.
(making to go)
We all need to see it.

CUT TO:

14AA INT. GOLDIE'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY [1725]

14AA

On GOLDIE standing, waiting with DAVEY-

 DAVEY
 You sure you said-

On GOLDIE irritated, yet holding it together.

 GOLDIE
 (cutting in)
 -straight after work. I told them
 both to drop by.

A sense of DAVEY's growing agitation-

 DAVEY
 You should have told them we'd meet
 them there.

DAVEY wavers, clocking DAWN and MICHAEL arriving in MICHAEL's car outside-

 GOLDIE
 No - what I should have done is
 left you years ago.

DAVEY hesitates, a certain venom to GOLDIE despite the smile and wave she throws to DAWN and MICHAEL as she prepares to meet them, standing now in the open doorway.

 GOLDIE (CONT'D)
 But I didn't know then you were
 screwing my best friend.

DAVEY wavers - sees she knows it all. Yet GOLDIE is all smiles, turning to greet DAWN on the approach.

CUT TO:

14A INT. LIVING ROOM, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY [1726] 14A

The STILL of the sitting room-

DAWN MCKENZIE [late 20's] GOLDIE's daughter, head of communications in DAVEY's company, sits opposite her parents, GOLDIE and DAVEY.

DAWN

Why now?

MICHAEL MCKENZIE [early 30's] quieter, an accounts manager for DAVEY's company, gentler than his father, stands. Coffee cups and a pot on the table.

MICHAEL

Dawn-

DAWN

(to MICHAEL)

Aren't you bothered? Aren't you even bothered?

DAWN tears starting to well-

GOLDIE

Love, if you cry I cry, so no tears today alright.

DAWN visibly struggling

DAWN

But Mum...

GOLDIE

(looking to DAVEY)

You explain, why now.

GOLDIE looks to DAVEY, he takes a seat by GOLDIE's side and gently takes DAWN's hands, cupping them in hers. This is difficult. Difficult as if she was a child right now.

DAVEY

(gentle)

You remember when we used to go to Ilkley Moor. And we'd get so far and you'd always say "Can we go home now?" You remember that feeling when you were sort of done?

DAWN hesitates, eyes searching DAVEY's face.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Well, we're done.

A FLICKER of anger and pain in GOLDIE's face, seated by his side - this is too much.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
(kind)
We're done.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. BRIDAL SHOP, BOND STREET, LONDON - DAY 4. [1740]** 15

CLOSE on HANNAH, hurrying out of a cab-

NINA, glaring at her from inside a Bond Street Bridal shop, tapping her watch.

HANNAH mouthing 'sorry' before making to hurry inside.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. BRIDAL SHOP, BOND STREET, LONDON - DAY 4. [1810]** 16

CLOSE ON HANNAH and NINA, seated on a deep velvet chaise, their bodies not yet seen, both clasping half drained champagne glasses, focus fixed on something beyond.

Beyond, an ANXIOUS LOOKING BRIDE paused on some particularly classy wedding gown.

HANNAH
Say yes to the dress.

HER TIGHT LIPPED IRRITATED CITY BROKER fiancé leans over, eyeing the price tag. He looks at his BRIDE, clearly unimpressed - the SCRAPE of another HANGER as she, with quiet despair, carries on her search as he heads away to take another important call. On NINA, sliding her business card into the goldfish bowl of business cards for cake decorators and bridal veils resting on the counter close by.

NINA
Say bye to the guy.

On NINA checking the rail, holding up dresses to herself.

NINA (CONT'D)
Have you even watched Say Yes to the Dress?

HANNAH
Yes.

HANNAH idly falls into looking at dresses on rails.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Liv watches it all the time.
(seeing her look)
Someone says yes to the dress.

NINA

And that is where you are so wrong.
It's much, much more than that.
It's a tiny microcosm of the
futility of human existence. The
bride comes out. She loves the
dress. She looks to those she loves
to love the dress. They hate the
dress. They kill the dress. They
kill the dream. The dream is dead.

HANNAH

This is what happens when you drink
before 5.

NINA

Yours was a quick phone around and
then we all legged it to that
registry office around the corner
from-

HANNAH

It was a beautiful place.

NINA

The bride after you wore flip flops
and a Pacamac. And you were
mysteriously late for your own
wedding by the way.

HANNAH deflects, crossing over to the changing room area.

HANNAH

Rose, I have to prep for a
conference call back at the office
by 9-

Beyond, behind a distant changing room curtain-

ROSE OOV

Wait!

SILENCE -

NINA idly picks up a bridal garter edged with blue. She eyes
the price tag then discreetly pops it into her bag. NINA
crosses over to HANNAH, sits. They drink some more until-

HANNAH

So, you and Christie - when are you
going out?

NINA

Tonight.

HANNAH nods, inwardly reeling, yet feigning calm.

HANNAH
He doesn't want kids.

NINA

And in the *unlikely* event that we
do procreate after our first date
then...Good to know we're on the
same page.

SUDDENLY ROSE puts her head around the curtain-

ROSE

Hannah, I can't-

HANNAH crossing over to her, stepping into the dressing area.
ROSE her back to HANNAH, clearly grappling with buttons-

HANNAH

...Wow...that's a lot of
buttons...Fingers away.

ROSE concedes, HANNAH taking over, buttoning up the back,
both quietly enjoying this moment, yet seeing how nervous
ROSE is.

ROSE

I feel sick.

HANNAH

You'll be fine.

A beat.

ROSE

I don't even know what he looks
like.

HANNAH

Like Gene Wilder but with less hair-

NINA

And hopefully a little less creepy.

ROSE

Please. I need you there tonight.

From beyond-

NINA

(eyeing herself in mirror)
I'm getting Nana Jo's arms.

HANNAH wavers, catching ROSE's begging look-

HANNAH

(conceding/close to ROSE)
You're the only one I really love.

WHOOPS and CHEERS from NINA behind-

SUDDENLY, NINA's breath taken away on seeing ROSE now standing in the perfect dress.

ROSE

Yes-?

HANNAH nods, tears also welling, barely able to get her words out, at last seeing the dress in full as ROSE turns. ROSE smiles, turns, an endless train behind her. NINA looks to HANNAH with an additional smile.

NINA

Definitely. Yes.

CUT TO:

17

INT. RECEPTION, THE CONNINGTON, LONDON - DAY 4. [1900]

17

The MEET and GREET inside The Connington - it's beautiful and glittery, the entrance to a more glamorous world.

HANNAH looking at them both, then standing between them she slips her arms into theirs, pushing them on.

Distant piano playing. BUSINESSMEN and LADIES WHO LUNCH meet and greet.

A PIANO PLAYER lost in musical medley - Cats and Memories or the like-

HANNAH, NINA and ROSE make their way over to an ELEGANT FEMALE MAITRE D' at a desk. HANNAH signals towards a cloakroom heading away as ROSE and NINA are led towards a corner table. ROSE reaches for the menu - shaking in her hands.

NINA

(to passing waiter/pointing
to a drink on the drinks
menu)

Three of those. Actually just bring
a bottle.

ROSE wavers - concedes.

ROSE

Are you going to kiss him? I mean,
should we kiss him?

NINA hesitates, eyes catching on OSCAR, just visible entering the tea lounge - distinguished, greyer than NINA remembered. She tenses, silently watching him, not wanting to alert ROSE yet.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Or shall we just hug him? Or
perhaps neither.

Everything about this man is attentive and charming towards women pausing momentarily to speak to the ELEGANT FEMALE MAITRE D'. NINA watches, moved and yet the knot in her stomach twisting, making her feel an emotion she hadn't expected - longing, longing so that it makes her feel sick.

NINA
Hackman. He looks more like-

ROSE wavers, following her gaze fixed towards-

NINA (CONT'D)
...Gene Hackman.

OSCAR, being lead towards their table, momentarily hesitating on seeing them, then bracing himself-

CUT TO:

On HANNAH, turning from giving her coat at the coat check, hesitating on seeing OSCAR greeting NINA and ROSE in the distance-

OSCAR
(on the approach)
Rosie Posy-

And in a second, OSCAR pulls ROSE into a laughing embrace. NINA looks on, unsure whether to sit or stand. She sits, stands, waits.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Nina Regina-

OSCAR at once embracing NINA, a little more stiffly, a little more reserved. He pulls back from her, hesitating, his hand lightly touching her hair, cupping her face-

OSCAR (CONT'D)
You grew up.

On HANNAH on the approach, coming up behind OSCAR-

NINA
That's what happens.

OSCAR - hesitates, laughs. No one is going to kill his buzz.

OSCAR
So, where's Hannah-?

HANNAH
Here.

OSCAR turns, smiles, goes to hug HANNAH yet something makes him stop.

OSCAR
Did you order?

The WAITER on the approach with glasses and a bottle of champagne.

NINA
Yes.

NINA smiles her thanks as drinks are poured and they take their seats. On NINA reaching for her drink, taking a sip immediately. HANNAH shooting her a look, trying to calm her, to slow her down.

They sit, letting the dust settle momentarily until-

OSCAR
Rosy Posy...

ROSY smiles - he's everything she'd hoped he'd be.

ROSE
Daddy-

HANNAH and NINA look to one another.

HANNAH bites and swallows, holding in her inner scream.

The PIANO PLAYER plays on - cheesy musical medley underscores.

OSCAR
So, this is-

NINA
Unusual.

HANNAH shoots NINA a look.

ROSE
You arrived-

OSCAR
A couple of days ago.

They nod - letting this hang.

HANNAH
Is she with you?

ROSE shoots NINA a look.

OSCAR
Maya? No. She would have come if she could. We both so miss London. New York is fine but-

ROSE
We've talked about honeymooning in
New York.

NINA shoots ROSE a look - idiot.

OSCAR
You're getting married?

OSCAR quickly covers with a smile.

ROSE
(nods)
James worked out there for a while.
He's in finance.

OSCAR
James-

ROSE
My fiancé.

OSCAR
That's wonderful. Congratulations.

HANNAH wavers, knocks back her glass of champagne, too fast.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
(deflects/with a smile)
I hear you've left the family firm,
Hannah.

NINA
She felt like a change.

HANNAH
(nods/to OSCAR)
What was your excuse?

OSCAR hesitates - HANNAH's quietly puncturing with every
word.

SILENCE UNTIL-

OSCAR, smiles at ROSE, catching her hand in his, eyeing the
small rock on her hand.

OSCAR
*A life with love will have some
thorns, but a life without love
will have-*

ROSE smiles - charmed.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
...no roses.

OSCAR laughs, leaning back in his chair, taking it all in.
ROSE laughs. NINA fake laughs, briefly exchanging a look to
HANNAH.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

James-

(searching for a waiter)

I want to toast James.

HANNAH suddenly stands, needing to get away. They sit in
silence until-

NINA

(getting up to follow)

Maybe I'll just-

CUT TO:

18

INT. TOILETS, THE CONNINGTON, LONDON - DAY 4. [1910]

18

An elegant 1930's ladies bathroom-

A WASHROOM ATTENDANT adjusts a perfume display-

The EBB and FLOW of passing GUESTS dropping coins into her
tray.

HANNAH caught in a kaleidoscope of mirrors, crossing over to
a row of sinks. Gripping the sink, she exhales-

From the cubicle behind-

NINA OOV

Is it creepy that I find him
faintly attractive?

HANNAH

Yes...and also criminal by the way-

The FLUSH of the toilet-

NINA

(coming out of toilet)

Did Rose just call him Daddy?

HANNAH

Oh God.

They PISS themselves laughing - a nervous outpour.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And please stop fake laughing.

NINA

It's called easing the situation.

HANNAH

Well, don't. It's not you. You screw things up. You argue. You resist polite conversation. Keep on doing that.

NINA washes her hands, letting HANNAH rant-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

This is weird. Isn't this weird? Thirty years and-

NINA

No. It's weird because it doesn't feel weird. It feels...normal. For once no one has to fill the gap.

HANNAH

Are you doing therapy?

NINA

No. Never. And pilates is very, very bad.

HANNAH

Good. You're still in there somewhere. Steal an ashtray or something? Then I'll know you're really back.

NINA eyes a bottle of perfume, SNIFFS it-

NINA

(squirting perfume)
On it.

CUT TO:

19 INT. TEA LOUNGE, THE CONNINGTON, LONDON - DUSK 4. [1915] 19

NINA and HANNAH once more taking their places at the table-

ROSE

He has a beach house. And a boat.
They caught lobster.

NINA knocks back more champagne.

OSCAR

We sold it. Years ago.

HANNAH nods - inwardly reeling, this is too much, even for her, gathering her coat and bag, unable to take any more.

HANNAH

I have to go.

NINA

Hannah?

HANNAH

(to OSCAR/sudden)

Why are you back?

ROSE

Don't. Please-

HANNAH

Just while I've got you.

OSCAR hesitates, smiles - benign.

OSCAR

I wanted to see you.

HANNAH

We're fine. As you can see we have
turned out fine. We're fully
cooked. So, you can go home.

ROSE

Stop it. Please stop it.

HANNAH goes to pick up the bill. NINA makes to stop her,
holds her gaze, now fucked off and angry with HANNAH.

NINA

I'll get it.

CUT TO:

20

INT. RECEPTION, THE CONNINGTON, LONDON - DUSK 4. [1917]

20

OSCAR on HANNAH's tail-

OSCAR

Hannah-

HANNAH stops, OSCAR stands, close by-

OSCAR (CONT'D)

They say parents are the bones upon
which children cut their teeth.

HANNAH laughs, nods to herself.

HANNAH

You've got three grandchildren.
I'll be sure to tell them that-
(making to go)
...Dad.

On OSCAR - visibly punctured, suddenly aware of ROSE and
NINA's distant and concerned gaze.

He hesitates, smiles, holding up his glass and heading back towards them, affecting a relaxed air as he sits back down.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DUSK 4. [2010]** 21

On HANNAH standing in her office, mid way through a conference call, a bluetooth earpiece meaning she can walk and talk-

HANNAH

Good. Great. We're all agreed.

On HANNAH looking at her watch, tired and wanting to wind up the call. She sinks down at her desk, head in hand, eyes falling on a photo of NATHAN and the kids on the desk.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll get back to you on that.

On HANNAH - tears welling, pushing herself on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Nice talking to you too.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DUSK 4. [2015]**

On HANNAH heading home, exhausted, laden down with bags and files, the sense that she is the last leaving.

SUDDENLY HANNAH stops, clocks CHRISTIE with LAUREN, just visible through the ajar door of a boardroom, seemingly locked in a tense, heated exchange until-

CHRISTIE turns, clocking HANNAH, hurrying away.

CHRISTIE

(on the approach)

Hannah-

On HANNAH, flustered, wanting to just get away, CHRISTIE seeing from her face, all is not OK.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

HANNAH

The Antholous call ran on late-

CHRISTIE nods. HANNAH nods - it's awkward, HANNAH battling fatigue, sadness and just the general load of her day.

CHRISTIE

Lauren was just..she just swung by-

HANNAH nods, tears welling. Instinctively CHRISTIE reaches out a hand, touching HANNAH.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Hannah-?

Genuine love and concern evident in his face, as he holds her tear filled gaze until-

On HANNAH - suddenly clocking LAUREN, now standing in the doorway of the distant boardroom seeing this. She nods, smiles, deflects, heading away.

HANNAH

It's fine. All good.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DUSK 4. [2025]** 23

The STREAK of traffic-

HANNAH emerging into the street, raising an arm to flag a taxi as it whizzes past-

On HANNAH, caught in the ebb and flow of traffic, just needing to be home.

SUDDENLY she stops, ducks into a side street, leaning back against the wall. Tears suddenly falling down her face. She hurriedly wipes them away - surprising her as she lets it all go.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. HALLWAY, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2100]** 24

Late-

HANNAH entering, puts her briefcase down, weary from her day.

VINNIE and TILLY just visible through an ajar door, passed out on the sofa, watching I'm A Celebrity Get Me Out of Here or the like on TV -

HANNAH

Hey.

HANNAH sinks down, runs her fingers through VINNIE's hair. He pulls away, flicking the remote.

TILLY

He's got his period.

VINNIE scowls at TILLY. TILLY smiles. HANNAH smiles, sits and watches TV with them, one hand absently stroking VINNIE's hair as he finally concedes, leaning in a little to her.

VINNIE
Your nose is red.

HANNAH
Cold.
(beat)
Where's Dad?

TILLY
(pointing upwards)
Spying.

CUT TO:

25

INT. LANDING, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2203]

25

NATHAN perched on the top of the stairs, ear pressed close to a bedroom door-

HANNAH
If you were any kind of spy you'd
have shinned up the wall by now-

HANNAH, at the top of the stairs, a pile of files in hand, clearly she's going to be up working late.

NATHAN
Ssh-

SUDDENLY the doors opens-

SASHA [16 yrs] their tall lanky neighbour stands, a rucksack in his hand, staring back at them. LIV, just visible beyond, looking up from doing homework at her desk.

SASHA
Night.

SASHA moves off, his lolloping frame heading downstairs, two steps at a time. LIV crosses over, closing the door on them. HANNAH looks to NATHAN nonplussed.

NATHAN
There were noises.

CUT TO:

26

INT. BEDROOM, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2220]

26

HANNAH and NATHAN getting ready for bed, brushing their teeth, creaming their faces, the shit that couples do before they turn off the lights.

She climbs into bed, next to NATHAN, both now with work spilt out across their bed. Both looking over work as they talk.

NATHAN
She's sixteen.

HANNAH
I'd know if my daughter was having sex.

NATHAN
And you're naive.

HANNAH
Or maybe I just trust her. She'd tell me. We talk.

NATHAN puts away his work, looks at her, senses all is not OK.

NATHAN
Hey.

HANNAH
Hey.

He turns, face to face with her now, waiting. She wipes away a tear, looks away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
He has a beach house. He *had* a beach house. And a boat. They caught lobster. I bet she hand smoked it on the beach.

NATHAN
Why do you never use her name?

HANNAH
He had a beach house. With *Maya*, our 24 year old nanny from North Carolina.
(seeing look)
She wore a brace for God's sake.

NATHAN
Well thirty years on I expect her teeth are pretty straight by now.

HANNAH
My father had an affair. End of.

NATHAN
Or so your mother says.
(beat)
Don't you want to hear the other side?

On NATHAN, rolling over-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Affairs don't take place in secret,
Han. There are usually signs-

...on the edge of sleep-

NATHAN (CONT'D)
...that we choose to ignore.

On HANNAH, considering, looking back at her work until-

HANNAH
Nina and Christie are going on a
date tonight.

On NATHAN, seemingly only half listening.

NATHAN
(mumbling a little)
Right. Interesting.

HANNAH
Not interesting. Insane. She's
psychotic. And he's...

NATHAN
A good looking bastard.

HANNAH wavers, turns to look at NATHAN, his back to her, now almost asleep.

HANNAH
She'll text me before the end of
play. Because this is what I do.
What I've always done for my
sisters. Be there. To hold
everyone's hand.

HANNAH curses and underlines something on the Form E.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You really think Liv is sleeping
with that boy?

SILENCE-

HANNAH hesitates, reaches out a hand, touches him. Then pulls her hand back.

NATHAN
Don't.

HANNAH hesitates, puts her hand back on his sleeping body, working as he sleeps.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
That's nice.

HANNAH looks back at him. She loves this man. Then back at her phone, looking at her messages. The sense of a certain restlessness in HANNAH-

She presses her face against the cool of the pillow, her cellphone resting on a side table- almost willing for a call or text.

On NATHAN - his eyes open, awake the whole time.

CUT TO:

27 INT, BAR, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2230]

27

On NINA, seated at a bar, seemingly in conversation with someone off screen-

NINA
He was nice. Like really nice. And
it's not like they're not meant to
screw you up your parents.

NINA downing another martini, checking her watch.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CHRISTIE'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2231]

On CHRISTIE, seated at his desk. Trying to work. He stands, paces, frustrated and upset about something as he pours himself a drink. Then tries to go back to work. Can't. Slams down his papers, furious. Suddenly with realisation he hesitates, clocks the time -shit, reaching for his phone.

CUT TO:

29 INT, BAR, LONDON - NIGHT 4. [2232]

29

The BUZZ of a newly arrived text from CHRISTIE on NINA's cell phone that reads - **Sorry. Sorry. Crisis at work. Rain check on tonight. My bad. I will call.**

On NINA, dryly unsurprised, places it back on the bar.

NINA
I mean don't you need the jab of a
screwed up childhood to really push
you on?

A COOL GAY COUPLE clearly keen to get back to their conversation as NINA nods to the BARMAN, in search of another drink.

CUT TO:

30

INT. KITCHEN, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 5. [0700]

30

Early, HANNAH drinks coffee amidst the chaos of breakfast. Kids. Noise. NATHAN weaving through, kissing her in passing-

NATHAN
You smell good.

HANNAH smiles.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
See you later.
(on HANNAH's look)
Zander called. They want some
pointers on fertility law.

NATHAN gone. On HANNAH considering, clocking VINNIE. He SNIFFS HANNAH - then comically passes out, seemingly overpowered by the smell.

SUDDENLY the PING of a message flashing up on HANNAH's cellphone resting by her side, MAGGIE - *Check Mail Online now.*

On HANNAH, she stirs, quizzical, blearily reaching for her iPad and flicking to Mail Online. Scrolling down the sidebar of shame, she pauses on one particular story close to the top - **DIALLO BRIDE BEDS STRIPPER** or the like already reaching for her cellphone.

HANNAH
(to self)
Shit.

CUT TO:

31

INT. LIFT/RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [0830]

31

On HANNAH with MAGGIE, takeout coffees in hand, reading on her iPad as they come out of the lift.

MAGGIE
(hushed/ reading)
*Busty model Kelsey is no stranger
to scoring from the half side. A
regular in the VIP area at Boujis,
a source confirmed that Diopo is
not the first footballer she has
tried to snare. With the ensuing
prenup battle-*

MAGGIE holds up a photo within the article on her iPad of KELSEY seemingly in intimate exchange with a man in a bar, clearly taken clandestinely.

HANNAH
In every paper?

MAGGIE
(nods)
Even got the figures for the sunset
clause right.

On HANNAH, wavering on seeing CHRISTIE, heading for the lift they have just come out of. The EBB and FLOW of PEOPLE all around them.

HANNAH
The Diopo prenup this morning?
We're meeting in boardroom 4-

On HANNAH nodding to MAGGIE to go on ahead.

CHRISTIE
Sorry, I'm in court for Zander.

On HANNAH - with quiet surprise, CHRISTIE a little distant today, turning to go-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
On the Martin claim?

HANNAH curious, CHRISTIE already falling in with OTHERS heading into the lift.

HANNAH
(afterthought)
How did the date go?

CHRISTIE, seemingly not hearing, as the lift doors close.

CUT TO:

32

INT. BOARDROOM, OFFICES, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1030]2

HANNAH and MAGGIE seated with a visibly upset KELSEY. Opposite, LAUREN also seated, in waiting. The room now drained of people. LAUREN tries her phone again - DIALLO's answerphone message, not audible but kicking in. She flicks it off.

LAUREN
He's still not answering-

On KELSEY bending her head, tears once more threatening. HANNAH reaches out a hand, squeezes hers. KELSEY's gaze wavering on copies of the morning tabloids. A photo of her clear on the front of nearly every page- on holiday in Dubai.

The salacious headlines bannered on the front eluding to KELSEY as a gold digger and questioning if the wedding is *Dia'off'*.

KELSEY

It was a hen weekend. We all got drunk. All the other wives and girlfriends. But I didn't sleep with any stripper. With anyone. I don't even know who those two blokes are.

KELSEY gestures to the clandestine photo of her seemingly in an illicit embrace, leant in close to a man in a bar, her head close to his. From a certain angle, it could look like they are kissing.

LAUREN

Unfortunately it's shaken my client's confidence and his sponsors...

KELSEY burying her face into her hands, MAGGIE gently comforting her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

The same source says there were also drugs involved.

HANNAH

And that is libel. An unnamed source, used as evidence, is libel.

SUDDENLY the door opens, DIALLO enters with his entourage of SLICK SUITED COLLEAGUES, clearly he hasn't slept.

KELSEY

Diallo-

KELSEY runs into DIALLO's arms. He brushes her away.

LAUREN

(aside to COLLEAGUE)
Get him coffee.

KELSEY gutted, wiping away tears as DIALLO makes to sit by LAUREN's side - he can't even look at her.

KELSEY

I've been calling you all night.
It's not true. You know it's not true.

DIALLO

That's not the way it looks, Kels.

LAUREN

There are concerns that this situation-

KELSEY

You're not doing this...

LAUREN

...brings too much damage.

KELSEY blocks LAUREN out, eyes fixed on DIALLO

KELSEY

I want to hear it from you. The wedding's off? Say it. Say it. Say you can't marry me.

DIALLO at last looks at KELSEY, tears in his eyes, his silence saying it all.

DIALLO

Je ne peux pas...je suis désolé.

He looks away. It kills her.

KELSEY

Hannah...Tell 'em please. Please-

MAGGIE gently comforting KELSEY-

HANNAH

This is unacceptable-

DIALLO clearly struggling, LAUREN seeing this.

LAUREN

Diallo, could you wait outside?

LAUREN looks to the SLICK SUITED COLLEAGUES to usher DIALLO out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You will, of course, be recompensed.

LAUREN slides some paperwork over to KELSEY and HANNAH.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

It's a generous offer.

On KELSEY, looking down at the paperwork, devastated but numb. Then to HANNAH.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

In return you will agree to sign a non-disclosure agreement not to discuss your relationship with my client any further.

SUDDENLY, KELSEY reaches out, takes the non-disclosure agreement -

KELSEY

I don't want money...I don't want it.

Incredulous, she rips it up, devastated and sobbing, sinking to the floor.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Diallo...

CUT TO:

33

INT. CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1035]

33

HANNAH tailing LAUREN out, closing the door behind her.

HANNAH

Someone on your team leaked that photo.

An emotional DIALLO and the SLICK SUITED ENTOURAGE, already back on their cellphones, leading him away in the lift.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Who else does this benefit?

LAUREN stops, throws DIALLO and his ENTOURAGE a wave, gesturing five minutes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

They had details of the prenup. Specific clauses. That could only have come from your side.

LAUREN

And that is speculation. Either way this photograph is embarrassing and damaging for my client. I have to protect him.

HANNAH

Right. Right. No matter that it is deliberately misleading and that he has been misinformed?

LAUREN wavers, looks beyond, eyes searching for someone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Christie's in court all morning.

LAUREN nods, offers a dismissive smile. Yet she is clearly hurt.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
If I interrupted anything last night-

LAUREN
(shrugs)
It's complicated. We hadn't seen one another since the divorce. My last image is of me screaming at him in some restaurant in Hong Kong.

HANNAH hesitates, nods, smiles-

HANNAH
We've all done that before.

LAUREN nods, a little thrown.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(deflects)
Your first?

LAUREN
Uh huh.

HANNAH catching the edge on this despite LAUREN's smile.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
You-?

HANNAH
Three...Like a grenade in my marriage every time.

LAUREN wavers - looking to HANNAH, despite herself LAUREN likes HANNAH, shaking her head with a half smile.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(sudden)
I'm sorry it didn't work out. With you and Christie.

LAUREN
(nods)
So am I.

LAUREN looks beyond to KELSEY still with MAGGIE in the boardroom.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
She's a sweet girl.
(hushed aside)
It did her a favour.

HANNAH wavers, sees something in LAUREN's eyes-

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I'll send over another copy of the
non-disclosure.
(moving off)
Encourage her to sign.

On HANNAH - considering, a flicker of something, suspicion in her eyes, clocking MAGGIE just coming out of the boardroom.

HANNAH
That guy you were seeing? The clerk
dealing with the injunction
register?

MAGGIE
John.

HANNAH nods, looking back at KELSEY on the phone in the boardroom, clearly in conversation with her mum or the like.

HANNAH
Still got his phone number?

MAGGIE
(seeing look)
It was one night.

HANNAH
Get him to do a search on any non-
disclosures and/or injunctions that
Lauren Brooker may have taken out
over the last 18 months.

HANNAH making to head back into the boardroom.

MAGGIE
Mrs McKenzie's running late.

CUT TO:

HANNAH enters, gently closes the door. HANNAH sits with KELSEY lets her cry and then gently she takes KELSEY's hands, letting her tears sober to hiccups, bringing her down. Then, resigned, KELSEY takes her engagement ring off and slides it down on the table towards HANNAH.

KELSEY

Can you get this back to him?

HANNAH wavers, the engagement ring left on the table.

HANNAH

Are you sure?

KELSEY

It's too big anyway.

On HANNAH comforting KELSEY, clocking GOLDIE just arriving in reception.

HANNAH

I'm sorry, Kelsey.

CUT TO:

35

INT. RECEPTION, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1100]

35

CLOSE on GOLDIE as HANNAH leads her towards a boardroom.

GOLDIE

She's young. Divorce?

HANNAH following GOLDIE's gaze, clocking MAGGIE showing KELSEY out.

HANNAH

Pre-nup.

GOLDIE

Tell her to run for the hills.

CUT TO:

36

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1103]

36

On HANNAH facing GOLDIE, a sense that GOLDIE is a little distracted today.

HANNAH

So-

HANNAH smiles, turns to the Form E paperwork on the table in front of her, now heavily notated-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Davey's Form E is in.

HANNAH slides a copy of the Form E across to GOLDIE. GOLDIE picks it up, absently reads, trying to make sense of this.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's one part of a two piece
jigsaw. And should show us the full
financial picture of your family.

GOLDIE hesitates, the words swimming on the paperwork in
front of her.

GOLDIE
I thought he'd paid off the
mortgage on the Nice apartment.

GOLDIE looks at her, looks back at the figures, considering-

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
(looking up from reading)
And he's not put in the yacht. Or
the plane.

HANNAH - unsurprised, making note of this.

HANNAH
That's why I'd like to send our
forensic accountant over to the
house this afternoon. To ensure
that we have all the financial
facts. He'll take an inventory, a
true value of everything.

GOLDIE
Do I have to move out?

HANNAH
No. You do not move out of the
house. It's your home. Goldie, do
you hear me? Once we've gathered
the information we need from the
family home we'll move onto his
business accounts. My concern is
he's not being as transparent as we
would like.

HANNAH smiles, sees GOLDIE is trying to take it all in.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
OK, so now let's turn to the back.

HANNAH gently points towards the bottom of the page.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
This is where Davey has chosen to
cite his own reasons for divorce.
It may make for difficult reading-

GOLDIE, her face draining of colour as her eyes quietly track
across the words, each one silently puncturing her heart-

GOLDIE
(as if reading)
The respondent 'drank to excess.'..

GOLDIE looks up to HANNAH with incredulity.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
It's 2...3 maybe glasses of wine of
an evening.
(as if reading)
*'In the latter half of the
marriage, there was little to no
sexual companionship.'*

GOLDIE - this hits hard, a sense of slow seeping realisation.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
*Mrs McKenzie treated it as if it
was the 'last job of the day'...and
that the marriage was done.*
(almost to self)
That bitch.

And something else - anger.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
But he cheated on me? He had an
affair. With my best friend.

On HANNAH - she nods, careful with her words.

HANNAH
The judge doesn't care about that.
To be honest, the judge won't care
about this. This is intimidation.
They want you to settle. And that
is why they have made you a
separate offer here. But it's too
low. So, I want to go back.

On GOLDIE - quietly taking this in.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
...From personal experience I know
that his solicitor fights hard for
her clients. Which will make it
costly. My fee alone will
potentially run into tens of
thousands. But you've got me
Goldie. I'm on your side. And I
will fight harder. So are you
ready?

On GOLDIE - looks back at the paperwork, her mind made up.

GOLDIE
(firm)
Yes.

CUT TO:

37 INT. RECEPTION/ CORRIDOR, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1105]

On NATHAN shaking hands with CHRISTIE, newly arrived-

CHRISTIE
Sorry, court ran over. Let's go
into my office-

Clocking HANNAH through the glass of the boardroom in
conversation with GOLDIE.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
You want me to-

NATHAN
No...No...
(with a smile)
Sometimes it's nice to watch her
when she doesn't know I'm looking.

They walk, passing ZANDER-

ZANDER
Good - you came. Christie will look
after you. Good win on the Nelson
settlement.

NATHAN
(nods)
I try.

ZANDER smiles, heading away, leaving them to head into
CHRISTIE's office-

ZANDER
(throwing back)
Next time, can you be on our side?

CUT TO:

38 INT. CHRISTIE'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1125] 38

On CHRISTIE, crossing over to his desk, pulling out files,
gesturing to NATHAN to sit-

NATHAN
So, how did it go with Nina?

CHRISTIE with surprise-

NATHAN (CONT'D)

First rule - you get one Defoe
sister, you get them all. Twenty
years experience.

CHRISTIE

Thanks for the heads up.

CHRISTIE deflects, sliding paperwork over to NATHAN to read.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

So - fertility law. We have various
cases that I know Zander wanted you
to look at-

HANNAH pokes her head around the door-

HANNAH

Hey-

On HANNAH - this is weird, seeing them both together in the
same room.

CHRISTIE

You've finished up on the Diopo pre-
nup?

HANNAH

No - currently on the rocks.

CHRISTIE

I was just about to run over the
various cases, Jaynie Lee in
particular. She fired her second
barrister a week ago-

HANNAH looks to CHRISTIE with surprise.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(seeing look)

We thought Nathan could be her
third.

NATHAN clocking this is oddly awkward.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Zander's idea.

HANNAH

Right-

HANNAH looks beyond, sees her next CLIENT here.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Look forward to you filling me in.
(nods to NATHAN)
Bill for double time. See you at
home.

On NATHAN he nods, smiles, not quite sure what he has witnessed, but he doesn't like it.

CHRISTIE

(deflects)

So...it's a complicated divorce.
Made worse by her husband's
decision to withdraw consent with
regard to three frozen embryos
created during the marriage.

NATHAN falls to looking at the paperwork, wavering on hearing-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Hannah and I have been working very
closely on it.

CUT TO:

39

INT. CHURCH, LONDON - DAY 5. [1230]

39

JAMES and ROSE seated near the front of the church with **GLEN PETERS** [30's] a cool, slightly scruffy, vicar. Their heads are bowed in prayer-

GLEN

Oh God, you gave man the constant
help of woman-

ROSE opens one eye, he's losing her-

GLEN (CONT'D)

...so that man and woman should no
longer be two, but one flesh.

JAMES grips her hand tighter, smiles, his eyes still closed. ROSE's gaze quietly roams over stained glass and prayer cushion - inside she is trying to control boredom and panic that threaten to collide.

GLEN (CONT'D)

May the love that brought us
together grow and mature with each
passing year-

JAMES breathes heavy, reaching for his nasal spray in his pocket, and inhaling. Then he puts the spray back, all without opening his eyes. ON ROSE, quietly marvelling at this, with growing despair.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Amen.

GLEN smiles - JAMES and ROSE take their cue, opening their eyes. Nervous laughter.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I know it can be a little strange
if you're not used to it. But what
I am here to do is offer you not
only spiritual guidance but
emotional and practical.

ROSE smiles, JAMES smiles - clocking ROSE on the edge of
SNIGGERS. He grips her hand tighter - the engagement ring
digging into her skin.

ROSE

Great.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. PATH, NEAR CHURCH, LONDON - DAY 5. [1250]

40

A magnolia tree heavy with blooms-

ROSE wheeling her bike back along the path, JAMES by her
side.

JAMES

You were rude.

ROSE

Priests are funny.

JAMES

He's a vicar.

ROSE

It's ridiculous. We don't even-

JAMES

I believe.

ROSE stops in her tracks.

ROSE

Don't say it. Don't say it-

JAMES

That there's something.

ROSE

No...Oh my God you're going to say
it-

JAMES

(with a half smile)

I believe in Jesus.

ROSE starts laughing. JAMES playful now-

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're the one who wants to get married in a bloody church.

...falling into a laughing embrace until-

ROSE

That does not mean we let some celibate vicar who looks like he watches *Robot Wars* tell us to never go to bed on an argument and the virtues of make up sex.

JAMES

You're disappointed. You've met your Dad and you're disappointed.

ROSE

I never said that.

JAMES

No, but you were expecting more.

ROSE

No - I wasn't. He was exactly what I expected. He was. He was. A whole side of my DNA just back. Disappointed? It was amazing.

JAMES

Now who sounds like the religious nut.

ROSE

I want him there.

JAMES

(with concern)
You sure?

ROSE

I want him at *my* wedding.

JAMES

Our wedding.

ROSE

Yes but...*my* wedding really.

ROSE and JAMES caught in laughing embrace.

ROSE (CONT'D)

He's back.

JAMES nods, already moving off in search of his nasal spray as he heads away.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Can't I just be happy about that?

CUT TO:

41

INT. HALLWAY, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1400]

41

CLOSE on a FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT filming with his iPhone, focusing in close on a large painting on the wall. He snaps a photo then moves on, making notes as he walks. DAVEY and GOLDIE close by.

DAVEY
A forensic accountant? He looks like Derek-

RUTH just visible beyond, following the FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT as he moves on, HANNAH with notebook in hand.

GOLDIE
He looks nothing like Derek.

DAVEY
Derek G. In the Croydon factory.

GOLDIE
I know who Derek is.

DAVEY
He costs £600 an hour. And I'm expected to pay. Do you really want to do this? I thought I'd made a decent offer.

GOLDIE
I don't want decent. I want what's fair. I want what I'm owed.

On GOLDIE, with sudden realisation, peering close to DAVEY's face - he's bruised a little around his eyes.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
God - you've had your bags done.

DAVEY wavers - unsettled under GOLDIE's searching gaze.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
You have. You've had your bags done. When did you get your bags done?

DAVEY
Do they look alright?

On GOLDIE - silently incredulous.

GOLDIE
I'm not sleeping. And you get your
bags done.

GOLDIE half laughs to herself-

DAVEY
Goldie-

GOLDIE
You've ripped my heart out so that
it hurts to breathe, Davey.
(beat)
We're *done*?

DAVEY with surprise and then genuine remorse-

DAVEY
I don't want you to be in pain,
love.

GOLDIE
Well I am. *Love*.

The pain flickering across GOLDIE's face, silencing him.
GOLDIE moving off to join the others....

CUT TO:

42

INT. CELLAR, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 5. [1403]

42

An incredible high-tech wine cellar - vintage bottles of every colour and breed lining the walls. RUTH walking by HANNAH's side. DAVEY a little way ahead showing the FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT around. HANNAH picks up a bottle of wine in passing-

HANNAH
Do you know what I don't
understand?

RUTH remains silent, irritating HANNAH even more.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What I've never understood?

HANNAH stops, pulls out a bottle of port, blows off the dust -
Taylor Scion 1855.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You were abandoned. You were
deserted. And yet you show no
sympathy for women like Goldie.

RUTH

It's not my job to show sympathy.
It's my job to get the best deal
for my client.

HANNAH

Accusing her of alcoholism is the
best deal? Trying to get her out of
her house is the *best* deal?

RUTH

No one said divorce wasn't a shock,
but we all have to stand on our own
two feet one day.

HANNAH

She's been standing on her own two
feet for forty years. Just not in
an office. She signed up to this
man and he's let her down.

RUTH

You were just like this as a little
girl. You came out screaming.

HANNAH

And you never asked why?
(sudden)
We saw Dad. Last night.

On RUTH - deeply betrayed by this but not showing it.

RUTH

He wastes no time.

HANNAH

It's 30 years mother. Is he dying?
It's that or he's skipped bail.

RUTH

I don't know, Hannah.

HANNAH

Yes you do. You always know
everything.

RUTH

(shrugs/deflects)
Maybe he wants to make amends.

HANNAH

Great. Show me where he used to
stash his dope.

RUTH, seemingly only half listening, stopping to look at the
odd bottle of wine.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And where is *Maya* by the way? Don't
you think it is weird he's come
without her?

RUTH

I don't know. Let's hope she's
died.

On HANNAH, for a moment catching on RUTH - a glint of humour,
not lost on her PUNCTURED by-

FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT

(calling back)

Do you want the Burgundies logged
in with the other reds?

HANNAH/RUTH

Yes.

The FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT hesitates - both emphatic, moving on -
RUTH nods to DAVEY, offering him a quiet look of reassurance.

RUTH

(hushed)

I won't talk about this now.

HANNAH

But-

RUTH

Please, Hannah-

HANNAH hesitates, nods, the first puncture in RUTH's veneer,
unsettling HANNAH - she moves off to join GOLDIE.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(sudden)

Above the fridge. Top cupboard.
Where your father stashed his
dope..

HANNAH hesitates, looks at RUTH, half laughs.

RUTH (CONT'D)

But your sisters may have got to it
first.

HANNAH moving on, resuming all smiles as she joins GOLDIE,
DAVEY and the FORENSIC ACCOUNTANT. RUTH left momentarily
alone, heading away to join DAVEY once more.

CUT TO:

43

INT. RUTH'S OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 5. [1600]

43

CLOSE on NINA, horribly hung over and lying on the sofa in RUTH's office. RUTH crosses the room, putting her briefcase down, in no mood for NINA today.

RUTH

I presume this is self-induced.

NINA opens an eye, reluctantly SWINGING her legs around, bracing herself to stand.

NINA

OK. I'm leaving-

RUTH

You saw your father.

NINA stops, turns, resigned as to what's coming-

NINA

Oh God - I am twelve again.

RUTH

Hannah told me. You know you drink too much.

NINA

I've just called Brown Owl a bitch and we're in the kitchen and here I am again-

RUTH

...Is it not enough that at times your relationship with certain clients could be deemed inappropriate. That some could say you are one almighty train wreck. That you go out for one evening with your father and...I presume it was him who got you into this state-

On NINA - truly stung now.

NINA

And it was *great*. It was *fun*. He wants to get to know *us*. *Us*. He was not what you said mother.

RUTH

Not yet. Not yet.

On RUTH - tears stinging.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Get out of my office.

CUT TO:

44

INT. KITCHEN, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 5. [2300]

44

The STILL of the house-

HANNAH back late from work, opens the fridge, her face illuminated in the dark. She jumps on seeing-

LIV in a T-shirt and her underwear, standing in the kitchen, two bowls of cereal in her hands.

HANNAH

Hey.

HANNAH nods, clocking the two bowls of cereal. The table spread out with HANNAH's work. The engagement ring resting close by. LIV picks it up, tries it on. HANNAH looks at her. LIV puts it down.

LIV

Rock that big. What's he hiding?

HANNAH

When did you get so unromantic?

LIV

When I realised that love is a triggered biological reaction we call "in love" compounded by the social construction of what love means and how it unfolds.

(making to go)

There's some lasagne left if you're hungry.

HANNAH

He seems nice. Sasha.

(beat)

So are you-?

LIV rolls her eyes, hates this conversation.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know you are both sixteen. I know you think you're mature enough to sleep with one another but you're not. When I was sixteen-

LIV

(emphatic)

We're not.

(holding up the cereal bowls)

Vinnie. He's watching TV in my room.

SUDDENLY a news alert flashes up on LIV's phone- a photo of DIALLO and KELSEY coming out of a bar, smiling, hands entwined, the strap line confirming the engagement is back on. Instinctively HANNAH picking it up, scrolling through it, looking at it with surprise. She looks up, sees LIV assuming HANNAH is nosing in her phone-

LIV (CONT'D)
(rounding back/snatching it
off her)
Seriously?

CUT TO:

45

EXT. OFFICES, NOBLE&HALE - EARLY MORNING 6. [0850]

45

On HANNAH en route in, hesitating on seeing MAGGIE on the approach, holding out a pile of non-disclosure agreements.

MAGGIE
You owe me. We had dinner. And
cocktails.

HANNAH
Duly noted.

Then reading on with growing realisation, counting through seven non-disclosures, then looking back at MAGGIE with a smile.

MAGGIE
Ms Brooker's in court now.

On HANNAH, with a smile, hurrying on up the street, picking up her pace.

CUT TO:

46

EXT/INT. HIGH COURT, LONDON - DAY 6. [0915]

46

HANNAH entering, papers still clutched in her hand, eyes searching, spying LAUREN clearly en route to a courtroom. HANNAH holds up a tabloid newspaper carrying the morning story of DIALLO and KELSEY's reunion- bannered with a romantic strap line - **BACK TOGETHER AND IN LOVE** or the like.

LAUREN
I saw.

HANNAH falls into walking by LAUREN's side.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I spoke to Diallo this morning.
Apparently she's agreed to sign the
unamended prenup.

HANNAH
Even with all the facts?

HANNAH hands the pile of non-disclosure agreements across to LAUREN.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Five non-disclosures drawn up by you for the same player. Agreements that ensure this player is protected from any damaging or salacious accusations. Admittedly the majority of them are pre-Kelsey. But not all. It makes for good reading.

LAUREN exhales - sees she has been rumbled.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I will now talk to my client. Lay down the facts. If she has any sense she will break this off. If not - you need to work with me. Ditch the circus. We have two young and flawed people who are in love. Cut the crap and you and I do what we're good at. Fight for our clients best interests.
(gesturing to paperwork)
Because this, this means she gets what she wants. Every amendment that we have asked for, you will agree to.

On LAUREN, looking down at the paperwork. Then back at HANNAH, with FLICKERING realisation-

LAUREN
(sudden)
How long have you known my ex-husband?

HANNAH wavers-

LAUREN (CONT'D)
A long time.

LAUREN smiles, nods to herself with quiet realisation.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
It's you. You're the Hannah.

On HANNAH - quizzical, looking at LAUREN, seeing her flickering vulnerability.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
He never wanted kids-

HANNAH, at once exposed, this is a weird ambush she wasn't expecting. LAUREN seeing this.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
With me. He never wanted kids with
me.
(holding gaze)
Hannah.

On HANNAH, a fleeting sense of shame. LAUREN almost with a resigned smile.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(nodding to herself)
Idiot.

CUT TO:

47

INT. BOARDROOM, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 6. [1500]

47

HANNAH seated, facing KELSEY quietly reading and taking in the non-disclosure paperwork.

HANNAH
Five injunctions.

KELSEY fragile, holding onto her pride as she slides the paperwork back down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Five separate women.

Seated in the reception, just visible through the ajar door, DIALLO with LAUREN.

KELSEY
(nods)
He's told me everything.

He looks at KELSEY, a smile, filled with remorse.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
They were before me. They were all
before me.

KELSEY smiles back - there's real love here.

HANNAH
Not all.

KELSEY
He won't-

HANNAH
But if he does?

On KELSEY - she looks to a clearly repentant DIALLO.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

In five years time. In ten years time. It's hard for you to imagine, but what about in ten years time?

KELSEY

Everyone has a past.

HANNAH

And if it comes back to haunt you?

On KELSEY fragile, yet feigning defiance.

KELSEY

It won't.

HANNAH

But if it does, the prenup is written by the head for when the heart's forgotten it once loved. So, if you're happy to proceed-

HANNAH smiles, holding out the pen to KELSEY.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...you just need to sign.

KELSEY smiles, beckons to DIALLO. HANNAH stands, waiting to greet him, LAUREN close behind. They stand watching as they sign.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

SUDDENLY HANNAH remembers the engagement ring, handing it to KELSEY. She slips it on with a smile, looking down at it. Then at DIALLO - her face shining with hope and happiness as she exits to greet him.

On DIALLO, SWINGING KELSEY in his arms, WHOOPING with joy.

On LAUREN, she smiles, almost envious of the honesty between the two of them. She looks away, briefly catching CHRISTIE's eye, watching the scene. LAUREN pulls her gaze away, pushing herself on, going to congratulate DIALLO and admire KELSEY's ring.

On HANNAH, clocking this, holding CHRISTIE's gaze. He turns, heading back to work. On HANNAH considering.

CUT TO:

RUTH on the approach, DONNA greeting her-

DONNA

He's here.

RUTH nods her thanks-

OSCAR

Was that once in our bedroom?

OSCAR peers at a painting on the wall.

RUTH

Yes-

OSCAR smiles, holding a thick file of accounts in his hand.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Shall we go up to my office?

NINA just passing, paperwork in hand, stops on seeing-

OSCAR

Nina Regina-

On NINA - he's starting to grate.

RUTH

I thought you were out at the
Rathbone meeting.

NINA

It was pushed back an hour. I'm
just on my way.

NINA shakes her head, heads out, unsettled, watching as they
head into RUTH's office.

CUT TO:

49

INT. RUTH'S OFFICE, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 6. [1702]

49

RUTH crossing over to a filing cabinet, about to pull up some
files. OSCAR close behind-

RUTH

When your father left me the
business it was because he knew you
were not to be trusted. You
abandoned it and I was left to pick
the pieces up-

OSCAR

You're angry. The blood always
rushes to your ears when you're
angry.

RUTH

Irritating. Irritating. You are so bloody irritating. Your father also warned me that you would one day do this.

OSCAR

And that you would tell me no because the time-

RUTH

The time-

OSCAR

(cutting her off)

...the time is never right-

RUTH wavers, OSCAR on a roll now. She nods, opens her desk, takes out a cheque and slides it across the desk. OSCAR's eyes flick down, barely looking at it, certainly not picking it up.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Rose got beautiful.

RUTH

(almost to herself)

Got beautiful.

OSCAR

Hannah looks tired. She works too hard.

RUTH

Go home, Oscar. Pick up the cheque and go home.

OSCAR

I am home.

RUTH nods - laughs, can't quite believe how oddly familiar this is - still.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

...And our youngest daughter is getting married I hear.

RUTH wavers-

RUTH

(sarcastic)

You didn't get your invite? I'll look into it immediately-

OSCAR

Ruth-

RUTH

Rose is a romantic. Nina...Nina is brittle. She'll survive. And Hannah? The damage that you did. The damage that you could still do, Oscar-

OSCAR

How? How can I hurt them now? They're '*fully cooked*'. They are all '*fully cooked*'. Our youngest daughter is getting married. And I will be there.

RUTH
(hard)
When I am dead.

OSCAR
Unfortunately I can't wait for
that.

OSCAR wavers - emotion threatening.

RUTH
What do I need to do to get you
back on a plane to New York?

OSCAR
That cheque won't quite cut it.

RUTH wavers-

OSCAR (CONT'D)
I want my share. I want my share of
Defoe's. I want to sell.

SUDDENLY she laughs, it's almost unstoppable.

RUTH
(with realisation)
And you can't do that without the
girls. Without their signatures. Of
course. Brilliant. Get them drunk
and then hold the pen?
Wow. Wow. Wow. That's not how it
works. The deal was-

OSCAR
There are no more deals. Unless
you'd like to buy me out.
(close to)
30 years, Ruth.

On RUTH wavers - OSCAR slides back the cheque.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Those who murder do less time.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CORRIDOR, OFFICES, DEFOE'S, LONDON - DAY 6. [1705]

50

On NINA, back pressed to the wall, close to RUTH's door,
listening, hearing on-

The STING of tears and pain in her eyes.

On NINA, hurrying away.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE, NOBLE&HALE, LONDON - DAY 6. [1830] 51

On HANNAH silently working at the end of the day, CHRISTIE stands in her doorway

CHRISTIE

Well done. You got her a very generous pre-nup.

HANNAH

And you got tickets for the game.

CHRISTIE wavers. HANNAH shakes her head, a little incredulous, resumes working.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Mercenary.

CHRISTIE makes to go-

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So-? Are you ever going to tell me?
How did you and Nina get on?

CHRISTIE

We didn't.

On HANNAH's - surprise.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I got caught up with work. I was in the office gone-

HANNAH puts down her pen, unable to contain any longer.

HANNAH

You are terrible with women. You have always been terrible with women. The casualties as I seem to remember were evident on a fairly regular basis. It was me who had to mop them up in the morning. Tell them that it wasn't them, it was you. Your particular affliction being that they were great and beautiful and brilliant and you could never see what was right in front of your nose-

CHRISTIE

You were right.

HANNAH hesitates, CHRISTIE means this -

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't.

HANNAH holding his gaze, the moment genuinely raw and real-

HANNAH
Why did Zander bring Nathan in?

CHRISTIE
That's Zander. When he gets an idea
in his head-
(seeing look)
Nathan's sharp. Smart. Reliable.

HANNAH
Amongst other things. He doesn't
let people down.

CHRISTIE nods, suitably slapped down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
That night.

CHRISTIE stops, waits.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
That night before my wedding we
drank a lot and we talked a lot and
we-

On HANNAH, struggling a little with this-

CHRISTIE
...slept together.

HANNAH
(nods)
And you asked me not to make a
mistake that I would regret for the
rest of my life.

They look at each other, close now - it's dangerous.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Whatever this is? This has to stop.

On HANNAH - holding his gaze, willing herself not to break,
not to give in, not to reveal, not to let it all unravel,
pushing herself on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Because I chose Nathan. I married
Nathan. End of-

SUDDENLY the FLEETING STRAY LAUGHTER of passing COLLEAGUES
heading home, puncturing the moment, their voices dissolving
along the corridor until-

HANNAH (CONT'D)
They'll be someone for you.

HANNAH purposefully returning to work.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
There's always someone for everyone
eventually.

CHRISTIE nods to himself, half smiles, painfully rebuffed.

On HANNAH - she waits, looks up.

On CHRISTIE, heading away.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. CELLAR, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - EVENING 6. [2000]** 52

On GOLDIE alone in DAVEY's cellar. She sits opening another bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. Sips. Then rejects it, the sense that this is one of many already open, moving onto another bottle - she squints to read the label - something suitably expensive. Plunging her corkscrew in, she twists unscrewing the cork and sniffs.

Thousands of pounds worth of wine, every bottle open and tried, gradually littering the shelves and floor.

On GOLDIE, she drinks - she quite likes this one.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. STUDY, GOLDIE'S HOUSE, LONDON - EVENING 6. [2045]** 53

On GOLDIE desperately trying to get into DAVEY's computer, tapping away at random names - Her childrens', famous footballers, the dog. Each time it locks her out. Resigned, she leans back in the chair looking across at the bank of coded filing cabinets lined across the wall.

Passing the shelves of DAVEY's sporting awards, pictures of glitzy dinners and DAVEY shaking hands with celebs as dark wood veneer abounds all around. Yet GOLDIE is on a mission, sliding her wine glass down on top of one particular sturdy looking metal cabinet. Pressing in various letter/number digits, she goes through the usual names - hesitating as she stops and then presses one word - YVONNE. Nothing. Increasingly frustrated, GOLDIE pulls the corkscrew out of her pocket, desperately trying to lever the filing drawer open, with increasingly undignified frenzy.

Exhausted, she shoves it away with frustration, stopping on seeing TRIXIE standing in the doorway.

TRIXIE
Are you alright, Miss Goldie?

GOLDIE looks at her - eyes fill with tears. She's clearly not. Crossing over to her TRIXIE calmly types in six digits - G.O.L.D.I.E

The ELECTRONIC CLICK as the drawer UNLOCKS.

On GOLDIE looking at TRIXIE with absolute gratitude.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Coffee.

GOLDIE nods. TRIXIE nods, turning to make her some. ON GOLDIE, now alone, looking back to the filing cabinet drawer as she starts pulling out files, ready to look through them. She sinks down on the floor, turning the pages with a growing sense of realisation that there's more than a wine cellar that DAVEY has kept locked away.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. RECEPTION, OFFICES, DEFOE'S, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [2100]** 54

The STILL of the office-

On RUTH standing in front of an old master-like painting of a family. An image of a woman standing with two girls - the man a little separate, his back slightly to them.

Sipping on her whisky, RUTH considers the painting, then slipping her hand around the edge of the frame she pulls out-

An old spliff, secreted in the back. She considers it. Then takes it, turning back towards her office, quietly closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. BEDROOM, RUTH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [2115]** 55

CLOSE on ROSE, looking up at her wedding dress, now in a bag, on a hanger. Reaching up she unzips it, staring at the endless white and froth. Then reaching up she UNPICKS A LOOSE THREAD, ODDLY UNABLE to stop herself. Pulling more and more until-

On ROSE looking at the dress with a quiet, suffocating horror-

CUT TO:

56 **INT. HALLWAY, NINA'S APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [0130]** 56

CLOSE on NINA bleary eyed, in T-shirt and PJs or the like-

The RELENTLESS BUZZ of her front door bell-

NINA
Alright...Alright-

NINA yanks the door open, unamused-

CHRISTIE
4. I thought you were Flat 4.

CHRISTIE - clearly a little worse for wear, stands in her doorway, tie loose.

NINA
24.

CHRISTIE
Got it.

NINA
Christie-

CHRISTIE
Sorry. Sorry..Wow..It's-

NINA
Gone midnight.

CHRISTIE
Yes. The other night. I'm sorry. I
bailed and you were....So, I
thought I'd-

NINA
...call by just in case.

CHRISTIE
(with realisation)
Bad idea.

NINA nods - resigned, yet with a smile, not letting CHRISTIE see the hurt.

NINA
Actually I've got someone here.

CHRISTIE
Oh God...Sorry...Sorry..

NINA smiles, closes the door.

On CHRISTIE, he leans his head against the cool door, silently banging it, infuriated and kind of disgusted with himself.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
(to self)
Bad idea.

CUT TO:

57 INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM, NINA'S APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [0132] 57

On NINA, padding back to bed. She climbs in, flicks off the light. Her eyes fill.

The bed empty, NINA clearly alone.

The 'stolen' garter from the bridal shop and bottle of perfume from the The Connington bathroom, resting on the bedside table close by.

*
*

CUT TO:

58 INT. LANDING, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [0135] 58

On HANNAH walking up the stairs, a pile of work in hand, her cellphone resting on top-

SUDDENLY she stops, hesitates by LIV's door - the sounds of LOVEMAKING from within.

On HANNAH with quietly shocked realisation, before heading on upstairs.

CUT TO:

59 INT. BATHROOM/BEDROOM, HANNAH'S HOUSE, LONDON - NIGHT 6. [0145] 59

On HANNAH taking off her make up, staring back at her reflection. She turns her head, the door ajar seeing-

NATHAN asleep, surrounded by work.

She looks back, easing off her wedding and engagement ring to wash her hands, hesitating on clocking them on the side of the sink. And then back at her bare hand.

On HANNAH, looking back at the mirror, a FLICKER of doubt and questioning on her face.

CUT TO:

END TITLES

END OF EPISODE TWO