

THE SERPENT

EPISODE TWO

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Pink Amendments - 03/09/19
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A SPLIT-FLAP: **MARCH 1ST, 1976. BANGKOK, THAILAND.**

Over **DARKNESS**: the hesitant scramble of an intercontinental telephone conversation. A **Dutch** voice --

HERMAN (O.S.)

My name is Knippenberg. I am a consular official at the Dutch Embassy in Thailand. / U spreekt met Knippenberg. Ik ben medewerker consulaire zaken op de Nederlandse ambassade in Thailand.

1

INT. MORTUARY. CORRIDOR. BANGKOK - DAY 52

1

HERMAN KNIPPENBERG - his Driver Yotin alongside him. A BUFF FILE in hands, he walks the length of a corridor as, OVER --

HERMAN (O.S.)

Am I speaking with Mr. Rolf Hilgers? / Spreek ik met de heer Rolf Hilgers?

(beat)

I'm calling in response to your missing persons enquiry of 25th January 1976. Please, sir. You ought to prepare yourself. / Ik bel vanwege uw verzoek om informatie over een vermissing van 25 januari 1976. Gaat u alstublieft zitten. Ik heb slecht nieuws voor u.

CUT TO:

2

INT. MORTUARY. EXAMINATION ROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 52

2

HERMAN: witnessing something that will **CHANGE HIS LIFE FOREVER**, as A THAI PATHOLOGIST makes a a recording into a dictaphone in **Thai**. Yotin **translates** --

PATHOLOGIST / YOTIN

*poo chai took beeb kor, poo yhing
took thee tee sri-sa duay korng
kaeng
yarng rai gor tarm meek wan fai yoo
nai pod korng tung sorng kon
kor saroob korng rao gor kue tung
koo took pao ka-nha tee yung mee
chee vit you /
The man was strangled; the woman
hit over the head with a hard
object. However, there is smoke in
both their lungs. So the conclusion
is made that - they were still
breathing when they were set on
fire.*

Perhaps the **MEREST GLIMPSE** of a CHARRED BODY now as the Pathologist fires a question at Yotin, and --

YOTIN

Dental records, Mr. Knippenberg.

Herman - his awful fixation broken. Hands that file over. The Pathologist opens it. Sees the DIAGRAMS of upper and lower dental arrangement. Makes comparison.

Then turns to Herman and, grim, nods. He's found them.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. EMBASSY CAR/KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - NIGHT 52

3

ANGELA KNIPPENBERG - moving urgently out on to the terrace at the sound of the Embassy Car turning in. From which - Herman gets out. Grateful for the sight of each other.

And Angela sees it in him immediately: the fierce trauma in him. He drops his briefcase, shows her his hands --

HERMAN

They won't stop - shaking.

She takes them. It's true. They won't. She guides him to a chair on the terrace. Sits with him --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

They tell me - when the bodies were found - they were entirely joined. Fused. By the heat. Wim Bloem's arms and body had fallen over Lena Dekker.

ANGELA

As though he was trying to protect her?

HERMAN

Yes.

And there they sit. His hollowed out eyes. Until --

ANGELA

But it's done now, Herman. The family knows.

But Herman - a fury, the pulse of a new addiction --

HERMAN

No. They know. But it's not done.

RUN TITLES:

4 OMITTED

4

5 I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY/SWIMMING POOL - DAY 30

5

SPLIT-FLAP rolls **backward: DECEMBER 12TH, 1975. BANGKOK, THAILAND. THREE MONTHS EARLIER.**

Where the woman MONIQUE - stood eternally smoking at her sentry point - looks down on the swimming pool. In which - WIM BLOEM and LENA DEKKER, alive again, float peacefully.

Monique - eyes moving to where a TUK-TUK pulls up. From it, DOMINIQUE RENELLEAU and many bags of shopping climb out. He, Wim and Lena exchange greetings, as --

CHARLES (O.S.)
Are they still out there.

Monique - turning back into the apartment. Confirms it --

MONIQUE
Down in the pool.

This update delivered to CHARLES SOBHRAJ. Sleek Charles, shorter of hair, groomed, shaved. Currently sat at the table, AJAY at his shoulder, watching as he picks through --

WIM AND LENA'S TWO DOCUMENT WALLETS. Passports. Cash. Travellers Cheques. Quite a lot of those latter. But --

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Dominique's back, though.

Charles - hearing that. Makes a decision to carefully repackage all those valuable documents. As --

AJAY
How much, Alain?

CHARLES
(a little put out)
More than he told me they have.

But he takes those documents back to his STRONG BOX, replaces them inside. Locks it with a KEY. A key which he now tucks away up on a HIGH SHELF, as --

AJAY
Don't you just hate a lie?

Monique - hearing that. Considering her own fiction, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

6

INT. HOUSEBOAT. KITCHENETTE. DAL LAKE, SRINIGAR - DAY 2

6

Where our SPLIT-FLAPS rolls its way **backward: 5TH MAY, 1975. KASHMIR, INDIA. 7 months earlier.**

Three little WHITE PILLS on a kitchen counter; the base of a VODKA BOTTLE used now to CRUSH THE PILLS INTO WHITE POWDER. This powder now swept into the palm of Charles Sobhraj.

BUT THIS IS NOT THE CHARLES WE'VE COME TO RECOGNISE. He's A LITTLE YOUNGER, a little shaggier, stubble grown straggly. Jeans, t-shirt, sandals.

And right now he's carefully filtering that powder into a GLASS OF ICE TEA. One glass among FOUR OTHERS on a tray.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. HOUSEBOAT. DECK. DAL LAKE, SRINIGAR - DAY 2

7

My God, the view. A crystal expanse of water beneath jagged white peaks and mountain pastures. And Charles - that tray, stepping out on to the deck of this VICTORIAN HOUSEBOAT.

Stepping forward now to offer the tea to his FOUR COMPANIONS. Two couples. One couple: tanned, hip, India inoculated; the other: quite the reverse. They are --

JULES DUPONT, 35 - tubby, schlubby. And MARIE-ANDRÉE LECLERC - sheet-pale; hides behind a head-scarf and SUNGLASSES.

HIP WOMAN

Alain - this place is far out.

Charles - an easy shrug. Handing around the teas. HANDING JULES HIS FIRST. He takes a sip, and **French Canadian** accent --

JULES

We are lucky to have met you.

Charles - standing over Marie-Andrée. Her tea. And she, quiet, also **French Canadian** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Thank you, Alain.

But wait. Is there something familiar to her? There ought to be. Because this pale, hidden woman is the woman that in due course will stand on the balcony of Kanit House.

IT'S MONIQUE. Or **Marie-Andrée** as we'll know her now. And though she is only 28 years old, she might pass as 48, such is the grey anonymity in which she's lived until this point.

Her eyes are up now, however, as - from the shore - there's a hoot of a motorcycle horn. A FLAXEN BLONDE, helmetless on an old Enfield. She waves for Charles. Who waves back, then --

CHARLES
A plus tard, Marie-Andrée.

And he's dancing away down the gangplank and climbing on to the Enfield behind the blonde and roaring away.

HIP WOMAN
He's a war photographer, you know?
He's been in Vietnam.

CUT TO:

The desperate sounds of a man being UNCONTROLLABLY SICK.

8

INT. HOUSEBOAT. BATHROOM. DAL LAKE, SRINIGAR - DAY 2

8

Poor Jules Dupont - he hasn't stopped losing his guts in days. Heaves into the bowl again as - listlessly - Marie-Andrée rubs his back, fails to hide her disgust --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
(**French**)
*Are you sure there's nothing I can
do for you? / Tu es sûr que je ne
peux vraiment rien faire pour toi?*

JULES
*No. Please. It's your holiday,
Marie-Andrée. I insist. / Non, je
t'en prie. Profite de tes
vacances. Je t'assure.*

CUT TO:

9

EXT. HOUSEBOAT. DECK. DAL LAKE, SRINIGAR - DAY 2

9

Marie-Andrée - assuming what is evidently a semi-permanent position on this sun-bed. Beside it, a few copies of PARIS MATCH. A DIARY and a PEN.

Putting her sunglasses back on, she finds a smile for the Hip Couple. Retreats into one of those magazines. Until --

CHARLES (O.S.)
Jules is no better?

Charles - a camera hangs against his bare torso. She shakes her head, so aware of the other couple, of them watching and remarking on her. Aware too of this --

A SCAR that runs around one flank of his belly. Thick; jagged. He knows she's seen it. Knows she wants him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*One's first time in India... it is
perhaps - a ritual. Although: it is
your first visit too...*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

It is.

CHARLES

And you are quite well?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I am.

And he smiles. The compliment ready and delivered --

CHARLES

Then see: you're a natural, Marie-Andrée.

An idea that thrills her. But --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Do you think he can still join us, later?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

He is very sick.

And Charles - to underline the intimacy of the moment, **he switches to French** --

CHARLES

But - you might? If that was appropriate, I mean. / Mais, vous, vous pourriez? En tout bien tout honneur, j'entends.

She - the invitation of her own language. The sun beats down. His sleek, hairless body. And then --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(also **French**)

He wouldn't want me losing out. / Il ne voudrait pas que je rate ça.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. DAL LAKE, SRINIGAR - DAY 2

10

Two *SHIKARAS* - long, slender skiffs - rowed out across the flawless surface of the lake. In one, the Hip Couple and their BOATMAN. In the other - Marie-Andrée and Charles.

Marie-Andrée - never known such beauty. Sits back. Watches Charles. Who knows he is watched. On they go. Until, **French** --

CHARLES

It must have been very painful. / Ça a dû être particulièrement douloureux.

To her mortification, she knows he means this: her loose skirts have fallen aside to reveal a MOTTLED, PURPLING SCAR running down the side of her left leg.

She's a woman who carries a great deal of shame and self loathing. But this is its most evident expression --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*They said I might never walk again.
/ Ils m'ont dit que je ne pourrais
jamais remarcher.*

CHARLES

*Then they didn't see the strength
in you. / C'est qu'ils n'avaient
rien compris à la force qui vous
anime.*

But I do, he is saying. I do. A heat rises in her. Shame, desire. She wants to climb on him now, or drown herself --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*This is impertinent. Forgive me.
But I feel this very strongly. You
ought to be with someone who sees
you the way you are, not the way
you see yourself. Because you are
beautiful, Marie-Andrée. /
Pardonnez mon impertinence. Mais je
le sens si fortement. Vous devriez
être avec quelqu'un qui vous voit
telle que vous êtes réellement, pas
comme vous-vous voyez vous même.
Parce que vous êtes belle, Marie-
Andrée.*

FADE OUT.

11

EXT. KLONGS. BANGKOK - EVENING 30

11

SPLIT-FLAP **forward: 12TH DECEMBER, 1975. BANGKOK, THAILAND.
SEVEN MONTHS LATER.**

Another stretch of water. Another watercraft: a LONGTAIL BOAT rockets up this canal as night falls.

And we are with Marie-Andrée again. Only here, later in the year, quite another person altogether: Monique. Behind those sunglasses, she is watching as a boatman helms the watercraft. Charles sits next to her.

Watching as two guests - WIM BLOEM and LENA DEKKER - gasp at all they are seeing. Lena moves close to Wim. Lays her head on his shoulder, whispers something. He pulls her closer.

There's THAT RING. The love between them. None of this lost on Marie-Andrée. As now - they are mooring.

Charles - one leap on to the jetty. A hand for Marie-Andrée,
for Wim for Lena. Helps them all on to dry land.

CUT TO:

11A **EXT. ALLEYWAYS - NIGHT 30**

11A

Marie-Andrée watches the excitement of Wim and Lena as they
follow Charles through this maze of shacks and cottages. Down
one lane - crowds gather.

CUT TO:

11B **I/E. KLONGS. PUPPET THEATRE - NIGHT 30**

11B

Where, beneath the teak ceilings of this communal theatre, a
performance is beginning. A *Nang Yai*. A SHADOW PLAY.

Beneath the solemn gaze of a saffron-robed stone PAGODA, a
team of FOUR MUSICIANS play with *gamalan* intensity, and three
PUPPETEERS perform.

WIM and LENA stand enraptured by the Shadow Play, the
clanging music and the lights in the darkness.

And Charles - his dark eyes hidden from them. Watching their
love. The purity of it. Resolving to extinguish it.

Marie-Andrée watches them too, sees their awed disbelief as
Charles goes close to them, and quietly --

CHARLES

It is the *Ramakien*. The Thai
national epic. The Thais are
Buddhist, of course, but it is
almost identical to the *Ramayana*,
which is Hindu.

Lena - eyes bright with wonder --

LENA

The same but different.

CHARLES

The whole world over.

WIM

Thank you, Alain. Thank you.

CUT TO:

11C

I/E. KLONGS. PUPPET THEATRE - NIGHT 30 (LATER)

11C

The performance in interval. The musicians play on. People gather, talk, laugh. And through it all walks Marie-Andrée. Looking for someone. Finds her.

Lena - alone, taking in the lights, the music, the magic of it all, as --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I brought you a beer...

Lena's face - for a moment her wish that this woman would leave her in peace is all too naked to see. But she covers --

LENA

Thank you, Monique.

They drink a little together. Until a certain awkwardness descends. The kind Marie-Andrée has always known. Her own self-contempt assuming others feel the same for her. But --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You know - we only want to help.

Lena knows what she's talking about. Wishes she wouldn't --

LENA

I know.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Then...?

LENA

Do we have to talk about this now?
It's such a special evening. And
I'm so grateful.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Alain thinks you don't understand.

LENA

But - I do. We buy his gemstones
and sell them for twice what we
paid when we get home.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You don't think that's a good idea?
The money would give you both a
good start. A nice life.

Lena - the night so magical and this woman so intent on spoiling it. So she goes on the attack --

LENA

Does having money and jewels give
you a nice life?

Which almost floors Marie-Andrée. But she rallies; and LIES --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Of course. We are very happy.

Lena - doubtful look for that. Marie-Andrée reads it. But --

LENA

In any case. We really can't afford it.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(blurted)

I don't believe you.

Lena - the offence of that. But Marie-Andrée is reaching for her. Taking her arm. A sudden kind of desperation --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

Please, Lena. Just buy the gems.
You have the money. Please!

Lena - all too weird. She takes her arm back --

LENA

The money has nothing to do with it. Wim won't tell you this, but the way people like Alain abuse economic inequalities for profit: I think it's wrong, you understand. Sinful.

Marie-Andrée - appalled. *She's sinful?*

CUT TO:

11D **I/E. KLONGS. PUPPET THEATRE - NIGHT 30 (MOMENTS LATER)** 11D

A bell clanging. The interval ending. The performers and their puppets taking their positions once more.

And the two women - returning like an overnight frost. Marie-Andrée approaching Charles. Her failure announced by a barely perceptible shake of her head. And the ice in him.

FADE OUT.

12-14 **OMITTED** 12-14

15 **EXT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. BANGKOK - DAY 53** 15

SPLIT-FLAP **forward**: 3RD MARCH, 1976. THREE MONTHS LATER.

Yotin - guiding the Embassy Car past a large sign announcing in Thai and English: **NATIONAL POLICE OF THAILAND. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION.**

Herman - briefcase in hand. Climbing out. Watching as - a consignment of THAI STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS are escorted from POLICE VANS by THAI POLICE.

CUT TO:

16

INT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 53

16

TWO SENIOR THAI POLICEMEN sat opposite Herman. On the table between them - a BUFF FILE spills documentation. Crime Report, Autopsy Report. These considered by --

MAJOR GENERAL JANTHASIN - 50s, all gracious power --

JANTHASIN

This region suffers complex problems, Mr. Knippenberg. And Communist insurgents do not stop at national borders. I know I do not need to tell a diplomat of your experience the fragility of our democracy here.

HERMAN

Major General, forgive me... These people were not revolutionaries, they came here as guests and were killed in your country.

JANTHASIN

And we grieve for them.

(a beat)

Just as we know you grieve for all the innocent of this region whose lives have been lost in recent years.

HERMAN

Of course.

(slow)

Pardon me, sir: are you saying you won't open a case?

JANTHASIN

No. The case is open. But our resources here are not limitless.

HERMAN

Then you can't - investigate it?

Janthasin - he chooses not to answer that. So, Herman - explosive loss of diplomatic calm. He produces that **AUTOPSY REPORT**. BRIEFLY GLIMPSED PHOTOS: **DEAD BODIES**.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

They were set on fire while they were still alive! Major General, you must investigate.

Janthasin - not sure he likes Herman's tone --

JANTHASIN

It's not for you to give me my orders, Mr. Knippenberg.

(MORE)

JANTHASIN (CONT'D)

Nor to question my priorities. They are only two and I have an entire city of the young to keep safe.

Herman - eyes down. Remembers his training --

HERMAN

Forgive me. I meant no insult.

Janthasin - bowing his head. Allowing this. So --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

But the - dangers you refer to, the strain on your resources. These challenges are as much economic as political. Wouldn't you say?

Janthasin - cold features. But he knows it's true.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

The Americans, having brought such - chaos to the continent. They now - leave you with their mess, but take their money with them.

(a beat)

At least - this is what your Governor for Tourism at the Office of the Prime Minister tells me... when he describes the importance of tourism to your economy.

(autopsy photographs)

Is it not worth considering the impact such terrible things might have on all those in Western Europe who wish to visit your beautiful country?

Janthasin - fixed on Herman. Hears his argument. Leans across to exchange another word or two with his colleague. Then --

JANTHASIN

Please understand, Mr. Knippenberg, it is not that we do not wish these - crimes addressed.

HERMAN

Of course.

JANTHASIN

Then perhaps - with our consent - you might continue your own enquiries. You have made admirable progress so far.

Herman - he can hardly believe it, the worst possible idea --

HERMAN

But I'm not a policeman.

JANTHASIN
(can't help that)
No.

CUT TO:

16A **INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES. BANGKOK - DAY 53**

16A

Herman - tearing in, **Dutch** swearing at himself for his lateness. Finds his assistant LAWANA - her own anxiety - waiting for him. Hands him - a file, a pad, a pen --

HERMAN
Thank you, Lawana. When did they begin?

LAWANA
Almost an hour ago, Mr. Knippenberg.

More **Dutch** swearing, he turns for Van Dongen's Office, where: An IMPORTANT MEETING is in progress.

CUT TO:

17 **OMITTED**

17

18 **INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. VAN DONGEN'S OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 53**
(CONTINUOUS)

18

Herman - pushing in, bowing and mouthing his apologies to those gathered. Some we may know - VAN DONGEN himself, PAUL SIEMONS. A few senior THAI MEN, as --

REDLAND
... the problems would seem various, then... the Heroin laboratories in Marseille and elsewhere in the South of France have been shut down...

Nowhere for Herman to sit immediately adjacent to the door, so he has to clamber through the room. Past various other men - a Canadian POIRIER --

HERMAN
Excuse me. Pardon me, Mr. Poirier...

Ducks beneath the eyeline of the man currently speaking, American attaché GILBERT REDLAND, who gives Herman a look like he's from outer space and goes on --

REDLAND (CONT'D)

The end of the war in Vietnam; and
the slow response of policy makers
in Western Europe... all of this is
leading to the increase you're
seeing in heroin trafficking from
this continent to mine and yours.

VAN DONGEN

Thank you, Mr. Redland.

(beat)

Not for the first time lately, Mr. Knippenberg must apologise for his late arrival. In this case so late as to be almost entirely pointless..

HERMAN

Yes. Gentleman, I am very sorry. My appointment with the police ran overtime and then - the traffic of course.

The meeting breaking up now, not that they care much about the man and his day. But here --

SIEMONS

Police, Knippenberg?

Herman - meeting Siemons' curious eye. About to respond but --

VAN DONGEN

Unfortunate business. Two of our young, bodies found in the city morgue. But one for the authorities now.

Herman - as much for Siemons, but he says it to Van Dongen --

HERMAN

Yes. Although...

(awkward laugh)

They suggested I continue my enquiries...

Herman - immediately aware of the gathering storm in Van Dongen's expression. Seeks to soothe --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

It is - quite preposterous, of course.

VAN DONGEN

I'm glad you see it, Knippenberg. Preposterous and - Not. Your. Work.

Siemons - enjoying all this --

SIEMONS

Well, goodbye Ambassador. Until the next time.

CUT TO:

18A

INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES. BANGKOK - DAY 53

18A

Siemons - falling into step with Herman --

SIEMONS

So, golden boy? What are you going to do?

HERMAN

You heard Mr. Van Dongen.

Siemons - an eye for that, a chuckle. But, beyond --

SIEMONS

Hey Redland. I need a lift.

The man Redland - stopping. An eye for Herman - who smiles warmly for him, and --

HERMAN

Mr. Redland - I was very sorry to miss so much of your presentation, it sounded most [illuminating]...

REDLAND

(who is this guy)

Sure, Knippenberg. No problem.

(Siemons)

What are you? Too drunk to drive yourself?

Siemons - laughing pleasantly, and --

SIEMONS

Although not to put my boot up your dumb American backside.

Redland - chuckles. Moves away. Leaves Herman - who's perhaps a bit sad to lose Siemons' counsel. But with great fondness --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

Sorry Cloggy. Duty calls. If I told you what, you'd never believe it.

And he's gone. So Herman sits back at his desk. Which is, as usual, a bomb-site, but this he notices immediately --

a LARGE BUFF ENVELOPE with a note on it. It says only:
HILGERS. MISSING CONTENTS.

HERMAN

Lawana?

LAWANA

The missing enclosures from Mr. Hilger's original communication. It was located in the Hague and arrived this morning.

Herman - daring to hope. Opens the file to reveal an A4 ENVELOPE, covered in stamps and franks. Contents bulging. He gingerly removes this:

A PHOTOGRAPH: **Wim and Lena hand in hand on a paradise shore.**
Herman - HIS FIRST SIGHT OF THEIR FACES. In the envelope.
Many more photographs, letters, postcards. As --

LAWANA (CONT'D)

I thought you would like to see it.
Before it went to the police.

He - casting glances to where Van Dongen still consults with
a few senior Thais in his office. Turns back to --

HERMAN

Thank you, Lawana.

LAWANA
(entirely knowing)
You're welcome, Mr. Knippenberg.

And he puts the A4 Envelope into his briefcase.

CUT TO:

19

INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 53 (LATER)

19

Herman - alone at home. Music on the turntable, a half finished plate of eggs and potatoes and ketchup in front of him. Beer and cigarettes.

And fraught intensity as another holiday photograph of WIM AND LENA is replaced by the AUTOPSY REPORT. Herman - absorbing the horror of it. Returning to that new ENVELOPE.

Its contents: the life and travels of Wim and Lena. And Herman - taking MANY NOTES as he reads, and --

ANGELA (O.S.)
Herman!? It's incredibly loud!

Angela - home from a tea party. Goes to the stereo and turns it off. He - squint of objection, goes back to his work --

HERMAN
How was your tea party?

ANGELA
Oh. It was magical. There was dancing. Alain Delon was there. He refused to dance with anyone else and invited me to his suite tonight.

HERMAN
Well, don't let me stop you.

She - a roll of her eyes. Walks over to see what he's doing. He shows her a PHOTOGRAPH. **Wim and Lena - on the Hong Kong harbourside.** She can't quite believe it --

ANGELA
This is them?
(reading; staring)
Good God, Herman.

HERMAN
Look here: they both wrote home. From Hong Kong. Days before they came to Bangkok. It's funny: it's almost exactly the same letter. They talk about the sights they saw, how awful their hotel was.
(MORE)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

And they both talked about this -
gem dealer they met. He helped
Bloem with a ring for Miss Dekker.
A French gem dealer. Based out of
Bangkok. Who then invited them to
visit with him and his wife at
their home. Here.

Angela - stopping. Studying him --

ANGELA

Do they name this French gem
dealer?

HERMAN

No.

But Angela - an intrigue here, so --

ANGELA

Did you read the Post today?

HERMAN

The Washington Post?

ANGELA

(is he mad?)

Yes, Herman - the Washington Post.

(then)

Kannika!

In a moment, the maid KANNIKA is here, so --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

In the day room. There is today's
copy of the Bangkok Post.

HERMAN

Oh: that Post.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(Thai, to Kannika)

*Please can you bring it? / chai
ja.... chuay yhib hai nhoi na ja*

KANNIKA

Yes Mrs. Knippenberg.

A beat while they wait, so --

ANGELA

You know I was joking about Alain
Delon don't you?

HERMAN

He should be so lucky.

Then here's Kannika - returning with a copy of Bangkok's English language Thai daily newspaper.

ANGELA

Thank you, Kannika.

Angela - finding the right edition, flicks through. And shows Herman this. A **CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENT**. Herman reads it --

HERMAN

**Count Michel-André Jurion, of the
Belgian Embassy, is to make himself
known to the lawyers of Monsieur
Anton Chartier.**

(what's her point?)

I'm sorry, Angela. But...

ANGELA

(OVER him)

Herman. This man Chartier is a gem dealer. A French gem dealer.

HERMAN

What? Here?

ANGELA

Yes! Here! In Bangkok

FADE OUT.

19A **SCENE MOVED TO 19BA**

19A

19B **INT. JETLINER - DAY 3**

19B

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

*(both **French** and **English**)*

We will shortly be landing in Bangkok. Please return to your seat and fasten your seatbelts.

As various PASSENGERS attend to this instruction, FIND: Marie-Andrée Leclerc. She is reading - evidently not for the first time - from a thick cache of HANDWRITTEN LETTERS and POSTCARDS, tied with a RIBBON --

CHARLES (O.S.)

*(**French**)*

*Every day I am forced to live
without you is torture to me. I
love you. I beg you: come to me and
be mine. / Chaque journée passée
loin de toi est pour moi une
torture. Je t'aime. Et je t'en
supplie, reviens moi. Je suis à
toi.*

She thrills to the words she reads. Takes a moment to luxuriate in them. And then stands to an overhead locker. Replaces the letters. And removes: her ROSARY.

Sitting back down, she fastens her seatbelt, then KISSES THE CRUCIFIX on her Rosary as the jetliner PLUNGES into descent.

CUT TO:

19BA **EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. RUNWAY. BANGKOK - DAY 3 (ARCHIVE)**

A Jetliner landing through the smog of the city. And a SPLIT-FLAP, **backwards**: 9TH AUGUST, 1975.

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.)

(also **French**)

*My beloved: I fly to you like a
bride on her wedding night. Full of
fear, full of joy. / Mon aimé, je
vole vers toi pleine de peur,
pleine de joie, comme une jeune
mariée au soir de ses noces.*

CUT TO:

19C **INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. IMMIGRATION. BANGKOK - DAY 3** 19C

Marie-Andrée - queuing at IMMIGRATION. Approaching an OFFICER. He takes her landing card, stamps her PASSPORT. as --

CUT TO:

19D **INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 3** 19D

Marie-Andrée - pushing into the chaos of the airport. Almost breathless with excitement, she scans the mayhem. And sees him. Cutting through the crowds toward her --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Alain!

CHARLES

My angel. / Mon ange.

He takes her in his arms. A kiss that stops time.

CUT TO:

19E **EXT. GANGES HOTEL. BANGKOK - NIGHT 4** 19E

Functional at best. No valet. No view. And another SPLIT-FLAP
forward: 31st AUGUST, 1975. THREE WEEKS LATER...

CUT TO:

19F **INT. GANGES HOTEL. BEDROOM - NIGHT 4** 19F

Draped over that bedpost, her ROSARY. Beneath it, on faded
grey sheets, Marie-Andrée lies ALONE, WRITING IN HER DIARY.

There is an ashtray crammed to bursting with cigarette ends.
A few beer bottles, an ugly half-eaten sandwich. She checks
her watch. It is MIDNIGHT.

So she finishes her diary entry, extinguishes her cigarette, counts out a silent *Pater Noster* on her rosary, then turns the light out.

CUT TO:

LATER. God knows how much later. But the door is opening and Charles enters, a shaft of light falling on to Marie-Andrée's face, she stares up at him, disoriented --

CHARLES

Go back to sleep. / Rendors toi.

LATER STILL. Marie-Andrée and Charles in bed. She moves closer. Wants to make love. But he pushes her away. Turns over. There she lies. Feels the rejection.

CUT TO:

19G

INT. GANGES HOTEL. BEDROOM - DAY 5

19G

Charles - emerging from the bathroom. Dressed to go out. Finds Marie-Andrée sat on the bed, leafing mournfully through a dog-eared, much-read copy of Paris March. But, **French** --

CHARLES

*I wonder: would you loan me a
hundred dollars? / Je me demandais
: tu crois que tu pourrais me
prêter cent dollars ?*

She - the slap of that, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Alright. / D'accord.

She reaches for her handbag - those LOVE LETTERS visible within again - removes CANADIAN DOLLARS from a wallet. And he - watching, calculating her distress, gentle, smiling --

CHARLES

*It's important. I wouldn't ask you
if it wasn't. I will pay you back
twice over... / Je ne te les
demanderais pas si ce n'était pas
important. Je te rembourserai le
double...?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(brittle)

*When? When I'm back in Canada...? /
Quand ça ? Quand je serais rentrée
au Canada ?*

Charles - suddenly so sad at that thought --

CHARLES

*Are you going to leave me, then? /
Tu vas me quitter alors ?*

The obtuseness in him, the awful thought of home, the huge disappointment of it all, she breaks now --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Alain! It's been weeks! I am alone.
All the time. And when you do come
back, you will not even make love
to me! / Alain! Ça fait des
semaines que je reste enfermée ici.
Je passe mes journées toute seule.
Et puis quand tu rentres, tu ne me
fais même pas l'amour.*

Then: the deep seated conviction she has always nourished --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

*Am I really so repulsive!? / Je
suis vraiment si repoussante ?!*

And she breaks. Inconsolable tears. And Charles - watching, considering her grief and the use to which he can put it.

CUT TO:

19H

INT. FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 5

19H

Charles - exchanging those Canadian Dollars for Thai Baht.

CUT TO:

19I

I/E. THE COROLLA/JEWELRY STORE. BANGKOK - DAY 5

19I

Charles - at the wheel. Checks his watch: 1.15. And watches with great interest as --

A POLICEMAN (ROMYEN) emerges from that Jewelry Store with SUDA ROMYEN. She hands him a lunch pack, wrapped in a banana leaf and he kisses the top of her head in gratitude. As now --

A THAI POLICE SQUAD CAR pulls up. Romyen gets in and is driven away.

20-22 **OMITTED**

20-22

23 **I/E. JEWELRY STORE. BANGKOK - DAY 5**

23

SUDA ROMYEN - stood alone in her store. Eyes up as across the street, Charles gets out of the Corolla and approaches. As he does, however...: she turns her sign over to *CLOSED*.

He cocks his head and does puppy eyes for her. She laughs.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE LATER: they're alone in here. Huge chemistry. But this is all MUCH EARLIER in their time together. So she is demur as she shows Charles a selection of BRACELETS, and --

CHARLES

It is for my new secretary. She just moved here from Canada. She's a little homesick, I think.

And from his wallet - demonstratively showing her the thick wedge in there - he begins to count out Baht, and, choosing --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That one.

SUDA

That is a beautiful present - for a secretary.

CHARLES

Kuhn Suda - I want all the people who work with me to be happy.

Which carries specific meaning and she knows it, so --

SUDA

To be honest with you - Kuhn Alain - I am surprised you can afford a secretary.

CHARLES

I can afford a secretary, just as I can afford the wholesale consignment I have asked you for.

SUDA

It is not for me to sell it. It is the mine in Chantaburi that decides who they sell to.

CHARLES

They will not deal with a *farang*, Kuhn Suda.

She - a cock of her head for that word, then --

SUDA
You are not a *farang*.

CHARLES
I am not Thai.

SUDA
Then what are you, Kuhn Alain?

CHARLES
I am the man who will give you -
twenty-five per cent of the profit
I make when I sell their sapphires.
If you negotiate the deal for me.

Suda - her eyes. The calculation. She eyes him

SUDA
Perhaps you are able to buy a
bracelet for your secretary but the
mine's price is twenty thousand
baht per carat.

Charles - the challenge. His face - all the flirtation gone
for a moment. He steps to her --

CHARLES
I will have five hundred thousand
for you by this time next week.

Suda - entirely unflustered by his promises --

SUDA
We will see. But my cut will not be
twenty-five percent. It will be
forty.

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24

25 I/E. GANGES HOTEL. BEDROOM/CAR PARK. BANGKOK - DAY 5

25

Eyes still raw from weeping, Marie-Andrée looks down as
Charles climbs out of the Corolla. With A SMALL WHITE DOG on
a leash, and two WRAPPED PACKAGES tied together with string.

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27

INT. GANGES HOTEL. BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 5

27

Charles - on his lap: that small WHITE PUPPY. **French** --

CHARLES

*She is also for you. / Elle aussi,
c'est pour toi.*

Marie-Andrée - chin juttet, THAT BRACELET held in her hands,
refusing the bribery here, as --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Do you think you can buy me? / Tu
crois que tu peux m'acheter ?*

CHARLES

*Of course not. It's only that - I
am so ashamed of myself for the way
I have treated you. Truly, Marie. I
can only say - I have been working
too hard. But working for you also.
To build a business, to make money
for a home that might make you want
to - stay here. With me. But I have
neglected the most important thing -
that you be happy, Marie. / Bien
sûr que non. Mais j'ai tellement
honte de la façon dont je t'ai
traité. Vraiment Marie. J'ai trop
travaillé, mais je travaille pour
nous. Pour qu'on ait de l'argent,
pour t'acheter une maison qui te
donne envie de rester ici. Avec
moi. Mais j'ai négligé le plus
important, Marie: ton bonheur.*

A long beat. Her silence The hurt and hope in him. Then --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Her name is Frankie. But you can
change it if you like. / Elle
s'appelle Frankie. Mais tu peux
l'appeler comme tu veux.*

And he gives the dog to her. She takes it. Pets it. Then --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*No. I like the name. / No. J'aime
bien.*

Charles - his smile for that. Then, the other parcel --

CHARLES

*I thought you could wear this at
the beach. / Je me suis dit que tu
pourrais porter ça à la plage.*

Marie-Andrée - she unwraps it. Finds within a SHEER WHITE ROBE. Her total confusion. Dare she hope? So --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*I thought we'd go for a few days.
If you'd like that? / Je me suis
dit qu'on pourrait aller y passer
quelques jours. Ça te plairait tu
crois ?*

CUT TO:

28

I/E. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). HUA HIN - DAY 6

28

Cruising along by golden shores. Marie-Andrée - in the passenger seat, that new BRACELET on show. And that WHITE DOG is on her lap. Then Charles is breaking off the highway. Arriving here --

A RESORT beside a turquoise sea. Marie-Andrée - tentatively, she looks at Charles. And smiles.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. BEACH CABIN. HUA HIN - DAY 6

29

A deck overlooking the ocean. And Marie-Andrée, alone - she has her sun-lounger, her paperback (Sidney Sheldon in French translation), various back copies of *Vogue Magazine*. She still wears her new BRACELET proudly.

She massages Coppertone into herself. Positions a parasol above. But then - the parasol is moved. By Charles --

CHARLES
(speaks **English** to her)
Don't you want to tan?

Charles - returned from the village, shorts, tee, so at home here. In his hand - a bag of supplies. She - a curious eye for his choice of language, but, **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
*I don't want to burn. / Je vais
attraper des coups de soleil.*

CHARLES
(**English**)
You won't. I'll make sure.
(then)
And Marie - I think it is important
you get used to speaking English. I
would appreciate it, personally -
for the business, I mean - because
I cannot deal only with the French.
(beat)
But also to improve yourself.
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
It is the language of the world,
you know?

Marie-Andrée - it hurts her, but she feels the need for improvement every day of her life. So she nods agreement, as from his shopping bag he produces a glass bottle, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Geranium oil. Along with the
sunshine. It can work miracles.
(then)
May I?

And he sits on the lounge beside her. Removes the sarong she wears over her legs to REVEAL HER SCAR. Marie-Andrée - naked, vulnerable. Wants instinctively to cover it.

But his hands are on her leg. The oil too. With which he begins to massage her. Marie-Andrée - the conflict here: hates her scar. THRILLS to his touch.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. BEACH CABIN/VARIOUS. HUA HIN - DAY 6

30

Marie-Andrée - baking beneath sunshine. Skin turning brown.

Walking on the beach now, her little dog beside her. She stops alone. Watches as Charles rises from the ocean.

Charles and Marie-Andrée - making their way back up the sand towards their cabin. On the beach near to them - another couple are installed.

They are western. Perhaps they are on their honeymoon. Their names are GREG and VIOLA RAYNOTT and they are watching Marie-Andrée and Charles with naked curiosity. So, quiet --

CHARLES
What is it you think they say?

Marie-Andrée - she has many thoughts. None flattering. But --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
I'll tell you: They ask themselves
what a beautiful woman like you is
doing with a half breed like me.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
How do you know?

CHARLES
Because people have been saying it
all my life.
(then, a smile)
Why not go over and say hello?

Her face - stunned by that suggestion. But his smile --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But don't tell them your real name.
Say you're - Monique. Tell them -
you are a fashion model. And that I
am a photographer.

(beat)

We'll have fun. We'll make them
love us.

Marie-Andrée - the uncertainty, reverts to **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Is this a test? / C'est un test?

CHARLES

(his smile; **English**)

It's a game.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. RAYNOTT BEACH CABIN. HUA HIN - DAY 6

31

Table set up outside the Raynotts' cabin, Charles and Marie-Andrée eat lunch, drink beers with the Raynotts --

GREG RAYNOTT

... the price of oil *quadrupled* -
QUADRUPLED - in under a year.
Imagine what the war must have been
costing the Yanks with oil at
twelve dollars a barrel! No way
were they staying in Vietnam!

Charles - his smile. Indulgent. But quiet now --

CHARLES

Well there was the price of oil.
And there was also the nature of
their combatants...

(a beat)

May I show you a souvenir from the
time I photographed the United
States Army retreat from Hué?

And Charles stands, lifts his shirt. Reveals the terrible
scar on his flank --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That was a sheared-off slice of
aluminum the size of your dinner
plate...

GREG RAYNOTT

Look - I don't want to argue with
you, Alain.

(MORE)

GREG RAYNOTT (CONT'D)
Particularly if you're...
(not sure how to put it)
.. from that part of the world.

Charles - unflustered, takes Marie-Andrée's hand --

CHARLES
Who's arguing? We're only sharing
stories.

With Marie-Andrée - she feels the tension. Acts to ease it --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
The day he gave up military
campaigns for fashion campaigns was
a great relief, I can tell you!

VIOLA RAYNOTT
I'm sure! How did you guys meet?

MARIE-ANDRÉE
In Kashmir. Lake Dal. Have you
been? My God. It's so beautiful.
(then)
I was - with someone else at the
time, but... well: love is love.

Charles - beaming at this improvisation, he leans over and
kisses Marie-Andrée. Deep, ostentatious. But then --

GREG RAYNOTT
Viola?

Viola - a sudden hand to her stomach, so, innocently --

CHARLES
Madame? Are you alright?

Viola - another cramp by the looks of things; another
grimace. Suddenly very much not well, it seems.

CUT TO:

32

INT. RAYNOTT BEACH CABIN. HUA HIN - NIGHT 6

32

CHARLES
(**French**)
*Lock the door. / Verrouille la
porte.*

Marie-Andrée - there's been a SUDDEN ACCELERATION OF HORROR
since we last saw her. She's lost in a nightmare. CANNOT
BELIEVE WHAT SHE IS SEEING. Which is --

Viola Raynott - prone on an unmade bed. Greg is collapsed on
the floor. Both ENTIRELY SENSELESS.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The door, Marie! / La porte, Marie!

She does as she's told. Steps in. Absorbs details. Curtains drawn, light spills from a PUKE AND SHIT-STREWN bathroom. Her tone - shrill, urgent. Panic rising.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

My god, are they dead...? / Mon Dieu, ils sont morts?

So he goes to her. Takes her hands. Calm --

CHARLES

They will be fine. / Tout va bien.

(a beat; **English**)

They are only - rich arseholes. And when they wake up in the morning they will still be rich arseholes, only they will have a small headache, and need to make an insurance claim.

(beat)

Do you understand? They don't merit your concern.

She nods. And Charles - found a PAPERBACK: **OIL POLITICS** --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

See? What does he know? All he does is recite what he's read in a fucking book.

Marie-Andrée - frozen. Can only watch as he LOOTS them. PASSPORTS, TRAVELER'S CHEQUES. CASH. JEWELRY.

CUT TO:

33

I/E. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). COSTAL THAILAND - DAY 7

33

The Corolla booms back up the Highway. Little Frankie clutched tight on Marie-Andrée's lap and the new BRACELET still proudly worn as, above the engine--

CHARLES

What we've done here: it's for our future. Together.

(a beat)

Have you ever been to Paris?

Marie-Andrée - punchdrunk with it all, no words. So --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Oh my sweet Marie. Wait until you see Paris.

CUT TO:

33aA **I/E. THE COROLLA. JEWELRY STORE. BANGKOK - DAY 7 (LATER)** 33aA

Marie-Andrée - eyes dead ahead, still trying to absorb it all. Parked up here outside the Jewelry Store.

CUT TO:

33A **INT. JEWELRY STORE. CHINATOWN. BANGKOK - DAY 7** 33A

Suda - looking through the window to the Corolla and the woman sitting in it.

SUDA

That is your secretary?

And here, Charles - counting out MONEY for her. Smiles to confirm it, and --

CHARLES

Do we have a deal, Miss Suda?

Suda - she takes a moment. And nods. So he - a step, takes her hand, makes certain Marie-Andrée cannot see them, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I wonder: could I - take you to the movies one night? I would feel - the luckiest man in the city.

She - enjoying the feel of his hand. Eyes out again to that woman in the car, and --

SUDA

Forty percent.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 8** 34

The Corolla - pulled up by that sign: **KANIT HOUSE**. And Marie-Andrée - still reeling from all that has taken place, watching as Charles counts CASH and concludes a deal with a REALTOR. Returns to her. With a set of keys.

CHARLES

I think - enough with hotels. No?

CUT TO:

35 **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 8** 35

Marie-Andrée - as if in a dream. Lead through into this pleasing apartment. Unfurnished, except for a vast BOUQUET OF ORCHIDS; CHAMPAGNE chills. Charles smiles for her, and --

CHARLES
Well, my Marie?

MARIE-ANDRÉE
(**French**)
Have you ever been a photographer?
/ Tu as vraiment été photographe?

CHARLES
(resolutely **English**)
I have been a photographer just as
you have been a fashion model.

She - falling into **French** again --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Is your name even Alain? / Est-ce
que ton nom est vraiment Alain?

This is important, he knows, so **French** too --

CHARLES
I am Alain, just as you are
Monique. / Oui Alain, comme pour
toi Monique

MARIE-ANDRÉE
And as I am Marie-Andrée? / Comme
pour moi Marie-Andrée?

Brings her back to **English** again --

CHARLES
I am Charles.

A nod. And so, a breath, and **English** too --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
You know, at Dal Lake: he wasn't
even my boyfriend. Jules, I mean.
We were engaged. Before. But I
broke it off.
(beat)
There was - no one else who wanted
to go on holiday with me. No one
else who wanted to do anything with
me, really.
(another)
So there was no need to make him
sick. All you needed to do was -
ask. Me, I mean. Ask me, Charles.

And he - stepping to her, taking her hand --

CHARLES
From the age of fifteen - there was
no one and nothing that wanted me.
I was denied *everything*.
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Not even allowed to be a member of
a country, you understand? No
papers, no passport.

(so close, his eyes)

All my life. If I'd waited for the
world to come to me, I'd be waiting
still. Everything I ever wanted, I
had to take it.

She - entirely swept away, as now he kisses her, and --

CUT TO:

36 **INT. KANIT HOUSE. BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 8** 36

In raptures, Marie-Andrée is made love to by Charles Sobhraj.

FADE OUT.

37 **MOVED TO 66A** 37

38 **OMITTED** 38

39 **MOVED TO 66B** 39

40 **I/E. EMBASSY CAR/HAWKER STALL. BANGKOK - DAY 54** 40

SPLIT-FLAP **forward: 6TH MARCH, 1976. SIX MONTHS LATER.**

Yotin - driving. Herman in the back seat, guiding him.

HERMAN

There, Yotin!

YOTIN

Yes, Mr. Knippenberg.

So he pulls the car across the traffic. Pulls up at this
kerbside restaurant: plastic tables and many THAI OFFICE
WORKERS here for the glorious lunches shaken from vast woks.

Among them: Siemons. His eyes up now, as his lunch is
replaced by that NEWSPAPER CLASSIFIED, and --

HERMAN

This Count Jurion is one of yours,
correct?

Siemons - sits back, wipes his lip, shrugs. So --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

This is it, isn't it. The thing you said I'd never believe. Why don't you try me?

SIEMONS

Tell me why I should, Cloggy.

HERMAN

My two murdered Dutch.

Siemons - his own curiosity, he's listening --

HERMAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I have letters they wrote home. In which they describe meeting a **French gem dealer** based out of Bangkok. He invited them to come stay in his home: here.

Siemons - following the logic, but there's something here that's bothering him. Covers it with irony --

SIEMONS

You've taken the cops up on their offer, then? Does your Ambassador know?

HERMAN

He's been nothing but encouraging.

At which Siemons laughs loud. Comes to a decision --

SIEMONS

Pay for my lunch, Herman.

HERMAN

Excuse me?

SIEMONS

If I'm taking you to meet Jurion, you're paying for my lunch.

HERMAN

I have my driver. He can take us.

SIEMONS

No. Send him away.

HERMAN

Why?

SIEMONS

Because I don't think you want him seeing where I'm taking you.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. STREETS. BANGKOK - DAY 54

41

The two men - on the walk through the sweltering city --

SIEMONS

Both Count Jurion and this man
Chartier considered themselves to
be conducting a not entirely
exclusive relationship with the
same not entirely exclusive, young
woman.

HERMAN

A prostitute?

SIEMONS

Prostitution doesn't exist in
Thailand, Herman. Didn't you know
that? Men have girlfriends, whose
lives they support. It's very 19th
Century. Such men can grow -
possessive of such women.

(then)

So my man takes it upon himself -
loudly, and at her place of work -
to tell this Monsieur Chartier that
not only did he, Jurion, enjoy
exclusive rights over the young
woman, but also that Chartier was
paying far above the odds for his
pleasures... Monsieur Chartier has
evidently taken offence and
persuaded his lawyers he has
grounds to sue for defamation.

(beat)

It is the most banal and stupid
thing you ever heard, but there you
have it.

And on they go.

CUT TO:

42 **OMITTED**

42

43 **INT. GO-GO BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 54**

43

Herman - turning into this dark foyer. No immediate idea of where it is Siemons has brought him. Until here, ahead of him, through into the bar area, he sees them:

BARGIRLS AND DANCERS - cavorting, prowling. So --

HERMAN

Paul?

Siemons - stopping. Querying look, understands something --

SIEMONS

Have you never been to one of these places?

Herman - busted. A shy little shrug. Which Siemons clearly thinks is magnificent, shakes his head --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

Well, what better place for full disclosure. Come on.

And on he goes. Leaves Herman alone. He wants to head on in. But doesn't want to head on in.

So, a breath, he ducks his head. And follows. Through he goes, looking, not looking. But looking some more...

And following Siemons to where a tall, slender man sits at a counter with a balloon of Brandy.

A man we met before - ejected by Siemons from the bar of the Royal Siam Point Hotel - COUNT MICHEL-ANDRÉ JURION - turning now at the sight of Siemons, and - vaguely insulted --

JURION

Who's this tourist, Siemons?

Siemons - shrug of apology for Herman and --

SIEMONS

Knippenberg. From the Dutch.

Herman - impossible to ignore the dancers, but, quiet

HERMAN

You say it Ker -

SIEMONS

I know how you say it. Herman. It's just easier that way. This is Count Jurion.

(to Jurion)

(MORE)

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

He shares an interest in your love
rival.

Jurion - a query at that, so --

HERMAN

Chartier.

JURION

(a look to Siemons)

Go on.

HERMAN

A murdered Dutch couple wrote of
being invited as guests to the home
of a Bangkok-based, French gem
dealer.

Jurion - seizing on this like a hungry child --

JURION

Then it is true! I told you
Siemons!

Siemons - fierce eyes for him. *SHUT UP!* Not lost on Herman --

HERMAN

What's true?

SIEMONS

Knippenberg's story doesn't
necessarily corroborate...

JURION

Of course it does!

HERMAN

Paul? Corroborate what?

Siemons - slumping. Flicks an order for a brandy of his own --

SIEMONS

As you know, part of my duties here
include the necessary tidying up of
any *reputational* damage sustained
by the Belgian Embassy. Or any of
its employees. In short....:

(Jurion)

I've been trying to clear up his
mess. In the course of which, I
talk to EVERYONE I know in this
city. And I know a lot of people,
Herman. Chartier, I ask... Who
knows a Gem Dealer named Anton
Chartier...

(beat)

No one's heard of him. Which in
itself is strange. But I do pick up
another story from a reporter at
Agence France Presse. The story
goes: a young woman - 2 months back
in December - very frightened, is
doing the rounds of the embassies,
looking for help and making
accusations... Wild accusations.
Against a man.

(for Herman)

Against a French Gem Dealer with an
apartment near here in Patpong.

Herman - beginning to calculate something now, and his
indignation at what he is beginning to understand is rising --

HERMAN

What were the accusations?

SIEMONS

(quiet)

Drugging and robbery...

HERMAN

(building fury and dismay)

And murder, Paul?

SIEMONS

(quieter)

Yes.

HERMAN

(not quiet)

Of who?

SIEMONS

(shameless now)

Of some young longhairs who'd been
persuaded back to the gem dealer's
apartment...

HERMAN

(appalled)

And you didn't see fit to tell me!?
My two Dutch were burnt alive for
Christ's sake.

SIEMONS

(in some shame)

It had to be confidential.

HERMAN

You mean this lecher's reputation
was at stake?

JURION

I am not a lecher. Call me that
again, Windmill Boy, and you'll be
the one getting sued.

HERMAN

Who was this woman? Did this
reporter say?

SIEMONS

He didn't know. But she was French.
Or spoke French

HERMAN

And how was she able to make these
accusations..?

SIEMONS

She knew him. Or lived with him.

HERMAN

No address?

SIMONS

For the love of God, Herman. No.

HERMAN

Which Embassies?

SIMONS

As many as she could. All save the
French.

HERMAN

Why not the French Embassy?

SIEMONS

The gem dealer had friends there,
so the story goes. He was French.
And carried influence in the French
community - down to the fact he
sold his jewels there...

HERMAN

So: what happened?

SIEMONS

Nothing.

HERMAN

No one did anything!?

Siemons just shrugs. Leaves Herman entirely hollowed out --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

(to Jurion)

I suppose you find this story
encouraging? This man Chartier, the
enemy you've made... he won't be
able to slander you if the Thais
prosecute him for murder..?

JURION

Well: he won't.

HERMAN

And you think to yourself - well,
how many French gem dealers can
there be in Bangkok?

JURION

Exactly.

HERMAN

Well I'll tell you. There are at
least two of them. If your Chartier
was the killer, he'd have to be
some kind of fool to openly publish
his name over a row with a
degenerate Belgian. Which makes the
pair of you fools too.

And he's up. He's leaving. In some disgust. But --

SIEMONS

Cloggy. Herman. Come on. Wait.
Where are you going...?

HERMAN

Where you should have gone
immediately: to find that woman. I
just hope no harm has come to her.

And with that he's gone. Leaves the two men there. Jurion -
who's about to launch into some defence, but --

SIEMONS

No. Not a word. Or I'll dump you in
a Khlong to drown.

FADE OUT.

44 **OMITTED**

44

45 **EXT. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). CHIANG MAI - DAY 9**

45

SPLIT-FLAP **backward**: 19TH SEPTEMBER 1975, CHIANG MAI,
THAILAND. SIX MONTHS EARLIER.

Lush and beautiful up here, the Corolla cresting a hill and
revealing beneath it: THE MOUNTAIN CITY OF CHIANG MAI. A
river running through it.

CHARLES drives.

CUT TO:

46-47 **OMITTED**

46-47

48 **INT. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). CHIANG MAI - DAY 10 (SAME AS 46P
3 SC 17)**

Dominique - barely conscious, slumped in the back. Charles
drives.

Charles turns back to check on him. Finds Dominique's eyes
open. Turns back to face forwards and keeps driving.

CUT TO:

48A

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 10 (SAME AS EP 3 SC.17A)

48A

Marie-Andrée - the change in her. Tanned, relaxed, BRACELET on, Frankie beside her. And currently listening to her new friend, the French woman NADINE GIRES; **French** --

NADINE

Look? Can you see? / Regarde? tu vois?

Nadine - pointing high above to one of the balconies on the building that stands opposite the balcony to no. 504.

Clear for Marie to see - there are two jackets and two sets of pants in white and black check: CHEFS WHITES, hanging over the balcony --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Remy leaves them there for the sweat to dry in the sun. He doesn't wash them. And I refuse to. He works all night, sleeps most of the day. Come to Thailand, he said. It will be exotic. / Remy les laisse la pour faire secher la sueur au soleil. Il ne les lave pas - il refuse. Il travaille toutes les nuits, dort la plupart de la journée. Viens en Thaïlande il disait. Ca sera exotic.

Marie - behind her shades. She isn't really listening, but --

NADINE (CONT'D)

My God. Listen to me. You can tell I have no friends... / Putain - écoute moi - Tu peux voire que j'ai pas d'amis.

Marie - her face, perhaps she can relate to that --

NADINE (CONT'D)

I bet Alain doesn't leave his pants out to dry. He has the most beautiful clothes... Where did you two meet, Monique? / Je te parie qu'Alain il laisse pas trainer ces calebards au soleil. Il a tellement d'allure. Vous vous êtes rencontrés ou ?

Marie - a chance to practice her story again --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(French)

*Lac Dal. Have you been to Kashmir?
/ Lac Dal.*

(MORE)

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

Tu es déjà allée au Kashmir ?

(Nadine hasn't)

*My God it's so beautiful. I was
with someone else at the time but
then we met Alain and - well: love
is love... / C'est tellement beau -
J'étais avec quelqu'un d'autre à
l'époque, et puis j'ai rencontré
Alain et ...L'amour ça se calcule
pas.*

NADINE

*That's so romantic. The closest
I've come to anywhere like that is
the smell of fish on Remy's hands..
/ C'est romantique. Moi, Ce que
j'ai connu de plus proche c'est
l'odeur du poisson sur les mains de
Remy.*

Which she says with a laugh and Marie responds with a smile
as now - the sound of the Corolla returning --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*Ah! He's back... / Ha - il est de
retour*

(then)

*And he has someone with him,
Monique... / Et il y a quelqu'un
avec lui*

Marie-Andrée - standing. Seeing that indeed he does. Charles
is helping a barely conscious young man out of the back seat.

She goes closer and sees him for the first time: DOMINIQUE.

Marie - looking to Charles. Questioning just what the hell is
going on. But he, a gentle smile and, **French** --

CHARLES

*Dominique, may I introduce my wife,
Monique? / Dominique, puis-je vous
présenter ma femme, Monique?*

DOMINIQUE

Enchanté.

And he leads the boy on, explaining to Nadine --

CHARLES

*I met him in Chiang Mai. I don't
know what he ate there but I had to
help him. / Je l'ai rencontré à
Chiang Mai.*

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*Je ne sais pas ce qu'il y a mangé,
mais fallait que je l'aide.*
(then)
*Come, Monique. Help me. / Allez,
Monique - viens m'aider.*

And so she does.

CUT TO:

48B

I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE/BALCONY - DAY 10 (MOMENTS LATER) (SAME AS
EP 3 SC.18)

*

Marie-Andrée - holding the door open for Charles and
Dominique. Guiding them through to where Coco the monkey
greeted them with a screech. So --

DOMINIQUE
(**French**)
Cute. / Mignon.

And he passes out. So Marie goes to help Charles and they
guide him over to the sofa where they drape him and --

*

CHARLES
*Dominique - you must sleep. You are
in my home and you are perfectly
safe. / Dominique tu dois dormir,
tu es chez moi et tu es en sécurité
ici.*

Charles goes out onto the balcony. Marie-Andrée - following
him. She is about to speak, but --

*

*

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(finger to his lips)
English, chérie.
(of Dominique)
His English is very poor.

*

*

*

*

*

MARIE-ANDRÉE
(understanding)
Did you do this to him?

*

*

*

Charles just looks at her. So --

*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)
Did you - take his money already?

*

*

CHARLES
No. He is coming to live with us.
(her face: *what?*)
*Keep him a little sick and he will
do anything for us. I don't want
you doing housework, Marie.*
(MORE)

*

*

*

*

*

*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Besides: if one of my little
brothers got sick like this, I'd
kill someone if they found him and
didn't take him in.

*
*
*
*

Marie - her deep confusion as Charles steps to the balcony
and looks down to where Nadine and a few other NEIGHBOURS are
casting curious glances up toward them.

*
*
*

Charles waves a reassuring wave and, quiet --

*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We are rescuing him. That's what
people will say. That nice couple
rescued that poor boy.

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

48C

OMITTED

48C

*

49

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 11

49

Radio France International on a radio. A MONKEY (COCO) sat happily on a stand. And Marie-Andrée, a pot of coffee in her hand, Frankie at her feet, She looks to where a sleepy-eyed, pale Dominique, has just emerged from the SPARE BEDROOM.

Her friend NADINE GIRES is here. There's a table full of a sumptuous breakfast: Fresh fruit. Eggs; bread; butter. And Charles sat there with the **Bangkok Post** and, **French** --

CHARLES

*Before you eat, however: medicine.
/ Avant de manger, très important :
ton médicament.*

Charles - a look to Marie-Andrée who, up at the counter, now stirs a spoonful of WHITE POWDER into a glass --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*What is the correct dosage,
Monique? / Quel dosage déjà,
Monique ?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*One glass. Two times a day. / Un
verre, deux fois par jour.*

CHARLES

Now: breakfast. / Maintenant, le
petit déjeuner.

NADINE

*Let's make omelette. / On se fait
une omelette ?*

(MORE)

NADINE (CONT'D)
(for Dominique)
*The bread here is awful, but my
husband is a chef at the Siam Point
so the butter is from Normandy. /
Le pain est atroce ici mais mon
mari est chef au Siam Point, alors
on a du beurre de Normandie.*

Dominique looks to Charles, then to Marie --

DOMINIQUE
*You've been so kind... I thought I
was going to die. / Vous avez été
tellement adorables... J'ai vraiment
cru que j'allais y passer.*

CUT TO:

50

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 13

50

SPLIT-FLAP **forward:** 10TH OCTOBER, 1975. THREE WEEKS LATER.

Marie - smoking at her sentry point. Down below, Dominique plays ping-pong against himself. (With the opposite leaf folded up.) They both watch now, however, as --

A taxi pulls up. From it, a crappy old suitcase in his hand, the curious eyes of Ajay Chowdury step out.

Arriving for the first time, it seems. Because here is Charles. Going to the taxi. Paying the driver out of his own wallet. Then turning to Ajay. And EMBRACING HIM.

CUT TO:

51

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 13

51

Marie-Andrée - seeking a private moment with Charles as, beyond, Ajay sits at the table with Dominique, wolfing food --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
(**French**)
*You didn't say anything? And he's
just going to live here! / T'as
rien dit ? Et maintenant il va
vivre avec nous, c'est ça ?*

Charles - one of his admonishing looks for her, **English** --

CHARLES
We're going to be like a family.
(then)
If you don't want children, you
ought to say, you know...

Which entirely defeats her. But he kisses her wordless mouth kindly enough and moves back to where Ajay eats, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
I used to drive Mercedes Benz,
overland, from Hamburg to Bombay.
One of my clients was a film
producer there.

AJAY
(grinning, mouth full)
My father.

CHARLES
And I always thought - one day,
when he is ready, I want that boy
to work for me.

CUT TO:

51A OMITTED

51A

52 I/E. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 14

52

Marie-Andrée - helping Dominique to more of that MEDICINAL LIQUID. He drinks. They both consider that monkey, Coco, squawking on its stand, then --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Help me fix drinks.

And so he does. Until, together, they move out into the balcony, see - down in the pool below - Charles and Ajay, engaged in some vigorous horseplay.

Ducking each other, wrestling, smooth bodies golden brown and entwined in the turquoise water. And perhaps Marie-Andrée hears something as she and Dominique make their way down --

AJAY
Well she does! You may not think
so. She looks just like Juliette.

And Charles - he hasn't seen Marie-Andrée yet, but he delivers a particularly violent slap for Ajay --

CHARLES
I don't care. You ever mention her
again, I'll kill you.

And then he dunks Ajay again. Holds him underwater for far too long. Until, scared for his life, he comes spurting to the surface. Breathing, choking --

AJAY
Fucking hell!

And both of them - now finding Marie-Andrée stood above --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Who is Juliette?

Charles - eyes fierce for Ajay, so --

AJAY
No one.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
She's no one but she looks like me?
(beat; hard)
Dominique - have you heard her name
before?

DOMINIQUE
No, Monique. Not at all.

Charles - eyes still fierce for Ajay. *Fix it.*

AJAY
She's only someone we used to know.

CHARLES
But she's dead now.

Ajay - curious eyes for that, but --

AJAY
It's a real tragedy.

And Marie - not in the slightest bit reassured. Is that
reassuring? She's not sure.

CUT TO:

2/52aA **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT 14**

2/52aA

Alone in their bedroom, Marie-Andrée writes feverishly in her
diary. There is the sound of laughter and music from the
rooms beyond but on she goes... HEAR her; **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (V.O.)
*Today I overheard Char and Ajay
speak of someone named Juliette.
They said she was nobody, she was
dead. Were they lying? Who is
Juliette? Yet another mistress...?*

CUT TO:

LATER: the noise from without died down and unable to help
herself, Marie-Andrée is making stealthy progress through a
forensic SNOOP of Charles' belongings...

The draws where he keeps his clothes and underwear, the closet, the pockets of his jackets and trousers. And here - a line of books...

Some pulpy novels. But also: Kierkegaard; Jung; Sartre, Nietzsche... [however many of these are clearable/achievable] She flicks through them one by one. Until - something falls from a copy of Nietzsche.

It is a PHOTOGRAPH. **Charles - 3 or 4 years younger; alongside a woman, and a babe in arms** [green card insert for now].

Marie - flicks the photograph OVER. Reads there: **Charles, Juliette, Madhu. Bombay, June '71.**

Turns it over again. Studies her. Juliette. Dark, frail. Indeed so similar to Marie. Her eyes bore out at her.

But then - sudden laughter, boots. Marie puts the photograph back into the book, replaces it and returns to bed.

CUT TO:

52A **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 15**

52A

Marie-Andrée - turning to a dinner table full of guests. Strangers, friends. Dominique, Ajay. The young woman, NADINE. REMY, her husband. (Marie-Andrée is wearing the bracelet Charles bought her)

Charles - sat at the table. A deal concluded with IMPORTANT THAI CLIENTS, he PUTS THEIR BUSINESS CARDS into a BULGING ROLODEX.

Everyone now laughing - Coco squawking - as Charles and Ajay perform a trick whereby Ajay repeatedly PUNCHES Charles in the stomach and Charles, such is his strength - resists.

CUT TO:

52B **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. VARIOUS. BANGKOK - DAY/NIGHT 16**

52B

Marie-Andrée - she serves DRINKS to more new friends and clients. All of them delighted to be in her home. She watches MONEY change hands. More BUSINESS CARDS into the ROLODEX.

She hears GUESTS THROW UP in the spare room. Gems. Money. PASSPORTS AND TRAVELERS CHEQUES FILL THE SAFE.

CUT TO:

53 **I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM. BANGKOK - NIGHT 17**

53

SPLIT-FLAP **forward:** 17TH OCTOBER, 1975.

Marie-Andrée - alone in their BEDROOM - assessing herself in the mirror in CHIC DRESS AND HEELS, wearing her BRACELET. Utterly stunning. Perhaps now, briefly, she approves of herself. And so she walks out..

Into an apartment FULL OF DANCING GUESTS. A Party. That
extraordinary party, where, A LITTLE LATER --

TERESA

Are you the gem dealer, Monique?

The young American: TERESA KNOWLTON. Delivered to the party by a now retreating Ajay. But --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I am not. He is the gem dealer.

A LITTLE LATER STILL - Charles is on the sofa with Teresa.

CUT TO:

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

I am one of six, you know. You have five brothers and sisters, no one ever listens to you...

Which goes down well with this little group she's talking to: Ajay, their neighbour Nadine Gires, one or two others --

AJAY

It makes you secretive, right?

And he laughs and so do the others, as --

NADINE

This was in Montreal, Monique?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

No. It wasn't even in Quebec City.

A beat. Something genuinely haunted here --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

It is a terrible little place called Levis.

(a smile found, levity)

Don't ever go there.

And so there is laughter. But her eyes up as Charles and Teresa are moving toward them. On their way out it seems, Charles stopping to collect his CAR KEYS.

So Marie-Andrée prepares herself to leave with them, but --

CHARLES

No, Monique. You must stay with our guests. Ajay will come.

CUT TO:

53A

EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY. BANGKOK - NIGHT 17 (MOMENTS LATER) 53A

NADINE (O.S.)

(**French**)

*You don't get jealous, Monique? /
Tu n'es pas jalouse, Monique ?*

Marie-Andrée - smoking on the balcony. Looking down to where Teresa is shown into the Corolla. Turns back to Nadine's garrulous smile. **French** too --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*It is Alain. It is who he is and I
don't want him any different. /
C'est Alain. C'est qui il est, et
je ne voudrais pas qu'il soit
different.*

NADINE

*You know - you're far too
sophisticated to be Canadian. / Tu
sais - tu es beaucoup trop
sophistiquée pour être canadienne.*

Which is meant as a gentle little joke, but watch Marie-Andrée - she's pleased by that idea. And it eases the disquiet with which she watches Teresa being driven away.

CUT TO:

54

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 18

54

Marie-Andrée - woken by the sounds of men returning. So she rises, pads blearily out into the main finds Charles and Ajay. Both of them a mess, exhausted, still damp --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You've been gone all night. Where
have you been?

Ajay - his eyes, shifty with his own trauma, but --

CHARLES

Pattaya. The girl wanted to swim.
She and Ajay swam.

Somehow Ajay finds a smile to confirm that. So Charles produces: A PASSPORT and a WAD OF TRAVELERS CHEQUES. Hands them to Marie-Andrée --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Will you see these cashed?

The Passport. TERESA'S FACE. So, ever more anxious --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

She's been here. She can tell the
police where we are.

AJAY

No she can't.

Marie-Andrée - a fear here she can barely articulate --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

What did you do to her?

Charles - a step to her, and, gentle --

CHARLES

You don't need to worry about it.
About any of it.

(**French** to soothe her)

*I promise you. We are safe. / Je te
promets : rien ne peut nous
arriver.*

CUT TO:

54Apt1 **INT. FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE - BANGKOK - DAY 18**

54Apt1

Marie-Andrée - pushing a passport across to a TELLER. The Teller checks the photograph. It's Marie-Andrée's photograph. The name beside it, however: TERESA KNOWLTON.

And so here are her TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES. A great deal of CASH counted out for her.

CUT TO:

54Apt2 **LATER:** That same cash displayed proudly on a table in 54Apt2 a bar, where Charles, Marie-Andrée and Ajay are gathered.

CHARLES

Ajay? Take a photograph.

Ajay - standing up. Steps forward. Takes a CAMERA from Charles. Who turns to Marie-Andrée, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

For my mother. So she can see you,
Marie. See how well we are doing
together.

The **VIEWFINDER:** Charles stands - hand on hip - beside a seated Marie-Andrée, both in shades, CASH spread on the table. The lens CLICKS on **That bleakly iconic image of them.**

CUT TO:

54AA **EXT. TEMPLE. BANGKOK - DAY 20**

54AA

Marie-Andrée - walking through a golden, holy temple complex.

CUT TO:

54B **OMITTED**

54B

54C **EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL. BANGKOK - DAY 20**

54C

Marie-Andrée - together with the dog, Frankie, she's climbing out of a Tuk-Tuk, returning home. Sees immediately: a SHINY NEW CAR (**MAKE TBD**) in the parking bay. It's empty. All else is silence.

CUT TO:

54D **I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY. BANGKOK - DAY 20 (MOMENTS LATER)**

54D

Marie-Andrée and Frankie - moving off the landing and pushing at the door, which swings open. Through she goes. And immediately she sees her --

SUDA

I helped him choose this.

Suda - emerging from the Main Bedroom and in her hands: that
BRACELET. Marie-Andrée - no words, but --

SUDA (CONT'D)

You're Monique.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

And you're Suda.
(then)
Frankie. Here.

Frankie - who's happily gone to Suda's heels. She pets the dog. And looks to that EMPTY STAND --

SUDA

Alain told me the monkey died.

Marie-Andrée - can't articulate it. But she feels THREAT --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Yes.

SUDA

He asked to meet us here. Before we go to dinner. He was late.

Marie-Andrée - *us? Dinner? Late?* But --

SUDA (CONT'D)

Will you please make sure he gets that.

She means this TOTE BAG on the table. Marie-Andrée looks inside: SEVERAL PACKS OF GEMSTONES within, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

How did you get in?

Suda - cocking her head. About to answer. But then: the SOUND OF THE TOILET FLUSHING. And out comes Romyen. His uniform. Marie-Andrée freezes. Listens as he and Suda talk. Then --

SUDA

I am explaining to my father that you are his secretary.

Marie-Andrée - deer in a hunter's sights. What to say? But --

CHARLES (O.S.)

Oh - you are here already. Good.

Charles - in the doorway. His *Wai* for Romyen --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Colonel Romyen. Good evening.

Romyen nods his opaque hello. Then, a smile for Suda --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

If we go now, we'll still make the reservation.

(a look to her)

Goodbye, Monique.

And with that the three of them are gone. Marie-Andrée breathes, blinks. Moves through the apartment to the BALCONY. Where she watches them emerge from the building.

Watches as Charles PLACES A HAND IN THE SMALL OF SUDA'S BACK and guides her to that new car. Charles pats it almost possessively. Romyen gets in the driver's seat. Suda in back.

And Charles - turning up to where he knows Marie-Andrée is watching him. Meets her eye. Fixes her. No smiles. Then he's into the passenger seat and they are gone.

CUT TO:

54DA

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

54DA

Charles - though he predicted a reaction of this kind he is mounting an insulted defense... **French** --

CHARLES

*I have no feeling for her, I
promise you that. It's - a
pragmatic act. Nothing more. Suda
for her gems. And the Colonel to
protect us, all of us. You, me,
everything we do here... / Je te
promets, je ne ressens rien pour
elle. C'est juste être pragmatique -
rien de plus - Suda pour les
pierres, et le Colonel pour nous
protéger. Toi, moi et tout ce qu'on
fait ici.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*And what will he do when they find
out you are as faithless to her as
you are to me!? / Et il fera quoi
quand ils découvriront que tu la
trompes autant que moi ?*

Charles - a look for that. Pity, disappointment. It's a look that slays her. She silences. So --

CHARLES

*They are not going to find out
because I lie to them about what
you are to me. / Ils ne se rendront
jamais compte de rien - parceque je
leur mens sur qui tu es pour moi.*

(beat)

*I lie to them. And I tell the truth
to you. Because you are what is
most important to me. / Je leur
mens. Et à toi je dis la
verite. Parceque tu es ce que j ai
de plus important.*

Marie - is she persuaded? Hard to say. But he steps to her. Cups her cheek with his hand --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Please. I beg you. Free your mind
from jealousy and suspicion; it is
a bourgeois curse. And it will ruin
our happiness. Can you do that, my
darling? / S'il te plait, je t'en
supplie. Plus de jalousie, plus de
suspensions - C'est des sentiments
de bourgeois. Et ca ruinera notre
bonheur. Tu peux essayer, mon
amour?*

Marie - considering that. Makes her decision. She can.

CUT TO:

54E

I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY. BANGKOK - NIGHT 24

54E

SPLIT-FLAP **forward: 27TH NOVEMBER 1975.** Where Marie-Andrée - once more smoking out on the balcony. She looks back into the apartment to where, held between them --

Charles and Ajay are leading VITALI HAKIM out of the SPARE ROOM and out of the apartment. A few moments later and they appear beneath her. Heading for the Corolla.

Vitali - for one desperate beat - he throws a last glance up at her before he is fed into the car and driven away, as --

DOMINIQUE (O.S.)

(**French**)

Where are they taking him? / Où est-ce qu'ils l'emmènent?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(defiantly English)

The hospital. He's very sick.

FADE OUT.

54F

INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES. BANGKOK - DAY 55

54F

SPLIT-FLAP **forward: BANGKOK. MARCH 8TH, 1976. FOUR MONTHS LATER.** Where Herman - a telephone in the crook of his neck - opens a FRESH PACK OF CIGARETTES, lights the first and --

HERMAN

(into the phone)

Good morning - my name is Knippenberg. Might I speak to someone in your consular department?

On his habitually cluttered desk, there is a handwritten list of COUNTRY NAMES, perhaps 15 long, in alphabetical order. Starting with **Australia**, ending with **United States**. Beside each, there is a telephone number.

CUT TO:

LAWANA - moving back through the office. Takes up her seat across the desk from Herman. Notices - the several CIGARETTE ENDS now in his ashtray, and --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

She would have been French. Yes - just walked in off the street I imagine.

Herman - that list. Several names CROSSED THROUGH. On he smokes, dials another number, the fag ends build up, and --

HERMAN (CONT'D)
December. Or thereabouts. They were
- specific claims.

CUT TO:

LAWANA
Mr. Knippenberg.

There's a warning in her tone. So Herman looks up to where,
across the floor, Van Dongen is returning (loud Hawaiian
shirt, a THAI ASSISTANT pushing his GOLF CLUBS.)

HERMAN
Thank you, Lawana.

And he hangs up. Slides another whole load of paperwork over
his list and makes a good show of concentrating hard. Until:
THEIR PHONE starts ringing. Lawana answers it --

LAWANA
Consular department. Mr.
Knippenberg? Yes. One moment
please.

And she transfers the call as Herman peers into his now empty
cigarette pack, and --

LAWANA (CONT'D)
The British Embassy, sir.

Herman - eyes up immediately, answers it --

HERMAN
This is Knippenberg.

CUT TO:

55-60 **OMITTED**

55-60

61 **INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY 55**

61

The smiling beneficence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II,
looking down on this man: CARTWRIGHT, 40s. Into his 'phone --

CARTWRIGHT
I don't see why the French couldn't
have done something about it
themselves... But then they are
French.

And he laughs loudly down the line.

CUT TO:

61aA **INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES. BANGKOK - DAY 55**
 (CONTINUOUS)

61aA

Herman - on his feet, sudden urgency. He's caught a break --

 HERMAN
Pardon me, sir. Are you saying that
she came to you?

 CARTWRIGHT (O.S.)
 (entirely blasé)
That's right. Saw her myself.

CUT TO:

A FEW MOMENTS LATER: Herman on a different call.

 HERMAN
Angela! I need a ride!

 ANGELA (O.S.)
You mean your secret taxi service?

 HERMAN
Yes, that one.

CUT TO:

61aB **OMITTED**

61aB

61aC **INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - BANGKOK 55**

61aC

Herman - sat across from Cartwright and Queen Elizabeth.
Doing all he can to keep his calm diplomatic attachment in
the face of the other man's profound nonchalance --

 HERMAN
Did she not give you her name, Mr.
Cartwright?

 CARTWRIGHT
No. She wouldn't. She was - highly
agitated.

 HERMAN
What did she tell you - exactly?

 CARTWRIGHT
As you describe! Allegations
against this Gem Dealer. Drugging,
theft...

 HERMAN
Murder?

 CARTWRIGHT
Yes!

HERMAN

Did you not believe her?

CARTWRIGHT

That's what *she* asked me. I told
her what I tell you now: irrelevant
whether I believed her or not.

(MORE)

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Not within our gift to help her.
Better she go to the police.

HERMAN
And?

Cartwright - leaning back; enjoying the intrigue of it --

CARTWRIGHT
She said that was impossible. That
this Frenchman had connections with
the police. Friendships.

Herman - ever more aghast and astonished but --

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Actually: she left something with
me. That she took from his
possession, so she said. I imagine
you'd like to see it!

HERMAN
Yes. Please.

So, from a drawer - a buff envelope. An item within --

CARTWRIGHT
I think she hoped it might convince
someone.

HERMAN
You, perhaps?

CARTWRIGHT
Yes!

But Herman isn't laughing with him. He opens the package and
tips out onto the desk: a much-used, faded EXERCISE BOOK.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
I mean: a man's diary. She could
have found it anywhere.

Herman - the book in his hands. Opening it. Sees the name: **W.
Bloem**. Deep breath, calm purpose. *Keep calm, Herman...*

HERMAN
I don't imagine she left - a
contact address with you...
somewhere she might be found?

CARTWRIGHT
She did, as a matter of fact!
There's a slip in the back leaf.

Herman - finding it. Reading the address there. Then --

HERMAN

But there's no name..?

CARTWRIGHT

Too frightened to give it. Do keep
it. It's no use to me.

Herman - the straw and the camel's back. He eyes Cartwright.
And then reaches back into that briefcase for something else.
Finds what he's looking for and places it on the desk --

HERMAN

This is the man whose diary this
was. Wim Bloem.

Cartwright - too late to avert his eyes. From the AUTOPSY
PHOTOGRAPH in front of him: two carbonised human beings.
Cartwright - his red face now grey --

CARTWRIGHT

What? There's no call for that,
Knippenberg.

HERMAN

The other figure beside him was his
girlfriend. Her name was Lena
Dekker. They were very much in
love, I believe.

And with that - his documents re-packed - he is up and --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What is it you believe we are here
for?

Cartwright - a bemused breath taken to answer, but --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

I don't mean only our work - yours
and my work, I mean: as humans...
Hmm? I mean - if it isn't to have a
care for one another, what is it?

CUT TO:

61A

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - BANGKOK - DAY 55

61A

Where Angela sits on the bonnet of the Mazda, watching as
Herman paces furiously toward her --

HERMAN

(*Dutch*)

*Bastards. They are all complete,
fucking bastards. / Wat een stel
hufters. Wat zijn het toch een
ongelooflijke hufters.*

ANGELA
Herman...?

He - his face, fierce victory. Shows her that slip of paper --

HERMAN
We've found her.

FADE OUT.

62-66 **OMITTED**

62-66

66A **I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY. BANGKOK - EVENING 31**

66A

SPLIT-FLAP **backward: 13TH DECEMBER 1975.**

Two WESTERN MEN in good suits (the FRENCH COMMERCIAL ATTACHÉS) and their THAI GIRLFRIENDS - currently sat with Charles as he shows them any number of RUBIES and SAPPHIRES.

Marie-Andrée - at the kitchen counter, overseeing Dominique as he prepares vegetables and salad for a dinner. Eyes to where Ajay loiters by the closed door to the spare bedroom.

Perhaps he can hear the muffled sounds of **Dutch** disagreement from beyond, but - **an Amber Bead Necklace around his neck** - he moves to Marie-Andrée, and, quiet, amused --

AJAY
The Dutch are fighting. Not the perfect couple after all.

Marie-Andrée - perhaps this concerns her a little. Eyes to where one of the Commercial Attachés counts out CASH for Charles. Then back to the door to the spare room.

Where Wim now appears. All reluctant diffidence --

WIM
Alain? Could I have a word?

Charles - eyes up to him. A smile. *Of course.* Makes his excuses to his guests. Moves to Wim. Guides him outside to the balcony, and, his awkwardness. Cleaning his spectacles --

WIM (CONT'D)
I think - maybe it's not such a good idea.

CHARLES
The gemstones? That's understood.

WIM
Yes. And - we've discussed it. And we think we ought to move on.
(MORE)

WIM (CONT'D)
You've been so generous, and,
well...
(nervous laugh)
We have to leave some time.

Charles - not a man who takes rejection well. For a moment there's an instinctive souring. But then, that smile --

CHARLES
Of course, Wim. But you'll stay for dinner? Then Ajay will drive you wherever you wish to go afterwards.

WIM
(means it)
Thank you, Alain.

CUT TO:

66B

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - EVENING 31 (LATER)

66B

Marie-Andrée - ferociously SEARING A SIDE OF FILLET STEAK. As her guests gather for dinner. The Commercial Attachés, faces shiny with greed and booze, their two girls. And --

CHARLES
Lena. You sit here. Next to me.

Lena - her certain discomfort, she sits as, to applause, the meat is brought to the table alongside salads, fresh French bread and two bottles of French claret.

WIM
You have fillet steak and claret -
in Bangkok?

Charles - gesturing to the two Attachés --

CHARLES
My friends here. The Embassy gets them fresh off the flight from Paris. A weekly extravagance.

And laughter. Everyone settling in to enjoy the meal. Great enjoyment, laughter, wine. General conviviality. Until...

LATER: Lena - grey as a ghost suddenly, and --

WIM
Lena? Are you...?

But Lena - hands to her face - VOMITS THROUGH HER FINGERS.

CUT TO:

67-68

OMITTED

67-68

69

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 33

69

SPLIT-FLAP **forward: 15TH DECEMBER 1975. SIX DAYS LATER.**

Quiet. The young French woman, Nadine plays ping-pong with Dominique down by the pool.

From somewhere, **HEAR:** the SOUND of a TRANSISTOR RADIO moving in and out of reception. Charles Aznavour's *Tous Les Visages du Monde* interfered by ROAMING STATIC...

CUT TO:

70

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 33

70

Moving through the apartment - a lonely TRANSISTOR (Lena Dekker's transistor) emits the Aznavour. Keep moving, however... Here: the Spare Bedroom. Where --

Wim Bloem and Lina Dekker sleep in the bed. Above the bed, Wim's TAPED-UP SPECTACLES sat beside two glasses of WARM MILK. As that **Aznavour** drifts in: WATCH THEM.

For a beat or two longer than might feel quite appropriate. Until the identity of the watcher is revealed: it is Marie-Andrée. Alone in here. Pondering much. Until --

LENA

What's wrong with us?

Lena - AWAKE NOW - blinking at her. Marie-Andrée considers her words. Then, hushed --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You've been very unwell.

LENA

How long for?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Almost two days now.

Lena - the shock of that; doesn't remember a thing.

LENA

Wim?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

He's sleeping.

And Lena - turning to him. Holds his head, kisses him. So --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

You love him don't you? So much.

Lena - no idea how to respond to that. So --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

And he loves you. I see it. It's like a natural instinct for him. He never has to tell you. You just know.

Lena - utterly freaked; desperate to recover her senses but --

LENA

Help us. Please.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Why didn't you just do what he wanted? Like I told you.

Lena - trying to process that thought. But before she can, Wim is rising from coma like a bear --

WIM

Don't you touch her! What the fuck have you done to us!?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Don't. Please...

But he's angry. Reaches over and sweeps those TWO GLASSES OF MILK off the bedside ledge. The glass smashes --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

That was your medicine.

WIM

Your medicine makes us sick!

And see Marie-Andrée's panic now. No chance to make this right, because - here at the door, alerted by the confusion --

CHARLES

What's this?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(**French** in despair)

They won't drink, Alain. / Ils ne boiront pas, Alain.

WIM

Fuck you, Alain. Fuck you both! What do you want!?

Marie-Andrée - seeing with horror what's in Charles' hands: a PAIR OF STEEL HANDCUFFS. But --

CHARLES

Wim. I won't allow you to speak to Monique like that when she has only tried to care for you.

Wim - the insanity of that, trying to stand --

WIM

Lena. Get off the bed. Get away from them.

CHARLES

Ajay!

Ajay - barreling in. And Wim - GOES FOR HIM. Swings a punch. Connects. Ajay laughs --

AJAY

Fuck, Wim. That hurt.

Marie-Andrée - entirely appalled, another plea --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Alain?

CHARLES

No. I won't have my wife insulted and threatened in her own home. You wait outside while we deal with this.

So, meek, she retreats. As Ajay steps in to Wilf with a FLURRY OF PUNCHES of his own. Awful violence. So she flees. Slams the door behind her. Into the main room.

Where that Transistor still plays **Azanavour**, as, beyond WIM AND LENA'S RAGE AND FEAR SWELL again. And then - break. Replaced by the sound of THREE MORE UGLY BLOWS.

CUT TO:

70A

EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BALCONY - NIGHT 33 (LATER)

70A

Her hands shaking, barely able to smoke, Marie-Andrée looks down from the balcony to where - broken and unsteady - Wim and Lena are fed into the back of the Corolla.

For one moment, however, Lena looks up. And meets her eye.

FADE OUT.

71-72

OMITTED

71-72

73

I/E. SIEMONS' CAR/KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - EVENING 55

73

SPLIT-FLAP **forward**: 8TH MARCH, 1976. FOUR MONTHS LATER.

Tropical night falling like a stone over Bangkok - as Siemons' Car turns off down this Soi. Siemons drives. Herman in the passenger seat, and --

HERMAN

Here: slow down, Paul.

Siemons slows. Turns off the engine. Beyond - they can see the Kanit House apartments rising up. All is quiet.

SIEMONS

Well, Cloggy? What next?

Herman - now they're here he's not sure. So --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

Open the glove compartment.

Herman - curious, doing as he's told. Something heavy wrapped inside a chamois leather. Opens it: A REVOLVER.

HERMAN

Paul. Be serious.

SIEMONS

I'm entirely serious. Your Dutch Reformist faith in progress has no place here. Men are beasts, Herman.

Herman - not engaging with that thought directly, but --

HERMAN

It's been months. She may not be there any longer.

SIEMONS

She may not. We could turn around now. I'll take you home. You could forget it all. Which would be my advice.

Herman - a sharp look for that, so --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

If she is in there. What then? Have you thought about that? You have a good career waiting for you, Herman - doing sober, diligent work for your foreign ministry. Going in there with a gun is none of those things.

HERMAN

I'm not going to take the gun.

The gun back in the glove, he changes tack again --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

I ought to tell you: Wim Bloem's diary confirms the man's name is not Chartier. It's Gautier. Alain Gautier.

(MORE)

HERMAN (CONT'D)
So I'm not sure the Belgian
Mission's interests will be served.
You can go home if you like.

SIEMONS
Fuck Belgium's interests, Cloggy.

HERMAN
Keep the engine running, will you?

CUT TO:

74

I/E. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 55

74

Dim sodium glow, Herman's shadow reaches ahead as heads toward the apartment complex. Takes that SLIP OF PAPER out of this pocket. Consults the address..

But does not turn right toward the Gautier apartments, but **LEFT** into the **OPPOSITE BUILDING**.

Up SEVERAL FLIGHTS OF STAIRS he goes. To one particular door. He knocks on it. Silence. So he knocks again. Nothing. Except snatches of FRANTIC, WHISPERED **FRENCH** through the door. So --

HERMAN
(loud)
My name is Herman Knippenberg. I am
Third Secretary at The Embassy of
the Kingdom of the Netherlands in
Thailand.
(then)
I am searching for a woman. A woman
who has been looking for help.

And then, the sound of a lock turning. The door opens a crack. Herman - peering into the shadows. Where a woman appears. Behind her a man.

Into the light, faces desperate with hope. Faces we know:

NADINE GIRES: the young Frenchwoman who was at the party. And behind her, her husband: REMY. She steps out. And, **French** --

NADINE
Thank God. / Dieu merci

As UP comes **Charles Aznavour** again. **She**. The English-language version now. **She may be the song that summer sings**.

CUT TO:

75

OMITTED

75

76

EXT. FLOATING RESTAURANT. BANGKOK - NIGHT 22

76

Where - welcomed by the obsequies of a MAITRE D' - Charles and Marie-Andrée step aboard this Floating Restaurant. They are gorgeous, resplendent.

Take the champagne they are offered and sit beneath the open canopy of the Bangkok skyline. ***She may be the chill that autumn brings...***

END EPISODE TWO