

THE SERPENT

Episode Six

Written by

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RE-MOUNT SHOOTING SCRIPT

13.08.20

All unshot scenes are marked in bold.

All ADR and pickups within scenes that have already been shot are also marked in bold

The scenes in this script have been renumbered. If a scene existed in the previous script its original scene number is indicated in brackets next to the new scene number.

A1 (2A) INT. LA MAIRIE DE PARIS. PARIS - FB DAY 1

A1 (2A)

A WEDDING in a SMALL ROOM: sparsely attended. A BRIDE AND GROOM, THREE WITNESSES, a REGISTRAR WITH A SASH.

No sight of the Bride and Groom's faces yet. The REGISTRAR reads the necessary legal language required. As he does, check out the WITNESSES...

An elegant Vietnamese, hair lacquered up in a beehive: PHUNG CHABANOL (40s), stood behind whoever that groom may be.

And M. et MME. VOCLAIN (50s). White, bourgeois Parisiennes. Stood behind that unknown bride.

For the Voclain's - every word the REGISTRAR utters is a shuddering reminder of their shame at, and contempt for, the union they are witnessing.

None of which matters to the Bride and Groom. The Registrar asks him the final set of questions and he answers. See him now. It is YOUNG CHARLES SOBHRAJ --

CHARLES

Je le veux.

His eyes gaze in adoration at his bride. Hers gaze back in equal rapture. Her name is JULIETTE VOCLAIN --

JULIETTE

Je le veux.

CUT TO:

INK BLACK NOTHING. Only the SOUND of a CHISEL AGAINST PORCELAIN. Until something breaks and a slab of WHITE LIGHT FLARES in toward us...

WE ARE:

A2

INT. CAVITY. THE BATHROOM. 504 KANIT HOUSE - NIGHT 59

A2

That FLASHLIGHT bouncing crazy angles in the darkness, illuminates THE FACE OF AJAY - peering into this cavity. Pushing aside MEDICINE BOTTLES, he finds what he's hunting --

A small PILE OF PASSPORTS. Selects one in particular. Chucks the others back. It is an OLD FRENCH PASSPORT.

In the flashlight, Ajay examines it. Glimpses a few of the details therein. Such as --

Nom: Sobhraj. Prénom: Charles. Place de Naissance: Saigon.

Here too the name of his WIFE: *Épouse: Juliette Sobhraj. Née Voclain...* And tucked into the pages: a PHOTOGRAPH.

See it in the flashlight. It is A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH. Charles and his unknown bride (JULIETTE) on their wedding day, lined up - on the staircase of the Mairie - with her parents and his mother.

Ajay - a smile. Folds it back into the passport and bends to place it inside: a TRAVEL HOLDALL.

Also within: more PASSPORTS, a cache of TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES, an envelope of UNSEEN PHOTOGRAPHS. And this last: MARIE-ANDRÉE'S ROSARY BEADS.

But then - NOW: a crack of floorboards, the creak of floorboards. There is SOMEONE ELSE HERE.

So he's up. Quietly REPLACES that tile into the bathroom wall. And moves out.

CUT TO:

A3 (5/95A) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 59 (REPRISE) A3 (5/95A)

Ajay - moving out into the darkness, flashlight ahead of him. Stops at the sight of her...

AJAY

Hi Nadine.

NADINE.

NADINE

...I - I thought you --

AJAY

Thought we were what? In *jail*, Nadine? Tut-tut. You don't know Alain at *all*, do you?

(ADR)

He and Monique are long gone.

CUT TO:

1 (3A) INT. DIPLOMAT BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 60

1 (3A)

Across the room, see Herman and Siemons hunched together in a corner. Even from this distance, you can feel the incipient MANIA in him --

HERMAN (ADR)

The report has gone to every embassy in the city.

SIEMONS (ADR)

Your damn report isn't going to help you now Herman. But this might...

Herman staring nonplussed at something WRAPPED IN A NAPKIN which Siemons has just slid before him.

HERMAN
Christ, Paul --

It's A GUN.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Are you crazy?!

SIEMONS
Are you?
(then)
We knew exactly where Gautier was.
Now he could be *anywhere*.

HERMAN (ADR)
**France, we think. Nadine said they
were going to see his mother, so..**

SIEMONS
His mother? Jesus Christ!
(ADR)
And Ajay. We know he's still here.
And we know he knows all about you.

A moment. Herman swallows. That GUN --

HERMAN
I don't want it. I'm not like you.

SIEMONS
...you're right. You're not like
me. I know how to stay alive.

He gets to his feet - stalks away. Leaves Herman alone at the table with his hand over the gun.

CUT TO:

2 (5) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. GARDEN. BANGKOK - DAY 60 2 (5)

HERMAN - preoccupied and on edge as he walks the path to the house...He stops - staring in disbelief and consternation --

At THE POND. It is ENTIRELY BARE OF ITS WATER-LILIES.

CUT TO:

The verandah, where Angela sits with Nadine and Remi --

NADINE (ADR)
Long gone, he said.

ANGELA (ADR)
But to France. We think they're in
France.

HERMAN (O.S.)
Angela - the pond --

Here's Herman. No one answers his question. Or seems to care all that much about the pond --

NADINE (ADR)
It's a big country, Angela.

REMY (ADR)
They can just - vanish.

Herman - listening to none of this --

HERMAN
The *pond*, Angela. What *happened* to
it?

She stares at him - unsettled by his manner:

ANGELA
I asked the gardener to - I thought
I asked him to *tidy the plants*.
Turns out my Thai isn't... He
thought I wanted it cleared.

But he's not staying for the explanation, wheels away --

HERMAN (ADR)
I can't believe this! My water
lilies! They were beautiful!

CUT TO:

3 (6) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. THE WOODPILE - DAY 60

3 (6)

Herman - addled, mind askew, pacing, producing SIEMONS GUN from his briefcase. Stopping now. Taking aim at the wood pile - and FIRING: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ANGELA
HERMAN!!

Angela - running up to Herman, Remy and Nadine behind --

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My God, Herman...! What the *hell*
are you doing?!

He fumbles the BULLETS he's trying to load --

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(the gun)
Where did you *get* that thing?!
(**ADR**)
Have you lost your mind?

Herman - lost amid the madness, so --

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Get rid of it! Now, Herman!

ON HERMAN: his heart racing, mind addled. The distress here.

RUN TITLES.

4 OMITTED 4

5 OMITTED 5

6 (10B) EXT. STREET/ALLEY. KARACHI - DAY 63A 6 (10B)

AN OLD SHIT-HEAP OF A BUS crawls to a HALT... As the SPLIT-
FLAP rocks forward: APRIL 28TH 1976. KARACHI. PAKISTAN.

Out of it stumble various LOCALS, a few RAGGED HIPPIES -
followed by CHARLES and MARIE-ANDRÉE...

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Where do we sleep?

CHARLES (ADR)
I'll show you your quarters.

She returns the smile. Falls into step with him. Then --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
How long?

CHARLES
A few days. Once I've confirmed the
most suitable purchaser for the
gems.
(then)
And - we need to wait for Ajay.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Ajay. As if I could forget.

CHARLES
He's our friend, Marie.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
That doesn't mean I want him living
with us for the rest of our lives.

CHARLES

It's here.

And he stops. Turns her toward this dark, unwelcoming alley.
In they go, **choosing French now** --

*

CHARLES (ADR) (CONT'D)

*You'll have your pick of fine
hotels once we get to Paris, Marie.
But for now: better we keep our
heads down. / T'auras tes hôtels de
luxé quand on sera à Paris, Marie.
Pour l'instant vaut mieux faire
profil bas.*

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Beyond there are a few little OPEN-KITCHENS WITH FORMICA
TABLES AND PLASTIC STOOLS laid out. There's a TELEPHONE on
the wall. And a stairway leading up into the building above

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Go up and check in. I need to make
some calls. / Monte à la réception.
J'ai des coups de fil à passer.*

*
*
*

And Marie-Andrée climbs into this grim little hostel.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CHEAP HOSTEL. RECEPTION/ROOM. KARACHI - DAY 63A 7

Marie-Andrée checks into the hostel and lets herself into
their shabby bedroom.

She sits on the bed and considers the strangeness of her
life.

CUT TO:

7A EXT. GRAND APARTMENT. THE MARAIS QUARTER. PARIS - DAY 63A 7A

In archive or otherwise, ESTABLISH this location. In any
event: A PHONE IS RINGING.

CUT TO:

7B INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 63A 7B

Vast, cathedral-like apartments. Many signs of great wealth
and privilege on display. Louis Quinze furniture; Ming
porcelain; Arabic textiles.

Amid which, find DAGMAR BOEDER on the phone. She is early
40s. Deeply stylish, if a tad eccentric in that style. Speaks
German-accented *English* --

DAGMAR BOEDER
Hello again, Monsieur Gautier.

CUT TO:

7C EXT. THE ALLEY. KARACHI - DAY 63A

7C

CHARLES
Your husband?

DAGMAR BOEDER
Won't I do, Monsieur?

BACK TO:

7D INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 63A (CONTINUOUS)

7D

The 'phone on a long cord, Dagmar wanders through to where her husband, OTTO BOEDER, sits at a desk. An eye up for her in inquiry, as --

DAGMAR (CONT'D)
We already told you: we are well-served for Tier 4 access...

Otto - sitting back, curious. Enjoying this.

BACK TO:

7E EXT. THE ALLEY. KARACHI - DAY 63A (CONTINUOUS)

7E

Charles - slow, confident, careful. He knows there is a game being played here, so --

CHARLES
This was one month ago, Madame Boeder. Before Max Eiger was arrested in Columbo for embezzlement.

AND INTERCUT AS REQUIRED:

7F INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 63A (CONTINUOUS)

7F

Dagmar - her eyes on her husband --

DAGMAR BOEDER
It's true Max is indisposed. But...

From somewhere, hear the HEFTY DINGDONG of an ENTRANCE BELL. An Assistant scurries off to attend.

Otto - gesturing for Dagmar to give him the 'phone --

OTTO BOEDER

Gautier? Listen to me: we worked with Eiger for fifteen years. And you expect us to replace him with a man we've never met and whose goods are uncertified.

Charles - checking his watch, waiting --

CHARLES

I intend to remedy both those facts, Monsieur. My associates and I will be in Paris...

OTTO BOEDER

Your associates!?

CHARLES

My secretary and my fiancée; partner to me, just as your wife is to you.

OTTO BOEDER

And the rest? The goods?

But Boeder's eyes are up. For where the Assistant has returned with a COURIERED PACKAGE.

*
*

Charles - his watch --

CHARLES (O.S.)

I thought I might trust you with a sample.

Boeder - eyes narrowing. Watching as Dagmar opens this small parcel. Another box within. A small pouch within that.

She opens it. And brings it to her husband. Where she POURS OUT A SPRAY OF SAPPHIRES on to the desk between them.

Boeder - handing the phone back to Dagmar. Turning his attention to the stones, so --

DAGMAR BOEDER

Quite a trick, Monsieur Gautier.
(then)
You have somewhere we can reach you?

Charles - looking around at the squalor. Spits on the payphone. Wipes it down to reveal its NUMBER --

CHARLES

My hotel in Karachi.

CUT TO:

7G

EXT. THE ALLEY - KARACHI - DAY 63A (MOMENTS LATER)

7G

Charles - a DOLLAR BILL in his hand. Opposite him: a YOUNG BOY. Charles lays the BILL on a stool. Puts the stool next to the phone --

*
*
*

CHARLES

You sit here. The phone rings. You answer it. You do this well. I'll give you another.

*

CUT TO:

8 - 11 OMITTED

8 - 11

12 (8B) INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY 61

12 (8B)

HERMAN - at a conference table, failing entirely to focus...

SEVERAL DIPLOMATS present: some familiar - VAN DONGEN, PAUL SIEMONS, GILBERT REDLAND - and one about to become so: Canadian attaché BASTIEN. Somewhere a voice drones --

REDLAND (O.S.)

They hope to join the next meeting of Narcotics Liaison Committee. But today they were double-booked with, uh, a *different kind* of narcotics liaison along the Cambodian border.

VAN DONGEN (O.S.)

Thank you, Mr. Redland. Thank you gentlemen.

Herman - snapping out of it. Finds his gaze met by the face of Gilbert Redland. Redland who of course knows all that has passed lately. And so smiles in sympathy for Herman.

A moment that is then broken by --

BASTIEN (O.S.)

You've got a hell of a nerve, Knippenberg --

Herman turns - to meet the puce-angry face of Bastien:

HERMAN

...what?

BASTIEN

Shoving this garbage through the mailbox of every embassy in the city --

Thrusting a dossier at him: a copy of the KNIPPENBERG REPORT -

BASTIEN (CONT'D)
Bawling about a *Canadian citizen*
being in some goddamn Bangkok
murder gang?!

Herman - his temper already fraying --

HERMAN
Well. She is. The Leclerc woman is
an accomplice, Bastien - and
whether you like it or not, she's
Quebecois. (ADR) **You're a Canadian**
attaché, (SYNC) I thought you might
want to act on it, instead of
blundering in here and screeching
like a fishwife.

BASTIEN
My God, Knippenberg - what's the
matter with you?

HERMAN
(the report)
Have you even read this? (ADR) **No?**
Too busy with your Thai girls and
your beaches and your cocktails?
Shall I tell you?
(beat)
Two young Dutch. Lives ahead of
them. Love. A future. And now -
they're on *slabs*. So *that*, Bastien,
is the *matter with me*.

A moment. Bastien holds Herman's stare. Then they realise:
VAN DONGEN has entered, been watching, so --

BASTIEN
...Ambassador. Your Third Secretary
has jungle fever.

VAN DONGEN
(loud enough for the room)
My *Third Secretary* has been my
First Lieutenant in our
investigation into the terrible
crimes committed against two
nationals of the Kingdom of the
Netherlands. (ADR) **A nasty and**
upsetting business, Mr Bastien.

Bastien - cowed and humbled, skulks from the room. And
Siemons - though he's enjoying all this immensely - knows he
ought to make himself scarce now as, hissing to Herman --

VAN DONGEN (CONT'D)
My office. Now.

CUT TO:

13 (9) INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. VAN DONGEN'S OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 161 (9)

HERMAN - mustering his best attempt at contrition: [Dutch:]

HERMAN

Sir, my sincere apologies...

VAN DONGEN

I strongly recommend you desist from using your mouth. I wonder, Knippenberg, if you have the slightest conception of our role here. The role of any diplomatic mission in the world. It is to influence - softly and invisibly.

VAN DONGEN's long-simmering displeasure has reached critical mass.

VAN DONGEN (CONT'D)

I do not defend you to that Canadian imbecile because I want to: I do so because it is my obligation to the integrity and repute of my Kingdom and this mission.

(then)

But you - you apparently bear no such sense of obligation.

(beat)

And for what? What have you achieved, Knippenberg? Nothing.

HERMAN

Sir, with respect --

VAN DONGEN

What you seem incapable of understanding is that the humiliation of your behaviour is not yours alone. It is now mine.

Herman - wordless, feeling this as a stake through him...

VAN DONGEN (CONT'D)

Take a holiday. Three weeks.

HERMAN

Three weeks?! Ambassador, I don't think --

VAN DONGEN

It is not a suggestion, Knippenberg - It is an order. Get out of Thailand, get back your sanity.

CUT TO:

14 (9B) I/E. HERMAN'S CAR (MOVING). DUTCH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY (9B)

HERMAN, lost in thought, gazes out the window as YOTIN moves off, along the driveway...

Herman FIXES on something --

HERMAN
Yotin - stop, please.

YOTIN
Sir?

HERMAN
STOP.

So Yotin BRAKES --

CUT TO:

15 (10) EXT. DUTCH EMBASSY. GROUNDS. BANGKOK - DAY 61 15 (10)

HERMAN steps from the car... which has stopped by a LARGE POND - radiant with WATER-LILIES. He glances around: nobody here. So he crouches --

And with a WILD SWEEP - HE CLAWS TOWARDS HIM AS MANY WATER-LILIES AS HE CAN.

Harder than it looks: his arms TANGLED in the flowers' SNAKE-LIKE TENDRIL ROOTS as they're YANKED UP to the surface...

YOTIN - dumbfounded... but --

YOTIN (ADR)
Sir, are you OK?! Sir, can I help?

HERMAN (ADR)
Get them in the trunk, Yotin.

CUT TO:

16 (10) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. GARDEN. BANGKOK - DAY 61 16 (10)

HERMAN - sat in the middle of his pond, settling his NEW LILIES into their rightful place..

HERMAN
(ADR)
There. That's better, don't you think?

Behind him - in some disbelief --

ANGELA
Suspended?!

HERMAN

It isn't a suspension --

ANGELA

What euphemism would you prefer for compulsory leave?

HERMAN

...I thought I could rely on you, at least, to --

ANGELA

To what, Herman? To be your typist and your chauffeur? Or now to tolerate this lunacy?

Herman - cowed: can't hold her stare.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Van Dongen's right: you need a holiday.

(lets reinsert)

Or at least I do. Now get out of that pond, for God's sake. **They are only damn waterlilies!**

She walks away, leaves Herman reeling and ashamed.

FADE OUT.

17

EXT. THE ALLEY. KARACHI - EVENING 63A

17

A champagne cork pops. Allows Charles to pour it out into two GRUBBY LITTLE GLASSES; English --

*

CHARLES

If you know where to look, even in Karachi, you can find French champagne.

*

*

*

He and Marie - sat at one of those formica tables. That GLEAMING RING on her finger in the murk of Karachi. They drink, toast --

CHARLES/MARIE-ANDRÉE

Paris.

And Charles is serious now, something he wants to address. Chooses French --

*

*

CHARLES

Now we are going to Europe, there's much we are - leaving behind us. Some - ugly times and uglier people... I would like to know that - you can leave it behind, Marie. / À présent on part pour l'Europe.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*On laisse beaucoup de choses
derrière nous. Des choses pas très
belles et des personnes encore
moins belles. Je voudrais savoir si
tu peux laisser tout ça derrière
toi.*

Marie - a little indignant about this --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*If you mean - can you be sure of my
silence... we were just in jail -
and I never said a thing... you can
trust me. You know you can. / Tu
veux dire que ...tu veux savoir si
je peux garder le silence, c'est
ça? On sort tout juste de
prison...et j'ai jamais rien dit.
Tu peux me faire confiance...tu le
sais.*

Charles - he takes her hand, that ring on her finger --

CHARLES

*No, Marie. I don't mean silence. I
mean - forgetting. Now we are to be
man and wife, and all that follows
from that - I want to feel we can
be - innocent together. In our
hearts. / Non Marie, je parle pas
de ton silence. Je te parle
d'oublier. On va bientôt se marier
et avec tout ce qui vient après, je
voudrais qu'on arrive à se sentir
innocents. Qu'on le ressente au
plus profond nous.*

Everything Marie longs for. So she nods. Confirms it. And so they kiss. Until --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Were you ever married before? /
T'as déjà été marié ?*

Charles - considering that, then, gentle, loving --

CHARLES

*No. You're the first, Marie. The
only woman I ever wanted to take
home with me. / Non. T'es la
première, Marie. La seule femme
avec qui j'ai eu envie de faire ma
vie.*

And they kiss once more. Until --

AJAY (O.S.)

Hey: Where's my glass?

Ajay - travelled far, that bag over his shoulder. He grins.

AJAY (CONT'D)
And I'm starving.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. THE ALLEY. KARACHI - NIGHT 63A (LATER)

18

Ajay eats. And Marie takes the last from a pack of cigarettes, lights it. Listens wearily, as --

AJAY
Not a thing. Just strolled through.
(a passport in his hand)
These things are gold, Alain.

Charles - allowing the praise. Then --

CHARLES
And the Dutchman? Knippenberg. What word?

Ajay - leaning back from his meal for a moment. Swigging some of that champagne. Grins --

AJAY
Oh my brother - you can sleep easy.
It's all over Bangkok. He's gone tonto. Total loony tunes, Alain.

Charles - visibly pleased by this. Takes Marie's hand. As --

AJAY (CONT'D)
You got the buyer set up?

Marie - eyes for this. Wants to know too, so --

CHARLES
Their name is Boeder. They are Tier 3 buyers. Boutiques in Zurich, Bern, Paris. But these are not the places where you walk in off the street. I only need to agree terms with them. And then we can leave.

AJAY
Paris. I'm going to need some new threads, man.

Marie - something chafing her about this --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
New clothes, Ajay. And a new character too.

AJAY

Fucking hell. Nice to see you too,
Monique.

Charles - benevolent father, sensing the squabble --

CHARLES

(French)

*Monique. Cherie. There are more
cigarettes in the bedroom. Will you
go fetch them, please? / Marie, ma
chérie. Il reste quelques clopes
dans la chambre. Tu veux bien aller
me les chercher s'il te plaît ?*

Marie - dirty look for Ajay. But she agrees. And heads off.
Leaves Charles to Ajay. A beat or two, then --

AJAY

What chopped her onions?

CHARLES

The sight of you, mon frère.

Ajay - a shrug and a grin. Not overly bothered, so --

AJAY

You remember when we came through
here in '71?

CHARLES

Of course.

AJAY

What was the car?

CHARLES

Mercedes Benz.

AJAY

That was a ride. Hamburg to
Karachi. Four days.

CHARLES

Our record.

AJAY

I made more in four days than my
father made in all his life. Thanks
to you.

CHARLES

(his benevolent smile)

Paris next.

Ajay - a grin. Loves the camaraderie of this.. Laughs as
Charles miraculously produce a cigarette, lights it and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
What's in your bag, Ajay?

Ajay - he knows what this means, opens up that TRAVEL HOLDALL. Finds THAT PASSPORT. And an ENVELOPE OF A FEW WELL-CHOSEN PHOTOGRAPHS. Charles removes them. They are all of the same two people...

The woman Juliette. Alone. Beside Charles. AND WITH A BABY GIRL. CHARLES, JULIETTE, A CHILD.

Ajay watches his master as he considers them, until, quiet --

AJAY
Couldn't leave her behind?

Charles doesn't respond. He is entirely dispassionate. But --

AJAY (CONT'D)
And who could blame you? Juliette, man. She was like...

And he raises his hand high to suggest the great scale of the woman's worth and --

AJAY (CONT'D)
Monique? Not even in the same class.

Ajay - perhaps he expects Charles to laugh or agree or otherwise reminisce. But Charles doesn't do any of those things. He just fixes Ajay in his gaze. So --

AJAY (CONT'D)
What?

CHARLES
Never mention Juliette again. You understand?

FADE OUT.

19 OMITTED

19

19A INT. LA MAIRIE DE PARIS. PARIS - FB DAY 1

19A

That wedding again. Still sparsely attended. A WAITER holds a trays of untouched champagne and vol-au-vents as -- *

CHARLES
You know - you are allowed to congratulate me. *

This for his mother. An austere distance between them --

PHUNG

What would you like me to
congratulate you for? Your wedding?
Or your release from prison?

CHARLES

You know, Mama, what the greatest
joy of this day is for me?

He looks across to Juliette, herself struggling with the
funereal expressions of her own parents --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I will have a family now. My
family. A different future.

*
*

Phung - evidently distrustful, eyes him --

*

PHUNG

Different how?

*
*

Doesn't answer that. Only turns from her. Moves to where
Juliette joins him.

*

As they talk, see beyond - back in the room where the
ceremony takes place - an ALGERIAN CARETAKER and an elderly
AFRICAN CLEANER are stacking chairs and mopping the floor.

It's Juliette's parents, Charles is talking about, though --

CHARLES

(French; to Juliette)

Have you told them yet? / Tu leur
as dit?

JULIETTE

That I'm pregnant? I don't think
today is the day, Charles... / Que
je suis enceinte? Je pense pas
qu'aujourd'hui soit le meilleur
moment, Charles.

Charles - never one for humour. A hand on her flat tummy --

CHARLES

No. I meant - have you told them
we're leaving? / Non, je veux dire
- est-ce que tu leur as dit qu'on
partait.

JULIETTE

(her clear reluctance)

I don't know if I want to have a
child in India. / Je ne sais pas si
j'ai envie d'avoir un enfant en
Inde.

And Charles - his eyes go to the Algerian man and the African lady. Considers them. Stacking chairs. Cleaning floors. Goes to Juliette. Takes her hands --

CHARLES

*And I want better for our child
than France. / Je veux quelque
chose de meilleur que la France
pour notre enfant.*

JULIETTE

*Charles - I know how crazy
everything makes you, but... /
Écoute, je sais à quel point tu
prends tout à cœur, mais...*

CHARLES

*No. I can't - grow in this city. I
can't become the man you deserve,
Juliette. You don't understand what
it's like. How could you? But every
day - I am made to feel I don't
belong. Every time an Asian commits
a crime, the police come looking
for me. / Non. Je peux pas
m'épanouir dans cette ville. Je
pourrai jamais être l'homme que tu
mérites, Juliette. Tu peux pas
t'imaginer ce que c'est, je vois
pas comment tu pourrais,
d'ailleurs. Mais moi, tous les
jours on me fait comprendre que
j'ai pas ma place ici. Chaque fois
qu'un Asiatique bouge le petit
doigt les flics viennent me
chercher.*

A moment. He cools his anger. Eyes her. Here's the manipulation --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Unless you think they're right to?
/ À moins que tu leur donnes
raison?*

JULIETTE

*No. Of course not. / Mais non, bien
sûr que non.*

Now he moves close to her...

CHARLES

*Some day we will come back, I
promise you. / Un jour, on
reviendra, je te promets.*

*
*

Across the way - he meets his mother's eye --

*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*We'll come back. And Paris will
kneel to us. / On sera de retour et
Paris se mettra à genoux devant
nous.*

(then)

*I'm your husband. Do you trust me?
/ Je suis ton mari. Tu me fais
confiance ?*

A beat. Then she nods.

FADE OUT.

20 (17BA) OMITTED

20 (17BA)

21 (17BC) OMITTED

21 (17BC)

22 (18A) I/E. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT. BALCONY. BANGKOK - DAY 16A

POV ACROSS TO 504: As the MANAGER oversees a WORKMAN tacking
a CARDBOARD SIGN on the front door in HANDWRITTEN ENGLISH AND
THAI: FOR RENT... [All French:]

NADINE

Shit! Come and see!

REMY

What? What's wrong?

REMY is getting ready to leave for work --

NADINE

They're letting 504!

He looks out, observes the sign across the way... Shrugs:

REMY

Good. Then Gautier won't come back.

NADINE

*Don't you get it? What if there's
things in there? Proof of - of his
crimes? What happens when the place
gets cleared out?!*

REMY

*I don't care! Let it be cleared
out! I want this whole fucking shit-
show cleared out of our lives!
(ADR) Herman and Angela have gone
to the beach for Christ's sake. /
Herman et Angela sont partis à la
plage, bon sang !*

(regrets his tone;

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)
softens)
...I have to go to work.
(then)
*Herman has left all this behind. So
should you.*

He stalks out of the apartment. For a moment Nadine stares
after him: a pang of resentment...

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. BEACH RESORT. SUMATRA - DAY 62** 23

Establisher.

24 (19) **INT. BEACH RESORT. HOTEL ROOM. SUMATRA - DAY 62** 24 (19)

Herman and Angela - waking here. A peace between them. Until:
there's a knock at the door --

BELLBOY WHO SOUNDS LIKE HANS
Telephone Call.

CUT TO:

25 (19) **EXT. BEACH RESORT - SUMATRA - DAY 62** 25 (19)

Herman - making his way through the resort. Gets to the
reception area where he's handed a telephone --

HERMAN
Yes?

CUT TO:

26 (19) **INT. NADINE AND REMY'S APARTMENT - DAY 62 (CONTINUOUS)** 26 (19)

THE PHONE RINGS. Herman frowns - who the hell is this...?

NADINE (PHONE ADR)
**I'm so sorry - I know you're not
due back for another week, but I -
I had to tell you --**

HERMAN
Tell me *what*, Nadine? What's
happened?

CUT TO:

27 (19A) **INT. BEACH RESORT. HOTEL ROOM. BATHROOM. SUMATRA - DAY 62 (19A)**

ANGELA - relaxing in a bath, as --

HERMAN
Nadine just phoned.

A beat. He knows how this plays. But --

HERMAN (CONT'D)
The apartment - Gautier's
apartment. The landlady wants to
rent it again. She's going to clear
it out.

ANGELA
When?

HERMAN (ADR)
Any day now.

ANGELA
Call the airline. I'll pack.

CUT TO:

28 (22B) INT. CHEAP HOSTEL. ROOM. KARACHI - DAY 64

28 (22B)

Ajay - boots kicked off, sprawling back on the bed. Marie-
Andrée watches with certain distaste, as --

AJAY
This bed must be very uncomfortable
to make love on. Has Alain made
love to you on it yet?

Marie-Andrée - something she wants from him, so she doesn't
rise. Watches as he reaches across to that VELVET WRAP and
the mighty haul of Gems spilling out of it. Examines one --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
Ajay. Did you bring what I asked?

Some urgency there: Ajay's gaze swims to her...

AJAY
...yeah, sure...

He rummages in his bag: retrieves the ROSARY BEADS we saw him
grab at the end of Episode 5. Holds them out for Marie-Andrée
- who takes them, but...

MARIE-ANDRÉE
And - the other thing?

Ajay - blank for a moment, then --

AJAY
Oh... There wasn't time.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

It was *important!* I told you!!

AJAY

I was worried about police - and Nadine found me and... I forgot your notebook. I'm sorry, Monique.

MARIE-ANDRÉE (REINSTATE)

Why are you even coming with us? The disgusting things he keeps you around to do for him. There'll be no more of that. It's over. Do you understand?

Ajay - sitting up tightly now, studying her...

AJAY

You seem very upset about your little book. Makes me wonder what was in it.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

It's... personal.

AJAY

It's personal?

(ADR)

Personal makes it sound more like a diary to me. Have you been writing down Alain's secrets?

WHAP - Marie-Andrée slaps him full in the face. It hurts. Ajay clutches his cheek, his ear in pain. Grabs her wrist - the hand bearing LENA'S RING --

AJAY (CONT'D)

You want to forget the past? That Dutch girl screamed for you to help her and here you are still wearing the ring you sold her.

Marie-Andrée - wrenching free; it's all true of course, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You're vile. A monster.

AJAY

Then what does that make you? (ADR)
We're just the same. We both know his name isn't Alain, but we still call him what he wants to be called.

(she - the truth if that)

You play a role for him, just like I do. Why do you think he keeps you around? For your conversation? You were only ever here for one reason.

(MORE)

AJAY (CONT'D)

(ADR)

To take the place of Juliette. His
ex-wife? From Paris? Didn't he ever
tell you?

Marie-Andrée - SKEWERED BY THIS. She gropes for words... But
finds none. Blanched with shock, she storms from the room.
Leaves Ajay there to only now wonder if he's gone too far. So
he runs for the door, bellows after --

AJAY (ADR) (CONT'D)

If it was up to me, we'd be leaving
you behind, Monique!

FADE OUT.

29 EXT. BOMBAY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

29

THE SPLIT-FLAP - backwards: NOVEMBER 15TH 1971. BOMBAY.
INDIA.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SHABBY APARTMENT. BEDROOM. BOMBAY - FB DAY 2A

30

Early. Juliette lies asleep beside a whirring fan. *

Beside the bed - Charles. Dressed to depart, a small bag
packed. And currently considering this -- *

The TWO YEAR OLD CHILD watching him from a crappy cot across
the room. His child - MADHU. *

He doesn't go to her, though. Just slips on a jacket and asks
her -- *

CHARLES *

(French) *

What do you think, Madhu? Does your
Papa look good? Alors, Madhu. *
Qu'est-ce t'en penses? Tu le *
trouves comment ton papa? *

Madhu - no particular response to that, but -- *

JULIETTE (O.S.) *

(French)

You're going? / Tu pars ?

CHARLES

Sssh. Yes. I've a job. It won't be
long. / Chut, oui. J'ai du travail.
J'en ai pas pour longtemps.

JULIETTE

*What is it? Did your father help
you? / C'est quoi comme travail?
C'est ton père qui t'a aidé?*

Charles - the clear insult of that thought --

CHARLES

*I've no need of my father's help. /
J'ai pas besoin de son aide.*

Juliette - the confusion and inconsistency of that, so --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*But I'm going to make you proud of
me. Both of you. / Mais vous allez
être fiers de moi, tous les deux.*

*
*

JULIETTE

*We don't need to be proud of you.
There are better feelings than
pride. / On n'a pas besoin d'être
fière de toi. Il y a mieux que la
fierté, dans la vie.*

CUT TO:

*

31 (24A) INT. SHABBY APARTMENT. BOMBAY - FB DAY 3

31 (24A)

THE SPLIT-FLAP - forwards: TWO WEEKS LATER.

JULIETTE - at a kitchen counter preparing food for Madhu, who
is sat on the floor playing happily.

A radio is on. Beside it there's also a copy of THE TIMES OF
INDIA.. A HEADLINE: ASHOKA HOTEL HEIST: JEWEL THIEF STILL AT
LARGE. The radio - the glee in all this --

RADIO NEWS READER (O.S.)

*... whether they are any closer or
not to finding him, the New Delhi
Crime Branch are being coy. One
person who is not, however, is the
Flamenco Dancer taken hostage by
this daredevil in her own room
while he drilled through to the
Diamond Boutique on the floor
below...*

During which, a telephone starts to ring.

JULIETTE

...hello...?

CHARLES (PHONE)
*It's me. Juliette? / C'est moi.
Juliette ?*

INTERCUT:

32 (24B) INT. HOTEL LOBBY. PAYPHONE. DELHI - FB DAY 3

32 (24B)

Charles - on a payphone in this hotel lobby

JULIETTE (O.S.)
*Charles! Where the hell have you --
/ Charles ! Mais où est-ce que
tu...*

CHARLES (PHONE)
Sssh. Calme-toi. Allez...

JULIETTE (ADR)
(fury)
*NO! You've been gone weeks -
without a word! / Non! Ça fait des
semaines que t'es parti ! Sans un
mot!*

**P/U: CHARLES - AS HE LISTENS, HE BENDS TO A HOLDALL AT HIS
FEET. WITHIN: A GLITTERING HAUL OF DIAMOND JEWELRY.**

CHARLES (PHONE)
*Don't you read the news? The Ashoka
Hotel was robbed. Diamonds. / T'as
pas lu le journal ? L'hôtel Askoha
a été dévalisé. Des diamants !*

She gropes for significance here - as --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*By me! I robbed it! / C'est moi qui
ai fait le coup !*

Juliette - stunned. Sees that NEWSPAPER HEADLINE beside her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*So, you remember the new life I
promised you...?
(a grin)
It has begun. Pack your bags, I'm
coming.*

CLICK. Charles freezes: knows that sound. The cock of a
revolver.

A police revolver in the hands of SGT NARANDRA NATH TULI
(early 50s) of the Delhi Police. Charles swallows: slow
stands, raises his hands. His back to Tuli --

TULI
Please disconnect the phone, sir.
Turn around. Slowly.

Juliette - hearing that, sudden panic --

JULIETTE (ADR)
*Charles? Who was that? Charles... /
Charles, c'est qui ? Charles...*

TULI (ADR)
Hands in the air, sir.

Charles - doing as he's told. Letting the phone - and
Juliette's continued distress - fall from his hands..

With Juliette - hearing Tuli's voice --

TULI (CONT'D)
You're under arrest.

Tuli - motions for the DOZEN OTHER GUN-DRAWN COPS flanking
him to PLOUGH IN.

And here - that phone hanging off the hook..

BACK TO:

33 INT. SHABBY APARTMENT. BOMBAY - FB DAY 3

33

JULIETTE (O.S.)
(*French*)
*Charles? Please. What is it...?
Charles!! / Charles? Qu'est-ce
qu'il se passe...? Charles!!*

But there's no one there and only static and she is left
alone and hopeless with Madhu's quizzical little stare.

FADE OUT.

34 (31A) EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH. KARACHI - DAY 64

34 (31A)

Pale stonework, looming in fierce sunlight...

THE SPLIT-FLAP: forward - APRIL 28TH 1976. KARACHI. PAKISTAN.

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.)
I was always taught: love is a gift
from God.

CUT TO:

35 (31B) INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH. CONFESSION BOOTH. KARACHI - DAY 564 (31B)

MARIE-ANDRÉE - head bowed in shadow: the SILHOUETTE of a Pakistani PRIEST discernible on the other side of the grill.

PRIEST (ADR)
Whoever lives in love, lives in
God.

Marie - her eyes, that thought a life-raft to her --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)
Is that true? Always, father? No
matter what?

PRIEST (ADR)
If the love is given selflessly,
and expects nothing in return.

Marie - considering that --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)
Then I love this man. I do. There
is nothing he can do that I would
not forgive him for. Nothing that
he asks of me that I won't do. But
I am afraid.

PRIEST (ADR)
What do you fear?

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)
Sometimes I dream that - I have his
child inside me. But then - I feel
his hands about my throat and I
wake up.
(desperate beat)
I do not recognise myself anymore,
Father.

PRIEST
Then it is not love that you feel.

MARIE-ANDRÉE
If it is not, I do not know what it
is.

Silence. She clutches her rosary. So, presently --

PRIEST
(ADR)
God can give you peace, my child.
Will you make your confession? Open
your heart and unburden yourself.

Marie - the idea so appealing but so impossible. So she clatters out of the booth and away.

CUT TO:

36 (31C) INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH. KARACHI - DAY 64 36 (31C)

Heads up as MARIE-ANDRÉE emerges from the booth: walks down the aisle toward the exit, lost in heavy thought...

Remains oblivious to the fact she is watched. By AJAY.

CUT TO:

37 (31C) EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH. KARACHI - DAY 64 37 (31C)

Marie - walking away from the church. As she goes, hear --

AJAY (O.S.)

(ADR)

**She kept a diary! Everything
written down. And now this...**

38 (31D) I/E. CAFE. KARACHI - DAY 64 38 (31D)

AJAY and CHARLES - making their way into this café --

AJAY

Alain. They even *call* it
confession.

Charles regards him unreadably. Ajay presses harder:

AJAY (CONT'D)

You need a white girl for (ADR) **the
white clients**. I get that. (ADR)
But we're going to Europe. They
grow on trees. And Monique is... We
can't trust her. You have to get
rid of her.

Charles - turning on him. Silencing him. Then --

CHARLES

I know her better than she knows
herself so I will decide if she is
a risk to us or not.

AJAY

And if you decide she is?

Charles - no response.

FADE OUT.

39 (25) EXT. KANIT HOUSE. COURTYARD. BANGKOK - DAY 63 39 (25)

A SHIMMER OF CIRRUS IN BLUE... which we realise is the SKY'S REFLECTION in a familiar POOL...

As HERMAN - incongruous amid the usual STONERS AND HIPPIES - crosses to join ANGELA and NADINE. Something held in Herman's hand, as --

SIEMONS - entering from the street... He and Herman regard each other for a moment - as the SPLIT-FLAP flicks forwards:

APRIL 27TH 1976. BANGKOK. THAILAND.

CUT TO:

40 (26) EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 63 40 (26)

HERMAN, SIEMONS, NADINE, ANGELA - outside 504.

THE DOOR seems to cast a kind of shadow over them: foreboding, a shared understanding that they're about to cross a threshold from which, whatever lies beyond, there will be no return.

Herman swallows. Slides in the key. And opens the door.

CUT TO:

41 (27) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 63 41 (27)

Eerily quiet: furniture and objects in DISARRAY - the place frozen in time from the police raid...

HERMAN takes it in. The phantom of his flown quarry pulsing in the air: at last, Herman stands within the serpent's lair.

ANGELA, NADINE, SIEMONS; beside him, scanning the chaos.

HERMAN

We need to gather everything - get it out of here, look through piece by piece. *Everything.*

(ADR)

I've brought Bloem and Dekker's photographs to crosscheck any belongings...

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

42 (27) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. GUEST BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 63 42 (27)

HERMAN enters. The air sour with mildew. He scans the mess...

On a chest of drawers: an ALARM-CLOCK - which once belonged to Teresa Knowlton...

CUT TO: *

43 (28) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 63 43 (28)

NADINE rifles through a chest of drawers: crumpled shirts, abandoned underwear... Finds something nestled - a PHOTOGRAPH:

Charles standing - hand on hip, all swagger - beside a seated Marie-Andrée, both in shades... [That iconic image of them, which we saw taken in Episode 2.]

SIEMONS - appears beside her, curious. Then disgusted --

SIEMONS

...fuckers think they're Bonnie and Clyde... / Ces connards se prennent pour Bonnie and Clyde.

(then)

Show Herman. Show him the bastard's face. / Montre Cloggy. Montre le visage du connard.

BACK TO:

44 (29) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. GUEST BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 63 44 (29)

Herman - in the WARDROBE - an ORANGE RUCKSACK. **He refers to his PHOTOGRAPHS. Finds one of Lena Dekker with that EXACT SAME RUCKSACK.** *

The distress of it clear for him. He has to sit down. But -- *

SIEMONS (O.S.) *

Dutch...

CUT TO:

45 (30) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BATHROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 63 45 (30)

HERMAN finds SIEMONS before a HOLE in the tiled wall, holding a couple of TILES...

SIEMONS

These were loose.

Herman peers into the hole: a STASH POINT - hiding a VAST ARRAY OF PHARMA DRUGS. Capsules, syrups, pills, powders.

HERMAN

...what are they?

SIEMONS
Sedatives, disassociates... Christ
knows. I've seen *drugstores* with
less.
(bone-dry)
...hell of a narcotics raid...

Herman - attention caught by SEVERAL IDENTICAL BOTTLES OF
MEDICINE: industrial-sized...

HERMAN
I know this drug. *Kaopectate* - you
get a bad stomach, it blocks you
up...

He unscrews the top, sniffs it:

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Whatever's in here - it isn't
kaopectate.

SIEMONS
(seeking sense here)
He poisons the kids, makes them
believe they're sick... Says - *Take
this, makes you all better...*
(also sniffs the bottle)
And Christ knows what he gives them
to keep them under... Wait --

He's seen something more at the back of the stash-hole: moves
aside bottles, reaches in... Pulls out FOUR PASSPORTS.

HERMAN
...my God...

Different nationalities, different names.

VFX: One of them now clear to see: ETHAN MEIR'S PASSPORT.

*

SIEMONS (ADR)
Christ, how many more are there?

Herman and Siemons - a haunted look between them, as --

ANGELA (O.S.)
Herman!

CUT TO:

46 (31) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. MAIN ROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 63 46 (31)

HERMAN - rushing in to find ANGELA poring over a JOURNAL:

ANGELA
The woman. Monique... I think this
is - her *diary*, Herman.

Whoah: solid gold. Herman thrilled she's found such bounty as he crosses to her --

HERMAN
Can you translate it?

ANGELA
Of course, but - I noticed something already. *Look.*
(turns pages)
There's no mention of the name *Alain*. Not once. But every page - she talks about *Char*.

HERMAN
Char?

NADINE (O.S.)
Maybe - for *Charles*?

NADINE, REMY, SIEMONS have all come in - drawn by Angela's discovery. Herman rubs his eyes hard:

HERMAN
...his name isn't even Alain. Of course his name isn't really Alain...

REMY
Is it even Gautier?

SIEMONS
Christ... It's all just fucking *smoke*.

HERMAN
No, Paul. No. It isn't just *smoke*.
(ADR)
All of this: it's his life. We look hard enough - we'll find him in it.
Everything we are doing.
Everything! It will help us to *shackle* him.

FADE OUT.

47 (31aA) INT. TIHAR JAIL. CELL. DELHI - FB DAY 4

47 (31aA)

CHARLES - cross-legged on the dirt-stone floor: a yogic pose, deep breathing... THE SPLIT-FLAP - rocking backwards:

DECEMBER 5TH 1971. TIHAR JAIL. DELHI. INDIA.

Now getting to his feet --

And with one hand GRIPPING HARD the lower-right side of his abdomen: so hard it HURTS... But Charles's face remains without expression --

As, grip locked tight, he moves to the door - and with the other hand HAMMERS ON IT:

CHARLES
Help! Please - help me...!

TIME CUT:

A GUARD enters Charles's cell - startled to see him WEEPING ON THE FLOOR - clutching his STOMACH... Gives the guard a pleading look of AGONY.

CUT TO:

48 (31aC) INT. SHABBY APARTMENT. BOMBAY - FB NIGHT 6

48 (31aC)

JULIETTE - her astonished face, gesturing to where a RADIO IS BLARING OUT THE NEWS --

RADIO NEWS READER (O.S.)
... it is understood he feigned the symptoms of appendicitis and even had the organ removed by surgeons before escaping from the prison hospital...

And here is Charles - stood in front of her. Filthy stolen clothes to replace his prison rags, A DARK PATCH seeping BLOOD through the shirt. But he only grins for her. French --

CHARLES
It doesn't matter how good they are at catching me: I will always be better at escaping. / Ils sont peut-être doués pour me chopper mais moi, je serai toujours meilleur pour m'échapper.

JULIETTE
They've been saying - even the army are out looking for you! Charles? Are you... / Ils disent que - même l'armée est après toi. Charles, t'es...

And she pulls the shirt off him. Reveals: a SOILED HOSPITAL DRESSING, dried blood. Some fresh too where his APPENDIX WOUND has wept through the fabric. It appalls her --

JULIETTE (CONT'D)
Charles. My God. Let me... / Mon Dieu, mais, Charles. Laisse-moi....

CHARLES

It's fine, Juliette. I promise. But I think we must leave India for a while. / Ça va, Juliette. Je te promets. Mais je crois qu'on va devoir quitter l'Inde pour quelques temps.

JULIETTE

What..? But - where.. The airports will be watched. / Quoi ... ? Mais - pour aller où ? ... Ils vont surveiller les aéroports.

CHARLES

We drive. North. And we keep going. Now, quickly - fetch Madhu. / On prend la route. Vers le nord. Et on s'arrête pas. Va vite chercher Madhu.

Charles - heading to a bureau. Seeking out items to throw into a HOLDALL. Among them...

SEE THAT PASSPORT. The same one - in the future - that Ajay will rescue from Kanit House. Charles' face. The details of Juliette and Madhu as his wife and child.

But then he stops. Understands that Juliette hasn't moved. He reads the conflict there immediately...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Juliette? What is it? / Juliette ? Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?

JULIETTE

You were in prison! I was alone! / T'étais en prison ! J'étais toute seule !

CHARLES

Where is Madhu, Juliette? Where is my child? / Où est Madhu, Juliette ? Où est mon enfant ?

CUT TO:

49 (36BA) EXT. RURAL ROAD. AFGHANISTAN - FB DAY 7

49 (36BA)

[nb. Suggesting some cuts to these two scenes to cover sense that Madhu has been absent since Bombay...]

A battered RENTAL CAR rumbles along an desert road...

THE SPLIT-FLAP: AFGHANISTAN.

CHARLES (O.S.) (ADR)
She was safe. With us. With me. /
Elle était en sécurité. Avec nous.
Avec moi.

CUT TO:

50 (36BB) E. RENTAL CAR (MOVING). AFGHANISTAN - FB DAY 7 50 (36BB)

This argument still raging, many days and thousands of miles later..

JULIETTE
*No. She was dragged between unpaid
rooms and stolen cars --*

CHARLES
*We left Paris behind - to make our
future. And you send her back there
like some - some little gypsy
orphan?*

JULIETTE
(ADR)
*She's with my parents! And if you
loved her you'd understand that
she's better off with them. / Elle
est avec mes parents ! Et si tu
l'aimais tu comprendrais que c'est
mieux pour elle.*

He accelerates more - as they blaze past a sign in English
and Farsi: Afghan-Iran Border - 10miles...

CHARLES
*If life with me is so fucking
wretched, Juliette - why didn't you
just go with her? / Pourquoi t'es
pas partie avec elle alors, puisque
je te rends la vie si horrible?*

She says nothing: brittle and tight with pain...

CHARLES (CONT'D)
ANSWER ME. / REPONDS MOI.

JULIETTE
(breaking)
*WHY DO YOU THINK?! / À TON AVIS
POURQUOI?!*
(then)
SLOW DOWN!! / FREINE

He's driving WILDLY... Until --

A VIOLENT THUD: a TYRE blown out on a SHARP ROCK. THE CAR
VEERS - Charles barely keeps control: slams the BRAKE--

CUT TO:

51 (36BC) EXT. DUSTY ROAD. AFGHANISTAN - FB DAY 7

51 (36BC)

THE TYRE - shredded. CHARLES stares at it... [French:]

JULIETTE
Hurry! / Grouille !

JULIETTE - sweltering in desert heat: they're in the middle
of nowhere. Charles - at the trunk: but there's no spare.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)
What are we going to do now?

He has no answer for that immediately. But then they're both
alert to the approaching sounds of pursuit: AFGHAN POLICE
CARS appear on the horizon...

CHARLES
(the car)
Get in.

So they both get back inside the car.

JULIETTE
*What are we going to do? Damn you.
DAMN YOU! I've done nothing - and
they will lock me up - just for
being stupid enough to love you!*

CHARLES
Calm down!

Her face in his hands.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*Listen to me. It's going to be
okay.*
(ADR)
*Whatever happens now, it's only
temporary. The future remains the
same. The three of us will all be
together in Paris again. I swear
it. / Quoiqu'il arrive maintenant,
ça n'est que temporaire. Ça ne
change rien à notre avenir. On se
retrouvera à Paris tous les trois,
je te le jure. Fais-moi confiance,
c'est tout.
Just trust me.*

POLICEMEN - dragging them from the car.

FADE OUT.

52

EXT. THE ALLEY - KARACHI - NIGHT 64

52

Marie and Ajay - sat together in silent, mutual contempt.
Ajay is eating. Marie is smoking.

Opposite them - some kind of arbiter - Charles. Certainly
he's enjoying the control he has right now. So, presently --

CHARLES

He thinks we ought to leave you
behind...

MARIE-ANDRÉE

All that I said to the priest is
all that I wrote in the diary: That
it tortures me but I love you. That
I can't stop.

Ajay - little burst of laughter for that. She looks at him
with deep and lasting hate. But she continues --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

And it's true. I do. Even though I
now know that you lied to me.
(off his look)
Yes! I asked you if you had been
married before and you lied to me.

Charles - quizzical for that. Looks at Ajay. And Marie -
perhaps she senses an opportunity here --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

Juliette? He told me. Ajay told me
all about her.

Ajay - back foot now. Eyes to Charles. Who is expressionless.
But Ajay knows he has done wrong --

AJAY

I was angry. She was...
(a change of tack)
Come on man! You've known her for
what? A few months?
(to Marie)
I left my family behind for him.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(straight back at him)
And so? Haven't I done the same?

AJAY

(to Charles)

I never needed diaries or priests,
did I? Everything I have done for
you - everything! - I never
questioned it and I did it with - a
fucking song in my heart.

CHARLES

That's true.

AJAY

Because we're brothers.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(to Charles)

You can't trust him to be what you
need, though. Now, I mean. Not
then. Now, in Paris. Do you want
him beside you as you walk into the
George Cinq? When you go shopping
at Cartier? What will people *think*
when they see you side by side with
this little brown thug.

Marie - powerless to take those words back. Knows immediately
what she's said. Ajay can only LAUGH at it. Looks to Charles.
NOW SHE'S DONE IT!!

CHARLES

A little brown thug? Then what am
I, Marie?

Marie - a woman drowning, as - somewhere - a PHONE begins to
ring. Perhaps - in the BG - see that BOY dash to answer it.
But otherwise, all our focus is here --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Please: you know what I meant.
You're nothing like him.

CHARLES

Perhaps I'm just like him. I was. I
used to be. That's exactly what
people like you used to call me.
Perhaps they will again...

Marie - her face, desperate. But --

BOY (O.S.)

Mr. Alain! Mr. Alain! For you!

The phone, he means. Tugging at Charles' sleeve now. Charles
who stands - considers them both - then turns for the phone,
only for Marie to GRAB at him --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Please, my darling. I am incapable
of anything, every act I perform,
it is for the love of you. You know
this is true...

Charles - considering her. Then he shakes her off. And moves
to the 'phone...

CUT TO:

52A

INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 64

52A

Dagmar and Otto Boeder - the telephone here between them --

DAGMAR BOEDER

Monsieur Gautier. We were
wondering. Might you - and your
associates, of course - see your
way to joining us here in Paris.
You, your associates, and your
merchandise...

INTERCUT AS REQUIRED:

52B

EXT. THE ALLEY - KARACHI - NIGHT 64

52B

Charles - watching Marie and Ajay. She has left the table
now. Smokes and sulks beyond --

CHARLES

Madame Boeder. We haven't agreed
either purchase price or fee.

Dagmar - looks at her husband, inquiring. He - a shrug, so --

DAGMAR BOEDER

We'll have a little dance, I'm
sure.

OTTO BOEDER

(shouts this too)
But we're in the same ballroom,
Gautier.

DAGMAR BOEDER

How many of you ought we to expect?

CHARLES

Oh - just the two of us now,
Madame.

And he hangs up. Considers his two warring children, both of
whose expectant eyes now turn feverishly toward him.

CUT TO:

53 (36) INT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. MAIN ROOM. BANGKOK - NIGHT 6453 (36)

TRACKING ACROSS the GAUTIER TABLE - various objects carefully placed, pending logging - to where Angela clatters away on a typewriter, translating as she goes --

ANGELA (O.S.)

"I know he made love again with Suda"--

HERMAN (O.S.)

Suda? Who the hell is Suda?

ANGELA - at the table with a TYPEWRITER, reading bleaky from her translation-in-progress of MARIE-ANDRÉE'S DIARY.

NADINE

The Thai girlfriend I told you about.

ANGELA (ADR)

(reading the diary)

'Char tells me these people are just criminals - drug traffickers... but Marie thinks - they still have mothers don't they?'

HERMAN (ADR)

Go on Angela.

ANGELA (ADR CONT'D)

He tells me that if I am Monique I will understand what he's saying and be happier. Don't be Marie-Andrée Leclerc, he says. That girl was miserable.

HERMAN (ADR)

(writing this down)

Leclerc! We've got her name!

ANGELA

(some ADR)

"If only Char does takes me to meet his mother - takes me out of this ditch - then Monique can live."

HERMAN

(leaping on it)

The mother - yes! Where? She must say where?

ANGELA

She doesn't, Herman - she...

HERMAN

What?

ANGELA

This woman is... She barely knows
any more about this man that we do.
He seduces, he betrays; he loves,
he destroys... And still she yearns
for him.

Gazing over the bleak accumulation taking over her home like
a shadow, the boxes unloading their ghosts...

Then forcing herself to return to her translation.

HERMAN

(moving on now)

Paul: help me with this.

He and Siemons moving to yet another box full of random
personal effects. Many well-thumbed paperbacks. One of which
Herman opens to find a secreted stack of PHOTOGRAPHS...

**P/U: They are FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS. Recognise PHUNG amongst
them. Here she is, younger, arm in arm with a smartly dressed
YOUNG INDIAN MAN --** *

SIEMONS (ADR) *

Look - there's the mother again. *

HERMAN (ADR) *

That must be his father? *

(then) *

But who's this? *

**P/U: Phung again. This time arm in arm with a WHITE MAN IN A
UNIFORM.** *

SIEMONS (ADR)

Stepfather? French Naval Uniform. *

She snares him in Vietnam. He takes
her home. With her son. *

HERMAN (ADR) *

And they have more children in
Paris. Look at them all. *

**P/U: More photographs. Phung and the French Naval Officer
surrounded by CHILDREN..**

SIEMONS (ADR)

But no Char. He's not in any of
them himself.. *

HERMAN (ADR)

I wonder why not?

Siemons breathes smoke, bleakly contemplating the same. And
then - a verdict of stone-tablet solemnity:

SIEMONS

(some ADR)

Don't try to understand him. He's a murdering maniac little gangster kut, Cloggy. And that is all you need to know.

FADE OUT.

53A INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 65

53A

A number of family photographs arrayed throughout this immaculate bijoux apartment.

MANY ARE THE SAME PHOTOGRAPHS WE JUST SAW IN HERMAN'S HANDS.

But here - a telephone is ringing, answered now by the long elegant fingers of: PHUNG CHABANOL --

PHUNG

(English)

Hallo?

CHARLES (O.S.)

It's me, Mamma...

Phung - her face. Her son's voice like mercury in her veins.

CUT TO:

53B EXT. THE ALLEY. KARACHI - DAY 65

53B

Charles - his own face. Waiting for a response. Which does not come for a good long while, until --

PHUNG

Where are you, Charles.

CHARLES

It doesn't matter where I am. But where I will be again soon.

AND INTERCUT AS REQUIRED:

53C INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 65 (CONTINUOUS)

53C

Phung - eyes dancing across those photos. A FEW OF CHARLES. One of him as a teenager, smart in a communion suit. One of him as a very small boy. And another copy of that WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I haven't been home in so long.

PHUNG

There are reasons for that,
Charles.

Phung - eyes out through one of her windows across the
rooftops of Paris.

CHARLES

Nonetheless. I wanted to give you
some warning.

PHUNG

Warning of..?

CHARLES

I'd like to see you.

PHUNG

Then that's considerate of you.

CHARLES

I'm a loving son.

Phung - doubting that very much. Holds her silence. Charles
holds his. Until --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I wondered - if you might help me
with something...

(silence, so)

Mamma - I want to see my child
again.

PHUNG

I don't know why you imagine I can
help you with that. Her family hate
me. Although I have done nothing to
merit that.

CHARLES

Then tell them that. Tell them how
you long to see her and to know
her.

PHUNG

And what if I don't?

CHARLES

You're not that heartless.

PHUNG

You're not this sentimental.

Silence. Static over the thousands of miles --

CHARLES

Nonetheless. I will see my child
again whether you help me or not.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
We're coming. There will be two of
us. Make room at the table, Mamma.

CUT TO:

54 - 56 OMITTED

54 - 56

56A EXT. KARACHI PLAINS. RENTAL CAR - DAY 65

56A

A small car blasts through the wilderness OVER WHICH --

AJAY (ADR)
What about Monique, Alain.

CHARLES (ADR)
I promise you, Ajay: you won't ever
need to speak to Monique again.

CUT TO:

57 (36J) EXT. DESOLATE ROAD. KARACHI - DAY 65

57 (36J)

THE RENTAL CAR - clear of the city now, into arid
wasteland... Now SLOWING to a halt...

AJAY (ADR)
Where are we?

CUT TO:

58 (36K) I/E. RENTAL CAR. DESOLATE ROAD. KARACHI - DAY 65

58 (36K)

Stationery now. CHARLES - at the wheel, gazing placidly ahead
at EMPTY ROAD; AJAY shotgun - a little nonplussed:

CHARLES (ADR)
Somewhere we can be alone, Ajay.
(then)
Didn't I tell you never to mention
Juliette to Monique?

AJAY (ADR)
Sure. And I'm really sorry. But -
Monique's history now.

A beat. The landscape hums with heat.

CHARLES (ADR)
Have you ever asked yourself why I
asked you to come and join us in
Bangkok? Why I have given you all I
have given?
(MORE)

CHARLES (ADR) (CONT'D)

Why would Monique possibly think I
would I not want you at my side, as
partner, where I go...?

Charles offers a broad smile - which Ajay returns...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Let me tell you why, silly boy.

Charles reaches for cash. Counts it out --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Because *this* is all you're good
for. Pocket-change gutter-work.
You're not my *partner*, Ajay - you
were my errand-boy. And now you are
nothing. **(ADR) I want you gone.**

Ajay - eyes drowning in disbelief, incomprehension, that cash
in his hands:

AJAY

Alain: This isn't funny.

CHARLES

You are *worthless*, little man.
**(ADR) Monique was right - Paris is
no place for a little brown thug.
And I should know.**

Ajay gropes for words - finds none: mute with anguish.
Charles's black eyes boring into Ajay's stricken soul

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Ajay. *Mon ami*..

And he climbs out of the car. Circles around.

CHARLES (ADR) (CONT'D)

This is the end for us.

And he raps his hand on the roof of the car.

CUT TO:

59 (36BaaA) ~~END~~. CHEAP HOSTEL. KARACHI - DAY 65 (ESTABLISHER) 59 (36BaaA)

The rotting hulk of the hostel. Hear Marie OVER; *French* --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)

*It's all I've ever wanted to be
alone with you. Just the two of us.
But I must know.. / C'est ce que
j'ai toujours souhaité. Ê*

(MORE)

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR) (CONT'D)
*tre seule avec toi, rien que toi et
moi. Mais il faut que je sache...*

CUT TO:

60 (36Ba) INT. CHEAP HOSTEL. KARACHI - DAY 65

60 (36BaA)

MARIE-ANDRÉE - her desperate, hopeful face --

MARIE-ANDRÉE
*Am I nothing to you but the - the
ghost of Juliette. / ...si tu me vois
juste comme une - une pâle copie de
Juliette.*

Beat. Charles - not expecting that...

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)
Is it true, Alain?

Her words hang... Until:

CHARLES
*Let me tell you about Juliette. /
Je vais te parler de Juliette.*
(ADR)
*Yes. I lied to you. And I hate
myself for that. But I will tell
you the truth now and you will see
why I deny her, and always will...
/ C'est vrai, je t'ai menti. Et je
m'en veux. Je vais tout te raconter
et tu vas comprendre pourquoi je
l'ai reniée, pour toujours et à
jamais*
(then)
*We were married - long ago. And
Juliette betrayed me. Because of
her, I was imprisoned. And left
rotting in a cage in Afghanistan.*
*Some time later, when I was
released, I learned she had died. /
C'était ma femme, autrefois. Et
Juliette m'a trahi. À cause d'elle
on m'a mis en taule. Je pourrissais
dans une cellule en Afghanistan.*
*Plus tard, quand on m'a relâché,
j'ai appris qu'elle était morte.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)
*My God, Charles... / Mon Dieu,
Charles...*

CHARLES
*No. She betrayed me and stole my
child. I do not grieve her. She is -
history now.*
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*/ Elle m'a trahi et elle m'a volé
mon enfant. Je pleure pas sa mort.
Elle appartient au passé.*

His hands on her. Bringing her close.

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)
*It's the truth? You promise? /
C'est la vérité ? Tu me promets ?*

CHARLES
*I swear: there is only you in my
life now Marie, only you. / Je te
le jure : Y a que toi dans ma vie
maintenant, Marie. Juste toi.*

CUT TO:

61 (46B) INT. PRISON. KABUL - FB DAY 8

61 (46B)

JULIETTE - looking a lot better than last we saw her: clean,
proper clothes - walks down a grim stone corridor...

Led by a GUARD through a PRISON - as the SPLIT-FLAP rolls
backwards: NOVEMBER 8TH 1973. KABUL. AFGHANISTAN.

Juliette arrives at a CELL DOOR with a BARRED OBSERVATION
WINDOW. Through it, she takes in the sight of - CHARLES.

JULIETTE
*...hello, Charles. / Bonjour
Charles*

He looks up in disbelief... But there she is --

CHARLES
*My God... Juliette...! How..? / Mon
Dieu... Juliette...! Mais comment... ?*

JULIETTE
*The charges against me were
dropped. / Les accusations contre
moi ont été levées.
(a bitter smile)
After all, I didn't do anything. /
Après tout, j'ai rien fait.
(beat)
Except get married to you. / À part
t'épouser.*

CHARLES
*I'll be out of here in six
months... / Je serai sorti d'ici
dans six mois.*

*
*

She gazes at him with great sadness.

JULIETTE

*I'm sorry, Charles. But I won't be
waiting for you. / Je suis désolé
Charles, mais je t'attendrai pas.*

CHARLES

...what? / Quoi.. ?

JULIETTE

*I want a better life than this. For
Madhu of course. But also for me. /
J'ai envie d'une vie meilleure.
Pour Madhu évidemment. Mais aussi
pour moi.*

(beat)

*I am divorcing you. / J'ai demandé
le divorce.*

Charles - the pain here, but finding a calm to counter it,
his face settles into a dispassionate glare...

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

*...I thank God for these bars to
keep us apart. Goodbye, Charles. We
are never going to see you again. /
Dieu merci, y a des barreaux entre
nous. Adieu Charles. On se reverra
jamais.*

She turns, walks away... And is gone. Leaving Charles alone
as she retreats. The pain, the rejection. But the implacable
will. So --

CHARLES

(calling out)

Juliette!

He can still see her. She stops. Turns.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Never say never. / Faut jamais dire
jamais.*

FADE OUT.

62 (46) INT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. MAIN ROOM. BANGKOK - NIGHT 65 62 (46)

Darkness - but for the thrown glow of a LAMP: once more we
are TRACKING ACROSS the overrun TABLE...

OBJECTS, DOCUMENTS - fastidiously arranged, some labelled.
PASSPORTS, VISAS, PLANE TICKETS. Until we find HERMAN -
hunched over it all...

Over which - HEAR samples of MARIE-ANDRÉE'S DIARY --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (ADR)

(French)

Marie-Andrée calls her parents in Levis every weekend and Monique shames her for it. Marie remembers confession, her priest. And Monique laughs at her.. But always there is Char, and the desperate love both those women feel for him... / Marie-Andrée appelle ses parents à Levis tous les week-ends. Monique en a honte pour elle. Marie se souvient de la confession, de son prêtre. Monique, lui rit au nez. Mais, il y a toujours Char, Char et l'amour désespéré que toute les deux lui portent...

ANGELA (O.S.)

Herman... **(ADR)** **We've been at this for days now, please - come to bed.**

ANGELA - at the door in her night-dress.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Please. You can't keep looking at it.

HERMAN (ADR)

But it's in here somewhere.
Gautier's mother. Paris. Leclerc's parents in Quebec... She calls her parents every week she says...

ANGELA

Stop it. Stop this

He looks at her with distant incredulity.

HERMAN

How the hell do you expect me to just stop it!?

Angela - her face. The real fear there. He sees it --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Angela: please..

But she won't hear it. Turns away from him.

CUT TO:

Herman is sitting at the phone and dials a number.

HERMAN (ADR)
Bastien, it's Knippenberg.

OVER: remember the sound of Bastien's voice --

BASTIEN (ADR)
Knippenberg! What the hell time is it? Haven't you been fired yet?

HERMAN (ADR)
Bastien, please: the Canadian woman. I have her full name. And the town in Quebec where her family still live.
(silence)
Bastien?

CUT TO:

64 (47IA) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAY 65 64 (47IA)

Early morning: a CAR pulls up outside... It's BASTIEN.

He holds a DOCUMENT of some kind: now advancing on the front door.

CUT TO:

65 (47IB) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOUSE. GARDEN. BANGKOK - DAY 65 65 (47IB)

HERMAN and ANGELA - still in dressing gowns with coffee, fruit, newspaper... And avoiding each other's gaze: the events of the previous night hung like poison between them...

KANNIKA (O.S.)
Excuse me, Master...

Herman turns: KANNIKA is leading BASTIEN over to him.

HERMAN (ADR)
Bastien - I didn't think..

BASTIEN
That's gratitude, for you.

HERMAN (ADR)
No... I - of course. It's just..

Bastien - a document in his hand. A TELEX PRINT-OUT.

BASTIEN (ADR)
Had the Mounties make a call on your behalf.

ECU - scanning the text:

CANADIAN POLICE ENQUIRY... FORWARDING ADDRESS LEFT BY MARIE-ANDRÉE AKA MONIQUE LECLERC WITH PARENTS... "MOTHER OF HER LOVER"... C/O PHUNG CHABANOL... 6 AVENUE DE **MUGLIONI (VFX)**,
PARIS, FRANCE 75014 ... *

Herman - electrified --

HERMAN (ADR)
A forwarding address. Angela - we
know where they are going!

HERMAN (CONT'D)
(then)
Bastien... Thank you.

Then Herman BOLTS into the house: a wolf at last catching scent - and fierce once more with its righteous hunt.

CUT TO:

66 (47B) EXT. GERMAN/FRENCH BORDER - DAY 65

66 (47B)

A CITROEN approaches the border. A GUARD steps towards it.

THE SPLIT-FLAP forwards: 30th April 1976. SWISS-FRENCH BORDER.

The guard inspects the PASSPORTS of the Citroen's occupants - CHARLES and MARIE-ANDRÉE - bearing their photos, with (of course) *names we've never heard before...*

CUT TO:

ECU: THUNK THUNK: A PASSPORT STAMP slams down in approval onto TWO PASSPORT PAGES.

P/U: **SEE ONE OF THEM: the detail there. It's the PASSPORT Ajay brought to Charles from Bangkok. Juliette and Madhu's names written there, clear to read.**

CUT TO:

Those passports handed aback to Charles and Marie-Andrée - before the Citroen is WAVED THROUGH.

CHARLES
(French)
Welcome to France, my heart. /
Bienvenue en France, mon coeur.

END OF EPISODE.