

THE SERPENT

Episode Four

by

Richard Warlow

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Blue Amendments - 03/09/19
Pink Amendments - 17/09/19
Yellow Amendments - 07/10/19
Green Amendments - 08/10/19
Double Blue Amendments - 15/10/19
Double Pink Amendments - 19/11/19
Double Yellow Amendments - 30/11/19

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1-2 **OMITTED**

1-2

3 **EXT. MOUNTAIN PASTURES. NEPAL - DAY 39**

3

SPLIT-FLAP: 23RD DECEMBER, 1975. RURAL NEPAL.

Woodsmoke rises from deep valleys; Gushing alpine rivers;
 Banyan trees and terraced rice paddies rise up to impossible
 Himalayan peaks. It is UNSULLIED. ARCADIAN.

Through this pastureland, a YOUNG BOY. Climbing a slope now.
 The views falling away beneath him. But the boy - something
 unfamiliar has stopped him now. There is a SOUND OF BUZZING.
 His eyes seek out its source. Find --

A cloud of BLACK FLIES. Their focus and feast, what is
 evidently A DEAD HUMAN half-hidden in long grass.

The Boy - his innocence spoiled in a heartbeat. He SCREAMS.
 And runs. Flies back down the hill.

Leave us here to GLIMPSE fragments. A MAN'S ARM - charred and
 burned - somehow POINTED UPWARD into the fierce light of the
 high Himalayas above.

RUN TITLES4 **INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. IMMIGRATION. BANGKOK - DAY 34**

4

SPLIT-FLAP rocks **backward** only a few days --

18TH DECEMBER 1975, BANGKOK, THAILAND. FIVE DAYS EARLIER.

TANNOY (O.S.)

Royal Nepal Airlines Flight 51 to
 Kathmandu now ready to board at
 Gate 25.

MARIE-ANDRÉE LECLERC - any number of things presently
 distressing her, but this now of prime importance, **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*You said Hong Kong. Hong Kong for
 Christmas; then Paris in the New
 Year. You promised. / Tu avais dit
 Hong Kong. Hong Kong pour Noël et
 Paris pour le nouvel an. T'avais
 promis.*

CHARLES SOBHRAJ - taking her arm, guiding her toward this run
 of IMMIGRATION BOOTHS and the UNIFORMED OFFICERS within --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

*It will be cold and I don't have
 anything warm to wear. / Il va
 (MORE)*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)
*faire froid et je n'ai rien à me
mettre pour le froid.*

Beyond, queuing for another booth, AJAY CHOWDURY smirks, as --

CHARLES
*They sell clothes there, you know.
You won't freeze. / Tu ne vas pas
mourir de froid. Ils vendent des
habits là-bas tu sais.*

Front of the queue now. Charles handing over TWO BLUE PASSPORTS. An IMMIGRATION OFFICER takes them.

Marie-Andrée - seeing the documentation they're traveling on for the first time: **TWO BLUE DUTCH PASSPORTS**. Checked. Stamped. Handed back, and --

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Have a pleasant flight Miss Dekker.

Marie-Andrée - eyes down, opens the passport and sees where HER PHOTOGRAPH has been superimposed below the name **Helena Dekker**. IT FREEZES HER BLOOD.

Beyond - Ajay has also now cleared Immigration. He's found a copy of **The Bangkok Post**. Flicks it idly as he joins them. See him: those **Amber Beads** around his neck. But --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
You said you took the Dutch to
Pattaya. After the - trouble in the
apartment. You took them away. But
you left them there. That's what
you said.

Charles - taking her arm, grip tight, eyes black --

CHARLES
That's right. We did. But now they
are both going to Nepal.

Opens his Blue Passport - his photograph, the name of **Willem**, the **ENTRY STAMP** and now the **EXIT STAMP** --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
They came to Thailand. And now they
are leaving.

Marie-Andrée - moving as in a dream now. Toward the Air Bridge. The terrible sunlight there. As Ajay snorts with laughter at something in the 'paper. Shows it to Charles --

AJAY
Australian. They think they're
bloody Australian.

This headline: **Australian Couple Killed and Burned**. Beneath it that photograph of **TWO BODIES IN A DITCH**. Ajay's pleased --

AJAY (CONT'D)
What idiots.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. JETLINER. THAILAND - DAY 34**

5

Marie-Andrée - nowhere for her to go. Charles on one side of her, Ajay on the other, she is - trapped between two murderers as they LURCH into flight.

FADE OUT.

5A **OMITTED**

5A

5B **EXT. DUTCH EMBASSY. GARDENS - EVENING 56**

5B

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

Erected canopy, a band playing, about one hundred GUESTS. And Herman and Angela - late as all hell, dressed up but definitely frayed by recent events, walk hand in hand across the lawns to join it.

Various faces you might recognise. VAN DONGEN, his wife CATHERINE. Frowning for Herman and Angela's lateness. But then - as if to welcome them - the band starts up playing THE DUTCH NATIONAL ANTHEM. So, quiet --

ANGELA
What the hell are we doing, Herman?
We must be completely insane.

CUT TO:

5C **I/E. TUK-TUK. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - EVENING 56**

5C

Light falling fast over the city, find: REMY GIRES, urging speed to his driver, flying down this *Soi*. Beyond: that sign. **KANIT HOUSE.**

CUT TO:

5D **INT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT - EVENING 56**

5D

REMY
Nadine?

Empty as it was the night before when they left. **French** --

REMY (CONT'D)
Shit, Nadine. / Merde, Nadine.

CUT TO:

5E **EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. WALKWAY - EVENING 56**

5E

Remy - moving out. Moving along the walkway to 504. Stops. Swallows. The door to the Gautier Apartment is closed. He approaches. Breathes. Says a prayer. Knocks and heads in.

CUT TO:

6-8 **OMITTED**

6-8

9 **INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 56**

9

A little dinner party. Charles, Ajay, Marie-Andrée. All turning for Remy's wild eyes. But here is NADINE:

NADINE
(**French**)
Remy. Darling. I'm so sorry! /
Remy, mon chéri. Je suis désolée.
(for the others, **English**)
I said I would call him and I
forgot.

CHARLES
Come and join us, Remy. How have
you been?

REMY
Oh. Good. Good, Alain.
(his manners)
And you?

CHARLES
Never better.

Remy - taking a seat, but --

NADINE
Don't sit down.

REMY
Okay.

NADINE
We can't stay. We're late, aren't
we?

REMY
(for what?)
Yes. Really quite late.

Nadine - rolling her eyes for the others, explaining --

NADINE
His mother. Every week she calls.
Always the same time.

Remy - the same eye-roll confirms it. But --

CHARLES
Well I have something for you,
Nadine. Before you go.

And he's up, going to one of a few HALF-UNPACKED BAGS at the side of the room. Various belongings here. An expensive looking CAMERA, a ROLEX WATCH just sitting on a side table.

But this is what Charles means. He unzips another bag. Inside, plain to see: PASSPORTS; MORE BUNDLES OF CASH. He counts out perhaps \$300. And hands it to Nadine --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Your commission. From the last deal
we did with those French diplomats.

NADINE
Alain. That is... too generous.
Isn't it, Remy.

REMY
Yes. So very generous.

CHARLES
You don't think she deserves it,
Remy?

REMY
No. Of course.

CHARLES
Well then, Nadine. Take it. Remy
and I insist.

CUT TO:

9A

EXT. DUTCH EMBASSY. GARDENS - NIGHT 56

9A

Last light here. Laughter and strong liquour. A few adventurous types dance. Not Herman and Angela, however. They're stood to one side. Praying for it all to be over.

And watching this particular group: Van Dongen, Catherine and another man neither they, nor we, have met before. He's an ENGLISHMAN. His name is GRAEME STANTON.

JOIN THEM: the booze has flowed, so they're a bit loose lipped. And Stanton is probing at something --

STANTON
One of your people, Ambassador.

VAN DONGEN
One of mine? No.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Using his diplomatic credentials to enquire after some Dutch murder victims. Quite adamantly, so the story goes. Every Embassy in town.

Van Dongen - a look of some resentment cast across to where Herman and Angela are doing their best to mingle. Herman catches his eye. Reads the irritation there.

CUT TO:

10 **OMITTED** 10

11 **INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES. BANGKOK - NIGHT 56** 11

Deserted as, at a desk a PHONE STARTS TO RING. Seems to ring forever. Until presently a uniformed GUARD answers it.

BACK TO:

12 **EXT. DUTCH EMBASSY. GARDENS. BANGKOK - NIGHT 56** 12

Back with Stanton and the Van Dongens --

CATHERINE VAN DONGEN
Surely there are other stories that might preoccupy the Bangkok Post more? Two hundred Vietnamese refugees, my countrymen and women, have been killed. Preyed on by pirates and drowned at sea. Two hundred in only one month. Of all the people losing their lives in South East Asia, I think it's fair to say young westerners are not the majority.

STANTON
Perhaps it's the scarcity that makes it a good story, Mrs. Van Dongen.

VAN DONGEN
But what is the story, Mr. Stanton?

Van Dongen - eyes up across the lawns. Watches that same Guard emerge from the Embassy and make his way out across the lawns to where Herman stands talking to a few GUESTS.

STANTON

I don't know yet, sir.

Beyond - the sudden excitement of Herman Knippenberg is all too clear to read. Van Dongen watches the way he moves to another group of guests and extracts Angela.

VAN DONGEN

I'm only sorry we can't help you,
Mr. Stanton.

CUT TO:

13 **OMITTED**

13

14 **INT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 56**

14

Nadine - frantically thrusting belongings into a suitcase.
Remy, likewise - the telephone in the crook of his neck --

REMY

Jesus Christ. You tell us to call
you and then you can't even answer
the fucking 'phone.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES - NIGHT 56 (CONTINUOUS)**

15

Herman - huddled about the telephone --

HERMAN

But you're okay? You're both okay?

AND INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

REMY

Well, she ate dinner with them and
she's not dead yet.

(then; **French**)

*Nadine. Why have you [stopped]...
keep packing! / Nadine. Pourquoi tu
t'arrêtes... Fais ta valise!*

NADINE

(**French**)

*If they think we know, they will
just leave again. / Si ils pensent
qu'on est au courant, ils vont fuir
à nouveau.*

REMY

(**likewise**)

I'm not an idiot, Nadine. I know this. I just don't care. But we're not spending another night in this apartment. Not while they live -- / Je sais Nadine. Je suis pas idiot. Je m'en fous, mais on ne passe pas une nuit de plus dans cet appartement. Pas temps qu'ils sont en vie --

(points across to 504
Kanit House.)

Right fucking there! / La ! juste en face.

NADINE

Remy: we can help. / Remy, on peut faire quelque chose.

REMY

Jesus Christ. You're as mad as this fucking Dutchman. / C'est pas vrai ! T'es aussi folle que ce putain d'hollandais.

Herman - frantically looking to Angela --

HERMAN

What are they saying?

ANGELA

You're a mad fucking Dutchman.

Herman - a face for that. But --

NADINE

(**French**)

Remy. Give me the 'phone. / Remy, passe moi le téléphone.

Remy - a stream of curses. But he hands it over --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Herman?

HERMAN

Yes. Nadine?

NADINE

What do you need?

HERMAN

What do you mean...?

NADINE

As evidence.

Herman - never even thought of that. He's not sure. But --

NADINE (CONT'D)

I don't know where they have been
for the last three months but
wherever it is, they have so much
more money. Alain just gave me
three hundred dollars.

(MORE)

NADINE (CONT'D)

And - listen - there are -
belongings everywhere, which I
don't think are theirs. Which must
belong to - the victims...

Angela, Herman - understanding, but --

ANGELA

You mustn't take anything.

HERMAN

Remy must go to work. Nothing can
seem out of the normal.

NADINE

We agree. Don't we, Remy?

REMY

(doing his nut)
No. We fucking do not!

HERMAN

(ignoring him)
Do either of you own a camera?

ANGELA

Herman. You can't just... Nadine,
if you think it's too dangerous..

REMY

Of course it's too dangerous!

NADINE

Remy, hush. It's okay. You have a
camera. You never use it.

HERMAN

If you could get me photographs of
them... all of them - Gautier, the
others? The belongings you mention?

NADINE

I can, Mr. Knippenberg.

REMY

(**French**)
*Fucking hell, Nadine! / Mais
putain, Nadine !*

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Anything you think important, And
then you bring it back to us.

ANGELA

Before the end of the day tomorrow.
No later. If you're not back by
nightfall, we'll come and get you
ourselves. You understand?

NADINE

Yes. Goodnight Angela. Goodnight
Herman.

And they have hung up. Nadine turns to Remy. She's very
serious about this now; **French** --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*Think of all the people I
introduced him to. The people I
brought home to him. Think of what
he might have done to them. / Pense
à tous les gens à qui je l'ai
présenté. Ceux que j'ai ramené chez
lui. T'imagines ce qu'il a pu leur
faire?*

REMY

*But - you didn't know. You weren't
responsible. / Mais tu ne savais
pas. Tu n'étais pas responsable.*

NADINE

*I don't care. The son of a bitch
made me an accomplice. / Je m'en
fous. Ce fils de pute m'a rendu
complice.*

(beat)

*I need to do this. / J'ai besoin de
faire ça.*

He - still entirely appalled by the idea. But she goes to
him. Puts her arms around his waist. And smiles her smile --

NADINE (CONT'D)

*I'll be like a secret agent, Remy.
/ Je vais être une sorte d'agent
secret, Remy.*

FADE OUT.

15A

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT. NEPAL - DAY 34 (ARCHIVE)

15A

The Mountain Kingdom. The Nepalese Capital. The white
Himalayas beyond. Our SPLIT-FLAP rolls **backward**:

18TH DECEMBER, 1975. KATHMANDU, NEPAL. THREE MONTHS EARLIER.

An AIRPLANE cruises out of crystal skies and lands on tarmac.

CUT TO:

15B

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT. NEPAL - DAY 34

15B

CHARLES, MARIE-ANDRÉE and AJAY emerge from the terminal
building, the Himalayas resplendent in the background.

They walk in the direction of a car hire stand where a DATSUN sits at the kerb.

Charles does a quick negotiation with car dealer, who hands over the keys.

He climbs into the Datsun. Marie-Andrée and Ajay follow and they all drive away.

CUT TO:

16A **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND HOTEL. LOBBY. KATHMANDU - DAY**
35

The bustling heart of this plush 5* Hotel. At its RECEPTION
DESK: Charles, Marie-Andrée, Ajay and --

LAXMAN

Mr. Bloem. Miss Dekker.

This Hotel Manager - tall, Brahmin Indian, effortlessly
elegant: LAXMAN, 50s. Has both their DUTCH PASSPORTS in his
hands. Refers to a REGISTER, but --

LAXMAN (CONT'D)

Our corner suites only accommodate
two persons, Mr. Bloem...

Something in his tone. Hard to place. But Charles feels it
instinctively: he's being patronised. So --

CHARLES

My secretary has alternative
accommodation in the city.

Laxman - a long eye for Ajay, then --

LAXMAN

Of course.

His appreciation of Marie-Andrée; she finds a smile --

LAXMAN (CONT'D)

Miss Dekker: Anything you require,
you ask for me personally. My name
is Laxman.

The flirtation implicit, he takes their passports. Puts them
in a draw. Finds a key and whistles up a BELLBOY.

CUT TO:

16B **OMITTED**

16B

16C **OMITTED**

16C

16D **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND HOTEL. BALLROOM. KATHMANDU** 16D
NIGHT 35

A vast room, otherwise empty - except for a circular table
set up in the middle of the darkened space. Only a few table
lights to see by, but men are gathered for a card game.

Laxman - overseeing as the Busboy lays out the drinks on the
table, casts an eye to where Marie-Andrée stands behind
Charles's shoulder.

Charles who is engaged in the applied business of the game. Whisky, cigarettes, his cards. So --

LAXMAN

What is it you do in Bangkok, Miss Dekker..?

Drug and rob and God knows what else - she almost says, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Gemstones.

LAXMAN

And you're in Kathmandu? There is barely even a garnet to be mined in Nepal.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

We're on vacation. Not on business.

LAXMAN

Of course.

But now - audible change in the tension on the table. The game reaching some kind of climax, A WESTERN MAN pushes across a tower of GAMBLING CHIPS. Receives another card. Turns to Charles. Who follows.

Indian man checks the card. Bets again. Charles follows once more. Bets bigger. Laxman - eyes seeking out Marie-Andrée at this display of bravado. Sees there her deep anxiety. Perhaps it bothers him.

But on the table, the Western Man sticks. One or two other competitors do likewise. Leaves only Charles to turn back to his cards. Feels the eyes of the room in him. Bets the rest of his chips. Audible hush.

And Charles - aware of the eyes on him, takes his fifth card. Flicks it over. A PICTURE CARD. Deep intake of breath. He's gone bust. And Laxman - watching the despair in Marie-Andrée.

CUT TO:

17 **OMITTED**

17

18 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. LOBBY/BAR. KATHMANDU - DAY 136**

Next day. Charles - tense with his recent loss - moving through, Marie-Andrée beside him, heading for the exit. But --

LAXMAN (O.S.)

Mr. Bloem

Charles - veneer applied, he turns. Faces him --

LAXMAN (CONT'D)

I wondered if you might - settle
your account. For the suite and
however long you hope to stay...

Charles - cold eyes for him --

CHARLES

Certainly. I'll have it arranged.

LAXMAN

Whenever is convenient.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. KATHMANDU - DAY 36

19

Marie-Andrée - down she comes from the opulent frontage to
where Ajay waits with a taxi. But, **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Please. We have no money left now?
What are we going to do? / S'il te
plaît. Il ne nous reste plus
d'argent, c'est ça ? On va faire
comment ?*

CHARLES

(all gentleness, **English**)
Haven't I told you that it's vulgar
to place so much value on money.
You shouldn't worry so much. Should
she, Ajay?

AJAY

No, Monique. You shouldn't worry so
much.

Charles - leaning in to the driver. Instructing --

CHARLES

Take us to Freak Street.

CUT TO:

20

I/E. TAXI (TRAVELING). FREAK STREET. KATHMANDU - DAY 36

20

The taxi passing through the mediaeval whirligig of KATHMANDU
CITY. Everywhere: YOUNG WESTERN TRAIL FREAKS --

CHARLES

You see. In this life, you just
need to know where to look.

Marie-Andrée - something brewing in her, so quiet at first --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Stop the car.
(louder now)
Stop the car!

Charles - leaning back, a hand on her knee --

CHARLES

(**French**)

*We're not there yet, darling. / On
n'est pas encore arrivé, ma chérie.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(ignores him, the Driver)
Didn't you hear me? Stop it. Stop.
Stop. Stop.

So the Driver stops. And Marie-Andrée bolts from the vehicle.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. FREAK STREET. KATHMANDU - DAY 36 (CONTINUOUS)

21

Charles - catching Marie-Andrée, but, fierce; **French** --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*I can't do it again; I won't! / Je
peux plus faire ça; C'est fini pour
moi !*

CHARLES

*Calm, Marie. Calm. You're making a
spectacle of yourself. / Calme toi.
Marie, Calme toi. Tu te donnes en
spectacle.*

So she does. Tries to breathe. All those young people. Some
STARING. And Charles - he needs to diffuse this --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Now: what is wrong? / Ok. Qu'est-ce
qui ne va pas?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*I want it to stop. / Je veux que ça
s'arrête.*

Here's Ajay now - a querying look to Charles, so **English** --

CHARLES

What is it you think I ask of you?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Don't. Don't speak to me like some
innocent. I know! I'm here
pretending to be that sweet Dutch
girl.

(MORE)

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

You think I don't understand what
you did to her and her boyfriend...
what you two did... My God! My God!

CHARLES

What do you mean: what I did to
them? What did I do to them?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Stop this. You know! I won't be
your accomplice anymore!

Charles - turning to Ajay. From a little WRIST BAG, a paper
envelope. Pills and Powders within. Discreet exchange --

CHARLES

I'll find you.

Ajay - understanding. Takes the packet and turns away for the
filthy rucksacks and sandals. Leaves Charles to turn back to
a floundering Marie-Andrée, ever calm, **French** again --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Do you want to go, Marie? Go home,
I mean? / Tu veux partir, Marie ?
Je veux dire, tu veux rentrer ?*

Simplest of questions. But it stops her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*It will - destroy me to do it, but
I will help you. I will make you a
new passport, a Visa too, buy you a
ticket. You can fly to Delhi and
then - Montreal... / Ça va me... me
détruire de le faire mais je vais
t'aider. Je vais te faire un
nouveau passeport, un visa, te
prendre un billet. Tu peux passer
par Delhi puis après... Montréal.*

The possibility of it - it entirely stands her up. Home - so
welcome, so awful. He comes closer --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*You would be home in Levis for
Christmas. Go to church. Take
communion with your mama and papa.
And this, me, you, what we have
been together. It will be like a
dream that has ended. My heart will
break. But I will do this for you.
Because I love you. / Tu serais
chez toi à Levis pour Noël. Tu iras
à l'église. Tu communieras avec
maman et papa. Et tout ça, toi,
moi, tout ce qu'on a fait ici, ne
sera plus qu'un rêve évanoui. Ça me
brisera le coeur mais je ferai ça
pour toi. Parce que je t'aime.*

Silence. The world continuing around them. Then, **English** --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Well?

CUT TO:

22 **OMITTED**

22

23 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA. LOBBY/ELEVATOR. KATHMANDU - DAY 36**

Laxman - watching as Charles and Marie-Andrée return. Close
like lovers. Entwined in each other. Head to the elevator.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. SUITE. NEPAL - NIGHT 36**

24

Marie-Andrée - the pure emotional exhaustion of it all.
Watches Charles as he produces another little brown envelope
of white pills from his wrist bag.

Takes a chunky hotel ASHTRAY. Counts out a few pills. And uses the ashtray to grind them into dust. At which, there is a knock at the door. Charles covers the powder and, **French** --

CHARLES

*Will you answer the door please? /
Tu veux bien répondre à la porte ?*

And so she does. Here's a BUSBOY with a tray of tea --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*I didn't order tea. / Je n'ai pas
commandé de thé.*

Charles - on his feet. Tipping the boy. Who leaves. Then --

CHARLES

*I ordered it for you. / Je l'ai
commandé pour toi.*

And he sits to the teapot, removes the lid, and tips the ground powder into it. Stirs. Replaces the lid. **French** --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*So you can sleep. / Pour que tu
dormes un peu.*

Now he pours a cup. Pushes it across the table toward her.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

What is it? / Qu'est-ce que c'est ?

And he - very slowly, and in **English**, spells out her choice --

CHARLES

*If you are going to stay with me,
Marie - I need to know we are one,
together.
(a beat; the tea)
That you trust me.*

And silence. Every moment of Marie-Andrée's life coming down to this moment.

But there is one thing she needs to know --

*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Will you tell me about Juliette?

*

*

Charles - a cock of the head for that. Watches her --

*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

Did you love her?

*

*

CHARLES

I told you about her already.

*

*

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Only that she died.

*
*

CHARLES
And that is all you need to know.

*
*

Another beat. Awful. She knows she is getting no more from
him. Knows that this is her choice - *leave, or drink.*

*
*

And so: she drinks and --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
This is how I love you.

*

FADE OUT.

A **BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO:** Monique smiling poolside.

25

EXT. KANIT HOUSE. SWIMMING POOL. BANGKOK - DAY 57

25

SPLIT-FLAP rolls **forward:** **MARCH 10TH, 1976. BANGKOK. THREE
MONTHS LATER.**

NADINE

Will you take one Ajay?

Various YOUTH here too. As Nadine hands HER CAMERA to Ajay --

NADINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Me and Monique.

AJAY

Frankie too!

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Yes. Frankie too.

Marie-Andrée - an entirely different woman to the one sitting in that hotel suite. Now she lifts LITTLE FRANKIE on to the lounge. And SMILES, for Ajay to take the picture. Then --

NADINE

Now you, Ajay.

AJAY

I don't think so, Nadine.

NADINE

Tell him, Monique! Come on! I will make it a good one. I promise you!

And Ajay - all that general bonhomie disappearing --

AJAY

I said no, Nadine. Shall I say it in French, so you understand?

Nadine - splinter of fear, puts her hand up, as --

CHARLES (O.S.)

Yes, Nadine. If he doesn't want his picture taken, you shouldn't force him.

Nadine - all others likewise - spinning for Charles. He has a BRIEFCASE in his hand, a good SILK JACKET. Like he's made more of an effort today. Nadine smiles for him, **French** --

NADINE

Who knew he was so shy? / Je savais pas qu'il était timide.

CHARLES

(for Ajay, **English**)

She thinks you're shy. Am I shy also?

NADINE

Of course not.

CHARLES

But I don't want my photograph
taken either.

But here Marie-Andrée - her laughter, going to him --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(**French**)

*Alain! Enough! Leave Nadine be. /
Alain ! Ça suffit ! Laisse Nadine
tranquille.*

And he smiles. No objection to being so instructed by her.
Lays an arm around her. And pulls her into a deep kiss --

CHARLES

(**French** too)

*As you wish, beloved. / Comme tu
veux ma chérie.*

CUT TO:

26

INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BACK OFFICES - DAY 57

26

Ambassador Van Dongen - pushing through his kingdom, back
from lunch, stopping at the sight of LAWANA wheeling a
trolley through the Back Offices.

On top of the trolley: a thick, teetering STACK OF OLD
NEWSPAPERS. These she delivers - to Herman Knippenberg.

CUT TO:

26A

INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. HERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 57 (MOMENTS LATER)

LAWANA

All the English language
newspapers. September through to
January...

Herman - he's grateful. Turns his agitated attention back to
his chaotic desk, sprawling with documents, photos and
papers. And: THAT TIMELINE he and Angela began previously.

Those various NAMES and EVENTS written down. GLIMPSE: **Bloem,
Dekker at Kanit House; B&D discovered Ayuttaya...** earlier,
see: **The Turk at Kanit House.**

Progress made with the newspapers already, it seems. Cut out,
annotated, he has the REPORT of the misidentified discovery
of Lena and Wim: **Australian Couple Killed and Burned.**

Another cutting laid beside it: **GIRL STILL UNIDENTIFIED.** A
grainy photograph blurred by cheap newspaper ink: a young
woman lying DEAD ON A BEACH in a BIKINI: **TERESA KNOWLTON.**

This too: **European Girl Murdered**. Another INDISTINCT NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH. A young woman on a mortuary slab wearing a DISTINCTIVELY PATTERNED SUNDRESS.

(It is **STEPHANE PARRY**, who Dominique saw Marie-Andrée drug at Kanit House, in **Episode Three**.)

But here - Lawana. Seen something unwelcome. Her warning --

LAWANA (CONT'D)
Mr. Knippenberg...

HERMAN
One moment, Lawana.

LAWANA
But, Mr. Knippenberg...

HERMAN
(impatient)
What is it, Lawa...

And he stops. See what she means. Bearing down on him --

VAN DONGEN (O.S.)
(**Dutch**)
Knippenberg?

Herman - scrambling to cover his workings, and --

HERMAN
*Ambassador? / Meneer de
ambassadeur?*

Van Dongen - the chaos of his desk. Such a terrible clutter in fact that there's no sense of what Herman is up to, but he looks to Lawana, recruits her --

VAN DONGEN
It's a miracle he ever finds
anything.

And he laughs. Lawana smiles. Herman does a laugh too, but --

HERMAN
It may look a mess but I remember
exactly where everything is.

Van Dongen - not much impressed or amused, so --

VAN DONGEN
Miss Lawana - why were you bringing
Mr. Knippenberg all those
newspapers?

Lawana - a look to Herman. And he: open, clear, subordinate --

HERMAN

I'm tracking through back copies of
the Bangkok Post and other regional
newspapers, sir.

VAN DONGEN

I can see that. Why?

HERMAN

Research for the Intergovernmental
Narcotics Committee. Deaths that
have been attributed to smuggler
conflict, Triads and so forth.

(beat)

Some misattributed.

Van Dongen - doesn't trust him in the slightest. But see it -
that Bangkok Post heading everywhere. And so he recalls his
conversation with Graeme Stanton. To Lawana again --

VAN DONGEN

I have no ability to terminate his
employment. He knows that.

HERMAN

Ambassador, please...

VAN DONGEN

I can recommend he is - recalled,
however. Back to the Hague. That is
an ugly city, Miss Lawana. Cold
like you can't imagine. And men
like Mr. Knippenberg - which I know
because I too was once a man like
Mr. Knippenberg - men like us... we
enter this profession because the
idea of having to actually live in
the country we represent fills us
with a deep and unnatural horror.

(beat)

Would you agree, Knippenberg?

Herman - entirely flummoxed by this. Speechless in fact. So
Van Dongen smiles for Lawana, and --

VAN DONGEN (CONT'D)

He agrees.

CUT TO:

28

INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE/STAIRWELL - DAY 57

28

Nadine - camera about neck, two EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES in her arms. Come up from the pool area for supplies, so --

NADINE

Ajay? We're going to need more.

In she goes to the apartment, finds Ajay - at the counter, fighting bottles of booze and a box of ice. In comes Nadine, dumps those empties, and --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

Ajay - grateful, hands over the very full ice box to Nadine. Ducks into a cabinet to look for more supplies. Leaves Nadine to take her moment, and: TIPS THE ICE ALL OVER THE FLOOR --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Shit! No!

AJAY

Fuck, Nadine. You idiot!

Ajay starts scrambling about on his knees trying to put the ice back in the box.

NADINE

What are you doing? Do you want to give everyone dysentery?

AJAY

That's all the ice we've got.

NADINE

We have plenty. Quick. Go to our apartment.

Ajay - is there a reluctance? Maybe he smells a rat. But --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Go on.

(the spilled ice)

I can do this.

Ajay - a look for her. *Does he buy this?* But --

NADINE (CONT'D)

Go! Quick!

Ajay - nothing specific to distrust. So he goes. Leaves her to - FAST! - sweep up the spilled ice, throw it in the sink. Then, her opportunity in the empty apartment --

She begins to take photographs. Everything. The layout of the apartment. The furniture. Here: the SAFE. She tries the lever. It's locked.

Moving through to: the SPARE BEDROOM. Bed stripped and empty. But here, those items:

Raynott's Oil Politics Paperback; Teresa's Triangular Purple Alarm Clock; a pair of Taped Up Spectacles.

Moving through: CHARLES AND MARIE-ANDRÉE'S BEDROOM. Pictures taken of their clothes, their toiletries. Opens the drawer of a bedside table. Various items inside. She rifles. Finds --

A pack of cigarettes and a book of matches. The matches carry the crest and livery of **THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND HOTEL, KATHMANDU.**

And here - a strip of PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHS. Of VITALI HAKIM. She considers his smiling face. As, beyond: BOOTSTEPS, and --

AJAY (O.S.)

Nadine?

She - swallowing. Thinking. Stuffs those photographs into a pocket. Snags A CIGARETTE. Puts it in her mouth. Moves on out to where Ajay stands with a fresh tray of glasses --

NADINE

(those MATCHES)

'Needed a light!

CUT TO:

29

EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOME/EMBASSY CAR. BANGKOK - DAY 57

29

Day, but not much of it left, as the Embassy Car delivers Herman out front. Stood up on the terrace, waiting: Angela.

HERMAN

Nothing? They haven't called?

Angela - anxious, waiting for him, shake of her head. Passes him the cold slug of booze she has waiting for him. And offers him the anxiety that's running through both of them --

ANGELA

It's not dark. Not yet. We told them: nightfall, and it's still not dark.

Herman - tossing his briefcase aside, falling back into a chair in the deep shade of the terrace. Drinks.

Angela comes to sit beside him. They drink some more. Look out toward the falling light, until, at length --

HERMAN

My mother had an awful life, you know? What she suffered... my God.

Angela - a query for that. Where's he going?

HERMAN (CONT'D)

In November 1944, at the end of the Battle of Overloon - an allied bomb completely destroyed our house. We weren't inside. But we were homeless. She had to push me all the way to Helmond...

ANGELA

(OVER, gentle)

In your pram, I remember. You told me.

HERMAN

(his smile)

I never told you this though..

(a beat; she draws close)

When I was 11 my Father contracted tuberculosis. And he brought it home with him. My younger brother and sister spent 2 years in a sanatorium with it. He spent 3 years there. Had surgery, in the end, to take part of his lung away.

(another)

That wasn't the only part of him they took away. When I was fifteen - he was committed to a mental institution... So she was on her own. She was always on her own.

Angela - she never knew this. Sits back, and --

ANGELA

Herman - that's not just her life, or his life, it's yours too.

Herman - waving this idea away. More he wants to say --

HERMAN

She did everything for us. She had no money but she made sure we always had food and books and bicycles. She said - with a book and a bicycle you will always be free. Be. Free. Even though she had to stay behind and deal with what her life had become, she insisted: anywhere you want to go, you must go.

(beat)

We all talk a lot about freedom, don't we? But I'm not sure I ever really understood the sacrifice of it. Not until now. When I think of the other mothers. And of the children this fucking man has killed.

Angela - her hand on his cheek. Her love for him. But --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

It's night now. We're calling the
police.

Angela - a nod. Agrees. So they stand, head in for the house.
Hit the doorway. Then --

ANGELA

Herman. Wait. Listen...

From somewhere: HIGH PITCHED BUZZ OF A TUK-TUK. Both of them -
turning back into the garden and to the gates, from where
they see the vehicle pull into the far end of their Soi.

Closer it comes. Until its passengers are visible: Nadine and
Remy. He - face like thunder. She - grinning with the
excitement of it all. As the Tuk-Tuk comes to a stop, and --

Nadine: her proud smile. Into his palm: 2 ROLLS OF FILM.

FADE OUT.

30

EXT. THE BUS. NEPAL - EVENING 35

30

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

Another evening falling on A VALLEY of peaceful enchantment.
The peace broken by the chug of an approaching vehicle: a
customised BEDFORD TRUCK ploughing along.

There are various INTERNATIONAL FLAGS draped across its
windows. And a DESTINATION BOARD above the driver's cabin --

LONDON-ISTANBUL-TEHRAN-KABUL-LAHORE-DELHI-KATHMANDU.

Inside - YOUNG KIDS; HIPPIE KIDS. Innocent faces beaming out
at the wonder of this world.

CUT TO:

31

INT. THE BUS (TRAVELING). NEPAL - MORNING 36

31

Not so much a bus as a rolling crashpad. And down the aisle
walks: IRIS MAY, 21 (BRITISH). Flax blonde, golden skin, a
Tolkein Elf Princess. Leather gilet, suede pants, barefoot.

Every hippie mantra ever uttered - she took it to heart.
She's on the path to find out; she is love as the only path
to true consciousness. She is very stoned.

Stops now to hand a loaded charas pipe to this couple --

IRIS

Connie? Laurent?

CONNIE-JO BRONZICH, American. Iris watches: TWO SILVER
JUMKHAH EARRINGS spin in her ears.

Beside Connie-Jo: LAURENT CARRIERE. Tall, as all Canadians
should be.

CONNIE-JO
No. He doesn't. So I won't.

LAURENT

What can I say? I'm a freak for
clean.

Iris - not one to be troubled much, only shrugs. Then through
the window, she sees it. Points --

IRIS

Look! There it is --

For the first time, they can be seen: THE GREAT HIMALAYAS --

IRIS (CONT'D)

Shangri-La.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. FREAK STREET/THE BUS. KATHMANDU - EVENING 36

32

The Bus - stopping at the far end of Freak Street, in the lee
of a great TEMPLE. Offloads its own freak cargo.

Iris - falling into the arms of three similarly ELVEN
FRIENDS. They're like ancient minstrels; one even has a lute.

And Connie-Jo and Laurent - all they can do is grin.

CUT TO:

33

INT. THE AVALANCHE CAFE. NEPAL - NIGHT 36 (LATER)

33

Connie-Jo and Laurent - eyes wide for the Psychedelic murals,
pounding psychedelic rock. They grin for each other. As cries
go up now - *turn the music off, hush everyone, lights off...*

Chairs are all lined up and turned in the same direction. To
a makeshift PROJECTION SCREEN, in front of which a PROJECTOR.

An image up on the screen now: **THE BLINDING WHITE FACADE OF
AN ICE ENCRUSTED MOUNTAIN.** Laurent - he turns to Connie-Jo
and grins. She knows what it means to him. Takes his hand.

It's a FILM SCREENING. A CLIMBING DOCUMENTARY. ***Rugged men in
jumpers trek across jaw-dropping landscapes.***

But here, a figure, sitting in front of them, so, a tap --

LAURENT

Hey brother, could you move to the
right a little?

The figure - turning round at the request. IT'S AJAY. He assesses the two of them. And then smiles broadly --

AJAY
Sure, my brother.

CONNIE-JO
Mountains. They're his trip.

LAURENT
Thanks man.

Stay with Ajay, however. Moving away through the scene. PROWLING FOR PREY. Into the crowds. Eyes left, eyes right, until: THIS GIRL. Iris and her Elf Gang. He watches them.

How from her LEATHER POUCH, she CASHES one from a book of TRAVELERS CHEQUES at a bar. Stashes cash in her hipsters. Jams the cheques back in the pouch. Resumes her seat where --

IRIS
Hey man.

AJAY
Hey.

IRIS
I'm Iris. Cool film, huh?

AJAY
Real cool.

And so he smokes. Passes it on. They sit in the darkness. Watch the film. And he - his hands reaching for THOSE PILLS Charles gave him. Watching as --

One of the Elf friends returns with a POT OF TEA and some enamel mugs. Pours a few out. Hands one to Iris. Ajay - watching her blow on the steaming tea.

And she - catching him watching her; the tension in him --

AJAY (CONT'D)
What?

IRIS
You're wound kind of tight, aren't you? Take some tea.

Ajay - taken aback by her boldness. Finds a mug of some deep brown tea in his hands. He peers into it --

AJAY
What's in here, Iris?

She - all warmth and open kindness. Places her hand on his --

IRIS

Every song you never heard. Every
friend you never made.

Ajay - can't quite understand how the tables have been turned on him here, but she's so transparently trustworthy and the invitation so extraordinary... HE DRINKS IT ALL DOWN.

CUT TO:

33A

INT. THE AVALANCHE CAFE. NEPAL - NIGHT 36 (LATER STILL)

33A

The music - head-wrecking psychedelia turned up to MIND-BENDING VOLUME. And Ajay - sat exactly where he was but already in entirely another space.

His sweating hands, reaching for the PACK OF PILLS that Charles slipped him earlier. He's trying to hang on to the task in hand. Looks to Iris laughing with her friends.

Looks back into the buzzing Freaks and SEES HER: **TERESA KNOWLTON** through the crowd. Wet hair, pale skin. Her.

Ajay - blinking the sight away. And he DROPS THOSE PILLS. Watches them go skittering across the floor. Lost to him. And the music is only expanding inside him further and the surface of his skin is alive, and --

IRIS

Hey man. Take a breath.

Iris. She's caught him. Takes his hand in her own --

IRIS (CONT'D)

I've got you.

AJAY

What's...? I don't... This is...
Fuck. Fuck!

IRIS

It's the first plunge. The leap in
the river. Just breathe. And then -
swim.

Ajay - understanding. Breathing. Seen something. Something he wants to go see. So he holds his hand out. Will she join --

AJAY

Don't leave me.

IRIS

Never.

And so, her friends forgot, she moves through the crowds with him. Here. A wall FULL OF PSYCHEDELIC MURALS. Gods ancient and modern and amongst them --

AJAY

Lord Shiva. Destroyer of all things.

Shiva - a trident in his left hand, his right is held up, open-palmed. And there is A COBRA about his neck. So Iris, feeling the **Amber Beads** about Ajay's neck --

IRIS

And what are you?

AJAY

His apostle. His slave.

CUT TO:

34 **OMITTED**

34

35 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. SUITE. KATHMANDU - NIGHT 36**⁵

Marie-Andrée lies senseless. Charles sits beside her. A moment. And then, slowly, tenderly he starts to undress her.

Places her between the sheets. Covers her again. And lifts a pillow. Holds it in both hands. Considers whether he might - just like that - snuff her out.

CUT TO:

36 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. LOBBY. KATHMANDU - NIGHT 36**⁶

Charles - moving across marble floors. Finds Laxman in his road. A beat. Finds his smile, and --

CHARLES

Yes, Laxman. I'm expecting a telex from the Nepal Bank here. Confirmation of a wire transfer. From my own bank in Zurich. It is - quite a lot of money. You'll let me know the moment you receive it?

Laxman - his deep suspicion of the man, but --

LAXMAN

The very moment, sir.

Charles - fronting him. Not going anywhere --

CHARLES

And, I wonder: I have been waiting for my associate, Mr. Chowdury? He's not arrived, or left a message.

Laxman - checking with a RECEPTIONIST, but --

LAXMAN

No, Mr. Bloem. Not a word.

CUT TO:

37 **EXT. FREAK STREET. KATHMANDU - NIGHT 36**

37

Charles - on the walk, passing through the same kaleidoscope. His eyes scanning. Not seeing what he looks for.

CUT TO:

38 **INT. THE AVALANCHE CAFE. KATHMANDU - NIGHT 36**

38

Wild party now. As in comes Charles. Making his way through it all. Searching. Not finding. Deep irritation rises. He considers the cavorting youth with naked contempt.

CUT TO:

38A **EXT. TEMPLE STREET. KATHMANDU - NIGHT 36**

38A

Moonlight carving down on the mountain kingdom. Fires lit for the chill of the night. The other world of other worlds. And Iris and Ajay, each found a shaggy Afghan to wear against the cold, through the dreamlike carnival night they go.

Ajay - watching her as she dances ahead. That leather satchel. Its Traveler Cheque Bonanza revealed as she buys lollipop CANDIES.

Ajay licks candy now. Considers a RANK OF KUKURI KNIVES displayed on a STREET SELLER'S RUG. Remembers for a moment what his task was. *Perhaps this is how he ought to do it?*

On they go. Down a long line of broken brick podiums. Once they held venerated figures. Now in moonlight, she is there again: **TERESA**.. Only there for Ajay. Her breath frosting in the cold night air.

But then here is Iris next to Ajay. Ajay who looks at her. Considers her fate. Turns back. Teresa has gone. Turns back to Iris again. Whose hand is on his face --

IRIS

Your skin is so smooth. Like a
rock, washed by the sea, and baked
in the sun.

Ajay - facing her. Those Kukuri Knives beyond, he lays a hand on each of her shoulders and then --

AJAY
Grararrgggghh!!!

The most monstrous noise he can make, raises his hands in claws. And Iris - understanding he is joking - she laughs loudly. And runs from him. Ajay laughing too. Chasing her.

So through the silver night they go. Still in the depths of their hallucination but ALL NOW IS PLAY. A hide and seek that carries them down ancient streets in WEIRD JOY.

Until they are stopped again by this: a FIRE CEREMONY taking place beneath the walls of a temple. They circle the fires. The night warping in the heat.

And Ajay - through the fire, he sees Iris. She smiles for him. Opens her arms. She is a Phoenix. Through the fire she seems to walk toward him and in his face now --

IRIS
I'm not a girl. You're not a boy.
Our skin has no colour. We are only
love.

CUT TO:

38B

INT. KATHMANDU HOSTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING 37

38B

Iris and Ajay - coiled together in this grimy bedroom. But Ajay wakes. Sits up. And sees him, sat on a chair --

CHARLES
I've been looking for you all
night.

Ajay - can barely establish whether he is real or not --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(Iris, her LEATHER POUCH)
And so?

AJAY
She didn't have anything.

CHARLES
Then why have you been with her all
night, Ajay?

Ajay - quiet, so not to wake her --

AJAY
I like her.

CHARLES
Are you a slave?

AJAY

No.

CHARLES

You are. To her you are a slave.

Ajay - still trying to process it all, to establish for himself if this is dream. He looks back, Iris still sleeps.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

She may not say it, or even
consciously think it. But you are.

(beat)

You doubt what I'm saying? Why do
you think these white children deny
the comfort and wealth of the life
they were given to come to a place
like this? Hmm? They think they're
freeing themselves, renouncing
ownership, but they are not. They
travel only to acquire. Worship the
same gods, wear the same rags, live
in the same filth... each
'experience' is only then taken
home to wear like - a piece of
fake, tribal jewelry. It's only
another form of imperialism, you
understand.

(hard beat)

And she has just colonised you.

And silence. Perhaps Ajay has been persuaded. But --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I thought we were brothers.

AJAY

We are.

CHARLES

No brother of mine is a slave.

FADE OUT.

39-40 **OMITTED**

39-40

41 **INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - NIGHT 57**

41

SPLIT-FLAP **forward:** MARCH 10TH, 1976. BANGKOK. THREE MONTHS
LATER.

Herman, Angela, Nadine and Remy - gathered about what will
now become known as **THE GAUTIER TABLE**. On it - that **TIMELINE**,
the **ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS** Herman collected.

And now: ALL OF THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS. See various IMAGES: WIM'S BUST SPECTACLES; TERESA'S ALARM CLOCK.

ANGELA

Herman...

Here - she is peering at the detail of one particular photograph. Some kind of MEDICINE PACKET --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

These are birth-control pills. The instructions are in Dutch...

HERMAN

Helena Dekker's birth control?

ANGELA

It must be.

NADINE

Look. Herman, Angela: this is Monique. He's Ajay..

These images in front of them. Herman and Angela SEEING THESE PEOPLE'S FACES FOR THE FIRST TIME. But --

HERMAN

And Gautier. Where is he?

REMY

He is Gautier.

A series of photographs, taken, unseen, FROM A DISTANCE:
Charles getting out of the Corolla, in discussion with Ajay.

The VARIOUS PRESS CUTTINGS he found earlier. And now, the PHOTOGRAPHS AND EVIDENCE Nadine has brought with her. Right now she is drawing some kind of map --

NADINE

Here: one bedroom. Here: another.
Here: bathroom. Kitchen. This is...
the safe. Where he keeps all the
passports and his money...

And Remy - looking to Angela, a smile, a shrug --

REMY

She's an excellent spy, my Nadine.

Nadine - smiling with certain enthusiasm for the role, but --

REMY (CONT'D)

It's enough - yes, Mr. Knippenberg?
For your policeman?

Herman - in truth he's not sure, doesn't commit. So --

REMY (CONT'D)

Because we're not going back.

NADINE

Remy. Stop.

(then)

Herman - we will go back until do
we have enough.

Herman - a smile for her. Then --

HERMAN

These are the Turk's beads,
correct?

He means the beads Ajay is wearing, poolside, in those PHOTOS
and that MATCH THOSE ABOUT VITALI'S NECK in the stolen strip
of PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHS...

HERMAN (CONT'D)

You never knew his name?

Nadine - sad shake of her head, but Herman something else to
ask her. Rifles through the CUTTINGS he shows her --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

And will you look at this? Is this
one of the stories Dominique showed
you?

He means this CUTTING: **European Girl Murdered**. That
INDISTINCT NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH. A young woman on a mortuary
slab wearing a DISTINCTIVELY PATTERNED SUNDRESS.

NADINE

Yes.

REMY

She is the one whose exit visa he
used to get out.

HERMAN

And her name?

NADINE

I think - Stephanie?

And he - making a note of that name in his swelling files.
Reaching for a cigarette. Finds a book of matches --

HERMAN

Where did you get these Nadine?

Those matches. The Royal Annapurna Grand Hotel, Kathmandu.

FADE OUT.

42-43 **OMITTED**

42-43

44 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. SUITE. NEPAL - MORNING 37** 44

SPLIT-FLAP **backward**: 21ST DECEMBER, 1975. KATHMANDU, NEPAL.
THREE MONTHS EARLIER.

Marie-Andrée - pale in the bed. Hold on her. Not a muscle
moves. And then she wakes. First thought: *am I alive?*

Finds on the pillow: A SINGLE NEPALESE ROSE. Marie-Andrée - breathing in its scent. Rises to THROW OPEN A WINDOW and take in the day, her body, the breeze on her skin.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. KUMARI DEVI TEMPLE. NEPAL - DAY 37 (LATER)

45

Marie-Andrée wanders. The clearest of winter suns lights a world of dreamlike clarity. Stops now.

Where a group of TOURISTS and a few HIP KIDS gather by a wooden building and A YOUNG BOY leads them through a CARVED DOORWAY. Curious, she follows. Ducks through.

Finds them gathered in hushed anticipation in this COURTYARD. Marie-Andrée silently joins them. Waits alongside. Until high above them, at a SHUTTERED BALCONY: A young GIRL appears.

She is garlanded by a SCARLET HEAD-DRESS, a THIRD EYE is painted on to her forehead and HER DRESS IS GOLDEN. Her solemn, infant eyes look down on them all.

CONNIE-JO

Outta sight, huh?

Connie-Jo and Laurent, hands held, very much IN LOVE. Connie-Jo shows her a GUIDE BOOK she's reading from. It's a poorly bound, thin PAPERBACK, but its title is clear: **ACROSS ASIA ON THE CHEAP**. The source of her information --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)

She's the Kumari Devi. The Living Goddess... Reincarnated in a little girl. They select her, bring her to live here and worship her...

Marie-Andrée - absorbing the story. Smiling for her. But --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)

Get this, though: first day she gets the Crimson, she's done here. Seriously - ever wanted to know why they called it the curse, here it is: she's not considered *pure* any more. So they kick her out, and find another.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Then what happens to her?

CONNIE-JO

It gets peachier. She can't ever find herself an old man... She's bad luck for dudes, so the story goes. You get with an ex-goddess - look out.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Then - the rest of her life, she's alone?

CONNIE-JO

Hey - it sure as hell beats living your whole life in... I don't know, fucking *Saratoga*, married to some piece of shit who works in a bank and picks his feet every night in front of the game. I mean: who do you know gets to say - 'once, I was a goddess'?

Marie-Andrée - eyes up to the young girl, solemn on her balcony, accepting of her fate.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. CHAI STALL. TEMPLE STREET. KATHMANDU - DAY 37

46

Connie-Jo and Marie-Andrée - drinking sodas while, across the way, Laurent takes photographs of the place.

CONNIE-JO

Where you headed next?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I'm not sure. My - husband is deciding. Perhaps France.

CONNIE-JO

Don't sound very happy about it.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Things have been a bit strange...

CONNIE-JO

With your old man?

Marie-Andrée doesn't say a thing, just shoots her a look so --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)

He smack you around?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

No. No!

(quieter)

He's very good to me.

Connie-Jo - studying her. Heard that one before too. And there is Laurent - his great Canadian grin and warmth --

CONNIE-JO

He doesn't even smoke weed, you know? On the bus...

(MORE)

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)
ten kids high the whole way
overland and he won't even take a
hit. Before him, my whole life, I
only got with dark men, you dig?
Men who made me feel - powerless.
And I thought - well, that's love,
right? That's the trip.

Marie-Andrée - listening, following. As --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)
Until - the bus stops in Varanasi
three months ago and that fuckin'
lumberjack gets on the bus and
looks at me and - I knew, right
then and there. Love ain't being
powerless: it's power.

Marie-Andrée - the conflict in her clear to Connie, so --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)
You want to split, my sister, then
you split. Pick a bus, and get on
it. Get on ours if you want, we
leave in three days. There's always
room.

Marie-Andrée - the thought almost overwhelming, so --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Where are you going?

CONNIE-JO
Do you care? Does it matter?
(her laughter)
I was thinking I ought to - go
home, you know? Back to California.
I've got: no money. But Laurent has
some stones...

Marie-Andrée - somewhere that word registers for her --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
What do you mean - stones?

CONNIE-JO
He says - he'll sell them. For me.
To keep us together. I was married
once, but no man ever said anything
so beautiful to me my whole life...

Marie-Andrée - feels something reaching out to her. Watches
Laurent. These details: EXPENSIVE CAMERA, NEW HIKING BOOTS.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
What kind are they? The gemstones?

CONNIE-JO
Rubies. Two of them. Like cough-
candies.

And silence. Marie-Andrée transfixed by the thought. As --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)
Hey: what did you say your name
was?

MARIE-ANDRÉE
It's Helena. Lena.

CUT TO:

47 **OMITTED**

47

47A **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND HOTEL. CORRIDOR - DAY 37**

47A

Charles - tense, angry walk down this long corridor. Hits the
door to his suite. Produces his keys. Goes on through.

CUT TO:

48 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. SUITE. NEPAL - DAY 37**

48

Charles - opens the door to find: LAURENT CARRIERE crammed
into an armchair --

LAURENT
Hi!

CHARLES
(certain irritation)
Who are you?

LAURENT
Laurent. I'm with Lena.

Charles - eyes narrowing. Marie-Andrée a shy kiss for him --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
There you are, darling.
(Charles)
This is Willem.

Laurent - up. Big smile. Bone crushing handshake --

LAURENT
Great to meet you, Willem.

Charles - assessing Marie-Andrée. And she, careful --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Laurent was meant to be heading up
the mountain today...

LAURENT
But the weather closed in early, so
- we hit the temples instead...

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Where we all met...

Charles - we all? - but then here: Connie-Jo steps in from
the bathroom. She too smiles broadly as, to Laurent --

CONNIE-JO
You show him yet?

MARIE-ANDRÉE
I said Connie-Jo should have a
shower.

Charles - he's picking up her thread now; gentle smile --

CHARLES
I'm glad.

CONNIE-JO
Haven't had hot water on my body
since Istanbul.
(to Laurent)
Well? Did you?

CHARLES
Show me what?

Marie-Andrée - driven by a force that's too strong for her --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Laurent has a pair of rubies,
darling.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER: Laurent produces a CHAMOIS POUCH from his pack
and gently tips out its contents: TWO BLOOD-RED RUBIES.

Charles - his eyes to Marie-Andrée. Hers: *See! See What I Can Do?* But he is calm, as, a JEWELER'S LOUP in his eye --

CHARLES

I cannot give you what you want for them.

Connie-Jo, Laurent - their optimism beginning to seep away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

They are not what you think they are.

CONNIE-JO

Then what are they?

CHARLES

Glass, mainly. From my heart, I am sorry. But someone has cheated you.

CONNIE-JO

They what!?

LAURENT

Hush, Connie.

CHARLES

These men are - skilled. And their work is impressive. There's no shame in your trusting them.

LAURENT

(to Connie-Jo)

I'm so sorry, honey.

Marie-Andrée - watching this heartbreak. Knows the game --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I feel dreadful. I shouldn't have - raised your hopes like that...

Charles - an eye for her. A smile. *He approves.* So --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

But you must let us buy you dinner.

CHARLES

And tomorrow, when the skies have cleared, if you like - we can drive up the mountain.

Laurent, Connie-Jo - a look for one another. Then --

LAURENT

You've been so kind.

CUT TO:

49

I/E. THE DATSUN. FREAK STREET. CAFE TERRACE. NEPAL - MORNING
38

Bright clear morning. Charles and Marie-Andrée, hand in hand, walking Freak Street. Older, wiser, more beautiful than these empty-head hippies. Stopping here, however --

Where Connie-Jo and Laurent are finishing breakfast with the other kids from the bus. **Among them:** Iris. As --

CONNIE-JO

Here they are! Wim! Lena!

Connie-Jo and Laurent - up from their food and their friends and going to Charles and Marie-Andrée. Charles who points down the street and --

CHARLES

You're ready? My secretary has the hire car ready.

He means Ajay. Parked down the way in A WHITE DATSUN HIRE CAR. He watches from inside. He can see Iris out there with the other freaks. But she cannot see him.

Ajay - still mind-bent from his epic hallucination, and full of an apprehension that he does not fully understand yet. He watches, nervy, as they approach. Charles opens the door --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

My secretary, Ajay. He'll drive.

LAURENT

Hey man! Didn't we see you before?

CONNIE-JO

Yes! With Iris.

They both look back to Iris who's heading back inside the cafe outside which they were sitting. So --

CONNIE-JO (CONT'D)

She's one freaky kid, I'm telling you.

Charles - an eye for Ajay in the car, *be charming!* So --

AJAY

Sure. I remember: crazy kid.

Charles - a nod for that. Goes now to Marie-Andrée. His hands on her waist. Meets her eye. Much passing here. Then --

CHARLES

I'll see you when we get back.

CONNIE-JO
(her disappointment)
Aren't you coming, Lena?

CHARLES
She needs to rest. We're expecting
our first child in July.

She - feeling the reward of that. And the curse.

LAURENT
No way! Congratulations you guys.

CONNIE-JO
That's going to be some kid!

And Charles kisses her. Marie-Andrée - the spell of it. And then he is gone. Leaves her only to watch as Laurent and Connie-Jo are driven away, waving back to her.

CUT TO:

50 **OMITTED**

50

51 **I/E. THE DATSUN (TRAVELING). MOUNTAIN ROADS. NEPAL - DAY 38** 51

That White Datsun - climbing those hills, the perfect white pastures of the Himalayas growing nearer and nearer. Laurent's face - ecstatic at the wonder of it all.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS. NEPAL - DAY 38 (LATER)**

52

The Datsun - stopped by the side of the road. Laurent taking photograph after photograph as --

CHARLES
I made tea.

Two flasks apparently. He hands one to Connie-Jo and Laurent. Opens up the other and pours tea for himself and Ajay. Laurent - so grateful. Helping Connie-Jo to hers. They drink.

CUT TO:

53 **I/E. THE DATSUN (TRAVELING). MOUNTAIN ROADS. NEPAL - DAY 38** 53

Charles at the wheel, his eyes on their two passengers. Both of them now FAST ASLEEP. So he pulls off the road and parks in this deserted layby. Turns off the engine. Looks to --

AJAY
Are you really having a baby with
Monique?

Charles - doesn't answer that. Just gives him a look and then reaches across him to the glove compartment. From which he removes one of those long KURKURI KNIVES.

CUT TO:

Laurent - his occluded senses roused by the door beside him opening. Stood there - Charles. Laurent looks beside him on the back seat, where Connie-Jo sleeps and will not be woken.

Laurent - entirely pliant, climbing out. Sees the mountains circling around him, breathes the air for one last moment.

CUT HARD TO:

54 **INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND. SUITE. NEPAL - DAY 38** 54

The face of Laurent Carriere in A CANADIAN PASSPORT. And a RAZOR BLADE. The Blade lifts his face from the parchment.

Charles - working at a table. Looks up as Marie-Andrée emerges from the bathroom. Sees what he is doing.

CUT TO:

55 **OMITTED** 55

56 **EXT. JETLINER - DAY 39** 56

A Jetliner soars across that Himalayan edifice.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 39** 57

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Welcome to Thailand, Mr. Carriere.

Back Charles comes. Back to home territory. See his passport: LAURENT CARRIERE'S NAME; KATHMANDU EXIT STAMP.

CUT TO:

57A **INT. RICH MAN'S HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 39**

57A

An UNKNOWN WESTERNER - grotesquely fat. On a bed, a clothed young THAI WOMAN reads a magazine. Doesn't pay much attention to the transaction the man makes..

Two RUBIES exchanged for tightly bound rolls of US DOLLARS.

BACK TO:

58 **OMITTED**

58

59 **EXT. MOUNTAINS/THE DATSUN. NEPAL - DAY 38**

59

Laurent - on his knees. Looking up as Charles, utterly dispassionate, looks to Ajay. Ajay, who - all hopeless obedience - steps to Laurent. Up comes that blade.

And the mountains - still, eternal. Watching.

CUT TO:

59A **EXT. GHATS. KATHMANDU. VARIOUS - DAY 38**

59A

Marie-Andrée - alone, but happy with that. She makes her peaceful way down beside the river. Where she comes upon --

The early stage of a public cremation. A pyre. Mourners. And a SAFFRON-CLOAKED CORPSE.

60 **OMITTED**

60

61 **OMITTED**

61

62 **EXT. MOUNTAINS. NEPAL - DAY 38 (MOMENTS LATER)**

62

A CANISTER OF PETROL sloshing in his hands, Charles follows Ajay, who now carries the comatose body of Connie-Jo over his shoulder. Out they go, into the rice paddies.

CUT TO:

63 **OMITTED**

63

64 **EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER. NEPAL - DAY 38**

64

Deep, gentle current: Ajay - his body and hair MATTED WITH BLOOD - is lowered into the water by Charles. The blood leaves him, lost in the waters and the reflected sky above.

CUT TO:

64A **EXT. TEMPLE. KATHMANDU - DAY 38**

64A

Marie-Andrée - transfixed as that wrapped corpse takes flame.

65 **OMITTED**

65

66 **INT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT - DAY 40**

66

Charles - traveling on WIM BLOEM'S PASSPORT once more. Waved back on through Nepalese immigration.

CUT TO:

67 **EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT - DAY 41**

67

Where Ajay and the white Datsun are waiting for him. Beside Ajay: Marie-Andrée. Charles goes to her. Kisses her.

CHARLES

(French)

*I missed you, my angel. / Tu m'as
manquée, mon ange.*

FADE OUT.

68 **OMITTED**

68

69 **EXT. HAWKER STALL. BANGKOK - DAY 58**

69

A SPLIT-FLAP rocks **forward:** 11TH MARCH, 1976. BANGKOK. THREE MONTHS LATER.

Hustling breakfast throng where Paul Siemons eats soup. Stopped now, however, by: A BUFF FILE slapped down, and --

SIEMONS

You look terrible.

HERMAN

I've not slept.

SIEMONS

Then - eat.

Herman - the strange matter floating in Siemons bowl.
Grimaces. Siemons grins --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

Herman. It's contingent.

HERMAN

On what?

SIEMONS

Me reading whatever that is.

So he waves for one of the Thai SERVERS, gestures at Herman,
barks a Thai order. Watches as another bowl of soup is
poured. Nothing for it. Herman eats. Goes puce in seconds.

HERMAN

Jesus Christ.

SIEMONS

Wait til you shit it out later.
Then you can invoke the saviour.

HERMAN

I've eaten. You can read.

So Siemons wipes his mouth and opens the file. His turn to
choke on his soup. See what he sees: THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS.

SIEMONS

This is him?

HERMAN

Gautier. Yes.

(the others)

The accomplice: Ajay. The wife, or
girlfriend: Monique. Various
others.

SIEMONS

How did you get these?

HERMAN

Nadine Gires.

Siemons - trying to compute this --

SIEMONS

When?

HERMAN

The last few days.

SIEMONS

Herman. You sent her to do this?

HERMAN

No.

(*maybe*)

It's complicated.

SIEMONS

My God, Cloggy. I turn my back for
a day. You get ruthless.

HERMAN

(*the file*)

Is it enough?

SIEMONS

Enough for what?

HERMAN

For the police. Is it enough? If it
is - I can tell Nadine to get out.

SIEMONS

She went back...!!? Herman!

HERMAN

She insists. She's very brave.

SIEMONS

And you're entirely reckless.

HERMAN

Says the man who wanted to shoot
Gautier.

Siemons - a shrug for that. Guilty as charged --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Paul: is it enough? Is it proof.

Siemons - reluctantly pondering this --

SIEMONS

I don't mean to be discouraging.
But there's still nothing -
explicitly corroborative here.

HERMAN

Look.

PRESS CUTTINGS - dead Stephane Parry; dead Teresa Knowlton --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Unidentified, murdered travelers in
Thailand. And elsewhere.

By which he means this. A copy of another English language
newspaper: **Bangkok World**. Here a cutting describing **Tourists
Murdered in Nepal...**

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Burned so badly they could not be
identified. Again. Look Paul...

That book of MATCHES from the Annapurna Grand --

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Nadine took these matches from the
Gautier apartments. This hotel is
in Kathmandu.

Here: copies of the LANDING CARD STUBS - in Wim Bloem and
Lena Dekker's names - that Herman retrieved from the airport.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
I think this is Gautier and Leclerc
leaving the country on the
passports of my two Dutch.

The LANDING CARDS; the NEWSPAPER --

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Just days before these murders took
place. See - Paul? This is what he
does. Forges his victims'
passports. Moves through borders.
Lays false trails across the entire
continent...

SIEMONS
Alright, Herman. Close your eyes
and count to ten...

Landing Card Stubs, matches, newspaper...

SIEMONS (CONT'D)
This... this is pure conjecture. It
doesn't add up to *anything!*
(Herman's face)
What else...?

HERMAN (CONT'D)
I have calls in - at every foreign
embassy and every foreign ministry
of every Western country. Missing
persons enquiries; stolen
passports; complaints of robbery or
assaults of any kind.

And Siemons - hearing this. Stops. And, now he smiles --

SIEMONS
Well: that explains it.

Siemons - putting that file back together. Waving for the
waiter again. Standing. Pays cash. Ready to go. So --

HERMAN
Explains what?

CUT TO:

70

INT. GO-GO BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 58

70

Herman - again following Siemons into this lurid bar --

HERMAN
Does every diplomat in Bangkok come
to this place?

Siemons - a shrug for that --

SIEMONS

Birds of a feather, Cloggy.

And then they see him - propping the bar: LAVER the
Australian diplomat --

LAVER

What are you two? Batman and
fucking Robin?

And he pushes across his own BUFF FILE to Siemons.

Siemons who passes it directly to Herman. Who opens it on: **A
PHOTOGRAPH of a MAN ON A HOSPITAL DRIP.** Remember him? The
Australian GREG RAYNOTT (**Episode Two**).

HERMAN

What is this?

LAVER

You tell me, son. It's you sending
out dispatches for druggings and
robberies and whatnot.

(MORE)

LAVER (CONT'D)

(a beat; relenting)

Crime report. Two Australian citizens; Greg and Viola Raynott. Both got Mickey-Finn'd and cleaned out on their holidays in Hua Hin last September.

(serious now)

Whatever they gave the man - he almost died. Hospitalised for two weeks.

SIEMONS

The last people they saw?

LAVER

A couple they met on the beach. She was French Canadian...

HERMAN

He was Asian in some way, but raised in France.

LAVER

What is this, Ker-nippenberg?

But Herman isn't listening. He's reading further, poring over details. Stops. Looks up to Siemons, and --

HERMAN

It says - the Raynotts described them as having a dog.

(Siemons: *so what*)

A little, white dog.

HIS OWN FILE. Nadine's PHOTOGRAPHS. Finds what he's looking for: A PHOTO OF NADINE AND MARIE-ANDREE. And on Marie-Andrée's lap: a dog. Frankie. LITTLE WHITE FRANKIE. So --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Now tell me we don't have enough.

FADE OUT.

And UP ON: the shattered beauty of Iris's face. We are --

71

INT. POLICE STATION. MORTUARY. KATHMANDU - DAY 41

71

A SPLIT-FLAP rolls **back: CHRISTMAS DAY, 1975. KATHMANDU. THREE MONTHS EARLIER.**

IRIS

But: I can't... how am I meant to tell?

Barely glimpsed by us, but whatever it is, nothing in Iris' life has prepared her for what she's seeing here. The ethereal power in her has been shattered.

IRIS (CONT'D)

It could be *anyone*.

Opposite her: a NEPALESE POLICE OFFICER. Young, thoughtful, and contemplating the kind of haunting crime he never once imagined he might need to investigate. His name is THAPA.

THAPA

Two bodies were found on a hillside above the road to Dhulikel. Two young travelers - your friends - are missing from the hotel they checked into...

He's turning now to this: a steel tray with a SINGED STRIP OF COTTON in it; another with a pair of SILVER *JHUMKAH* EARRINGS. Pushes gently at Iris --

THAPA (CONT'D)

Perhaps - her belongings... This is all that remained of the young lady's dress...

Thapa - the horror of this --

THAPA (CONT'D)

After she had been burned.

(beat)

Miss May. Young people who visit my country ought not to... no one ought to be murdered here.

Iris - she can't look. But her eyes fall on those earrings --

IRIS

These. Connie had a pair just the same.

Thapa - grateful for that confirmation. So --

THAPA

We are trying to locate her companion.

IRIS

Laurent?

THAPA

Carriere. That's correct.

IRIS

But you said there were two bodies.
(Thapa confirms it)
Then the other one is Laurent. Who else could it be?

THAPA

I am very sorry to say it: but
Laurent Carriere left Nepal by
airplane one day ago. On the
evening she was killed. There are
records of his departure.

IRIS

No. No, no: they were IN LOVE. You
understand? I'll never believe it.
Never.

And silence. Iris considering all. Then --

IRIS (CONT'D)

Did you speak with the French couple?

THAPA

Pardon me?

IRIS (O.S.)

They let her use their shower,
Connie said. Bought them supper. At
the Annapurna Grand..

Thapa - knows he's caught a break here --

THAPA

Did Miss Broznich describe them?

IRIS

She didn't need to. I saw them
myself.

CUT TO:

71A

INT. THE ROYAL ANNAPURNA GRAND HOTEL. KATHMANDU - DAY 41 71A

LAXMAN

Mr. Bloem. For the final time. I
must now insist you settle your
[account]...

But he stops. All indignation. Because here, arm in arm, are
Charles and Marie-Andrée. He now producing a wedge of...

CHARLES

You know, Mr. Laxman - such
mistrust. It is most - inhospitable
of you. But I assume you will take
payment in American Dollars?

Laxman - no time to acquiesce. Because here, pushing through
into the lobby - Officer Thapa at the head of his men. Fixed
on the figures of Charles and Marie-Andrée.

Charles - who knows the game is up. And replaces that
ENVELOPE OF CASH back in his jacket as these Uniformed Men
surround him and he only shrugs and smiles for Laxman, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Tant pis.

CUT TO:

72-74

OMITTED

72-74

75 **INT. POLICE STATION. KATHMANDU - DAY 41**

75

Where Iris sits. Through a wide glass partition, Charles and Marie-Andrée are questioned in Thapa's office.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. POLICE STATION. THAPA'S OFFICE. KATHMANDU - DAY 41**

76

Thapa - opposite him: Charles and Marie-Andrée.

CHARLES

... she is famous in the
Netherlands... From the
television...

Not something that means much to Thapa. But --

THAPA

Is that true - Miss Dekker.

Marie-Andrée - the game suddenly so easy for her --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Perhaps not - famous.

CHARLES

She is modest.

THAPA

And you, Mr. - Bloem.. What is your
work?

CHARLES

I am a professor. Of sociology. At
the University of Amsterdam.

BACK TO:

77 **INT. POLICE STATION. KATHMANDU - DAY 41 (CONTINUOUS)**

77

Iris - the fear in her now as the doors to that office open
and Charles and Marie-Andrée are on their way. Towards her.

Thapa - all reassuring confidence for her as they approach.
But Iris - far from reassured.

As here they are: Thapa halts them in front of her. But
Charles and Marie-Andrée know exactly what's happening here --

CHARLES

Hello. Was she your friend?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

I'm so sorry. It's such a terrible
thing.

THAPA

Miss May. Have you seen this
gentleman and this lady before?

Their act so perfect. Iris' total lack of certainty. She
wants to know it's them, but she can't. So - unable to stop
herself, she begins to weep --

Charles - moving close to Thapa, quietest of words --

CHARLES

Officer Thapa: you know just how
many drugs these young people take
in your city. They don't stop from
the moment they arrive. And their
minds... well...

THAPA

Miss May. Please: are these the
people you saw Miss Bronzich and
Mr. Carriere leave with?

Charles, Marie-Andrée - entirely unflappable. Calm. Watching.

IRIS

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I just
want to go home.

Thapa - turning to Charles. Fixes him. Somewhere he knows
this man is the killer. But he has nothing to keep him, so --

THAPA

Mr. Bloem. Miss Dekker - please do
not try to leave Kathmandu until
this matter is resolved.

CHARLES

Of course not.

CUT TO:

78

EXT. POLICE STATION. KATHMANDU - DAY 41 (MOMENTS LATER)

78

Charles and Marie-Andrée walk slowly from the station house --

CHARLES

(**French**)

*I'm so glad we made things right
between us, Marie. / Je suis
tellement content que les choses
soient claires maintenant entre
nous, Marie.*

(beat)

*Although that policeman wants us to
stay, I think it best we do not.
So... our lives might become a
little - wild for a month or so.*

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*But Paris in the Spring. I promise.
/ Meme si ce policier veut qu'on
reste, Je crois que c'est mieux
qu'on parte. La vie a été un peu
folle ces dernières semaines. Mais
je te le promets : Paris au
printemps.*

Marie-Andrée - she smiles. Agrees. And across the way sees
Ajay waiting for them beside a TAXI.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER: Iris - broken, emerging from the station herself. She sees that Taxi. Sees Charles and Marie-Andrée. Sees also their companion: **Ajay**.

The two of them. Eyes meet. Then he's gone.

FADE OUT.

79 **EXT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION/THE MAZDA. BANGKOK - DAY 58** 79

Angela - once more dropping Herman off here. She gets out. Assesses him. Smart in jacket and tie and buttoned down collars and freshly shaved, and his briefcase in his hand.

ANGELA

Remember: he's in charge. Not you.
Don't contradict him, or shout at him.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. WAITING ROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 58** 80

Herman - sat alone. Waiting. As down the corridor toward him comes two senior, uniformed POLICEMEN. One of them should be familiar to us: MAJOR GENERAL JANTHASIN.

Herman stands. And, quietly at first, hear MUSIC. The opening bluesy refrain of **Led Zeppelin's In My Time of Dying**.

CUT TO:

81 **OMITTED** 81

82 **I/E. TAXI/NEPALESE-INDIAN BORDER - EARLY MORNING 42** 82

A TAXI - parked up at this Border post. Ajay in the passenger seat. Behind - Charles and Marie-Andrée, where Charles is fixing a NEPALESE ENTRY VISA into her REAL passport.

Next, from his bag, a FRESH PASSPORT. Turkish. One he's used before. Charles' face beneath the name VITALI HAKIM. And then they are climbing out to approach this SLEEPY INDIAN BORDER GUARD.

BACK TO:

83 **INT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 58** 83

Herman - sat opposite Janthasin and his colleague as they open up that file. As they do, HEAR Herman's voice --

HERMAN (V.O.)

*'Summary of the evidence concerning
the double murder discovered near
the Ayuttaya Road on 16th December,
1976.'*

Janthasin - that NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH. Wim and Lena wrongly identified as Australian. And here comes **Robert Plant** --

*In my time of dying, want nobody to mourn. All I want for you
to do is take my body home.*

BACK TO:

84 **EXT. VARANASI. INDIA - DAY 43**

84

SPLIT-FLAP: **JANUARY 4TH, 1976. VARANASI, INDIA. TWO MONTHS
EARLIER.**

Establish The GHATS and the HOLY CITY OF VARANASI.

CUT TO:

85 **EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT. VARANASI - EVENING 43**

85

On this terrace - a MARK (his name is ETHAN MEIR) is being wildly charmed by the ravishing Marie-Andrée Leclerc. Until here: Charles moves in to join them.

Deep kiss for Marie-Andrée. Summons a waiter as, on the TRACK, here come **those INSANE DRUMS...**

CUT TO:

86 **INT. VARANASI HOTEL - DAY 44**

86

INDIAN POLICE and A HOTEL MANAGER - pushing through and finding MEIR. He's not been stabbed and he's not been burned. He looks quite peaceful. But he's dead.

CUT TO:

87 **I/E. FORD TRANSIT. GOA - NIGHT 45**

87

SPLIT-FLAP roll **forward...**

JANUARY 9TH, 1976. AMDATI, GOA, INDIA. FIVE DAYS LATER

A FORD TRANSIT VAN - cruising along gilded Goan shores. There are THREE FRENCHMEN inside. And with them, their new friends: Charles, Marie-Andrée and Ajay.

CUT TO:

88 **EXT. CLIFFTOP. GOA - EVENING 45**

88

Around a campfire: FOOD AND GUITARS AND SONGS. And Charles at a trestle-table: MIXING COCKTAILS for the grateful FRENCHMEN.

CUT TO:

89 **I/E. FORD TRANSIT/CLIFFTOP. GOA - EARLY MORNING 46**

89

The Three FRENCHMEN - passed out inside the van, while Charles and Ajay ransack their belongings for: PASSPORTS, TRAVELERS CHEQUES, CASH, CAMERAS...

Check a NAME in one those passports: **MARTIN LAGISQUET**.

And **A LITTLE LATER**: watch as Charles DOCTORS THAT PASSPORT Usual trick - he peels away the man's photograph... And replaces it with one of **Marie-Andrée**.

Then, a pencil, he changes the name to **Martine Lagisquet**.

CUT TO:

90 **OMITTED**

90

91 **INT. NIGHTCLUB. HONG KONG - NIGHT 47**

91

SPLIT-FLAP: **JANUARY 31ST, 1976. HONG KONG. THREE WEEKS LATER**

The same bar area where Charles once sat with Wim and Lena. But here now, a young AMERICAN, DAVID ALAN GORE, is deeply charmed by Marie-Andrée. Looking up as Charles arrives.

CUT TO:

92 **INT. LUXURY HOTEL. BEDROOM. HONG KONG - NIGHT 47**

92

Gore - prone on the floor as Charles ransacks the usual haul, But here, Charles smiles. It's A LETTER OF CREDIT FOR \$8,000 in the name of **DAVID ALAN GORE**. So, Marie-Andrée; **French** --

CHARLES

*You see: we're going back to
Bangkok richer than when we left. /
Tu vois, on va rentrer à Bangkok
plus riches qu'on en est partis.*

And here is Gore's PASSPORT. The PHOTOGRAPH of the young man MORPHING into that of CHARLES SOBHRAJ...

CUT TO:

93 **INT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 58** 93

Janthasin, his Colleague - their faces as they turn through Herman's evidence. This litany of horrors. And all the while, Herman sits impassive.

CUT TO:

94 **I/E. HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. HONG KONG - NIGHT 47** 94

The view of views: the Hong Kong harbour lit for the night. And here, high up above, a floor-to-ceiling window. In it - Marie-Andrée. Charles kisses her. Cannot get enough of her.

CUT TO:

94A **I/E. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK - DAY 56** 94A

Watch them - untouchable, gorgeous - Charles, Marie-Andrée and Ajay cruising back into town.

SPLIT-FLAP: MARCH 9TH, 1976. BANGKOK, THAILAND. SIX WEEKS LATER.

CUT TO:

95-99 **OMITTED** 95-99

99A **EXT. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - DAY 56** 99A

The White Corolla. Ajay, Charles and Marie-Andrée climb out. And head on inside.

CUT TO:

100 **OMITTED** 100

100A **INT. POSTE RESTANTE. BANGKOK - DAY 56** 100A

Pushing in like movie stars. And stopping as this woman heads out toward them, a pile of mail in her hands: IT'S NADINE.

CHARLES
Hello Nadine.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
We just got back.

Nadine - bemused, terrified. Must hide her terror.

FADE OUT.

101 **INT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY** 101

Janthasin and his colleague - they close the file and push it across the table back toward Herman. Herman - eyeing Janthasin. Waiting, waiting...

CUT TO:

102 **EXT. BANGKOK CENTRAL DIVISION. BANGKOK - DAY 58** 102

Angela - lent on the bonnet of her car. Watching now as a door opens and Herman begins the walk out toward her. He unbuttons his collar, loosens his tie. Then --

ANGELA

Well?

CUT TO:

103 **INT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT. BANGKOK - DAY 58**

Where a telephone is ringing. Answered with urgency, by --

NADINE

Hello.

Silence. Kercrackle-crackle... Then --

ANGELA (O.S.)

Nadine?

AND INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

104 **EXT. BANGKOK STREETS. PAYPHONE - DAY 58** 104

Angela's Mazda - parked by this PAYPHONE. She and Herman - in the middle of rush hour, huddled over the handpiece --

ANGELA

The police are coming.

NADINE

When?

HERMAN

This evening. You're to get out.

ANGELA

Nadine? Did you hear that? You get out. Leave. You understand...

(silence)

Nadine? Do you understand?

CUT TO:

105 **INT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT. BANGKOK - DAY**
58

Nadine - her face a mask. Her energy entirely changed. But --

NADINE

Yes, that's very kind of you,
Angela, but I don't think I can
make it this evening... Yes,
another time... Mmm... goodbye...

BACK TO:

106 **EXT. BANGKOK STREETS. PAYPHONE - DAY 58**

106

HERMAN

What is it? Is she leaving?

ANGELA

I don't know, Herman! She just hung
up on me!

BACK TO:

107 **INT. KANIT HOUSE. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT. BANGKOK - DAY**
58

CHARLES

(**French**)

*Who is Angela, Nadine? / C'est qui
Angela, Nadine ?*

In the doorway, Charles.

NADINE

*Oh: she is trying to learn Mah-Jong
and wants me to go along, but I
detest the woman! / Oh, elle est
pénible, elle essaie d'apprendre à
jouer au Mah-Jong, elle veut que je
viennne avec elle, mais je déteste
cette femme!*

Charles watches Nadine, his suspicion.

CHARLES

*Well: for our sake, I am happy. /
Tant pis pour elle.*

(then)

*Are you joining us? / Tu viens avec
nous ?*

END EPISODE FOUR.