

T H E  
P O S T M A N

EPISODE 3

Fourth Draft  
05.03.2026

'Wish You Were Here'

Written by

Marcus Fleming

## COLD OPENING

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. IL PASSO LUNGO - NIGHT 3

Battle-weary STAN and FAYE drag their feet. STAN is wide-eyed in shock, almost twitching.

ROCCO appears behind them. FAYE is ready, if this is to kick off. But ROCCO doesn't approach. He stays in position at the end of the hallway.

ROCCO  
Okay. It is over. Yes, please go to  
your rooms. And stay there.

STAN  
Go to our rooms? Like we just  
enjoyed a late dinner? Sweet  
dreams, Ms. Kendall. *Bonanotte*,  
Rocco!

STAN muttering to FAYE.

STAN (CONT'D)  
It's not as if we just saw a man  
being-  
(Choked)  
And then the freezing.

FAYE calms him.

FAYE  
Maybe now's not the time to get  
into what we did or didn't see.

FAYE raises a hand to ROCCO.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
*Buonanotte.*

ROCCO stares, could be in a trance for all we know. STAN tries to calm.

INT. STAN'S ROOM. IL PASSO LUNGO - NIGHT 3

STAN lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, unblinking. He remains shaken by 'events'.

STAN  
*Buonanotte*, my foot.

He flicks on a lamp and grabs hurriedly for his MP3 PLAYER and earbuds.

\*  
\*

We see the MP3 TITLE: The Man with the Red Briefcase.

STAN listens:

\*

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Last time Reynolds got shot up this bad was that mess in Syria. Now he had three two-two's in his gut. He was bleeding out. His own pounding heart was his enemy.

STAN <SIGHS> dreamily as if he's listening to the Power of Now.

\*

SPY NOVEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Hospitals and doctors are not an option for men of action. Reynolds needed to get to the vet.

STAN is soothed.

\*

## PART 1

4

### INT. BREAKFAST ROOM. IL PASSO LUNGO - DAY 4

4

\*

Cautious STAN arrives. His clothes look baggy and ragged.

FAYE is alone at a table with coffee. She's refreshed and sharply outfitted. ROCCO sits nearby with a newspaper, coffee and a Pilot's Case shoulder bag.

\*

STAN  
(Ham.)  
Ah, good morning, Ms. Kendall. May I offer you a little company? At this breakfast.

FAYE gestures, sit. She's smiling, Sotto-Voce and good at it.

FAYE  
It's best if we're not seen to be familiar with each other.

STAN's not as slick. But he tries.

STAN  
Exactly what I was going for.

FAYE

I need to do a last digital  
signature thing with Orlando. Then  
we are out of here.

STAN

Suits me.

ROCCO appears behind STAN, as if from nowhere, giving him a  
fright. \*

ROCCO \*

(To Faye.)

Orlando wants you. As soon as you  
are ready.

FAYE

Of course. Good. Let's go now. \*

FAYE rises.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Mr. Reynolds. Perhaps I'll see you  
later.

STAN

Perhaps, Ms. Kendall. But I am of  
course, expected in Amsterdam. \*

ROCCO \*

No. Orlando wants you too. You.

A finger flicked STAN's way.

STAN

Me? What does he want with me?

ROCCO shrugs. STAN covers his nerves. \*

5

**INT. ORLANDO'S OFFICE. IL PASSO LUNGO - DAY 4**

5

\*

Orlando is enthroned at his dead brother's desk. He's at the  
hard end of an all-nighter. It really shows.

Stan sips black tea. Not thrilled with it.

Faye taps an access code on a tablet and passes it to  
Orlando.

FAYE

Once the 'Approved' notice appears,  
payment has cleared.

ORLANDO

Thank you, Faye.

Through all next, ROCCO stands by the door, at relaxed attention. \*

ORLANDO quickly opens a drawer. FAYE is ready to jump him. But ORLANDO comes up with a bottle of PREMIUM VODKA. \*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Paolo wanted to share this bottle with me. Tonight. \*

ORLANDO regards the bottle. \*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

My brother had vulgar taste. \*

Teary-eyed in melodramatic mourning. ORLANDO sets out three shot glasses. \*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

It was to be a great party at *Club Il Brigante*. A true Orsini Brothers celebration. But now - \*

STAN

It's not even ten AM.

ORLANDO

And I have not slept.

STAN sips his tea. ORLANDO pours three *Vodkas*. \*

FAYE

I'm so sorry. I need to leave, if I'm going to make my flight.

STAN takes her lead gladly. Setting down his tea.

STAN

Me too, Ms. Kendall. Perhaps we could share a car?

STAN rises for a rushed but polite good-bye.

STAN (CONT'D)

Orlando. It's been a pleasure. Do remember me for all your diamond assessments. My condolences on the... unfortunate passing of. Your brother. Paolo. Goodbye. \*

ORLANDO

You cannot leave. You are my guests  
tonight.

\*

FAYE is no push over.

FAYE

Orlando, The payment's gone  
through. I expect the diamonds will  
be on their way?

ORLANDO

No. The diamonds only move when we  
have Miko.

STAN

What's Miko?

FAYE

Who's Miko?

ORLANDO

Miko is the man who can move things  
like diamonds from anywhere in the  
world to anywhere else. Miko is the  
Smuggler.

STANLEY and FAYE wait.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

He is also paranoid. Jumpy! Miko  
does not like it when plans change.

Smiling, ORLANDO places a shot glass before FAYE.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

He knew Finley. But now he must  
meet Finley's replacement.

\*

ORLANDO places a shot for STAN.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Then maybe Miko hears about a new  
*gioielliere* in the picture. And  
about some mistaken identities.

\*

ORLANDO raises his own shot to a photo: PAOLO ORSINI, in  
shorts, sunned, proudly displaying a line-caught fish.

\*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Miko expects to see my brother  
tonight. But as you know, Paolo has  
left Italy. On business.

\*

\*

FAYE and STAN take in the new 'reality'. ORLANDO raises his  
own shot for them to <CLINK>.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Tonight, you are my guests and you  
will help Miko feel good about our  
business.

They raise their glasses. ORLANDO forgets STAN is here.

ROCCO does not approve of morning vodka.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

To my brother! To Paolo Orsini.

STAN

To Paolo.

\* To Paolo.

FAYE

ORLANDO bursts into tears.

ORLANDO

(Italian)

I love you, you traitor bastard!

The three drink. STAN gasps like a landed fish. He's crying  
vodka. FAYE is fine.

ORLANDO tries to relax, he nods to FAYE.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Today, I will be busy. But you are  
my guests and I assure your safety.  
Enjoy my hometown, Valdimira!

STAN washes down his vodka with an urgent slurp of tea.

ORLANDO casually pours another shot for STAN. He calls to  
ROCCO by the door.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(Italian.)

Rocco. You have the case?

ROCCO is sick of being asked.

ROCCO

(Italian.)

Yes. right here.

ROCCO lifts the 'Pilot Case'.

ORLANDO

(Italian.)

Good. Keep it close.

FAYE wonders, what's in that case.

STAN stares as ORLANDO offers him a second vodka.

\*

6      **EXT. SQUARE OUTSIDE IL PASSO LUNGO - DAY 4**

6

\*

FAYE and STAN leave the hotel together. She looks stylish. He looks like a bag of laundry.

\*

FAYE

\*

The diamonds will be delivered. I  
just need to shake hands with this  
Miko. Things could be a lot worse.

\*

\*

\*

\*

STAN wonders how. But he smiles, keeping it optimistic.

\*

FAYE watches as ROCCO goes to place the Pilot Case in the boot of ORLANDO'S CAR.

\*

Stan's eyes fix on the vacant bench. His rendezvous.

BLEEP. ROCCO locks the car. His eyes meet FAYE's for a moment. He's inscrutable as he returns to a casual guarded pose by the HOTEL ENTRANCE.

\*

STAN and FAYE cross the SQUARE.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I do wonder what's in that case.

\*

STAN

\*

What's in what case?

\*

They walk on.

\*

FAYE

\*

Rocco's case. I also wonder what's  
the deal with Rocco?

\*

\*

STAN watches A MAN now sitting on the bench. Is it JACKSON BANKS? A different contact?

\*

STAN

After what went on last night, I  
bet Rocco's deal is brute survival.  
Speaking of -

\*

ROCCO continues to watch them from IL PASSO LUNGO. STAN drops abruptly.

\*

STAN (CONT'D)

Loose laces lose lives.



Tying his bootlace, STAN watches a YOUNG WOMAN (N/S) joining the man on the bench. So, it's not his spy. \*

FAYE is very aware of STAN's interest in the bench occupants. \*

JACKSON BANKS POV: Ominous from a shaded corner, we watch FAYE giving STAN a hand to rise. \*

7 **EXT. STREETS. VALDIMIRA - DAY 4**

7 \*

STAN enjoys a picturesque street with FAYE. It could be a kind-of-father-daughter holiday. \*

STAN  
I've worked on my Jeweller back story. Zurich. the coldest winter in living memory. A child is born. It is - A boy. \*

FAYE  
No. No boy. No back story. You sit and look like you know about diamonds. One glass champagne. And it's - *Addio Gioielliere*. \*

A stall selling silky scarves, spreads and hangings. STAN and FAYE walk between lovely billowy scarves.

STAN  
*Addio*, fine. But I'll still be a wanted man, won't I? \*

FAYE  
Stan, the agency will put everything right. \*

STAN entirely accepts her word. She works on him.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
But I'm going to need your help. \*

Their eyes meet. \*

FAYE (CONT'D)  
So, you haven't had an updated directions for delivering your letter? \*

STAN  
No. I've heard nothing. \*

\*  
\*

STAN

You'll be first to know.

But it's clear their trust in each other is shaky at best.

FAYE realises someone is listening behind a silk hanging.

Stepping past STAN, FAYE grabs the hanging and yanks it down over the LISTENER, wrapping their head.

It's a man! FAYE gets behind him, dropping him to his knees, head wrapped and masked in silk. FAYE also clutches his wrist at a pressure point.

Could it be the MYSTERIOUS MAN? STAN is speechless. A STALL VENDOR(N/S) is keeping well out of it.

FAYE unmaskes ROCCO. He coughs and recovers.

STAN (CONT'D)

Are you spying on us?

ROCCO

No!

STAN helps ROCCO rise. He glares and blinks at FAYE.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

You tried to choke me!

FAYE is NOT apologising. ROCCO checks his fingers.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Orlando said watch over you. I'm like your security.

FAYE

And this is how we find out?

ROCCO

Orlando said give you space. So I keep back.

FAYE

Well, you can keep back a bit more.

FAYE walks away.

STAN

Who are you protecting us from?

ROCCO shrugs, still sore.

ROCCO

Anybody.

STAN passes the balled-up silk to the STALL VENDOR.

STAN

Sorry. There was a  
misunderstanding.

STALL VENDOR

That's twenty euros. *Grazie.*

STAN will have to pay.

8

**INT. GENTS CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 4**

8

A super sharply suited male mannequin. Later, STAN will be wearing this to the party and into disaster. For now, FAYE considers it. Her interest moves to 'designer' shirts.

Racked and stacked, the clothes here scream pricey designer. With purpose, FAYE eyes outfits.

STAN and ROCCO arrive. ROCCO eyes FAYE bitterly. He hangs back near the entrance. STAN joins FAYE. Grubby as he is, STAN has no clue why we're here. He performs.

STAN

Ms. Kendall, are you shopping for a friend?

FAYE

Sort of. The Jeweller can't attend tonight's event in a t-shirt and whatever you call those -.

His cargo shorts. Stan is chippy and flustered, muttering out of ROCCO'S earshot.

STAN

I call them good enough for His Majesty's Service. So, good enough for whoever we're meeting tonight.

FAYE grabs a shirt from a rail, eyes it against STAN.

FAYE

Miko the Smuggler. We need to be convincing. We need to impress him.

STAN sees the price on the shirt. As shocking as any gunshot. FAYE calls to ROCCO.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Rocco, what do you think of Mister  
Reynolds' clothes?

\*

She points to bashful STAN. ROCCO grimaces and looks away.

\*

STAN is hurt and grumbling.

9

**INT. CHANGING ROOMS. GENTS' CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 4**

9

Faye waits outside the curtained booth. She checks her watch.

Stan throws open the curtain. He's wearing a white suit and a  
black shirt, showing a lot of chest. He likes it!

STAN

Name's Reynolds. Robert Reynolds  
AKA The Jeweller. AKA *Il*  
*Gioielliere*.

\*

\*

Despite herself, Faye <LAUGHS>. Stan hits a few poses for  
her.

STAN (CONT'D)

You ready to move some diamonds?  
Carat. Cut. Clarity. Colour.

FAYE has a realisation.

FAYE

Oh, you actually think you're going  
to wear that. Nah-nah-nah.

She pulls the curtain back across between them. Stan doesn't  
mind. There are stacks of clothes in the booth with him.

10

**INT. GENTS CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 4**

10

Lounging by the entrance, ROCCO is looking at his phone.

\*

**ROCCO'S SCROLLING PHONE: ITALIAN LANGUAGE SOCIAL MEDIA.**

\*

ITALIAN HEADLINE: British Postman Wanted For Murder.

\*

ROCCO scrolls to the notorious STAN selfie. Goblin Ugly.

\*

\*

What does ROCCO think? He's expressionless. But it's probably  
not good news for STAN.

\*

## INT. CHANGING ROOMS. GENTS' CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 4

\*

FAYE waits outside STAN's changing booth.

STAN (O.S.)  
I'm drowning in clothes here. Hang  
on.

Stan's bare arm appears, dropping his cargo shorts and T-shirt.

In the booth, STAN holds up a bright shirt.

STAN (CONT'D)  
I'll try on some of the tourist  
clobber. We need to blend in after  
all.

FAYE  
Great. No hurry, Mister Reynolds!

Because Faye is briskly going through the cargo shorts pockets.

CLOSE ON: STAN's trusty 2016 GUIDEBOOK. A sachet of dog treats.

\*

Faye takes out the FINLEY LETTER. Bloodstained and no addressee. She returns it carefully to the pocket.

\*

\*

STAN (O.S.)  
This shirt might be more Stanley  
than Robert. But I think I can make  
it work.

\*

\*

\*

\*

FAYE takes interest in an old postcard.

\*

DANIELLE's postcard from Corfu: **Hey Mum & Dad! Wish you were here! You'd love it! Love, Danielle XX**  
**PS. Dad! You were right about the swim shoes. It's all pebbles no sand!**

FAYE puts the postcard back into the pocket.

\*

ROCCO (O.S.)  
(Polite cough.)

\*

\*

FAYE realises that ROCCO has arrived. They lock eyes. FAYE slides the card back into the pocket and sets the shorts down.

\*

STAN briskly appears. Proud in CAS-SMART tourist gear.

STAN

What do you say to this!?

STAN notices ROCCO and includes him. Well? ROCCO is deadpan. \*

ROCCO \*

Looks better.

STAN accepts the compliment. But FAYE is humourless.

12

**INT. STAN'S ROOM. IL PASSO LUNGO - DAY 4**

12

\*

Stan drops his shopping bags and stretches. He catches his reflection and chuckles. He knows he looks much improved.

He reaches for his MP3 PLAYER and headphones: \*

On the iPod: 'The Man with the Red Briefcase. Part 2.'

STAN

Part 2? There is no part 2.

Considering it, STAN becomes concerned.

STAN hits play. A man's voice. American gravel. Authority.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)

(RECORDING)

Hello, Stanley. Let's try this again. First, understand that you cannot trust anyone but me. Especially not the woman you call Faye.

STAN drops to the bed, astonished, riveted.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)

Meet me tonight at Club Il Brigante. The 2nd floor men's rest room. 10.45. Do not be late. Write any of this down and you risk your life. \*

STAN stops jotting notes on a bedside pad. \*

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)

(RECORDING)

You want answers, Stanley. And you know what I want.

Stan is deeply shaken.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)  
I mean the letter. Come alone.  
10.45. Be on time. Trust no one.  
This is a lot bigger and bloodier  
than a few tubs of diamonds.

\*

**END OF PART ONE****PART TWO**

13

**EXT. IL PASSO LUNGO - EVENING 4**

13

\*

A balmy evening. In the same CASUAL SMART OUTFIT, Stan sits alone at a table with a cup of tea and his GUIDE BOOK. He looks entirely a relaxed tourist, taking in the charming street view.

As TWO UNIFORM POLICE (N/S) stroll past, STAN focusses on his guidebook. But then gets back to scanning the street.

**FAYE appears behind him.** STAN gets a fright, almost losing his seat.

\*

\*

STAN  
God! Faye, don't creep up on me  
like that. Oh -

\*

\*

Stan sees that FAYE is sensational in a glamorous evening dress. He hasn't got the words. But his face says a lot.

STAN (CONT'D)  
You look. You look-

\*

FAYE  
Yes, I do. Don't I?

\*

He pulls out a seat for her. She sits, smiling.

FAYE watches ORLANDO arrive to IL PASSO. ROCCO follows ORLANDO with that Pilot Case again.

\*

Distracted, ORLANDO waves to them as he goes inside. But ROCCO stares hard at FAYE and at STAN. FAYE is tense.

\*

STAN is oblivious to that tension, as ORLANDO and ROCCO move on into the hotel.

\*

STAN  
Faye. What are the moves tonight,  
if things go south?

FAYE

What? There will be absolutely no moves and nothing's going south.

STAN

Things went south last night.

Faye is adamant.

FAYE

Tonight, just let Miko get used to me as Finley's replacement.

STAN feels chastised.

STAN

I do have useful skills, you know. I have an excellent line in disarming small talk.

FAYE

I'm most aware.

\*

STAN

Faye! I'm an asset! Listen. Tonight's venue. Club Il Brigante. Via Torino 14-18. Postcode 00109. Slightly tacky mirrors and lights. Private VIP areas. Cocktails good but very strong. Music often too loud. Great fun if you're in the mood. Emergency Exit at rear likely opens onto Via Vincenzo Monti.

\*

\*

\*

\*

FAYE

Impressive. Let's hope we don't need that emergency exit.

STAN handles his guidebook.

STAN

I've also memorised the map of Valdimira and all useful services.

\*

FAYE takes the battered guidebook from him.

FAYE

Intel from a ten year old guidebook.

STAN is wistful.



STAN

It was a gift from my daughter. She wanted me to travel. She said knowing every postcode on the planet is not the same thing.

Faye is unimpressed.

FAYE

She owes you a new edition.

Stan gently takes the book from her before she insults further.

STAN

Indeed. But this was Danielle's last gift before she passed away.

FAYE

Ah, I'm sorry. That was thoughtless of me.

STAN

It's alright, Faye. You weren't to know.

He means it. STAN strokes the book. He tells his story easily, fondly, without stumbling over emotions.

STAN (CONT'D)

It was kidney failure. Five years of dialysis and battling the system, the bureaucracy. They don't mean to be cruel. But it comes to the same thing, doesn't it?

FAYE is moved by STAN's stoicism.

STAN (CONT'D)

Danielle never, ever gave up.

He gestures that he's done talking about it. But FAYE sees otherwise.

FAYE

Please. Go on.

STAN considers what to share.

STAN

The worst of it was the waiting. Waiting for doctors, waiting for test results, waiting to see if drugs worked.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Time so precious and waiting steals  
it off you. It all got expensive  
too, so Rita and me took on extra  
jobs. Mind you, I never missed a  
single -

(Whisper it.)

Postman shift.

Stan proudly shows Faye the CORFU POSTCARD which she has  
secretly already read.

STAN (CONT'D)

Danielle did have a few good  
spells. One time, we got the all  
clear and she popped off to Corfu  
with girlfriends. Only seventeen!  
Did we worry?!

Touched, FAYE sets down the postcard.

FAYE

Sounds like a fun time.

ROCCO arrives from IL PASSO LUNGO. But seeing them in close  
conversation, he steps from view, eavesdropping. \*

STAN

She came home with nothing worse  
than the travel bug. She wants to  
travel more! *I* should travel more.

STAN sees that FAYE wants him to tell more.

STAN (CONT'D)

And with that timing, she was  
selected for experimental treatment  
in Denmark.

FAYE frowns.

FAYE

Experimental treatment?

STAN

Testing a new kidney treatment. We  
got all our papers ready. Just  
waiting for this one specialist to  
sign off.

FAYE sees STAN toughening as he lives the memory.

STAN (CONT'D)

I tried to be patient. But by then  
I'd bloody had it.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

I went to his clinic and they said,  
sorry, he's not in today. But I  
knew he was supposed to be on.

ROCCO continues to listen with interest.

\*

STAN (CONT'D)

I barged through and I sat at his  
desk. I hung onto it, white  
knuckled.

We've never seen STAN like this before. It's a level-gaze  
that shows inner steely strength and a serene confidence that  
comes when fighting for his beloved daughter. We'll be seeing  
it again. Let's call it his thousand-yard stare.

STAN (CONT'D)

And I said, you fetch him from that  
bloody golf course, I'm not leaving  
'til you do.

STAN comes alert, as from a dream.

STAN (CONT'D)

It took hours but I got that  
signature. We booked the flights  
and all that. But we never did make  
it to Denmark.

He rises, taking up the book, a show of energy.

STAN (CONT'D)

Danielle was eighteen. Probably  
close to your age now, if things  
went - Well, if and if, eh?

STAN appreciates a rare moment of emotional warmth with FAYE.

FAYE

Thank you for telling me about her.

STAN

I'd better get suited and booted or  
we'll be late for the ball.

FAYE watches STAN go. Her respect for him has grown.

ROCCO remains out of view, watching STAN gravely.

\*

14

**INT. STAN'S ROOM. IL PASSO LUNGO - EVENING 4**

14

\*

STAN is at the mirror, wearing a well-fitted suit and pristine white shirt. He really does look very sharp. An international diamond dealer. But he also looks terrified.

CLOSER: STAN has an earphone in. He's listening to his MP3 PLAYER INVITATION and it frightens him.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)

(Recording)

Trust no one. Come alone. 10.45.  
This is a lot bigger and bloodier  
than a few tubs of diamonds.

STAN drops the earphones. looks to his reflection, trying to rebuild his thousand-yard stare. Not quite there.

STAN

Come on. It's what you've done your  
whole life. You're delivering a  
letter.

He holds FINLEY'S blood-stained LETTER.

STAN (CONT'D)

A *bloody* letter.

In the mirror, he sees the weak, frightened STAN. How is he going to survive tonight?

STAN puts the letter in his breast pocket. He touches the guide book, a sort of prayer.

STAN (CONT'D)

Danielle, give me strength.

15

**INT. BREAKFAST ROOM. IL PASSO LUNGO - NIGHT 4**

15

\*

FAYE walks through, planning to exit. ROCCO sits at a secluded table. He rises, signalling FAYE.

ROCCO

Please, Ms Kendall.

FAYE is alert. She joins him, again noting his Pilot Case at hand. ROCCO is a blank canvas. Casual and intense.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Do you know the Jeweller before  
this deal?

FAYE

Uh-uh. No. Why do you ask?

Rocco's eyes are steady on FAYE. She's tight-lipped. \*

ROCCO \*

Maybe you don't know the Jeweller.  
But I think, you know something  
about him. Something we don't know.

FAYE holds her cool and her tongue.

STAN

Yes. Ms Kendall knows the most  
important thing about me.

Stan has arrived behind ROCCO just as ROCCO moved on him  
earlier. STAN coolly sits with them. \*

STAN (CONT'D)

She knows that I'm a fellow Brit.

STAN pats FAYE'S hand, addressing ROCCO. \*

STAN (CONT'D)

We both know we'll never get a  
decent cuppa tea here. We know the  
chips are never gonna be right.  
We'd both rather complain about the  
weather back home than discuss the  
doings of the world.

FAYE is clearly impressed with STAN.

STAN (CONT'D)

A pair of Brits abroad, Ms Kendall  
and I are muddling along together  
here as best we can.

ROCCO has taken out his phone. He will show FAYE something. \*

**ROCCO'S PHONE: PHOTO: STAN's grotesque selfie.** \*

FAYE has frozen. But STAN seems humoured.

STAN (CONT'D)

Wait. Are you saying, you think  
that looks like me?

ROCCO means just that. \*

ROCCO \*

It is you.

STAN holds the phone beside his face. Him, the suave international diamond guy. On the phone, some sweating Quasimodo.

STAN  
Frankly, I'm insulted.

FAYE picks up on STAN's move.

FAYE  
You should be. That guy looks like  
a gremlin.

STAN smiles to ROCCO.

STAN  
Anything else?

ROCCO  
She searched your pants.

He means FAYE and she has no comeback.

STAN  
Pardon?

ROCCO  
Today, when you changed clothes,  
she looked in your pockets.

STAN stares at FAYE.

STAN  
Is that true?

FAYE is motionless, expressionless. But STAN shocks her. And ROCCO.

STAN (CONT'D)  
That is a little disappointing.

STAN turns his thousand yard stare on ROCCO.

STAN (CONT'D)  
But Rocco, maybe you've noticed by  
now, the diamond game is full of  
shady types. It is dodgy! We all  
take measures to protect our  
investments.

He throws a lifeline to FAYE.

STAN (CONT'D)

Searching my pockets. You saw it as  
your due diligence. I understand.

FAYE shrugs, yeah, covering her relief.

FAYE

Mister Reynolds, you are a  
potential rogue element.

STAN

A rogue element. I quite like that.

STAN scowls to ROCCO.

\*

STAN (CONT'D)

Going through my pockets? I've had  
worse. You know, only recently, I  
was visiting my mother in Zurich -

FAYE interrupts, snapping to ROCCO.

\*

FAYE

Are we done with questions?

ROCCO shrugs, okay.

\*

STAN

Yes. Isn't Orlando expecting us at  
the party?

ROCCO gives up for now. He nods and rises with his shoulder  
bag.

\*

STAN and FAYE share a look. They've survived another round.

16      **EXT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

16      \*

The place has an over-the-top glitz. STAN takes FAYE's hand  
as she climbs from the 4x4. They make a glamorous arrival.

17      **INT. ENTRANCE. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

17      \*

FAYE surveys the club, PARTYGOERS: A multi-ethnic rogues  
gallery of gangsters, toughs and their glittering GIRLFRIENDS  
(N/S).

Meanwhile, Stan closely examines the wall-mounted building  
plan: FIRE EXITS, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS AND FIRST AID LOCATIONS.

FAYE

Do you see anything important?

STAN

Ground and first floor. There's no second floor.

FAYE

So?

STAN covers.

STAN

So, never mind. Good. the place isn't too big.

18

**INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

18

\*

LOUD DANCE MUSIC maintains tension as a HOSTESS(N/S) guides STAN AND FAYE into the private VIP area, where immaculately dressed ORLANDO is pouring champagne. He's an effusive host.

ORLANDO

Faye! You look more magical than the wildest pictures in my head.

FAYE, unsure, smiles.

FAYE

I'm sure that's saying something.  
Thank you.

ORLANDO passes FAYE a glass. It's as if STAN doesn't exist.

ORLANDO

Before Miko arrives, I will toast you. Faye, you helped me see the truth about my brother.

(A Quick Sob.)

I will love him forever. The traitor pig!

After the abrupt burst, ORLANDO is fine again.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

But destiny brought you here in this time, Faye. Thank you!

Stan has picked up a champagne glass. He raises it with theirs. But he remains invisible to ORLANDO, who clearly lusts after FAYE. She smiles along.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Now. We must dance.



ORLANDO is ready to hit the floor. FAYE sets down her glass, with a swift passing whisper to STAN.

FAYE

Talk to no-one. Be invisible. Don't get drunk.

STAN

Yes, Ma'am.

ORLANDO chaperones FAYE to the dance floor.

19

**INT. BAR. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

19

\*

LOUD MUSIC: STAN is at the elegant, well-stocked cocktail bar. A YOUNG BARPERSON (N/S) struggles to understand as STAN shouts over the music.

STAN

Just a pint of beer! Nothing too fizzy or too cold! Thanks! Do you have a decent dark ale?

\*

Stan is being observed with great amusement by MICK O'SHEA (50's), a warm, eccentric and garrulous Irish Smuggler.

STAN (CONT'D)

What about a pint of bitter?! Never mind. Just a pot of tea!? A pot of tea.

MICK O'SHEA

A terrible thing to see a brother of the Northern Climes go thirsty.

STAN is speechless.

STAN

Uh -

MICK O'SHEA

I say *brother*. But of course, you are English. And we have no remedy for that.

MICK, grinning and staring.

STAN

I'm sorry, I need to go join my friends.

MICK stops STAN's shoulder.

MICK O'SHEA

You're here like myself for the  
gargle. I'll not see you go  
without.

\*

Mick's in closer.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

I had them install a beer tap,  
exclusively for my personal use.

MICK calls to the BAR PERSON, showing two fingers.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

Giorgio. Two pints of my stuff,  
good lad.

\*

He grins to STAN.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

The best pint in the world, south  
of Cork City.

20

**INT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

20

\*

Faye's dress was an excellent choice. She and Orlando appear  
to be a sophisticated, sexy couple.

As they leave the floor together, ORLANDO deftly plucks two  
champagne glasses from a passing tray carried by a  
HOSTESS(N/S).

\*

Cornering FAYE at a cocktail table, ORLANDO speaks closely.

ORLANDO

Before we join Mister Reynolds, I  
want a private word, yes?

FAYE tenses, *what now?*

\*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

This meeting with our smuggler, I  
know it will go well. I am  
confident he will like you.

FAYE

And I'm sure it will be mutual.

ORLANDO drinks.

\*

ORLANDO

This is a big change for me, to  
take on Paolo's work. But believe  
me, I am ready.

FAYE

I have every faith in your future  
success, Orlando.

ORLANDO enjoys hearing that.

ORLANDO

*Our future success.*

But FAYE is distracted. She has spotted STAN.

21      **INT. BAR. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

21

**FAYE'S POV:** STAN toasting a pint of stout with a lively  
stranger. FAYE can't quite see MICK. What is STAN up to? Faye  
glares.

22      **INT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

22

ORLANDO demands FAYE's attention. He's a little drunk but  
still shrewd.

ORLANDO

Declan Bishop trusts you with his  
money.

FAYE

And he is right to.

ORLANDO

Of course! I say it because a man  
like him, trusting you, this is  
impressive. You, Faye. You are very  
impressive.

ORLANDO openly admires FAYE.

FAYE

Thank you.

ORLANDO

And there is so much more to you, I  
know. So much more.

FAYE uses the opportunity.

FAYE

Your security guy, Rocco. He thinks  
there's more to me.

\*  
\*

ORLANDO

You mean he questioned you? No!

FAYE

Yes. He gave us both a grilling. Me  
and the Jeweller.

\*  
\*

ORLANDO

I did not order that. I swear upon  
my brother's soul.

\*

FAYE is intimate with ORLANDO, mouth close to ear.

FAYE

Rocco has some strange ideas about  
me. And about you.

\*  
\*  
\*

ORLANDO is interested.

\*

FAYE (CONT'D)

He doesn't believe you can replace  
your brother.

\*  
\*

ORLANDO

Thank you for telling me this.

\*

He's intense with her.

\*

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Faye, together, you and me. We will  
do truly great things.

\*  
\*

FAYE realises he's serious about them doing a lot more than  
work together.

23

**INT. BAR. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

23

\*

**FAYE'S POV:** She sees mischievous-looking MICK following STAN  
to the VIP BOOTH. FAYE does not like the look of MICK.

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

24

**INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB LOST BANDIDOS - NIGHT 4**

24

Sitting with MICK, STAN drinks a pint of stout.

MICK O'SHEA

Get it in you. Sure the first one  
only lines the pipes.

As the HOSTESS(N/S) passes, MICK smiles, signalling her for  
two more pints.

STAN

The embarrassing thing is, this is  
a private area, booked by my  
colleagues.

\*

MICK glances around, very at home, thanks.

STAN (CONT'D)

They have strong feelings about  
invitations and privacy.

MICK O'SHEA

They're right! Sure I'm the same  
way myself! But for now, it's only  
the two of us. I'm Mick and you're?

STAN

Sta-bert. Robert.

MICK O'SHEA

Stabert Robert.

STAN

Robert. Robert Reynolds.

STAN endures a firm, vigorous handshake.

25

**INT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

25

\*

ORLANDO and FAYE are intimately close. He's intense.

ORLANDO

Today, we deal only in a few  
diamonds. But soon we deal with  
bigger things.

\*

FAYE

Such as?

ORLANDO

Such as - FANTOM.

\*

FAYE almost jolts. ORLANDO is pleased by the effect the word  
has on her.

\*

FAYE

Fantom?

ORLANDO leers.

ORLANDO

You're surprised I know about  
Fantom!

(Whisper.)

We have so much more to learn about  
each other.

FAYE is getting out of her depth with ORLANDO.

26

**INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

26

MICK deftly produces and passes a BUSINESS CARD.

STAN studies the card: Michael O'Shea. Antiques and curios.  
Valdimira Address. Phone no.

STAN

Antiques and curios. Very good.  
Thank you, Mick.

STAN pockets the card.

MICK O'SHEA

And what's your own line, Robert?

STAN tries a not-exact lie.

STAN

Logistics. Import export.

MICK O'SHEA

Ha! That covers a multitude of  
sins. If you're doing it right!

HOSTESS(N/S) has arrived with two more pints.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

I knew it when I clapped eyes on  
you. I said, this is a man of  
ability and ambition.

MICK toasts with his pint.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

*Sláinte!*

STAN

*Sláinte!*

They clink glasses and drink deep.

ORLANDO

What is this? What's going on here?

Annoyed, ORLANDO has arrived with FAYE. STAN, creamy stout moustache in place, swallows hard.

Faye grits her teeth at STAN. But ORLANDO is kidding.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Miko!

MICK O'SHEA

Orlando!

They embrace like close, old friends.

STAN

Miko? You're Miko?

MICK winks to STAN and turns to greet FAYE.

MICK O'SHEA

And you must be Faye. Please, call me Michael. Mick. Micko. Call me whatever you like. Just so long as you like me.

They shake hands. MICK grins to STAN.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

And you are the Jeweller. Apologies, Robert. I needed to suss you out.

ORLANDO

And did you, *suss* him out?

MICK is abruptly very serious.

MICK O'SHEA

I did. And cool as you like, Robert here claimed he was in logistics.

STAN smiles it off. ORLANDO pours champagne.

STAN looks to a phone on the table. **TIME 10:35.**

STAN

Excuse me, I'm just gonna pop to the bathroom.

STAN moves to leave. ORLANDO grabs his arm.

ORLANDO

No, no, Robert. You don't use that bathroom up there. We are VIPs! We have our own facility. A palace. That way.

STAN smiles, accepting, as if pleased and heads for the private bathroom, dropping his rigid smile as he goes.

FAYE squints. Is STAN up to something? But she quickly returns to smiling at MICK and ORLANDO.

27

**INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

27

\*

LATER: STAN looks to the phone on the table: **TIME 10:40.** STAN is haunted.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)

Meet me tonight at Club Il Brigante. The 2nd floor men's rest room. 10.45. Do not be late.

\*

\*

MICK pours champagne into STAN's pint.

MICK O'SHEA

Champagne and stout. They call it a Black Velvet.

STAN

Thank you.

To be polite, STAN sips the concoction. It's vile. MICK nods, *try more.* STAN drinks more. Then can't. It's horrible.

STAN (CONT'D)

Interesting. A bit of a grower, I think.

MICK O'SHEA

Personally, I find it disgusting. but I won't yuk anybody's yum.

Now STAN doesn't know what to do with the drink. FAYE switches on the charm with MICK.

FAYE

Mick, I want to assure you that my replacing Mister Finley has no material affect on our operation.

MICK O'SHEA

Ah, but it has. I like Finley. But you are a mighty improvement.



MICK is more grave as he turns to ORLANDO.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

But where is me old pal, Paolo? He  
was looking forward to tonight. He  
told me so, only yesterday.

\*

ORLANDO pushes for believability.

ORLANDO

Paolo wanted to be here! But,  
sadly, he had to fly to Qatar. He  
is there right now, securing the  
next steps in our interests.

\*

\*

ORLANDO grabs MICK.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Our shared interests, Miko! Big  
things.

ORLANDO grins to FAYE, to MICK. But STAN sees that MICK is  
not happy.

ROCCO arrives with his Pilot Case.

\*

ROCCO

(Whisper to Orlando.)

\*

ORLANDO rises.

ORLANDO

Excuse me. With Paolo away, I must  
take care of every little thing.  
I'll be back soon.

\*

FAYE smiles to ORLANDO as he goes with ROCCO.

\*

MICK becomes darkly serious with FAYE and STAN.

MICK O'SHEA

Paolo Orsini never set foot outside  
Italy in his life. But now he's off  
gallivanting to fucking Qatar?

\*

\*

\*

MICK looks from one to the other.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

Paolo's dead, isn't he?

\*

STAN knows to let Faye lead. She's direct.

FAYE

Paolo tried to cheat Orlando. Last night Orlando killed him. Paolo was becoming a dangerous liability.

\*  
\*

MICK O'SHEA

Paolo a dangerous liability?!  
Paolo!

\*  
\*

FAYE

Orlando is reliable. He's interested in legitimacy. Mick, it's okay. You can go ahead with the diamond delivery.

MICK's not smiling anymore.

MICK O'SHEA

Look, Paolo was rough as a seagull's arse. But he was old school. You knew where you stood. As for your reliable, legitimate Orlando -

\*

MICK pulls up a sleeve.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

Here's what you get when a shipment is late for Orlando.

Burned into MICK's arm: OO. (Orlando Orsini)

\*

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

The psycho little bollix branded me. His initials, look.

FAYE observes coolly. But Stan stares at the brand in pure horror.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

The only reason I'm working with the Orsini is cos I'm scared shitless of Orlando.

\*

MICK leans in.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)

Orlando is getting tangled in a lot more than ordinary, honest smuggling. He's caught up in some serious dark shit -

FAYE and STAN are riveted. But Orlando returns in a very happy mood. MICK covers instantly.

MICK O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
(Booming Laugh.)  
Portsmouth is correct! Good man,  
Robert.

MICK claps STAN hard across the back.

STAN  
(Cough.)

ORLANDO sits beside MICK, smiling to STAN and FAYE.

STAN sees the time is 10.43.

CLOSE ON: STAN, brain churning in memory of the recording.

JACKSON BANKS (V.O.)  
2nd floor men's bathroom. 10.45. Do  
not be late.

MUSIC: Techno Tango (4/4. 120 BPM) with classic tango  
character and marching beat. \*

STAN rises, pulling FAYE by the hand. \*

STAN  
Please, Ms. Kendall. Sorry,  
gentlemen. But I can never refuse  
the call of the tango!

ORLANDO and MICK are amused as STAN and FAYE go to the dance  
floor. \*

28

**INT. DANCEFLOOR. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

28

\*

FAYE reluctantly follows STAN's lead to the floor, where TWO  
DANCING COUPLES (N/S) dance a tango. ONE DANCER'S FRIEND(N/S)  
videos them with her phone.

FAYE is surprised as STAN expertly arranges their pose. And  
she's more surprised as he leads her into a precise tango.

FAYE  
Just what are you up to now?

STAN  
Well, this is the Paso Básico or if  
you prefer, the Básico Cuadrado.

FAYE  
You know what I'm asking!

STAN ignores her. He is eyeing a FIRE STAIRS DOOR on the other side of the dance floor.

STAN  
Obviously, the Tango lessons were Rita's idea. And I only stuck at it for two classes. One and a half, 'strictly' speaking, ha.

He dips FAYE brilliantly. She stares up at him, with forced admiration.

STAN (CONT'D)  
But I do have a Postman's memory.  
And a Postman's calves.

ROCCO on the sideline, moves back into shadow to avoid being in the PHONE VIDEO. \*

STAN's Italian leather shoe stamps emphatically and he leads FAYE back into the dance.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Slow slow quick quick slow. You're doing very well.

ORLANDO and MICK watch the dancers.

ORLANDO  
I tell you, Miko. That woman is my future.

MICK side-eyes him.

MICK O'SHEA  
Congratulations, I suppose. \*

STAN and FAYE are well into the dance now.

FAYE  
I asked what you're up to.

STAN  
Hmmp. What are you up to? Why were you going through my pockets? Eh?

FAYE  
I'm MI6, remember? Of course I'm going through your bloody pockets. I'll do whatever I must for operational success.

STAN and FAYE's eyes meet coldly.

Ditto.

FAYE rejoins merry ORLANDO and MICK in the VIP area.

STAN aims for espionage deadpan.

STAN

Face to face, at last.

STAN tries his thousand-yard-stare. Can't maintain it.

JACKSON BANKS

Yes at last. And no surprise,  
you're late.

STAN

You said 2nd floor. There is no 2nd  
floor.

JACKSON BANKS walks to STAN, appraising him.

JACKSON BANKS

Ah, the European thing. You call  
the first floor the ground floor.

STAN puts up a front.

\*

STAN

So, Jackson Banks. Exactly who are  
you?

\*

\*

Stan can't help backing from the larger BANKS.

\*

JACKSON BANKS

I'm CIA.

\*

He looms over STAN, eyeing him harshly.

JACKSON BANKS (CONT'D)

And you, Stanley are either the  
slickest operative this side of the  
Atlantic or the biggest fucking  
idiot on the planet.

\*

STAN

I have to say, it's a bit of both.

JACKSON BANKS

Either way, I'm the only person on  
this planet you can trust.

\*

\*

STAN

Trust?

\*

JACKSON BANKS

The letter. Now.

\*

\*

STAN \*  
Trust you? While you creep around \*  
murdering people? While you... \*  
infiltrate my audio books? \*

JACKSON BANKS \*  
While I do whatever it takes. \*

STAN hits BANKS with his thousand yard stare. \*

STAN \*  
Now, look here. My friend was \*  
murdered over that letter. I have a \*  
right to know what it's about. \*

JACKSON BANKS \*  
No, you don't. Not at all. \*

Now BANKS eyes STAN as a problem. \*

JACKSON BANKS (CONT'D) \*  
But I should ask, what do you know? \*  
Too little or too much? What has \*  
she told you? \*

STAN's bravado vanishes. He shrugs, tight-lipped. BANKS \*  
pushes forward, interrogating, reading STAN expertly. \*

JACKSON BANKS (CONT'D) \*  
Did you ever hear the Orsini \*  
brothers discuss The Engineer? \*

STAN \*  
No. Believe it or not. They did not \*  
discuss engineering with me. \*

BANKS has bullied STAN to the wall. A human lie detector. He \*  
intones one word -. \*

JACKSON BANKS \*  
FANTOM. \*

Eyeball to eyeball. Clearly, the word means nothing to STAN. \*

STAN \*  
Phantom? \*

Seeing that STAN knows nothing, BANKS is more at ease. \*

JACKSON BANKS \*  
Okay, you don't know shit. Hand \*  
over the letter. \*

STAN opens his jacket. The letter stands in his inside pocket. He reaches for it, slowly. \*

Somebody pushes hard at the door. BANKS signals Stan, hush. \*

A body SLAMS at the door. BANKS takes out a 9MM PISTOL. \*

The door explodes open, kicked in by Faye. She arrives, backed by a blast of CLUB MUSIC.

BANKS points his gun at FAYE. STAN freezes. \*

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

31      **INT. MENS' TOILETS. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**      31      \*

STAN instinctively grabs the wrist of BANKS' gun hand. But he swats Stan aside. \*

Stan falls, almost face first to a urinal.

Faye leaps in with a high kick to BANKS' chest. He staggers.

FAYE barks at STAN, pointing to the cubicles.

FAYE

Get in there and lock the door!

FAYE lunges again at BANKS.

STAN obeys her, slipping into a cubicle. But his hand pauses at the lock. He peeks out at the conflict.

SOUND OFF: Faye and BANKS in hand to hand combat, striking each other.

FAYE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(FIGHTING EFFORTS.)

\*

STAN  
Stop fighting! We're all - We're  
the good guys!

JACKSON BANKS (O.S.)  
(PAINED GRUNT.)

\*

\*

We hear the gun hit the floor. It skitters into STAN's cubicle. He picks it up. Will he use it to save FAYE? \*

\*

SOUND OFF: Body impact and glass shattering (A mirror.)



FAYE  
(Reactions.)

STAN'S POV: Through the door gap, we glimpse BANKS, now clutching a shard of mirror as a lethal dagger.

Stan has gathered his nerve. He raises the pistol in both hands, an accidental James Bond pose.

\*  
\*

STAN  
Stop! Or I'll shoot!

\*

But as Stan moves to open the door, BANKS tackles FAYE against it hard.

\*

The door hits STAN full force in the nose. The gun bounces off his foot and skitters back out under the door.

Stan collapses to the loo, a spray of nose blood down the front of his pristine shirt.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, God.

He hears the struggle outside. More grunts and gasps.

JACKSON BANKS (OS)  
(Russian.)  
Die, you bitch!

STAN is confused by the burst of Russian.

\*

SOUND OFF: A body falls. Stan peeks. He opens the door wide.

REVEAL: JACKSON BANKS is face down on the floor, motionless. Stan braves out.

FAYE stands astride JACKSON BANKS, her back to STAN. She's pointing the gun at the back of BANKS' head. She cocks it. She will fire.

STAN  
Faye, no! No! You mustn't.

FAYE turns to face STAN. She's every inch a cold-blooded killer.

And she sees a shard of mirror poking from her side. Her breath struggles. She parts from JACKSON BANKS.

STAN rushes to FAYE. She slides the mirror shard from her side, dropping it. Blood spills down her dress. FAYE is overwhelmed by pain.

STAN (CONT'D)

Oh no. Oh, this is bad.

Weakening, FAYE blinks hard, trying to stay alert.

\*

STAN (CONT'D)

Is he dead? I think he's dead.

Growing feeble, FAYE leans at the door.

FAYE

We have to get out of here.

Stan takes her arm over his shoulder. She is wobbly as Bambi.

32

**INT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

32

\*

Stan supports Faye. She seems drunk. Stan plays up for PASSERSBY (N/S).

STAN

Silly girl! That was the men's  
toilets. Dear, oh dear. Those  
Negronis catch up on you, don't  
they?

\*  
\*  
\*

FAYE

Stop a second.

FAYE must rest against the wall.

STAN

Why did you attack him? You  
promised you'd let me deliver the  
letter.

\*

FAYE

Why didn't you tell me you were  
meeting him?

\*  
\*  
\*

STAN

It was on his terms.

\*  
\*

FAYE

His terms. He's a fucking Russian!  
He's SVR.

\*

STAN

No. He's with the CIA! He's Banks.  
Jackson Banks.

\*

Faye's voice is weak.

FAYE

Didn't you hear him? Talking  
Russian?

\*  
\*

STAN did hear.

\*

FAYE (CONT'D)

His name is Nikolai Florensky. He's  
on our most wanted list.

\*

(Spoiler: It's Declan Bishop's real name.)

STAN

So you were really going to kill  
him?

FAYE

Let's go.

STAN

What's FANTOM?

FAYE

I'll tell you everything. Right  
now, I need -  
(Great Pain)  
Patching up.

\*  
\*  
\*

FAYE strains, hoping to walk alone. Really can't.

STAN

It's alright, Faye. I know what to  
do. It's in my spy novel. I'll get  
you to a vet.

\*

FAYE feels positive.

FAYE

Good. How far?

STAN

One-point-four kilometres. It's on  
Via San Marco.

\*  
\*

FAYE is determined. STAN gets under her arm.

33

**INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

33

\*

MICK eyes ORLANDO slyly.

MICK O'SHEA

Is our lovely girl after giving us  
an Irish goodbye here or what?

ORLANDO rises.

\*

ORLANDO

Oh, I am certain she has not gone far.

He is clearly not happy with FAYE's absence.

\*

34      **INT. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

34

\*

The club is now wreathed in dry ice. STAN and FAYE embrace in a terrible waltz. She halts their progress.

FAYE

I can't walk much more. I won't make it to the vet.

STAN

Plan B. I spotted the First Aid station on the building plan. This way.

STAN spots ORLANDO and MICK, who seem to be on the lookout and heading to go upstairs.

STAN supports FAYE and uses the FIRE STAIRS DOOR again. FAYE's hand streaks blood on it as they go through.

35      **INT. MENS' TOILETS. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

35

\*

ORLANDO and MICK arrive to the shocking scene. Shards of mirror, a trail of blood. MICK raises hands, backs out.

MICK O'SHEA

Ah, here, *Paisano*. We need to review all plans. *Addio*.

\*

\*

MICK dashes away.

\*

ORLANDO stares at the bloody floor. Bloody handprints on the wall.

\*

\*

ORLANDO

(Italian)

What the fuck is going on?

\*

\*

\*

36      **INT. ENTRANCE. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

36

\*

JACKSON BANKS' breathing is laboured. He's limping. But he has survived.

He leans at a dark corner, scanning around for trouble. Blood drips from his fingers as he keys on his phone and places a call.

JACKSON BANKS  
(Italian)  
Hello. Yes, I know it's late. Is this the vet?

\*

JACKSON's face says he's got an affirmative.

JACKSON BANKS (CONT'D)  
(Italian)  
Good. I'm on my way.

\*

He braces in pain as he exits.

37      **INT. VIP BOOTH. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

37

\*

ORLANDO hurries to ROCCO. We don't hear the exchange. But ORLANDO is highly excited, accusing. Vibes of *where the fuck were you?*

\*

38      **INT. STORE ROOM. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**

38

\*

STAN slings the door open and flicks on a light. He's carrying most of FAYE's weight, her face pressed to him.

FAYE  
(Gasp)  
Are you wearing five different colognes?

STAN  
Only two, promise.

He lowers her to the floor. She's in great pain.

It's a nondescript supply room. Shelves of booze and cleaning products. Brooms, mops etc.

Stan spots the RED FIRST AID CASE. He grabs and opens it.

STAN tosses blister packs of paracetamol, a handful of tiny sticking plasters. A sole, packaged bandage. A tiny pair of scissors. His vision *swirls*.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, Faye! Oh, hells bells!

Using the scissors, STAN cuts FAYE'S dress, exposing a horrible wound.

STAN (CONT'D)

What now? Do I have to stitch you up?

Faye is drifting, mumbling.

FAYE

Not yet. Keep the wound open until we've used an antibiotic. Find Bacitracin or Polymyxin B.

STAN's panic grows.

STAN

There's nothing like that!

39      **INT. DANCEFLOOR. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**      39      \*

ROCCO and ORLANDO on high alert, searching. ROCCO spots the bloody hand streak on the FIRE STAIRS DOOR.      \*

40      **INT. STORE ROOM. CLUB IL BRIGANTE - NIGHT 4**      40      \*

STAN tears open the basic bandage.

STAN

I think this is sterile.

He clumsily holds it to FAYE's wound. Grabs her hand to hold the bandage in place as blood fills it.

FAYE

Painkillers? Propofol. Ketamine.      \*

STAN

I'm sorry. There's only bloody Paracetamol.

He slings away the useless first aid box. With bloodied hands, he pops a blister pack of pills. They scatter.

FAYE falls silent, out cold. STAN cradles her, stroking her face. He's sobbing, hysterical.

STAN (CONT'D)

No! Stay with me! You'll be okay.  
Wake up, Danielle! I've got you!  
Don't go! Danielle!

But the wadded, bloody bandage is unraveling and FAYE's hand falls away, lifeless. STAN is unraveling too.

The door crashes open. It's ORLANDO, crazed. He takes in the scene.

ORLANDO  
What the fuck is going on? Is she  
dead?

ROCCO arrives behind ORLANDO with his Pilot Case. STAN  
doesn't turn yet. \*

STAN  
She's alive. But barely.

ORLANDO comes closer.

ORLANDO  
Who did this?! I asked you, what  
the fuck is going on?! \*

STAN turns his thousand yard stare on ORLANDO. He's also  
pointing JACKSON BANKS' pistol.

STAN  
What's going on is I'm MI6 and you  
need to to save her life. Now!

ORLANDO and ROCCO stare at STAN in shock. ORLANDO urges ROCCO  
to FAYE. \*

ORLANDO  
(Italian)  
What are you waiting for? \*

ROCCO hurries. He opens the Pilot Case, revealing a fully  
equipped medical kit. Painkillers. Syringes. Bandages. A  
field hospital in a case. \*

ROCCO pulls on medical gloves and gives STAN a sour look. \*

ROCCO  
M.I. Six. Bastarda, I knew  
something was stinking. \*

But STAN just gives him the thousand yard stare.

As ROCCO prepares a syringe, STAN's eyes flick between  
unconscious FAYE and silent, raging ORLANDO. STAN keeps his  
gun raised. \*

**END OF EPISODE 3**