

THE SERPENT

Episode Three

by

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**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

Blue Amendments - 25/08/19

Pink Amendments - 02/09/19

Yellow Amendments - 19/09/19

Green Amendments - 02/10/19

Double Blue Amendments - 15/10/19

Double Pink Amendments - 22/10/19

Double Yellow Amendments - 28/11/19

23rd August 2019.

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1-4A OMITTED

1-4A

5 EXT. AIRPORT. DROP-OFF. FRANCE - MORNING 1

5

SPLIT-FLAP: 20TH NOVEMBER, 1973. AÉROPORT DE PARIS-CHARLES-DE-GAULLE. FRANCE.

Cold. North European winter. Early but bustling. Three HIP TRAVELLER GIRLS - back from a trip somewhere. But here --

A FAMILY CAR - pulling up. A MAN and a WOMAN climbing out from the front. And a BOY from the back. Well not a boy so much: a young man. Barely twenty years old.

It is DOMINIQUE RENNELLAU. Short of hair, and currently alive with the tension of departure. His own apprehension at what lies ahead. And the air of intense grief that surrounds his MOTHER.

FATHER, M. RENNELLAU opens the boot and removes a NEW RUCKSACK. Mother has a few gifts in a paper bag: a big BAG OF SWEETS and three SAILING MAGAZINES.

Dominique - aware of those three hip girls watching. Wants the moment done with. Here's his father's hand held out for him to shake.

M. RENNELLAU  
*Write when you can. / Ecris nous quand tu pourras.*

So Dominique shakes it. Turns to his mother (all in French) --

DOMINIQUE  
*'Bye Mum. / Au r'voir m'man.*

Kisses her on both cheeks. But she CLINGS TO HIM --

MME. RENNELLAU  
*Please be careful. / Sois prudent s'il te plaît.*

DOMINIQUE  
*Stop Mum! Shit. / Arrête maman!*  
*Merde.*

And he PUSHES HER AWAY. Her face as Dominique turns for the departure gates, crumpling. Silent tears. But --

M. RENNELLAU  
*Please, Marianne. He's not going to war. / Je t'en prie, Marianne. Il ne part pas à la guerre.*

CUT TO:

6 OMITTED

6

7

INT. AIRPORT. FRANCE - MORNING 1

7

Dominique - queuing to board the aircraft. Dumps those sweets and those magazines in a trash can as, beyond: the JETLINER'S ENGINES warm up. They ROAR FOR HIM.

CUT TO:

7A

INT. JETLINER - MORNING 1

7A

Dominique - his face full of hope as the aircraft takes flight.

FADE TO:

8

EXT. CAFE TERRACE. CHIANG MAI, THAILAND - DAY 9

8

SPLIT-FLAP forward: 19TH SEPTEMBER 1975, CHIANG MAI, THAILAND. 2 YEARS LATER.

Find Dominique - VERY MUCH ALONE on the terrace of this TRAVELLER'S HAUNT, as all about him TRAVELERS mill and chat and exchange stories.

Dominique - he's grown up some in the intervening years. He's tanned, his hair is longer, but that same sweetness remains.

In his hands - a PACKAGE FROM HOME. Check the address on the front: ***Renelleau, Dominique. C/o Poste Restante Chiang Mai, Thailande.*** Inside --

More SAILING MAGAZINES. A LETTER. A few PHOTOGRAPHS. One of his MOTHER and FATHER in their garden. Not all that interested, he stuffs the package in his pack and turns his attention here instead --

A group of ANGLOPHONE YOUTH gathered together. They're hip, mellow. The girls are tanned and beautiful.

Dominique watches them jealously. But then, suddenly - *is one of those girls looking at him? My God, she is. She's even discussing him with one of her friends!* So, shyly, he smiles.

And up the girl gets. Comes on over to him, and --

ENGLISH GIRL  
Is that chair taken?

Dominique - his English really not all that good. So --

ENGLISH GIRL (CONT'D)  
The Chair, man? Can. We. Take. It?

He understands now. So, crestfallen, his English so clumsy --

DOMINIQUE

Yes. I... Please.

So the girl takes it and goes. Leaves Dominique alone once more. Until --

CHARLES (O.S.)

Excuse me. Do you have a light?

Dominique - eyes up for the smile of CHARLES SOBHRAJ. Charles immediately understands something of Dominique, so --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Francais?*

Dominique - He nods. He is.

RUN TITLES:

9-11 OMITTED

9-11

12 EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - NIGHT 55

12

**SPLIT-FLAP forward: MARCH 8TH, 1976. BANGKOK, THAILAND. SIX MONTHS LATER.**

The headlights of Paul Siemons' car sweep up the drive and spotlight: ANGELA KNIPPENBERG. HERMAN climbs out of the passenger seat, SIEMONS from behind the wheel.

And then, all nervous uncertainty: NADINE and REMY GIRES.

CUT TO:

12A OMITTED

12A

13

I/E. KNIPPENBERG HOME. MAIN ROOM. BANGKOK - NIGHT 55

13

Kannika and the Maid - depositing their refreshments on a sideboard, then dipping out of the room unnoticed by anyone other than Paul Siemons, who helps himself to whisky and turns to where --

HERMAN

It was given to me at the British Embassy.

Herman - sits opposite Nadine and Remy with his files. And this, what he's talking about: WIM BLOEM'S DIARY.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Alongside the note with your address on it. And so we came to find you.

Nadine - a nervous, grateful smile. She and Remy push closer together. They wait. Herman waits too. Realises she isn't going to explain herself to him.

So he reaches for his growing file of evidence. A spread of PHOTOGRAPHS. Those HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS of WIM AND LENA.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

It belonged to this man - Willem Bloem, Wim.

(CU PHOTO OF WIM ALONE)

.. It's his diary - is that correct? You gave it to that British diplomat, Cartwright. He gave it to me. It led me to you, Madame Gires.

(Wim, dear Wim)

You knew him, yes?

NADINE

No. Not really, Mr. Knippenberg.

Siemons - prowling behind, not too happy about the way things seem to be going. Reaches for levity --

SIEMONS

Ker-nippenberg, Madame Gires. You say it Ker-nippenberg...

A scowl for that from Herman, who turns back to Nadine --

HERMAN

Please Madame Gires. You saw these Dutch with this man Gautier in the same apartment building, yes?

NADINE

No. But I believe they were there.

SIEMONS

Madame Gires. Did you ever actually  
see them?

NADINE

Sorry. No.

HERMAN

Then - why take [the diary]...  
Please:

And he finds another photograph of Wim, alive and happy somewhere. Then places it next to one of those (**GLIMPSED**) AUTOPSY PHOTOS.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

(Wim alive)

This man..

(Wim dead)

Is this man.

Nadine - grey with the pure awful shock of that. Can't look.  
Remy - arm about her shoulder. Pushes those photographs and those atrocious images away and on to the floor --

REMY

Hey. What do you think you're  
doing!? You brought us here. You're  
meant to be *helping* us.

Herman - scooping up his precious evidence. Finds Angela - a hand on his shoulder. *Let me try*, she's saying. So he stands aside and lets her sit. She's gentle, smiles --

ANGELA

Nadine. Herman is sorry. He didn't  
mean to be so hostile...

Siemons gives Herman a look for that. Herman ignores him. Not that Nadine is much comforted. She's frightened and confused.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But he found the *bodies* of these two Dutch, do you see? Their families didn't know what had happened to their children and Herman found them and he - *identified* them. It was - awful for him. Terrible things had been done to their bodies... We - very much want to find out what happened to them...

REMY

What do you think happened to  
them!? The same thing that happened  
to all of them...

SIEMONS

(sharp; seizes on that)  
What do you mean by that? All?

REMY

All is more than two Dutch.

Their faces. The shock of that thought. So --

REMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But there it is.

HERMAN

(quiet)

How many more? A number? How many.

REMY

I don't know.

(a shrug)

Many.

Herman, Angela, Siemons - long looks for each other, and --

SIEMONS

Jesus, Cloggy. What have you got us  
[into here]...?

NADINE

(French)

*Mother of God. / Sainte Mère de  
Dieu.*

All eyes to her. She's been flicking through those  
photographs and found something. Something that appalls her --

NADINE (CONT'D)

(French)

*Oh no. Oh shit... / Oh non. Merde...*

He means THIS: **Lena Dekker sat on a tatty hostel bed with potato chips; and beside her: A PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RADIO.**

NADINE (CONT'D)  
The radio, Remy. You remember?  
(he does; so, to Herman)  
Gautier gave it to me.

Herman - a look to Siemons. Knows it's a break.

HERMAN  
(the photograph)  
This radio?

NADINE  
Yes. He gave it to me as a gift.

REMY  
(an accusation)  
As a reward, you mean.

Nadine - she pushes him away. Stands. **French** --

NADINE  
*You're a son of a bitch. / T'es vraiment un connard.*

REMY  
(standing too; **French** too)  
*Why son of a bitch? Why!? If you'd have listened to me, there'd be no reason for us to be sitting here now. No reason to have spent the last three months hiding. / Moi un connard ?? Vraiment?! Parce que si tu m'avais écouté on en serait pas là. On n'aurait pas eu besoin de passer trois mois à se cacher.*

HERMAN  
(to Angela)  
Angela: what are they saying?

Nadine - she's understood him, though --

NADINE  
I brought clients to him.

HERMAN  
Who? To Gautier?

ANGELA  
You mean clients for his gem business?

NADINE  
Yes. So the radio was a gift - a Christmas present - to say thank you.

NADINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I used to take him to parties at  
the *Alliance Francaise* and  
introduce him to clients there.  
Alain is very good at going to  
parties. They all were. Party,  
party, party.

Remy - his face for her; so, **French** again --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*Remy! Fuck! Where were you!? At  
work all the time! / Rémy ! Putain  
! T'étais où ?? Tu passais ta vie  
au boulot !*

And back to Angela again --

NADINE (CONT'D)

You marry a chef - learn to live by  
yourself.

(a beat)

So I was lonely. They moved into  
their apartment. And life -  
changed. I had fun.

Remy - his face, his voice quieter now; **French** --

REMY

*I'm sorry, Nadine. I never wanted  
for you to be alone. But - I had to  
work, you know? / Je suis désolé  
Nadine. J'ai jamais voulu te  
laisser toute seule, mais il  
fallait que je travaille tu  
comprends?*

And Nadine - her understanding, takes his hand. Looks to the  
others. Then --

NADINE

I think now that's what he saw...  
that he looked for it in the people  
he met. If you were alone, or sad,  
or lost... whatever you may have  
needed, even if you didn't know it  
yourself, he saw it. And he fixed  
it. And then - being with him,  
being his friend... it was like the  
sun shone on you.

FADE OUT.

14

EXT. WATERFALL. CHIANG MAI - DAY 9

14

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

A WATERFALL cascades through jungle canopy. Climbing up a rocky river-wall: Dominique. He's struggling a bit as he reaches the top.

But here's Charles - a hand down to help him. Lifts him up to where they look out across the green jungle canopies.

And down to the crystalline plunge-pool at the foot of the waterfall. **French** --

DOMINIQUE

*You're sure there are no rocks,  
Alain? / Alain, tu es sûr qu'il n'y  
a pas de rochers ?*

Charles - a look for that. A smile. As if to say - *trust me*, he holds his hand out. Dominique takes it. And then - THEY LEAP and CRASH into the pool at the foot of the waterfall.

Then up they come, WHOOPING and SCREAMING and grinning for each other as Charles lunges for Dominique. Wrestles him in the water.

Charles pulls the younger man's body to his own, slippery in the clear water.

CUT TO:

15

**EXT. CAFE TERRACE. CHIANG MAI, THAILAND - NIGHT 9**

15

Charles and Dominique - sharing dinner. Dominique - flushed and exhilarated by the day's adventures.

Excusing himself for the bathroom, moves past those Anglophones. Does the same girl look at him differently? Perhaps.

WITH Charles - back at the table, he waves for a WAITER --

CHARLES

More drinks. The same.

Waiter nods. Returns. A bottle of Coke for Dominique. Pours it. Departs. And THERE THE DRINK SITS, FIZZING.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. HOTEL ROOM. CHIANG MAI - MORNING 10**

16

Charles - looking down at the disgusting mess that poor Dominique has made of himself and his bedroom. He places a soothing hand on Dominique's forehead --

CHARLES

*Dominique... Wake up... /  
Dominique... Réveille toi...*

**WITH DOMINIQUE:** the fur of illness clearing for a moment --

DOMINIQUE

*Alain? What... Please... Don't  
leave me here... / Alain ? Quoi ?...  
S'il te plaît... Ne me laisse pas  
ici...*

CHARLES

*Hush... Of course I won't. I'm  
going to take care of you now. /  
Chut... Bien sûr que non. Je vais  
m'occuper de toi maintenant.*

CUT TO:

17

**I/E. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). THAILAND - DAY 10**

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:

17A

**I/E. THE COROLLA. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 10 (SAME AS EP 2 SC.48A)**

17A

Dominique - feeling Charles' strong arms help him from the back seat of the Corolla. So grateful for the support. Eyes barely able to focus but he sees this --

The face of VARIOUS CONCERNED STRANGERS as Charles helps him toward a set of stairs that run up from beside a swimming pool. Perhaps, swimming into focus, he sees Nadine.

But here - certainly, though he can barely make out her words: MARIE-ANDRÉE.

CHARLES

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

DOMINIQUE

*Enchanté.*

CUT TO:

18

INT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 10 (SAME AS EP 2 SC.48B) 18

The gibbon monkey, COCO, SCREECHES at the sight of Dominique, helped through by Charles and Marie-Andrée. Dominique - he sees the creature, one word before he passes out --

DOMINIQUE  
(French)  
*Cute. / Mignon.*

CUT TO:

19

**INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE BEDROOM/LIVING AREA. BANGKOK - 19  
MORNING 11**

The first morning of recovery from a long sickness, Dominique WAKES IN PEACE. Though his fever has lifted and his eyes are clear, he is very pale. He has been deeply unwell.

From somewhere, however, he can hear A RADIO broadcasting **Radio France International**. His PACK is sat at the end of his bed. And his belongings are neatly stacked beside, all his clothes freshly laundered.

So, slowly, wary of his weak legs and still very dizzy, he stands. Heads for the door. Hears voices beyond; **French** voices --

NADINE (O.S.)

*If he's been so ill, shouldn't he go to a hospital? / S'il est si malade que ça, il faudrait peut-être l'amener à l'hôpital ?*

Dominique - peering through the door, can just glimpse Charles as he responds --

CHARLES (O.S.)

*Absolutely not. The hospitals here are a death sentence. If one of my little brothers got sick like this, I'd kill someone if they found him and didn't take him in. / Surement pas - Les hopitaux ici c'est des couloirs de la mort. Si c'était mon frère, je tuerais celui qui le trouverait sans s'en occuper.*

Dominique - seeing the woman he's talking to: the lovely Nadine Gires. And she - so impressed by Charles' attitude.

So Dominique pushes shyly out. Where, seeing him --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*And we are caring for you here. Aren't we, Dominique? / Et puis, on s'occupe bien de toi ici, n'est-ce pas Dominique ?*

Dominique - taking it all in. COFFEE bubbling on a stove, tended by Marie-Andrée, her dog Frankie at her heels. Charles sits reading a copy of the **Bangkok Post**. Both of them smile broadly. And he, agreeing entirely --

DOMINIQUE

*I don't know how I can ever thank you. / Je ne sais pas comment je pourrais jamais vous remercier.*

And here is Nadine. All that warmth and enthusiasm --

NADINE

*I'm Nadine. Welcome to Bangkok. /  
Je m'appelle Nadine. Bienvenue à  
Bangkok !*

The dinner table: FRESH FRUIT. A BASKET OF EGGS; SOME BREAD;  
BUTTER. She gestures at it --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*I brought breakfast. / J'ai  
rapporté le petit déjeuner.*

Dominique - barely able to believe his eyes. But --

CHARLES

*Before you eat, however: medicine.  
You are recovered. But we must  
guard against any relapse. / Mais  
avant de manger : ton médicament.  
Même si tu vas mieux, il faut faire  
attention aux rechutes.*

Dominique - not quite sure what he means, but --

DOMINIQUE

Okay.

So Charles looks to Marie-Andrée who, up at the counter, pours a SOLUTION from a bottle in the FRIDGE --

CHARLES

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

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*One glass. Twice a day. / Un  
verre. Deux fois par jour.*

Dominique - his grateful eyes up for Marie-Andrée as she brings it over. He drinks it down in one.

NADINE

*How was it? / C'était comment ?*

DOMINIQUE

*Horrible. / Horrible.*

And they all laugh.

NADINE

*Lets make omelette. / On va faire  
une omelette.*

*(to Dominique)*

*The bread here is awful, but my  
husband is a chef at the Oriental  
so the butter is from Normandy! /  
Le pain est atroce ici mais mon  
mari est Chef à l'Oriental, alors  
on a du beurre de Normandie !*

Dominique - unable to believe his good fortune, tears come --

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:

Charles - placing Dominique's PASSPORT and TRAVELERS CHEQUES in the STRONG BOX in the corner of the room. And Dominique - smiling in thanks as Charles closes the safe and locks it.

CHARLES

*(French)  
We will keep your valuables safe. /  
On va garder tes objets de valeur  
en sécurité ....*

CUT TO:

21

INT. KANIT HOUSE. STAIRWELL/DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT. BANGKOK 2-1  
DAY 11

Charles - showing Dominique out, along to this doorway --

CHARLES

(French)

*Your own studio. / Voilà, ton  
studio.*

Dominique - following him in to this separate bedsit  
apartment. His own place. He can't believe it --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*No. No thanks. But if you could see  
your way to helping Monique out  
around the place... / Non, non ça  
va merci. Mais si tu pouvais aider  
Monique dans la maison.*

DOMINIQUE

Of course. Anything. / Bien sûr.  
Tout ce que tu veux.

CHARLES

*We're going to be like brothers,  
Dominique. / On va être comme des  
frères*

CUT TO:

22

EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 12

22

Dominique - clambering out of a Tuk-Tuk with BAGS OF  
SHOPPING. As he pays the driver, he hears the chatter and  
laughter of various beautiful YOUTH gathered by the pool.

Eyes up for this, where - around the bar - Charles is showing  
gemstones to a gorgeous YOUNG FRENCH COUPLE. Beside the  
couple: Nadine.

She's friends with them apparently. Very excited to be the  
broker of this deal. Shares excited glances with Charles as --

NADINE

(French; the gems)

*These for earrings, Aude. No? These  
for a necklace? / Ca, c'est pour  
les boucles d'oreilles, Aude. Non?  
Ca pour le collier?*

The young woman - nodding for Nadine. Looking to her boy. Who  
looks at Charles. A beat. And then he nods. Removes a wallet.  
Counts out several thousand Baht.

Charles - a smile of approval. Tips those gems into a small velvet bag. And hands it to the young woman. Who kisses and hugs Nadine, the two of them, giddy, moving away past --

Dominique - stood alone. Watching all this. Watching as Charles now counts out money for Nadine, and --

CHARLES

*You know: you're a natural. Why don't you leave Remy. I'll leave Monique. Who would there be stop us? / Tu vois, on dirait que tu as fait ça toute ta vie. Pourquoi tu quittes pas Remy. Je quitterai Monique .Qui pourra nous arreter?*

Which is a joke, of course. But Nadine thrills to it. Laughs. And then sees him --

NADINE

*Dominique! Here, let me help you. / Dominique! viens, laisse moi t'aider.*

And over she comes - relieves him of a shopping bag --

CHARLES

*Careful Dominique. She'll be asking for a cut. / Fais attention Dominique - Elle va te demander sa part.*

Dominique - looking to Nadine, who laughs warmly for that. So he laughs too. As they move for the stairs and --

NADINE

*You know - I'm sad you've been so sick, but really, coming here: you couldn't have been luckier. / Tu sais - je suis triste que tu aies été si malade, mais je te promets, venir ici, c'est une vraie chance.*

CUT TO:

22aA **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 12** 22aA

Dominique - being sick in the ensuite bathroom. Sits back. Hand on his head. Feeling terrible today.

CUT TO:

22A **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - DAY 12 (MOMENTS LATER)** 22A

Another glass of that SOLUTION. **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*These stomach bugs can hang around for months you know. But try not to worry. / Ces parasites peuvent te ronger les intestins pendant des mois tu sais. Mais essaye de ne pas trop t'en faire.*

Marie-Andrée oversees as Dominique - a salut for the capering Coco - drinks it back.

CUT TO:

22AA **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - DAY 12A**

22AA

The geeky-looking DOMINIQUE, still looking pale and unwell, unloads bags of shopping at the kitchen counter. He has to pause to catch his breath.

Dominique looks up and sees CHARLES watching him. COCO capers on his perch.

CUT TO:

22AB **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE BEDROOM - DAY 12B**

22AB

Alone in his bedroom, DOMINIQUE sets to the ironing. He looks pained.

CUT TO:

22AC **EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 12C**

22AC

DOMINIQUE moves a plant into place next to the swimming pool. The poolside area looks cleaner, smarter, the walls have been freshly painted.

CUT TO:

22AD **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 12D**

22AD

The effort is all too much for DOMINIQUE. He crouches over the toilet bowl vomiting.

But CHARLES is by his side, stroking his hair.

CHARLES

(French)

*Calm, Dominique. It is an ordeal, I know. But see it as - a purging. Once you are recovered, you will feel - a new boy, entirely. No. Not a boy. A man. / Du calme Dominique - C'est désagréable je sais.*

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Mais ...vois ca comme une cure/ une  
purge - et une fois que tu seras  
remis sur pied, tu te sentiras, un  
nouveau garçon - non, pas un  
garcons ....mais un homme.*

CUT TO:

22B

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 13

22B

Dominique, pale still, but playing ping-pong with Nadine. Marie-Andrée watching from her sentry post up above, as now: a taxi pulls up. And from it --

Ajay Chowdury steps out. Eyes up for Charles. Who goes to him. *And the two embrace, and, English* --

CHARLES

You two: say hello to Ajay.

(a beat)

He is personal friends with the sons of Indira Gandhi.

Ajay - jeans, t-shirt, unshaved. He doesn't look that high born but --

AJAY

Maybe not close friends. But we went to school together.

CHARLES

Ajay has come to join us.

Dominique, Nadine - they both smile their welcome.

CUT TO:

22C

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - EVENING 14

22C

Marie-Andrée and Dominique preparing a meal whilst Ajay - now smartened up - fixes drinks. He fixes one for Remy, in fact. Invited for dinner. But standing here awkwardly as now --

Charles and Nadine - both dressed up for the evening - fall in, laughing from outside followed by TWO MEN IN SUITS. They are THE COMMERCIAL ATTACHÉS.

Nadine - maybe she's a bit squiffy. But she comes to Remy and kisses him.

CUT TO:

22D

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - EVENING 14 (LATER)

22D

All gathered, finishing the remains of their meal. Laughing, drinking, and then --

CHARLES

Let's see what the French diplomatic corps has?

So up gets one of the men. Faces off against Charles, who REMOVES HIS SHIRT to reveal his bare torso. Braces himself, as: the man PUNCHES HIM in the stomach. Doesn't flinch --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Really? That's it? When the French Ambassador punched me, I felt it a week later.

And there is more laughter and backs slapped and --

**LATER STILL:** another POUCH OF GEMS. The COMMERCIAL ATTACHÉS poring over them, Nadine and Charles exchange encouraging looks, until --

Wallets out. BUSINESS CARDS and U.S. DOLLARS. Ajay COUNTS the money. Charles places the cards in a BULGING ROLODEX.

Then hands are shook, cheeks kissed. Happy goodnights. And they're gone. So Charles turns to Nadine and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Your introduction, Nadine. All down to you.

Bills counted off. NADINE'S CUT. She falls into Remy's arms in delight.

CUT TO:

23

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 17

23

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(French)

*In there, Dominique... / Tiens,  
rentre, Dominique...*

She means the main bedroom. So Dominique smiles and goes on through. Finds Charles and Ajay in here. Ajay who is not wearing a shirt, for some reason, but --

CHARLES

Ah, Dominique. I have a present.  
One each.

These: Two SILK SHIRTS. One YELLOW, one GREEN.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Try them on.

So Dominique - trips off his t-shirt and, pleased --

DOMINIQUE

Thank you, Alain.

He, Ajay - putting their shirts on. Ajay has yellow, Dominique has green. They pose. So --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.)

You both look very handsome.

Charles - brings Marie-Andrée to join him. Arm around her shoulder. Considering the two young men like proud parents.

CHARLES

They won't be able to resist you.

CUT TO:

24

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 17 (LATER)

24

THAT PARTY. Dominique - new shirt, sat on a sofa with TERESA KNOWLTON. In her hands, her PURPLE ALARM CLOCK and --

TERESA

... this is weirder than  
it ought to be but I never once  
went to bed with a Frenchman.

Dominique - blushing deep. They're about to kiss. But, here --

CHARLES (O.S.)

Dominique?

Their moment broken. Charles stood above --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Monique asks if you'll bring up  
more ice.

Dominique - Teresa's allure as nothing to his deference, so --

DOMINIQUE

Of course. Excuse me.

CUT TO:

24A

INT. KANIT HOUSE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT 17 (LATER)

24A

Dominique - turning back up the stairs with A BUCKET OF ICE. Sees them now - coming down toward, and past, him. Charles, Ajay and Teresa - leaving.

Dominique stops to let them pass, and --

AJAY  
See you later, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE  
Bye.

That's for Teresa. Who can't meet his eye as she leaves.

CUT TO:

24B

**INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - NIGHT 17 (MOMENTS LATER)**

24B

Dominique - bucket of ice in his arms, moving back in. Through to the kitchen area, where he dumps his ice in the sink. Turns back to the party.

Where Nadine and Marie-Andrée are themselves returning from the balcony. Nadine - who sees Dominique and, **French** --

NADINE  
*Dominique! Don't look so sad.  
There'll be other girls! So many  
other girls. Won't there, Monique?  
/ Ne fait pas cette tête Dominique  
! Des filles, y'en aura d'autres.  
Beaucoup d'autres. N'est-ce pas,  
Monique ?*

Marie-Andrée - agreeing. Takes Dominique's hand, **French** too --

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
*She wasn't the one for you,  
Dominique. / Elle n'était pas faîte  
pour toi, Dominique.*

NADINE  
*Now come on. Dance! Dance! / Allez  
viens. Dance. Dance !*

And so they do. And all is well again.

CUT TO:

25

**OMITTED**

25

26

**INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 21**

26

Coco The Monkey - bellowing shrill intrigue. Watching as Dominique, HAMMERS a NAIL into his belt. A new belt-hole. This completed, he rethreads it into his jeans.

Turns to consider himself in a mirror: the tail of that belt hangs far too long. His ribs are stark. He is VERY, VERY THIN. Clearly, somewhere, this worries him, but he has his daily routine to follow, so...

From beneath the kitchen counter he pulls out a VERY LARGE (too large, what is he doing?) plastic container of white powder. He dispenses a spoonful into a glass of water.

Lets the solution dissolve, bends to put the medicine box back in the cabinet. Stands up and - as he does so - CRACKS HIS HEAD against the lip of the counter.

DOMINIQUE  
Shit. Fuck. / *Merde. Putain.*

Coco SQUAWKS as Dominique reaches for the glass with the solution in it. And knocks it over. The glass smashes; the solution spills all over the counter.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)  
Shit. / *Merde.*

Moves fast for a cloth. Turns back to find Coco the monkey eagerly DRINKING THE SPILLED SOLUTION.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)  
No, Coco. Come on. That's not for you. / No, Coco. Allez. *C'est pas pour toi.*

But he doesn't have a chance to push the monkey away or clear up the mess because, all too familiar, the urge to vomit is rising in him. And so he dashes through into the **SPARE BEDROOM**, the **ENSUITE** there --

And pukes his guts up. Sits back. Breathes. Looks through to the bedroom. The bed - stripped and empty.

And on the ledge running along the back of the bedhead, next to a PAPERBACK (*Oil Politics*), is that PURPLE ALARM CLOCK.

Dominique - curious. A screw of concern. But then dismisses it. Because he has to VOMIT AGAIN.

Considers himself in the mirror. Finds MOUTHWASH in a cabinet. Swills and spits.

Then moves on back through to the **KITCHEN**, to FIND COCO COLLAPSED ON THE COUNTER.

DOMINIQUE WATCHES ELECTRIFIED AS **THE MONKEY DIES.**

FADE OUT.

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

Herman - trying to get his head around what he's been told. Reaching for pen and paper, and --

HERMAN  
What can you remember of all these  
people coming and going?  
Nationalities, age...

SIEMONS

(OVER him)

Never mind them for now, Cloggy.

(to Nadine, Remy)

Tell me about *him*. Gautier. That is his *real* name?

NADINE

It's the only name I ever heard him use. Or Monique. Or Ajay.

SIEMONS

Ajay who is Indian. Monique who is French-Canadian. But what is Gautier? French, yes?

Nadine, Remy - a look to one another. Realise they don't really know, so --

NADINE

I always thought so, yes. I mean he speaks like a Frenchman.

REMY

But he's also - *asiatique*...

ANGELA

In what way Asian, Remy?

He, Nadine - again, a shrug --

NADINE

He talked about growing up in Saigon.

REMY

I didn't believe that.

NADINE

He and Ajay knew each other from India...

REMY

But he was full of shit, Nadine, you know that. Stories, lies... all the time...

Nadine - her eyes down at this, and --

NADINE

They were very believable.

SIEMONS

And that's it - perhaps he lived in Saigon, perhaps he's from India, but he's French. And he might be called Gautier...

Remy - agitated about this --

REMY  
Hey. We're trying, okay!

SIEMONS  
Where is he now?

REMY  
(defensive little shrug)  
We don't know.

SIEMONS  
You don't know.

NADINE  
We haven't seen him since  
Christmas.

SIEMONS  
Christmas. That's over two months  
ago. He could be on Jupiter by now.

Siemons - turning away, looks to Herman almost pityingly --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)  
Cloggy: this is... I'm sorry, but -  
it's nothing!

CUT TO:

27aA **I/E. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 56**

27aA

Later. First light in fact. An uneasy peace, as --

In the KITCHEN AREA, Herman and Siemons refuel on coffee,  
cigarettes and antagonism --

HERMAN  
Of course we have to take them to  
the police... I'm already in enough  
trouble as it is!

SIEMONS  
And I warned you about that didn't  
I? And did you listen? Did you  
hell.

Angela - stepping in from outside --

ANGELA  
You two. It's like watching my  
grandmother and her cat. Be quiet!

The two men - turning. Seeing her. And stood behind: Nadine --

NADINE  
I'm afraid Mr. Siemons is right.

NADINE (CONT'D)

You can't go to the police. Alain has a Thai girlfriend. Monique hates it. But her father is a Police Colonel. 'What am I going to do?' she says. 'If I complain about his affair, I might be put in jail!'

Siemons - a look and shrug for Herman that says how very right he, Siemons, has been about everything --

HERMAN

Then what do you suggest, Mr. Siemons? What else is there to do?

SIEMONS

I'll tell you what else, Mr. Ker-nippenberg? You come with me to my car where I will collect my pistol. Then we find this might-be-yellow-might-be-brown whoever he is - and I shoot him through the mouth.

HERMAN

We're not going to shoot him, Paul. I'm a civil servant not an armed mercenary.

SIEMONS

Then what are you going to do!?

Herman - a little at a loss, but --

ANGELA

Herman also has contacts in the police. Major General Janthasin. The head of Bangkok Central.

SIEMONS

The one who said he was welcome to keep investigating?

ANGELA

Yes.

SIEMONS

His wisdom must be boundless.

(then)

What - new evidence are you taking to him, Herman.

HERMAN

The diary. Their testimony. The  
transistor.

SIEMONS

It's a transistor radio. There must  
be thousands of them. It is not  
proof.

(hard; unforgiving)  
What else do you have?

HERMAN

Paul. Stop this.

SIEMONS

They don't KNOW ANYTHING. They  
might have seen your Dutch, they  
might not have. No dates, no names,  
they can barely describe the man  
without getting into a fight about  
it. And they haven't seen him since  
last year. He could be on Jupiter  
by now for all they know. Even if  
he is still in Bangkok, remember  
this Herman: she tried once already  
to take this to the authorities and  
they IGNORED HER. All of them. Why  
should it be any different now  
because you're in charge?

The others - watching this vicious game of tennis. Angela -  
her particular concern for Herman's knotted fury --

HERMAN

The details she has given, I can -  
corroborate elsewhere...

SIEMONS

(absurd thought)  
Like - a report, then?

HERMAN

Yes. A report.

SIEMONS

The kind you might make for your  
ambassador? Assemble statistics and  
costs? Cross-reference your  
sources.

HERMAN

Yes. Why not?

SIEMONS

(waving this away)  
You're a functionary.

Angela - can't help herself. She'd strangle the man if she could. But --

ANGELA

A functionary whose efforts have meant the parents of Wim Bloem and Lena Dekker will now be able to bury their children. A functionary who at each turn was told to leave it and forget them. And who you now insult in his own home!

HERMAN

Angela. Please.

ANGELA

No! I won't stand for it.

And silence. Everyone looks at their shoes for a moment.

SIEMONS

Perhaps I ought to leave. My apologies, Mrs. Knippenberg.

And he's heading for the driveway and his car beyond. Herman casts a look at Angela, and she --

ANGELA

What, Herman?

HERMAN

You don't think we need him?

CUT TO:

27A

EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. DRIVEWAY. BANGKOK - DAY 56

27A

Herman - following Siemons out into the already fierce daylight, and --

HERMAN

Paul. Wait. Come on...

Siemons - hitting his car. Turning --

SIEMONS

I'm sorry, Herman. Sincerely.

(a beat)

But you must see it: they're not enough. Not on their own. It's a story. An extraordinary one and I don't doubt she tells the truth. But - she can't prove it.

Herman - something a little plaintive about this --

HERMAN

Will you help, though? Prove it, I mean.

Siemons - he hears the plea, but --

SIEMONS

I'm not a policeman either, Cloggy. And I already told you how I'll help you.

HERMAN

We're not shooting him.

SIEMONS

Well, the offer's always open. Let me know if you change your mind.

And he's back in his car. And away. Leaves Herman to turn back to the house. Where Angela steps out to join him.

ANGELA

Sorry if I upset your new friend.

Herman - a look for that, a shrug --

HERMAN

He's a bad influence, I think.

A smile. They take each other's hand. Look back into the house to where Nadine and Remy are huddled together --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

They think I've rescued them. They think - it's all going to be over now.

ANGELA

Well, we've a big house. They don't have to go back. They can stay here until we've worked out what to do.

HERMAN

But - how, Angela? I am only a functionary. I'm not - in charge. I can't actually do anything.

ANGELA

That's not true. You have valuable and important qualities. That fat Belgian mocked you for it, but so what. We'll do just as he said.

Herman - following, smiling --

HERMAN

Assemble the information? Research the facts. Cross-reference our sources?

ANGELA

Write a report, Herman.

And together they head back to toward the terrace. Nadine - looking up for them as they arrive and --

NADINE

I'm sorry we're not more help.

HERMAN

No, Nadine. Please. I'm very glad we found you.

And they sit. More drinks. And, a new thought --

ANGELA

Nadine: you said - you liked this man, you worked with him, went to parties...

Nadine - eyes up, her guilt, she nods --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Then - if you'll excuse the question: why are you here? If you liked them all so much, I mean...

HERMAN

What changed your mind?

Nadine and Remy - a look to one another, then --

REMY

Not what changed it. Who.

They look to each other. Very worried indeed.

NADINE

Dominique.

HERMAN

Who was Dominique?

NADINE

My friend.

ANGELA

What happened to him?

REMY

We don't know.

FADE OUT.

28

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 22

28

SPLIT-FLAP: NOVEMBER 19TH, 1975. FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You ought to have been more  
careful, Dominique. It's medication  
for a grown man and he was only a  
tiny little monkey.

Marie-Andrée - stood with a plaintive, deeply troubled  
Dominique. Looks to where Charles and Ajay sit at the table.

AJAY

What do you think is going on,  
Dominique? You think we like having  
you here shitting yourself four  
times a day? That we want to spend  
all this money on toilet paper?

Dominique - trying to show he sees the funny side --

DOMINIQUE

No. Of course not.  
(to Charles; **French**)  
*I just want to see how I feel  
without it, Alain... / Je veux  
juste voir comment je me sens si  
j'arrête d'en prendre, Alain...*

Charles - the arbiter. A beat. Then he smiles for Dominique.  
Stands. Goes to him. Puts an arm around his shoulder --

CHARLES

(**French**)

*Of course he must stop taking the  
medicine if that's what he wants.  
Monique - you mustn't force him. /  
Mais bien sûr, qu'il arrête de  
prendre son médicament si ça le  
chante. Monique, ne le force pas.*

Marie-Andrée - the outrageous injustice of that. But --

DOMINIQUE

*Also, Alain - I was wondering. Can  
I have my passport back...? /  
Aussi, Alain... je me demandais si  
pourrais récupérer mon passeport... ?*

CHARLES  
(in **English**, for Ajay)  
Dominique is asking that I return  
his passport.

DOMINIQUE  
(**English** too)  
I feel - much better. And - I  
cannot stay with you forever. I'm  
not like these others that come  
here. I went to Australia to sail.  
To work on the boats. I was  
traveling back to France when you  
found me. I don't buy gems, I have  
no money. I want to finish my  
journey now. I would like to go  
home.

And Charles - a genuine hurt and disappointment here. But --

CHARLES  
Of course.

Dominique - watching as he moves to take down that KEY from  
its HIDING PLACE. **French** now. Confessional --

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*Now. I have been a little naughty,  
Dominique. You must understand -  
it's for a good cause. For all of  
us. Because it is to help me in my  
business. / Ecoute. J'ai été un peu  
indélicat, Dominique. Mais  
comprends moi, c'était pour la  
bonne cause. Pour nous. Pour  
m'aider un peu dans mes affaires.*

Uses it to open the safe. Makes no attempt to hide the many  
PASSPORTS and TRAVELERS CHEQUES --

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*But I hope you will be able to  
forgive me. / J'espère que tu  
sauras me pardonner.*

Dominique - no sense of what he might be talking about, but  
Charles has Dominique's passport in his hand now. Hands it to  
Dominique. Who opens it. And finds, to his horror --

**CHARLES' FACE** where his own should be. Dominique - staring at  
Charles. Can't believe what he's done. And Charles - a  
naughty little face, his smile, **English** again --

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I will change it back for you. Of  
course I will. As you can see, I am  
very good at it.  
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But your tourist visa has expired  
and they will not let you travel  
without it. So this too I will fix  
for you. You have met my friends  
from the Embassy. I will make sure  
they arrange it for you.

Dominique - still fighting the shock and anger, so, **French** --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Please, Dominique. I don't think I could bear it if we were't friends anymore. On my life, I will make everything correct. / S'il te plaît, Dominique, je ne supporterai pas de mettre notre amitié en péril. Sur ma vie je te le promets : je vais tout arranger.*

(**English** again)  
Okay? Friends?

And Dominique - so confused, wants to believe him. Nods.

CUT TO:

28aA OMITTED

28aA

28aB OMITTED

28aB

28aC

I/E. THE COROLLA. JEWELRY STORE. BANGKOK - DAY 23

28aC

Dominique - sat with more shopping bags (booze, meat from the butchers, a PARTY RUN) as Charles, driving, pulls up outside SUDA'S JEWELRY STORE.

Charles gets out. Dominique makes to follow him but, a little stern, and **French** --

CHARLES

*No. Wait here please, Dominique. /  
Non, Dominique. Tu m'attends ici.*

DOMINIQUE

*Okay. Sorry, Alain. / Oui bien sûr.  
Excuse moi.*

So stay with Dominique. All eyes, as Charles walks over the road. Where SUDA ROMYEN greets him, KISSES him, and leads them inside.

A beat. Another. Dominique sits there. Watches the street. Very unhappy about everything. Opens a pack of CRACKERS from one of the bags. Eats a few.

And then almost CHOKES as: A POLICE CAR PULLS UP --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*Fuck. Fuck! / Oh putain!*

Two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN - climbing out. One of them is ROMYEN. But Dominique doesn't know this. He just watches one of the cops follow Charles into a Jewelry store.

The other one stays put. Smokes on the fender. And Dominique keeps staring. Tenterhooks. And then the door opens again. To reveal the first policeman. Romyen.

Romyen who is smiling at the way Charles has his arm adoringly around Suda's shoulders. Now introduces him to the other Cop. Wais. Hands shaken.

Dominique can't believe what he is seeing. Another set of iron bars falling on his life.

Then the second cop gets in the patrol car and drives away. Dominique - totally perplexed. Watches now as Charles breaks off from Suda and Romyen. And walks back to Dominique.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*Fuck. / Merde!*

Here he is. Opening the car door, and, **French** --

CHARLES

*Dominique. I am going to take  
Colonel Romyen and Suda home. So  
you had better take a tuk-tuk. / Je  
vais raccompagner le Colonel Romyen  
et Suda chez eux. Tu prendras un  
tuk-tuk pour rentrer.*

DOMINIQUE

*Alright. / Bien sûr.*

Dominique - clambering out with that shopping. Can't help but  
steal glances back to Romyen and Suda --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*Okay. / D'accord.*

Charles - entirely aware of what Dominique is seeing and  
feeling. Peels cash for Dominique.

CHARLES

*Don't look so worried. We're having  
a party tonight, remember. / Arrête  
un peu de t'inquiéter. Dis toi que  
c'est la fête ce soir.*

Dominique finds a smile of enthusiasm for that. Charles looks  
back to where Suda and Romyen wait. And --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Oh and Dominique... Suda and  
Monique... / Ah oui et Dominique...  
Suda et Monique...  
(finger to his lips)  
Ssshhh.*

Charles, Suda and Romyen climb into the car and leave. They  
leave Dominique on the street.

CUT TO:

28A

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. POOLSIDE. BANGKOK - DAY 24

28A

A PARTY. Another Party. Wilder. Poolside. Dominique - moving  
through it all.

Everyone's here. Nadine, Remy, Ajay, Dominique. Beyond - the  
two Commercial Attachés dancing with their Thai Girlfriends.

Here too: VITALI HAKIM. His long hair and his Amber Beads.  
Currently deep in conversation with Marie-Andrée --

\*

VITALI

It is the squarest thing you ever  
heard - but it's true! There comes  
a time when a man needs to settle  
down, decide where his home is, and  
who he makes it with...

(then)

Not you. You're too young...

He means - Dominique. Who is sat beside, quietly listening -- \*

VITALI (CONT'D)

You ought to stay wild for a few  
years yet, my friend...

Dominique - a pained little smile for the irony of that, as -- \*

VITALI (CONT'D)

(to Marie)

Here - let me show you...

From his wallet - a folded PHOTOGRAPH [**green insert for now**]. \*  
Of a WOMAN, a CHILD on her lap, a small GIRL. They're both  
BEAMING for the camera...

Marie - she can't help but look. They're adorable. So Vitali,  
despite his dubious profession, he is a man of genuine love  
and affection for the world and those in it -- \*

VITALI (CONT'D)

She's not mine. Cleo. She's like a  
life raft for me. Her and her  
Mumya. My beloved...

Dominique - he's listening, but he's also WATCHING. Watching  
across the party to where Charles is deep in conversation  
with the TWO EMBASSY OFFICIALS.

And every now and then - all three of them LOOK ACROSS AT  
DOMINIQUE. Whatever they're talking about, Dominique is the  
topic of conversation. His skin crawls, as -- \*

VITALI (CONT'D)

You want babies with Alain?

Marie - the question so abrupt, so weird, the thoughts and  
feelings it evokes so complicated for her. Blurts an answer -- \*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Not yet.

VITALI

Why wait!?

Why indeed? About a thousand reasons, and none at all. But  
for now -- \*

MARIE-ANDRÉE \*

We plan to live in Paris in the  
future. We will have a family  
there. \*

Vitali - great, lovely grin for that. A hand on her arm -- \*

VITALI \*

Well don't wait too long, my  
sister. \*

And his eyes up now - for Charles, who has made his way over,  
stands above them. Deeply disproving eyes for Vitali's hands  
to be on his woman. \*

VITALI (CONT'D) \*

Look at the two of you! You're  
beautiful. Think of the babies  
you'll make! \*

Charles - hard to tell whether he agrees or not, but his eyes  
are immediately ABSORBING DETAILS. These -- \*

**The TAN HOLDALL at Vitali's feet.** \*

**Faint now, but much abused once: the TRACK MARKS ON HIS ARMS.** \*

But, to Marie, **French** -- \*

CHARLES \*

*Sweetheart: will you give us a  
moment? / Chérie, tu nous laisses  
un petit instant ?* \*

Marie - dutiful nod. A brittle little smile for Vitali and  
she moves off. Dominique gets up too, but, **French** again -- \*

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*No, Dominique. You stay. / Non,  
Dominique, tu restes.* \*

DOMINIQUE  
*Okay...* \*

So Charles sits. Smiles. Waits for Vitali to fill the gap -- \*

VITALI

So are you French? Or do you only  
sound French.

Alain - a shrug. Not going to commit. But --

CHARLES

I was born in Vietnam. Which was  
French when I was born. Or at least  
- that was what the French thought.

(a beat)

The war lasted all through my  
childhood.

\*  
\*

VITALI

Man. Scary times.

Charles - aware of Dominique listening into all of this. Eyes  
him. He's talking to Vitali. But he's speaking to Dominique --

CHARLES

There were - bombings. Always. So  
many of the places I went -  
cinemas, bakers, grocery stores -  
and so many of the people I knew...  
Gone. Just like that.

VITALI

You're a lucky man, Alain.

CHARLES

Perhaps it's luck. I don't know. I  
cannot explain it. But nothing that  
touches other people, touches me.

\*

Vitali - all a bit intense for him. He grins --

VITALI

Whatever you say, brother.

And Charles - finding a smile. Then --

CHARLES

Vitali. May I show you something?

Vitali - allowing this. Dominique watching as Charles produces a little brown envelope of GEMSTONES.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

They are Chanthaburi Sapphires.

Vitali - a smile for this --

VITALI

You want me to buy them, then sell them.

Charles - a little smile, a little roll of the shoulders. *Why not?* But Vitali, only grins and laughs and claps Charles too hard on the shoulder, and --

VITALI (CONT'D)

Man. You have the wrong idea about  
me.

And with that, he gets up, laughs, collects his HOLDALL and  
his beer and makes his way off into the party again. \*

Charles' face. He puts the gems back in his pocket. Turns his  
face to Dominique. And, **French** -- \*

CHARLES

*Dominique - I have been talking  
with our friends from the Embassy.  
About you having over-stayed on  
your Visa.. / Dominique, J'ai parlé  
avec nos amis de l'ambassade. De  
toi et de la prolongation de ton  
séjour au dela de la durée  
autorisée.*

Dominique - eyes going to the Embassy Officials. They look  
back at him for a moment. Turn back to their girlfriends. \*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*I am afraid to say I have failed  
you. It's not as simple as I had  
assumed it would be. In fact they  
are a little bit concerned for you.  
/ Je suis désolée mais j'ai  
échouer. C est plus compliqué que  
je pensais. En fait, ils sont même  
plutôt inquiets pour toi.*

DOMINIQUE

*Concerned how, Alain? / Inquiets?  
Comment ça?*

CHARLES

*It will be very hard for them to  
help you if you end up in custody.  
/ Ca va être difficile pour eux de  
t'aider si tu finis en garde à vue.*

Dominique - fear upon fear. Watching Charles watch Vitali.  
Vitali who is happily dancing, the holdall at his feet,  
drinking heavily. \*

And entirely unaware of the pitiless gaze that falls on him. \*

CUT TO:

**A LITTLE LATER:** Dominique - deeply unhappy, loitering with  
Nadine and Marie-Andrée, as here, complaining, is -- \*

AJAY

There aren't enough women here.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Aren't we women?

AJAY

Yes. But you're both married,  
Monique. Dominique - you'll come  
with me, right?

(MORE)

AJAY (CONT'D)

You know what it's like there -  
German girls, American girls, any  
girl you want. We'll go and I'll  
find you one.

Dominique - something here that sits uneasily with him, so --

DOMINIQUE

No. I think - I'm good. I'll just  
stay here.

AJAY

You know: you don't always have to  
be such a pussy.

Dominique - hating this, but smiles. Laughs along best he can. And perhaps surprised at the sudden vehemence of this --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Don't call him that. He's a - nice person. Not a fucking pig like you.

Ajay - guffawing for that --

AJAY

Okay. Monique. Take it easy. Don't  
get sand in your vagina.

And with that. He's turning and gone. Leaves the three of  
them there, as **French** --

NADINE

*He can be such an asshole. / Qu'est-  
ce qu'il peut être con .*

But then beyond - the sound of BREAKING GLASS - they look  
over to see Vitali Hakim stumbling against a table full of  
drinks. Almost collapsing. CLUTCHING AT HIS BELLY. As --

CHARLES

(calling, waving her over)  
Monique. Here. Quick.

Marie-Andrée - a look to Dominique and Nadine, and she's  
over. Leaves the two of them to watch as she and Charles help  
Vitali up and lead him into the apartments and, **French** --

NADINE

*It's a good thing she used to be a  
nurse, isn't it? / C'est quand même  
bien qu'elle ait été infirmière,  
non ?*

Dominique - his smile. Nodding. *But is it?*

CUT TO:

28AA **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 25**

28AA

Dominique - pushing through. Oddly quiet in here. Empty in  
fact, so it seems. Until the Spare Bedroom door opens and  
Ajay steps out. Naked other than for **Vitali's Beads around  
his neck**, and the towel he's wrapping around his naked body.

Beyond - Dominique can see a young woman in the bed. But --

AJAY

Oh, hi Dominique.  
(the girl beyond)  
While the cat's away, right?

Which Dominique doesn't really understand. So --

AJAY (CONT'D)

Alain took Monique to Hong Kong.  
Said she needed a holiday. Which is  
funny. Because it's not like she  
ever does anything.

And he laughs his laugh. Dominique smiles --

AJAY (CONT'D)

But I'm still here. Let me know if  
you need anything. We can hang out  
later, okay?

Dominique - one of his smiles, agreeing to that, as Ajay goes  
back to his girl and shuts the door behind him. Leaving  
Dominique to turn back through the kitchen, and see this --

A KNIFE on a chopping board beside a halved apple.

CUT TO:

28AB INT. KANIT HOUSE. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT. BANGKOK - DAY 25 8AB  
(LATER)

Dominique - not quite sure what he's done here, but he has  
that KNIFE in his hands. He STUFFS IT UNDER HIS MATTRESS.

CUT TO:

28ABA EXT. FRENCH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY 27 28ABA

Dominique - taken much courage to bring him here. In he goes.

CUT TO:

28ABA INT. FRENCH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY 27 28ABA

Dominique - an information desk, trying to work out where to  
go. Making a **French** enquiry to a THAI EMBASSY ASSISTANT --

DOMINIQUE

*New passport? / Nouveau passeport?*

The Thai Assistant - pointing away to a run of booths. And a  
MACHINE that invites you to take a number. Over he goes.

Presently his number comes up. So he stands and moves to the  
appropriate booth. Behind which, a FRENCH EMBASSY OFFICIAL.  
Dominique - he could say a million things. But --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*I lost my passport. / J'ai perdu  
mon passeport*

The woman smiles. Reaches for a form. Hands it over.  
Dominique smiles his thanks and begins to fill it in. And  
then stops. There's ANOTHER OFFICIAL down the corridor.

Stopping to chat with another colleague, it is **A MAN**  
**DOMINIQUE KNOWS**. It is ONE of the two COMMERCIAL ATTACHÉS who  
not so long ago came to a Kanit House dinner.

Dominique - fear gripping. Has the man seen him? Has he recognised him? So, he stands, retreats, and --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*There are details I need at my hotel. I'll take it back then return it tomorrow. / J'ai laissé des details à mon hotel. Je vais le reprendre et je repasserai demain.*

And he's gone. Almost sprinting to get out.

CUT TO:

28ABA I/E. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - DAY 27

28ABA

Dominique - heading directly for the RANK OF TELEPHONE BOOTHS. Finds an empty one and steps in. Picks up the hand piece, waits a moment for the *Thai enquiry*. To which --

DOMINIQUE

Yes. France. Please.

Roaming static. The incomprehensible chatter of a Thai Operator. But then --

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Hallo? / Allo ?*

Dominique - his father's voice almost breaks him --

DOMINIQUE

*Papa?*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Dominique?*

Dominique - what is he going to say after all? That he's been kidnapped? He's calling them right now isn't he? So --

DOMINIQUE

*How is Maman? / Maman va bien ?*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*She's fine. But she misses you. / Ça va mais tu lui manques.*

DOMINIQUE

*I miss her too. I miss you Papa. /  
Moi aussi elle me manque. Et toi  
aussi papa.*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Where are you, son? / Tu es où ?*

DOMINIQUE

*In Bangkok. / A Bangkok.*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Still? / Encore ?*

*(silent beat)*

*Dominique? Are you - okay? /  
Dominique ? Est-ce que... ça va ?*

DOMINIQUE

*(No! NO! But...)*

*Yes. I mean - I was... sick for a  
little while... / Oui. Enfin... J'ai  
été un peu... malade.*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*(OVER him; panicked)*

*Sick!? How? With what!? / Malade ?  
Comment ça ? Qu'est-ce que tu as eu  
?*

Here too, alerted by that word --

MME. RENELLAU (O.S.)

*Sick!? How sick? Give me the  
'phone. / Il est malade !? Qu'est-  
ce que ça veut dire ? Passe-moi le  
téléphone.*

DOMINIQUE

*It's okay, Maman. I'm - better now.  
/ Ça va maman. Je vais mieux  
maintenant.*

MME. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*You promise, Dominique? You're  
sure? / T'es sûr Dominique ? Tu me  
promets ?*

Dominique - God it's awful. Why did he do this? So --

DOMINIQUE

*Yes. I promise. I've - been taken  
care of. By some new friends. A  
married couple. He is French and  
she is Canadian. / Oui. Je te  
promets. Des amis se sont occupé de  
moi. De nouveaux amis. Un couple.  
Ils sont mariés. Lui est français  
et elle canadienne.*

*(MORE)*

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

(the pain of the lie)  
*I don't know what I would have done  
without them... / Je sais pas  
comment je m'en serais sorti sans  
eux.*

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*I'm - very relieved to hear it.  
We're in their debt. / Je suis...  
Soulagé d'entendre ça. On leur en  
doit une.*

And silence across oceans once more, until --

MME. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Dominique: when are you coming  
home? / Dominique: quand est-ce que  
tu rentres ?*

DOMINIQUE

(flinching at the question)  
*I... can't. I - don't know. I'm  
sorry. I have to... it's so  
expensive, you understand. I love  
you both. I love you so much. / Je...  
Je peux pas. Je suis désolé. Je  
sais pas... c'est vraiment cher, vous  
savez. Je vous aime tous les deux.  
Je vous aime tellement.*

And unable to bear it further, he hangs up.

M. RENELLEAU (O.S.)

*Dominique! Please don't [go]... /  
Dominique ! S'il te plaît, ne racc...*

But too late. Dominique has hung up. He sits there for a moment. And then he leaves.

CUT TO:

28AC

**EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL. BANGKOK - DAY 27**

28AC

Dominique - swimming lonely lengths of the pool. Breathing hard. He comes to a stop. Looks up. Sees Ajay up on the balcony. Watching him.

CUT TO:

28AD

**INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE ROOM - DAY 27**

28AD

Dominique - stripping the sheets in here. Considering the now empty room. Various items there: that small purple ALARM CLOCK, that PAPERBACK: *Oil Politics*.

He opens a closet to find clean sheets. And stops at the sight of: a LEATHER HOLDALL. Vitali's Leather Holdall.

Bends to it. Opens it. Empty. Except for this. Stuck in the liner, there is a strip of PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHS. Vitali. He puts it back. Shuts the closet again.

Hears the sound of a car outside. So moves to the window. The car is The Corolla returning. Down by the pool, the sunbathing Nadine has heard it too.

She's up. Going to where Charles and Marie-Andrée and their luggage are climbing out. Back from their trip. Kisses and hugs and happiness. Nadine so pleased to see them.

Charles - looking up. Seeing Dominique - waving for him --

CHARLES  
Dominique! It's good to be home!

Dominique - a smile and a wave.

CUT TO:

28B

**INT. KANIT HOUSE. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 28**

28B

Dominique - sleepless. Reading one of those **Yachting Magazines**. For a moment, he can almost feel the wind and the salt spray.

But now he hears something all too real: a stumble, Ajay's laughter, a woman's moan. He closes his eyes on it. But his curiosity is too much after all. He gets up.

From beneath the mattress - THAT KNIFE. He slips it in his pocket. And moves out.

CUT TO:

29

**I/E. 504 KANIT HOUSE. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 28 (MOMENTS LATER)** 29

Dominique - pushing his door open, HAND IN POCKET. Finds stood in the doorway opposite. And beneath them, three figures heading down the stairs.

Charles, Ajay (Vitali's **Amber Beads** around his own neck) - and a young woman in a DISTINCTIVELY PATTERNED DRESS (STEPHANE PARRY). She's very unsteady. Must be supported.

Her eyes cast up at Dominique for a moment. And he sees her fear. But then she's gone from view. Leaves Dominique to look squarely at Marie-Andrée, and, **French** --

DOMINIQUE

*Who is she? / C'est qui ?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*The lover of the Turk. / La fiancée du turc.*

DOMINIQUE

*The guy who got sick at the party? Who went to hospital? / Le type qui est tombé malade à la soirée. Celui qui est parti à l'hôpital ?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Yes / Oui*

DOMINIQUE

*What's wrong with her? / Qu'est-ce qu'elle a ?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*They are both junkies, you know? Junkies and heroin smugglers.*

*(MORE)*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

*They are not worth your concern. /  
Il sont junky tous les deux, tu le  
savais ? Junky et trafiquants  
d'héroïne. Ça ne vaut pas la peine  
de s'en faire pour eux.*

Dominique - is that enough for him? No, apparently --

DOMINIQUE

*Monique - why does everyone who  
comes here get sick? / Monique,  
pourquoi est-ce que tous les gens  
qui viennent ici tombent malade ?*

Marie-Andrée - she can't believe he's asked that. Her eyes  
are vicious for him --

And she turns back in. Shuts the door on him.

CUT TO:

29A-40 OMITTED

29A-40

40A EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL. BANGKOK - DAY 29 40A

Dominique - helping with drinks for these various folk gathered about the swimming pool. All very jolly. Nadine with Dominique - her arm about his shoulder, **French** --

NADINE

*It's true, Dominique. You're so much better. In your face. And here too. / C'est vrai, Dominique. Tu as l'air tellement mieux. Ton visage. Et là aussi.*

She pats his tummy for him --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*You were too thin. / Tu étais trop maigre.*

DOMINIQUE

(finds a laugh)

*Perhaps I ought to go on another diet. / Je devrais peut-être commencer un nouveau régime.*

And she laughs. And here, beyond, the Corolla is pulling up. Ajay at the wheel. Two new guests with him: It's Wim and Lena. And Dominique - watching as Charles and Marie-Andrée go to them, and --

CHARLES

My friends. Welcome!

CUT TO:

40B EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL. BANGKOK - EVENING 31 40B

Dominique - swimming lonely lengths out here. Back and forth. Faster, faster. Comes up for air. Breathes hard.

Looks to where a gust of wind has picked up some rubbish from a trash can. A few cans of soda. The day's newspaper.

Dominique hauls himself from the pool. Heads on over. Rights the trash can. Puts the crap back inside. Folds up the strewn newspaper. And stops. There's a headline here. It says --

**EUROPEAN GIRL MURDERED.** Beneath it there's a PHOTOGRAPH. A young woman in a DISTINCTIVELY PATTERNED DRESS DEAD ON A MORTUARY SLAB. **Stephane Parry.** Who he saw taken away.

Dominique - the oppression of it all screaming at him. He looks away down the *soi* from the pool. He could just walk out on to the streets and scream couldn't he, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.)  
Dominique!

He turns. Sees her at the balcony. Waving for him; **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)  
*It's time. Come up. I need you. /*  
*Viens m'aider. C'est l'heure.*

Dominique - waving his hopeless assent back.

CUT TO:

40C

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

40C

(SC.2.66B)

Dominique - making tomato salad as Marie-Andrée ferociously SEARS A SIDE OF FILLET STEAK and guests gather for dinner. The Commercial Attachés are here, faces shiny with greed and booze, their two Thai Girls. And --

CHARLES  
Lena. You sit here. Next to me.

Lena - unhappily going to sit next to Charles, as --

WIM  
You have fillet steak and claret -  
in Bangkok?

CUT TO:

**LATER:** Still the laughter and bonhomie. And Dominique - watching hopelessly as Wim notices something --

WIM (CONT'D)  
Lena? Are you...?

Lena, grey - hands to her face - VOMITS THROUGH HER FINGERS.

CUT TO:

41

**INT. KANIT HOUSE. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 31 (LATER)** 41

Dominique - wedging the back of a chair beneath the door handle. He steps away. Sits back on a low bed. Can barely sit still such is the fear and claustrophobia of it all.

In his pack, he goes searching for something. Finds that PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS MOTHER AND FATHER. Grips it in his hands.

And then - a flickering from his bedside lamp - Dominique looks up. And the light goes out. Power-cut. Darkness.

CUT TO:

42

**INT. KANIT HOUSE. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 31 (LATER 42 STILL)**

Pitch black. Dominique lurching awake. Someone is trying to get in, and the chair is stopping them. HAMMERING now. And --

AJAY (O.S.)  
Dominique? Let me in!

Dominique - hitting a light switch. But the light doesn't work. None of the lights work. There's the hammering again.

Dominique reaches underneath the mattress for that knife. Looks again in the darkness. BUT IT'S GONE.

AJAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dominique! Open the door!

What can he do? He goes to the door, reveals Ajay beyond, Vitali's beads around his neck, a flashlight ghoulishly in his face --

DOMINIQUE  
What happened to the lights?

AJAY  
What do you think happened? It's another fucking power-cut.  
(beat)  
Anyway: Alain wants to see you.

CUT TO:

43

**INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 31 (MOMENTS LATER) 43**

Ajay - the door held open for Dominique. Dominique - peering through, very dark in here. Only candles lit. But sufficient for Dominique to clearly see --

Charles - standing in the doorway to the SPARE ROOM, a candle in his hand throwing light into the room beyond where Dominique CAN CLEARLY SEE --

THE FIGURES OF WIM AND LENA - collapsed, insensible, groaning - in the bed there. A beat - the sight absorbed - and Charles is closing the door. Moving to the table.

Where Dominique is now brought to sit. Opposite Charles. Between them, there are two objects on the table...

One is a NEWSPAPER. The same issue of the Bangkok Post folded very clearly open on that same mortuary photograph of Stephane Parry.

The other item is A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS. Dominique - coursing with mortal terror. But, so very gentle --

CHARLES

It's a good life that I provide here isn't it. I have been good to you.

DOMINIQUE

Yes. Of course.

Dominique - the deep disjoint of it all. But aware too of Ajay behind him. Cranes to see him. Ajay smiles. But in his hand: HE NOW HAS THE SAME KNIFE DOMINIQUE STOLE.

CHARLES

That is what you will say if you leave us?

Dominique - so frightened his head might explode --

DOMINIQUE

Yes. I will say that I was sick. And that you made me well again.

CHARLES

As we do with anyone who gets sick here. We make them all well again so they can continue their journey.

DOMINIQUE

Yes. I know.

CHARLES

Then you understand why it's hard for me to accept that you just want to leave?

Dominique - so frightened his head might explode --

DOMINIQUE

It's just that: I haven't seen my parents in so long.

CHARLES

Ajay - do you miss your parents and want to go home?

AJAY

No, Alain. I like it here.

CHARLES

You see - Ajay understands what you do not.

Silence. A long beat. Charles - waiting. So --

DOMINIQUE

Please Alain. What do I not understand?

CHARLES

That the man you have become is not the boy your mama and papa waved goodbye to. You are something else now. You have been away too long and seen too much. You want to be that boy again, you cannot.

(a beat)

Now - I know I said that I would help you. That I would fix your passport and your visa. But the truth is - I don't want to help you leave. You are my brother. This is where you belong.

CUT TO:

44-55 **OMITTED**

44-55

55A **EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 34**

55A

The White Corolla - loaded up and ready for a trip. Dominique - almost automaton, hefting luggage into the trunk, as --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Ajay? Has he told you what we're going to do with her? You can't take dogs on airplanes.

She means Frankie. On a leash at Marie-Andrée's heel.

AJAY

Alain hasn't said, Monique. Maybe we just drop her in a canal!

MARIE-ANDRÉE

That's not funny.

Emerging from their apartment block: Remy and, **French** --

NADINE

*You're going away again? / Vous partez encore ?*

CHARLES (O.S.)

(*English*)

Yes. For Christmas, the New Year.  
Work mainly. But we will celebrate  
too.

REMY

Where are you going?

CHARLES

Singapore, Macao, Hong Kong again  
probably.

Packed up and ready to go now, so, quiet --

DOMINIQUE

When will you be home, Alain?

CHARLES

You know, Dominique - I'm not  
certain. And I may return for a day  
or two, here or there.

DOMINIQUE

Okay.

CHARLES

But I have asked Colonel Romyen to  
pass by from time to time to check  
in on you. So don't worry.

DOMINIQUE

Okay.

Hugs and kisses and Merry Christmases and, **French** --

CHARLES

*Oh, Nadine - I almost forgot: your  
Christmas Present. For all your  
help. Gam Lang Jai, as the Thai's  
say. / Oh, Nadine, j'allais oublier  
: ton cadeau de Noël. Pour ton  
aide. Gam Lang Jai, comme dises les  
thaïs.*

From his travel bag, tied with a bow: it's A SMALL  
TRANSISTOR. Not that anyone other than Charles, Ajay and  
Monique understands, but it is Lena Dekker's radio.

And then they're in the car and gone. Until Nadine turns to --

NADINE

*Dominique - come and have supper  
later if you... / Dominique, viens  
diner avec nous toute à l'heure si  
tu...?*

But he's only turned his back on them and is already retreating back toward the apartment building.

CUT TO:

55B

**INT. KANIT HOUSE. STAIRWELL. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT -**

55B

**DAY 35**

Nadine, Remy - they have a basket of fruit, some eggs. And they're waiting outside Dominique's door. Been waiting a while it seems. So **French** --

NADINE

*Dominique. Open up! We haven't seen you for days. / Dominique ! Ouvre ! Ça fait des jours qu'on t'a pas vu.*

Still nothing. They look at each other. Shrug, and --

REMY

*We can just leave the food here. Come on. / On n'a qu'à laisser la nourriture là. Allez, viens.*

NADINE

(not having it; loud)  
*No. Dominique. If you don't answer, Remy is going to kick down the door! / Non. Dominique, si tu nous ouvres pas, Rémy va défoncer la porte !*

REMY

*Nadine. I'm not going to [kick]... / Nadine, je ne vais pas...?*

But he's stopped. Because there's the sound of a door opening. Not this door, however. The one behind. 504.

Standing there - bleary, unwashed, hollowed out: Dominique. Just stares at them. So, a step to him --

NADINE

*Dominique? What is it? Have I done something to upset you? / Dominique ? Qu'est-ce qui se passe ? Qu'est-ce que je t'ai fait ?*

And he - something surly, broken here --

DOMINIQUE

*You go to the parties with him. You help him sell his jewels. You take his gifts and his money, Nadine. / Tu vas dans les fêtes avec lui. Tu l'aides à vendre ses diamants. Tu prends son argent, Nadine.*

NADINE

*Dominique please: I don't know what  
you're talking about... / S'il te  
plaît Dominique. Je vois  
pas du tout...*

And he - turning away from them. Leaves the door open, however. So Nadine, Remy - a look to each other and they follow him in.

CUT TO:

56 **OMITTED**

56

57 **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 35 (MOMENTS LATER)**

57

It is oddly IMMACULATE in here. Whatever he has been doing, he has kept to his duties. His own personal hygiene, however - not so much.

On the kitchen table: two copies of the Bangkok Post. Both folded open on particular stories. He's barely audible as he points to the first. We've seen it already:

**European Girl Found Murdered.** The PHOTOGRAPH there. **A YOUNG WOMAN ON A MORTUARY SLAB.** (STEPHANE PARRY.)

DOMINIQUE

*She came to the apartment a week ago. / Regarde ! Elle est venue à l'appartement la semaine dernière.*

Remy, Nadine - their eyes for each other. What have they walked into here --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*You remember the Turkish guy who got ill at the party. / Tu te rappelles du Turc qui était malade à la fête ?*

*(Nadine does)*

*She came looking for him. I saw Alain and Ajay take her away. / Elle est venue, elle le cherchait - j'ai vu Alain et Ajay l'emmener*

Remy, Nadine - studying the photo, and --

REMY

*Did you see her? / Tu l'as vue?*

Nadine - just a shake of the head. Turning to where Dominique has sunk into a chair now --

DOMINIQUE

*The other one is the Dutch couple.. / L'autre, c'est celle des hollandais*

Nadine - turning to the other newspaper report... **TWO BODIES IN A DITCH.** We've seen the HEADLINE before: **Australian Couple Killed and Burned.**

REMY

*That says Australian. / Ça dit « australiens ».*

NADINE

*Dominique. How can you tell? Come on... This is crazy... / Mais Dominique, c'est dingue, Comment tu peux dire ça ? comment tu peux les reconnaître?*

DOMINIQUE

*I saw them in that bedroom. They made them sick. Just like they made the Turk sick. Just like they made me sick. / Je les ai vus ...allongés sur ce lit. Ils les as drogués, comme avec le Turc, et comme avec moi !*

And with that - he breaks and weeps. Nadine goes to him.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*I just don't know why they didn't take me away too. / Mais je comprends pas pourquoi ils m'ont pas emmenés.*

Remy - his hand through his hair. Trying to program it all --

REMY

*I knew that son of a bitch was full of shit. But look: it's simple. We just go to the police. / Je savais qu'il nous mentait ce fils de pute. Mais regarde: c'est simple. Il faut qu'on aille chez les flics.*

Dominique - almost fierce for that --

DOMINIQUE

*We can't! He is friends with the police! / On peut pas ! il a des connections avec la Police !*

REMY

*Then what are we [going to do]..? / Qu'est ce qu'on fait alors ?*

And Dominique - the despair in him, quiet --

DOMINIQUE

*I don't want to die here. / Je veux pas mourir ici*

Nadine - perhaps still she doubts it but she looks to Remy  
and --

NADINE

*Of course you won't die. You're  
going to leave. Get away. Back to  
France, Dominique. / Mais tu vas  
pas mourir - tu vas partir -  
T'échapper - Rentrer en France*

DOMINIQUE

*How Nadine!? I have no money! No  
passport. My Visa expired months  
ago! He has trapped me here! / Mais  
Comment Nadine ? J ai pas d'argent,  
pas de passeport , mon visa a  
expiré il y a des mois - je suis  
foutu, il m'a coincé ici.*

NADINE

*No. You're not trapped. We can  
help. / Non. On va t'aider.*

REMY

*Nadine, how, come on... / Nadine,  
comment tu veux...*

NADINE

*Remy. We can. / On va y  
arriver.*

CUT TO:

58-59 OMITTED

58-59

59A EXT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT - DAY 35 59A  
(LATER)

A MOTORBIKE TAXI, a buzzing MOPED with a BIBBED DRIVER, and a passenger. In this case - a skinny OFFICE BOY. Who climbs off his ride here and finds Remy Gires waiting for him.

The Office Boy hands over an envelope. The **AIR FRANCE** stamp clear to see.

CUT TO:

60 INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 35 (LATER)

60

An AIR TICKET, BKK-CDG - sat on the table in front of --

DOMINIQUE

*I will pay you back. I swear it. /  
Je vous rembourserai. Je vous jure.*

NADINE

*Whenever you can. / Quand tu pourras.*

Remy - seeking lightness in the situation --

REMY

*But as soon as possible, huh? / Mais dans pas trop longtemps quand même, huh?*

And Dominique - something approaching a smile --

DOMINIQUE

*If there was still money in the safe, I'd pay you with that? / S'il reste un peu d'argent dans le coffre, je vous rembourse avec ça?*

Nadine - a look for that. And so Dominique stands. Moves for that high shelf where he knows the key to the safe to be hid. Claims it. Moves to the safe. Crouches. And unlocks it.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*There was a lot but they have taken it all. / Il y'en avait plein mais ils ont tout pris.*

(then)

*Take a look. / Regarde.*

Nadine, Remy - peering in to that TROVE OF STOLEN PASSPORTS. Which Dominique removes, places on the table, and --

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*This one is mine. / Celui là, c'est le mien.*

His PASSPORT. Shown to Nadine and Remy. CHARLES' FACE WHERE HIS OWN SHOULD BE, so --

REMY

*Fuck. / Putain.*

And Dominique - a shrug. What to do? But --

NADINE

*No. He forged it. We can forge it back. Non. Il l'a falsifié. On peut le dé-falsifier.*

CUT TO:

**LATER:** A series of PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHS of Dominique. Sat beside an AIR FRANCE TICKET on the kitchen table. And Nadine - about to turn her attention to Dominique's passport. But --

DOMINIQUE

*No. Wait. I'm going to do this. /*  
*Non. Attends. Je vais faire ça.*

Nadine - eyes up for him. *Okay then.* And so he sits instead. Opens his passport and carefully, with a sharp knife, starts to LIFT OFF THE FACE OF CHARLES SOBHRAJ.

Then, layering adhesive, he returns his own face to its rightful place. But Remy, doubtful --

REMY

*And the VISA? What about the VISA?  
If you're not legal here they'll  
stop you. / Et le visa ? On fait  
comment avec le visa ? Si t'es pas  
en règle, ils te laisseront pas  
passer.*

Dominique - not much pleasure taken in this. He reaches for a FRENCH PASSPORT among the stolen ones. Mirthless smile --

DOMINIQUE

*It's her. / C'est le sien.*

The young Frenchwoman - STEPHANE PARRY - staring out. And here: her THAI TRANSIT VISA.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

*It's valid. / Il est valide.*

And so, with a small pair of nail scissors he begins to cut the thread on the passport page that contains the Visa.

CUT TO:

60A

**EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - VERY EARLY MORNING 36**

60A

Another dawn departure for Dominique. Only a shoulder bag for luggage. In his hands, he holds that passport. He opens it, closes it and **French** --

DOMINIQUE

*I can't do this. / Je vais pas y  
arriver.*

REMY

*(the passport)  
It's not so bad. / C'est pas si  
mal.*

DOMINIQUE

*No. I mean: he'll find me. / Non.  
Tu comprends pas : il va me  
retrouver.*

And Nadine - going to him, takes his hands --

NADINE

*You're going home. / Tu rentres  
chez toi.*

Nadine and Remy embrace him fiercely, and --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*Just as soon as you're safe: you  
let us know. / Dès que tu es à  
l'abris, tu nous fais signe.*

He confirms it. And with that, he's in the taxi and gone.

FADE OUT.

60B OMITTED

60B

60BA INT. KNIPPERBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 56

60BA

SPLIT-FLAP forward: MARCH 9TH, 1976. THREE MONTHS LATER.

Nadine's pained face - her story told, but --

NADINE

We said - write to us. Let us know.  
Not at the apartments, in case it  
was intercepted, but care of Poste  
Restante...

REMY

She goes every week. But...

NADINE

Nothing.

Herman, Angela - listening, and --

HERMAN

Well - I know how to check if he  
left the country or not.  
(to Angela)  
You'll need to come.

CUT TO:

60C EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 56

60C

The Mazda - pulled up on the approach to the airport. And  
Angela and Herman - conversing with another POLICEMAN.  
Showing and explaining Herman's diplomatic credentials.

CUT TO:

60D OMITTED

60D

60E INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT - DAY 56

HERMAN

Renelleau. Dominique. French  
Citizen.

Herman and Angela - faced with a few IMMIGRATION OFFICERS, listening as now Herman looks to Angela to explain, in her faltering **Thai** --

ANGELA

*We are looking for an exit stamp.  
Around 25th December last year./  
Rao gum lung ha tra pra thub ork  
pra marn wun tee yee sip ha thun wa  
kom pee thee laew.*

One of the Officers - understanding. Moves to a tall run of FILING CABINETS. Takes a while, but eventually finds this --

A XEROXED, DATE-STAMPED COPY OF the DEPARTURE STUB of a LANDING CARD. He passes it to Herman. Who sees the name there: ***Rennelleau, Dominique.***

CUT TO:

60F

**INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 56 (MOMENTS LATER)**

60F

Angela and Herman - on the walk again through the crowds. Herman has A COPY OF THE STUB OF THAT LANDING CARD --

HERMAN

Someone left under his name and  
with his passport.

ANGELA

But who? It might just as well have  
been Gautier. We know he forged it  
once. He could have done it again.

HERMAN

To actually travel on, you mean?  
Rather than just use his victim's  
passports to cash their stolen  
traveller's cheques?

ANGELA

Why not?

And Herman - a sudden thought. He stops.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Herman?

But he's turning on his heel. Heading back where they came.  
To a sign: IMMIGRATION. And a buzzer, which he buzzes. Waits.  
Until here is the quizzical Immigration Officer once more.

They both perform a *wai* for him.

CUT TO:

60G

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. IMMIGRATION - DAY 56 (MOMENTS 60G LATER)

HERMAN

Willem Bloem... Male. Dutch  
citizen. Helena Dekker, Female,  
Dutch Citizen.

ANGELA

(her smile; *Thai*)

*The same question please, sir. Any  
time between December 1975 - and  
today's date. / Kum tarm derm loey  
krub Chuang ve la ra warng thun-wa-  
kom sorng-phan-ha-roy-sip-paed jon  
tueng wun nee.*

The Officer boggles a little. *That's a long amount of time to  
search.* So he offers them a seat at a table where a few of  
his colleagues eat *congee* for breakfast.

One of them hands Angela and Herman a bowl of it each. And  
Herman - about to grimace and decline, but --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Herman: eat it.

CUT TO:

**A LITTLE LATER:** those bowls empty and Herman a little grey as the Immigration Officer returns with: DOCUMENTATION. TWO MORE XEROX COPIES OF TWO MORE LANDING CARD STUBS.

The names: **Bloem, Willem. Dekker, Helena.**

Herman, Angela - considering the new implications of this --

HERMAN

Both of them. Flying out on the same day. 18th December. Both of them leave the country...

The Thai Immigration staff - understanding nothing of this. They only watch as this excitement mounts --

ANGELA

When we know they were both burned alive in a roadside ditch on 16th December...

HERMAN

Gautier must have travelled as Wim; the woman Monique as Lena.

ANGELA

Then what about Dominique. Is he dead on a roadside and the other one - Ajay - now using his passport?

Herman - no wiser.

FADE OUT.

60H

**EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 36**

60H

SPLIT-FLAP **backward:** 20TH DECEMBER, 1975. THREE MONTHS EARLIER.

And here is Dominique - his nervous, desperate face as a JETLINER ROARS OVERHEAD.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BANGKOK - DAY 36**

61

CHECK-IN CLERK

Mister Renelleau?  
(louder)  
Sir?

Dominique - doesn't register it's his name the uniformed Thai Clerk is failing to pronounce. Does now, however --

CHECK-IN CLERK (CONT'D)  
Your ticket?

Dominique - deeply anxious smile. Hands it over. Watches the Clerk check off the numbers. Then --

CHECK-IN CLERK (CONT'D)  
Air France 37 to Paris Roissy.

DOMINIQUE  
Yes.

CHECK-IN CLERK  
Delayed.

CUT TO:

62

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 36

62

Dominique - in a QUEUE that snakes ENDLESSLY through the airport. TIME PASSES. Christ it's hot. And Dominique. His eyes suddenly up for a --

TANNOY  
FLIGHT 302 FROM HONG KONG. FLIGHT  
302 FROM HONG KONG. YOUR LUGGAGE  
WILL BE AVAILABLE TO COLLECT FROM  
CAROUSEL 5.

Dominique - hearing that: **HONG KONG**. Just as he - feels a HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. Jerks violently away.

Finds only this THAI FAMILY. Gently showing him the receding queue. So Dominique, shoulders his little pack and moves on.

On he goes, the queue moving slowly past the ARRIVAL GATE. Various FACES emerging. Asian, Western. Until - the sheer cold terror of it. There's CHARLES!

As the DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE, Dominique sees him, only for a minute... Suited, booted, sunglasses, cruising through with a little leather grip in his hand... Charles.

He thinks. But is it? Really? He needs to retreat, seek cover. But he also needs to be certain if it's really Charles. Or if it is not.

So he steps out of the queue. Loses his place. But hides himself behind a run of CONCESSION STANDS. From which position, he is able to track the man he thinks is Charles.

Or who may not be Charles after all. The man - suddenly laughing and putting down his bag and bringing his CHILD into a delighted embrace.

Dominique - stepping out. His humiliation. The adrenalin still in him. Breathing. And now must join the back of that queue again.

CUT TO:

63

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY 36

63

Four IMMIGRATION OFFICERS. And Dominique - grinding forward in another queue. In his sweaty palms, that passport. He opens it. So *obviously forged*. Isn't it?

Ahead - one of the Immigration Officers suddenly stands, shouts for attention. The THAI WOMAN in front of her shouts back, pleads for something...

But from another set of doors: TWO AIRPORT POLICE emerge. They descend on the Thai Woman and lead her away.

The tension of it all crippling, as now that same Officer points toward Dominique and curls his palm. *This way*. And so Dominique steps forward. Offers up the sweat-stained forgery.

TIGHT ON - that VISA PAGE. And the Immigration Official - taking a long, protracted look at the document, before --

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
Have a good flight, Mr. Renelleau.

CUT TO:

63A

INT. JETLINER - DAY 36

63A

Dominique - in his seat. Still sweating. Still so nervous. But see the pure relief in him now as the aircraft, starts to taxi, accelerate. And now with a lurch. IT TAKES OFF.

64

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 36 (ARCHIVE)

64

That AIR FRANCE JET lifts away from the haze of Bangkok.

CUT TO:

65-66

OMITTED

65-66

66aA

EXT. AIRPORT. DROP-OFF. FRANCE - DAY 37

66aA

A family car we might recognise - pulling up this ramp far too fast. Pulling in. From it - that middle-aged couple. The Rennelleaux. Immediately they're out the car, they see him --

Dominique - huddled, freezing in his Bangkok clothes, can barely believe he is where he is. Eyes up for his parents.

M. RENELLEAU

(*French*)

*My boy! Oh, my child! / Mon garçon  
! Oh, mon fils !*

M. Rennellau - removing his own coat, wrapping it around his son. Mme. Rennellau - taking Dominique's head, bringing it into her embrace. All of them - tears, arms entwined about each other. Weeping, hugging.

And Dominique - the months of sickness and despair and mortal fear somehow behind him --

DOMINIQUE

*I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Forgive  
me! Forgive me! / Je suis désolé.  
Je suis tellement désolé. Pardonnez  
moi ! Pardonnez moi !*

FADE OUT.

66A-66B OMITTED

66A-66B

66C EXT. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - DAY 56

66C

SPLIT-FLAP forward: 9TH MARCH, 1976. THREE MONTHS LATER.

Where a Tuk-Tuk pulls in to deposit: Nadine. Nadine who pushes urgently past a couple of FREAK KIDS and in.

CUT TO:

66D INT. POSTE RESTANTE - DAY 56

66D

NADINE

Please. My mailbox. Thank you.

An ATTENDANT - taking Nadine's PASSPORT from her. Makes a note of her name and turns to a LONG RUN OF MAILBOXES.

A moment or two, and then she returns. With perhaps 5 items. Nadine thanks her. Turns away. Rifling through these letters. Ripping them open. Checking immediately to see where they have come from.

Catch a SIGN-OFF or two. From Nadine's parents, perhaps - **sending her and Remy all their love and kisses...**

But then this one makes her heart skip. A POST-MARK from a place called *Les Sables d'Olonne* in France. She rips it open.

First thing she sees: a WEDGE of FRENCH FRANCS. But then she sees the letter, the writing, as, OVER, hear him, **French** --

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)

*My dear Nadine and Remy. It is a hard thing to explain why I have not felt able to write until now... It is one thing to be safe, but another to feel it. Each morning I wake and am terrified that I am still there, in Kanit House. All I have wanted to do is forget everything. But you must know that not a day has gone by that I haven't thanked God for the two of you and all that you did to get me home... / Mes chers Nadine et Rémy. Je n'arrive toujours pas à m'expliquer pourquoi il m'a fallu autant de temps avant de t'écrire. C'est une chose d'être en sécurité mais une autre de se sentir en sécurité. Je me réveille chaque matin, terrifié à l'idée d'être encore à Kanit House. Tout ce que je veux c'est tout oublier. Mais je voudrais que vous sachiez qu'il ne s'est pas passé une journée sans que je remercie Dieu pour tout ce que vous avez fait pour moi.*

CHARLES (O.S.)

Hello Nadine.

Nadine - she can't believe what she's hearing. Turns. And everything stops at the sight of him: Charles, behind him, Marie-Andrée and Ajay --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Good news?

Nadine - she wants to run. Scream. Grab someone, shout *this man robs and drugs and KILLS PEOPLE*. But finds improvisation. Waves that fistful of Francs at him --

NADINE

Oh, you know - my Dad... he thinks Remy makes peanuts and that we don't eat!

Marie-Andrée - laughing for that --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Fathers and their little girls.

NADINE

Right!

Nadine - impossible to put her finger on how - but something has changed here. Marie-Andrée looks almost like a different person.

Something almost imperious about her beauty now. She goes to Nadine. Kisses her. But --

CHARLES

And you've had nothing from  
Dominique?

Nadine - does she blush and stumble?

NADINE

No. No, I mean... Why would I?

CHARLES

I don't know.  
(beat)  
Except he's gone, hasn't he?

NADINE

(*God this is awful*)  
Yes. But - I don't know why he  
should write...

AJAY

Wasn't he your friend?

NADINE

Of course.

Marie-Andrée - a step, a gentle smile for Nadine --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

It's only: we just got back and  
he's clearly been gone for quite  
some time.

CHARLES

No note. Nothing. I'm very worried.  
(beat)  
You didn't see him?

NADINE

(fighting turmoil)  
No. We thought - he must be with  
you...

Charles - eyes like lasers. Querying that. So --

NADINE (CONT'D)

We were at the beach for Christmas  
and when we got back... there was  
no one.

A long beat. Charles considers the truth of that. Or otherwise. Then veers off subject --

CHARLES  
Is Remy with you?

NADINE  
No. He's working.

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
But Ajay has the car outside. We can drive you home, if you like?

Nadine - *please God, no...* but what can she say?

CUT TO:

66E **EXT. THE COROLLA. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - DAY 56 (MOMENTS LATER)**

Nadine - no choice but to get into the car with the others. Charles - climbing into the back seat beside her.

CUT TO:

67-69 **OMITTED**

67-69

69A **INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 56**

69A

Herman, Angela - pushing back in. Both of them stopping at this sight: hung up on the stairwell, a pair of coat-hangers. His and hers evening wear. A DINNER SUIT and A GOWN.

Angela - some filthy curse in German. Herman - equally filthy in Dutch. Then --

ANGELA  
Why didn't you remind me?

HERMAN  
Because you forgot.

ANGELA  
What time does it begin?

HERMAN  
Six.  
(then)  
What is it this time?

ANGELA

Foundation for the Blind.  
(beat)  
We can't possibly go.  
(his face)  
You don't agree.

HERMAN

It will be - remarked on if we're  
not there.

ANGELA

And God forbid we might be remarked  
on.

REMY (O.S.)

You're going to a party.

Both of them, turning. Their excitement --

ANGELA

Remy! There's - documentation that  
says Dominique left the country.

HERMAN

(clumsy correction)  
Although we can't be certain it was  
actually him that left. Because we  
also found evidence Gautier and  
Leclerc travelled on the passports  
of my two Dutch, and they were  
murdered so I suppose it's possible  
that...

ANGELA

(cutting him off)  
Herman!!

HERMAN

Yes. Of course. I'm [sorry]..

But he's tailing off. Understanding that Remy is not at all  
excited and is, in fact, deeply anxious, so --

ANGELA

Remy. Where is Nadine?

REMY

She went to check her mailbox  
again. To see if Dominique had  
written.

(grim beat)  
She should have been home an hour  
ago.

CUT TO:

69D

I/E. THE MAZDA/POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - EVENING 56

69D

Angela - sweeping her car up to the building. Remy in front. Herman in back sharing space WITH THEIR EVENING WEAR.

But they're parking up. And flying out of the car. Up the steps and heading straight in --

CUT TO:

69E

INT. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - EVENING 56

69E

Thai Locals, Freak Kids - all heads turning as this MANAGER is confronted with --

REMY

She has a mailbox here. She came to check it!

HERMAN

You have a photograph, Remy?

Remy - his wallet. A PHOTOGRAPH handed to Herman, who hands it to the MANAGER. He, studying it. Then, **Thai**, which Angela must now translate --

ANGELA

He saw her arrive. And leave.

REMY

Leave? What time?

Angela - the question asked. The Manager's response **translated** --

ANGELA

Two hours ago.

REMY

Two hours!

And the Manager - feeling their deep anxiety. Moving to do what he can to ease it. Speaks. Angela **translates** again --

ANGELA

She was with friends. When she left.

Herman, Remy, Angela - a terrible intuition dawning as Angela's **translation** continues --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

A lady and two gentlemen.

Her own questions, barked in **Thai** at the Manager --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

*The woman was white, the two men  
Asian. / Puu ying pen farang, suan  
puu chai eek song kon pen ae-chia.*

The Manager - he nods confirmation of that and now withdraws as, the dread thought of what might be happening --

REMY

We go there - NOW. Kanit House.

And he's heading for the door. Only stopping now when he realises that Herman isn't alongside him. Turns. Sees Herman. Who isn't moving. His face all contrition, but --

HERMAN

Remy. I don't think we can take you.

REMY

Why? Because of your fucking party?

HERMAN

No.

A look to Angela. He knows how bad this sounds --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Because it's not safe.

Remy - boggling at this. Can't make sense of it at all --

REMY

For who? You? Are you - scared to help her?

Herman - hadn't even thought of that interpretation --

HERMAN

No. Not at all.

And Angela - she's seen it now --

ANGELA

It's not safe for Nadine, Remy.

REMY

They are killers. They have her.

His voice LOUD. Passers by turn in fright. So, quieter --

HERMAN

They were killers before and they didn't touch her.

ANGELA

Remy. They do not know that she knows. Correct?

Remy - still cannot see the logic --

REMY

No! I mean: how could they?

HERMAN

Exactly. And that's what they need to keep believing. Everything must seem - normal.

(beat)

If we drive you there and they see us. That would be very dangerous for her.

REMY

It's dangerous now!

HERMAN

Remy - if we take you, if we go rushing in. They will know that she knows. And not only that she knows but that she has told other people. They could do anything to her.

ANGELA

As it is - she's just: their friend who they are taking home.

Remy - still he can't compute it. But he understands they are not coming so, jabbing his finger at them --

REMY

She'd better be okay!

Herman - taking his arm --

HERMAN

Call us. Our home. Or at the Embassy. You call us with any news.

CUT TO:

70

INT. THE COROLLA (TRAVELING). BANGKOK - EVENING 56

70

Marie-Andrée - up front with Ajay who drives. So that Charles, unusually, may sit in the back seat with Nadine.

The four of them - driving into the night.

71-75

OMITTED

71-75

END EPISODE THREE.