

THE SERPENT

Episode Seven

Written by

Toby Finlay & Richard Warlow

RE-MOUNT SHOOTING SCRIPT

13.08.20

With:

Pink Amendments - 17.08.20

**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.

1 (5G) EXT. PARIS - DAY (STOCK) 1 (5G)

MUSIC - lush, swooning, orchestral - playing over the glories of the French Capital: martial, cultural, religious. Cathedrals, Monuments, Palaces...

And the SPLIT-FLAP: MAY 1ST 1976. PARIS. FRANCE.

CUT TO:

2 (6/47J) EXT. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 66 2 (6/47J)

The frontage of this fine CITY HOTEL. Cars pull up. Deposit guests. Other SMART, FASHIONABLE PARISIANS COME AND GO. As --

That CITROEN now swings in. Met by a VALET as MARIE-ANDRÉE climbs out. Her eyes wide for THE SLEEK STYLISH WONDER OF IT ALL. The Paris of her dreams.

HERMAN (O.S.) (ADR)

They are fugitives and I believe they are already on French soil.

CUT TO:

3 (6/47JA) OMITTED 3 (6/47JA)

4 INT. DUTCH EMBASSY - DAY 67 4

Herman - working the phones in his office --

HERMAN (ADR)

Yes. The Dutch Embassy. Bangkok, Thailand.

(then)

Herman Knippenberg.

(waits)

I'd like to be connected to the Paris Gendarmerie? Yes: if you'd let me have the number...

CUT TO:

5 INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 67 5

Marie - stood in a window looking out over the city. Fresh from the shower, a robe around her, she is breathing in the city. The street callers, the church bells.

Finds Charles behind her. She turns to him --

CHARLES

Paris, Marie-Andrée.

**Marie - her face, transported. They kiss.**

**CUT TO:**

6 (6A) INT. FRENCH EMBASSY. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 67

6 (6A)

CLOSE: the KNIPPENBERG REPORT... placed before French attaché CLAUDE BELLANGER.

**P/U: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VARIOUS VICTIMS.**

From which, Nadine Gires picks out one in particular: that photograph of DEAD STEPHANE PARRY in the Bangkok Post under the headline: *European Girl Murdered... All French --*

NADINE

(some ADR)

*Monsieur Bellanger - Look -  
"European Girl"... We now know her  
name was: Stephane Parry. She was a  
French citizen. One of us! This is  
her passport.. / On sait maintenant  
comment elle s'appelait : Stéphane  
Parry. Elle était Française. Une  
compatriote! Voilà son passeport.*

**P/U: Stephane's Passport laid down on the desk for Bellanger.**

REMY (ADR)

*It was recovered from the apartment  
where the killers lived in Bangkok.  
/ On l'a retrouvé dans  
l'appartement des meurtriers, à  
Bangkok.*

NADINE (ADR)

*But they are not in Bangkok any  
more. They are in France. / Mais,  
ils sont plus à Bangkok maintenant.  
Ils sont en France.*

REMY (ADR)

*To visit Gautier's mother. / Pour  
rendre visite à la mère de Gautier.*

NADINE (ADR)

*And we know where she lives. Here..  
/ Et on sait où elle habite. Tenez...*

**P/U: a copy of the telex bearing Phung Chabanol's address.**

REMY (ADR)

*All you need to do is have the  
Paris Cops pick him up when he  
arrives. / Tout ce que vous avez à  
faire c'est d'envoyer les flics le  
cueillir à son arrivée.*

Bellanger - considering this flurry of information.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. PUBLIC GARDENS. ORANGERIE. FLOWER STALL - DAY 67 7

Lush, Paris park. The world full of THE YOUNG AND THE BEAUTIFUL, STYLISH AS ONLY THE FRENCH CAN BE.

Through which Charles and Marie make their way towards an ORANGERIE. There's a CAFÉ here, inside and out. A NEWS KIOSK and a lovely FLOWER STALL.

Marie is ENRAPPED BY IT ALL.

Charles watches as she buys a vast BLOOM OF FLOWERS.

HERMAN (O.S.) (ADR)  
That's right: Phung Chabanol. 6  
Avenue de Muglioni.

BACK TO:

8 INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. BANGKOK - DAY 67 8

Herman - THE BASTIEN TELEX on the desk in front of him. barking into his telephone --

HERMAN (ADR)  
She's the mother of a man wanted  
for murder in Thailand.  
(beat)  
Yes. Thank you so much.

CUT TO:

9 (5I) INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 67 9 (5I)

Family Photographs collected on a mahogany table. A few jump out at us as we study them. This one --

CHARLES STOOD NEXT TO WHAT COULD ALMOST BE ANOTHER VERSION OF HIMSELF. Younger. His kid brother: GUY CHABANOL.

There are A LOT OF PICTURES OF GUY here. Alone and with all his siblings. But, other than this, there are VERY FEW OF CHARLES.

That one with Guy. And another with PHUNG AND JULIETTE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

And here is PHUNG herself. Immaculate in a Chanel 2-piece, making some last adjustments to her equally immaculate apartment. Stops to consider herself in a mirror.

Behind her: there is a LARGE CRUCIFIX on the wall. She crosses herself as her DOOR BELL rings.

Through the apartment she goes. Reaches the front door and opens it.

Not to the Gendarmes. But to Charles and Marie-Andrée. And those FLOWERS.

PHUNG  
(of Marie)  
Well: aren't you beautiful?

BACK TO:

10 (6A) INT. FRENCH EMBASSY. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 67

10 (6A)

Where Nadine and Remi's forthright confidence is replaced now by dawning dismay at Bellanger's attitude...

BELLANGER (O.S.) (ADR)  
Monsieur Gires, Madame Gires.  
*While I commend sincerely the industry of your - invention... /*  
Monsieur Gires, Madame Gires.  
*J'admire votre imagination débordante.*  
(then)  
*I'm afraid I fail to see what assistance we can provide.*  
(ADR)  
Your accusation is that this man Gautier murdered Mademoiselle Parry rests on what? Her passport at his home? / *Vous accusez cet homme, Gautier d'avoir assassiné mademoiselle Parry. Sur quoi reposent vos accusations exactement ? Sur le fait qu'on ait retrouvé son passeport chez lui ?*  
(then)  
*Do you know how many young tourists come to this building to report a passport mislaid somewhere amid their wide-eyed and carefree wanderings? / Avez-vous la moindre idée du nombre de jeunes touristes écervelés qui viennent ici déclarer la perte de leur passeport ?*  
(ADR)  
This is not evidence with which I can urge the French police to launch a manhunt. / *Ce n'est pas avec ce genre de preuves que je peux demander à la police française de lancer une chasse à l'homme.*

Nadine and Remy stare at Bellanger - incredulous.

BELLANGER (CONT'D)  
*Nothing you have told me is real.*

(ADR)  
**And my job here, I can only concern myself with what is real. / Mon travail, ici c'est de m'occuper d'affaires tangibles.**

Bellanger regards him with a distant sympathy. Motions to the FILING CABINETS stacked against every wall:

BELLANGER (CONT'D)  
*Do you see these cabinets? They're filled with the details of French refugees from Vietnam. The next room along this hallway contains twice as many. Each of them - we are helping flee a real war, against real Communism, across a real border...*

(ADR)  
**What you bring to me is an hysterical fantasy. / Ce que vous venez m'annoncer, c'est de la pure fantaisie**

CUT TO:

11 INT. DUTCH EMBASSY - DAY 67

11

Where the tide has also turned against Herman --

FRENCH POLICE (ADR)(O.S.)  
**I don't know how you got this number. But what you ask Totally out of the question without authorisation through the proper channels. / Je sais pas comment vous avez obtenu ce numéro. Mais ce que vous demandez est totalement hors de question sans les autorisations nécessaires.**

HERMAN (ADR)  
**Then perhaps you would tell me who I ought to.. / Dans ce cas, vous pourriez peut-être me dire à qui je dois...**

But the line has gone dead.

CUT TO:

12 (5I) OMITTED

12 (5I)

13 (5I) INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 67

13 (5I)

That DIAMOND RING on Marie's finger. Inspected currently by Phung. Phung, who nods appreciatively and --

PHUNG

Did Juliette receive such a ring,  
Charles?

Marie - surer of her position than she has been for some time. Her eyes go to Phung's trove of photographs, sees the one of CHARLES AND JULIETTE'S WEDDING, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

He's told me all about Juliette.  
And Madhu.

PHUNG

He has?

Charles - his eyes fixing his mother, keeps it light --

CHARLES

Marie and I have no secrets. Just  
as soon as we are settled here, we  
will have children of our own. Many  
children.

Marie - watch that thought land. The power it grants her. She takes his hand. Eyes that PHOTOGRAPH OF JULIETTE AND MADHU --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

It's awful, everything that  
happened. A little girl taken from  
her father, and then to lose her  
mother so young...

Phung - opaque, a look for Charles. His own a warning. So --

PHUNG

Yes. It's a tragedy.

Marie - a strong instinct to move things on. Her eyes scanning the photographs and alighting on: *Phung's WHITE HUSBAND, handsome in his FRENCH NAVAL UNIFORM.*

[It's a copy of the same P/U photograph Herman and Siemons pondered over in Episode Six.]

For now, however, Marie-Andrée is nonplussed, to Charles:

MARIE-ANDRÉE

That isn't your [father]..?

CHARLES

No. Step-father to myself and my  
sister, Nicole.  
(those photographs)  
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Father to my mother's other  
children.

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
I've never heard you speak of him.

PHUNG  
He did so much for Charles.

Charles - meeting Phung's eyes. Whatever control he might be able to master, this is a weak spot for him. So --

CHARLES  
Well, he adopted Nicole. But  
never felt he wanted to do the same  
for me.

Marie - can't understand that seeming cruelty. So --

PHUNG  
Charles could be - hard to love.

An edge to that last comment. Marie doesn't like it. Feels the visit swell with a passive threat she can't understand --

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
I'm sure that wasn't [true]...

PHUNG  
You weren't there, child, so how  
could you know?

Marie - starting to drown, eyes go to Charles. So --

CHARLES  
Stop now, Mama. This was a bad  
idea.  
(to Marie)  
Go wait for me outside.

Marie - a nod, makes for the door. But before she can get there, Phung GRABS at her, turns her round --

PHUNG  
Whatever you do, whatever he says:  
don't think you can have a normal  
life with him. Children, family...  
I made the same mistake with his  
father...

Marie - wrenching herself away.

CUT TO:

14 (5K) INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 67 (MOMENTS LATER) (5K)

A hostile peace between mother and son, both now smoking --

PHUNG

Poor - dead - Juliette...

Charles - riding her cynicism --

CHARLES

Have you found Madhu, mother?

Phung - smoking. Considering the question, then --

PHUNG

Why do this, Charles? You've got someone new. A sweet girl. Who, as you say, you are about to fill with more children...

CHARLES

Nonetheless.

Phung - weighing this, then --

PHUNG

There is an awful synchronicity to it. Madame Voclair is sick, so it seems. Mortally ill. Juliette and the child were in New York, but...

CHARLES

(immediate understanding)

But Juliette has flown to her mother's side to say farewell... You see how life now works in my favour, mama?

PHUNG

You ought to be careful, Charles. You're almost 33 now. Jesus Christ died when he was 33.

There it is - that crucifix on the wall. But Charles stands. Steps close to Phung, kisses both cheeks --

CHARLES

I'm smarter than Christ, mother... And I'll die an old man.

CUT TO:

15

INT. STAIRWELL. CHABANOL APARTMENT - DAY 67

15

Marie - takes up a seat on these stone steps that lead in to the apartment building. Smokes. Her mind spinning somewhere.

FADE OUT.

16 (3/28) ~~EXT.~~ KANIT HOUSE. POOLSIDE. BANGKOK - DAY 24 16 (3/28A)

Marie - in the middle of a WILD KANIT HOUSE PARTY where she is dancing with this man. Remember him? VITALI HAKIM.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE LATER. And here Marie and Vitali are again. We ought to NOTE THE BROWN HOLDALL HE KEEPS CLOSE TO HIS PERSON, but the two of them are deep in conversation (**some ADR**) --

VITALI

It is the squarest thing you ever heard - but it's true! There comes a time when **you need** to settle down, decide where **your** home is, and who **you want to make** it with...  
(then)  
Here - let me show you...

From his wallet - a folded PHOTOGRAPH. Of a WOMAN, a CHILD on her lap, a small GIRL.

While the child is unknown to us, the woman ought to be familiar. She was staring out from the passport Nadine showed Bellanger. It is STEPHANE PARRY.

VITALI (CONT'D)

She's not mine. Cleo. **But** she's like a life raft for me. Her and her Mumya. My beloved **Steffi**...  
(then)  
You want babies with Alain?

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

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Not yet.

VITALI

Why wait!?

Why indeed? About a thousand reasons, and none at all --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

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

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

VITALI

Well don't wait too long, my sister.

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

VITALI (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

17 (1/5) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. SPARE BEDROOM. BANGKOK - NIGHT 174 (1/5)

Vitali - all that bonhomie vanished. He is in bed and very, very frightened --

VITALI

Alain. What's wrong with me? I can't stop... I'm burning up. You got to get me to a hospital, man...

Marie-Andrée - her frightened, guilty eyes. She's holding on a tray: clean flannel, an enamel mug with hot milk in it.

CHARLES

Sshh. I know how you suffer. Lie back. We must take the fever down.

Charles takes that compress and nurses Vitali --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

See? Monique has made you some warm condensed milk.

Marie - the lie coming too easily to her --

MONIQUE

It will ease the stomach cramps.

And so Vitali allows Charles to help him drink. Then --

VITALI

Will you call Steffi? My lady's gonna worry.

CHARLES

Ssh. Yes. We will call her.

VITALI (ADR)

**I got to get back to Paris, man.  
Back to Steffi and Cleo. We're  
gonna live in Paris and be a  
family!**

Marie - her desperate eyes watching as Vitali now falls back into sleep and, *French* now --

CHARLES

*Bring me his bag, darling.*

Obedient, Monique does so. That TAN HOLD-ALL. Removed from within BUNDLES OF CASH --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*That's a lot of money.*

CHARLES

Yes. It was for heroin. To take back to Europe and sell to other hippies.

BACK TO:

18

INT. STAIRWELL - CHABANOL APARTMENT - DAY 67

18

CHARLES

*What are you doing? / Qu'est-ce que tu fais ?*

Marie - startled from her reverie by Charles behind her.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. PUBLIC GARDENS. PARIS - DAY 67

19

Charles and Marie - walking back through those gardens. But she is altogether less enraptured now. She is introverted, silent. And he misreads the cause of it --

CHARLES

*(French)*

*I'm sorry, Marie. I shouldn't have taken you there. I never learn. Perhaps I'm powerless. A child will always love its mother. / Je suis désolé Marie. J'aurais jamais dû t'emmener ici. Je crois que j'apprendrai jamais. Je suis complètement désarmé face à elle. Qu'est-ce que tu veux, un enfant aimera toujours sa mère.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Did you mean what you said to her? When you said we would have a family? / T'étais sérieux? Avec ta mère. Quand tu lui as dit qu'on allait fonder une famille*

Charles - caught for a moment --

CHARLES

*Of course. / Mais, bien sûr.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*And that's what you'd like? / Et,  
c'est ce que tu veux?*

CHARLES

*I said so, didn't I? / C'est bien  
ce que j'ai dit, non ?*

And silence. On they go. Marie - so many thoughts and memories consuming her, so, moving into English now --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Do you remember the Turk? The Turk  
with the beads and the hair?*

Charles - trying to process this, likewise English --

CHARLES

*The Heroin Trafficker? Why do you  
ask?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*There was a child.*

CHARLES

*What? His child? What does this  
have to do with...*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Not his.*

CHARLES

*Then what, Marie? / Alors quoi,  
Marie?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*The child of his lover. But who he  
loved as a father.*

\*

Charles - still nonplussed. So she moves back into French --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

*Didn't you hear what your mother  
said to me!? / T'as pas entendu ce  
que ta mère m'a dit?*

CHARLES

*(likewise French)*

*My mother. I'll tell you what that  
woman knows about a 'normal family  
life', how unhappy I was as a  
child... there was a civil war in  
my country, bombs going off in the  
streets every day. But still - I  
ran away. And when they found me  
and brought me home, I planned how  
to do it again... / Ma mère.*

*(MORE)*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Tu veux que je te raconte sa conception d'une "famille normale" et à quel point j'étais malheureux quand j'étais gamin....Il y avait une guerre civile dans mon pays, des bombes qui explosaient à tous les coins de rue. Ça m'a pas empêché de me barrer. Quand on m'a retrouvé, on m'a ramené chez elle, et je pensais qu'à (une chose, c'était) recommencer.*

Marie - it's a terrible story and it has its effect --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*So you mustn't let her words wound you, Marie. Only remember where we are and what we are here to do... / Ne la laisse pas te blesser avec ses mots. Rappelle-toi seulement où on est et pourquoi on est ici.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*The deal.. / La transaction...*

CHARLES

*No. Not just the deal. Everything that then flows from the deal. The life we will build here... / Non, pas juste la transaction. Mais tout ce qui vient avec.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*(English)*

*A family?*

CHARLES

*(likewise)*

*Our love will be the riposte to her hate.*

FADE OUT.

20 (6B) INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 67

20 (6B)

NADINE sits - cried-out eyes - beside REMY, arm around her:

NADINE

*We gave them his mother's address!  
What else can we do? What?!*

HERMAN, ANGELA, SIEMONS here --

HERMAN

*I... I'll think of something...*

His words fall into silence: maybe even he struggles to believe it... But Nadine just stares at him:

NADINE

No. No, Herman. Because I am *sick* of you *thinking of something*. I am *sick* of your plans and your promises and your - your *bullshit*. They mean *nothing*. This never ends! *It will never end!!*

HERMAN

(gut-punched)  
Nadine - I'm --

REMY

We're done. You understand, Knippenberg?  
(beat)  
You should've let Paul shoot him.

Herman - groping for a response, finding none... Looks to Angela - who looks to the floor, unable to disagree with either Remy or Nadine.

SIEMONS

He's right.

HERMAN

Paul - shooting him wouldn't have --

SIEMONS

Not that. We're done. All of us.  
Let it go.

Herman holds his bleak stare. Siemons screws out his smoke.

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

Because in case you hadn't noticed, Clouseau: Gautier *himself* is long gone.

He's gone. Herman unmoored:

HERMAN

...I... I don't know - *I don't know what to do*.

Angela - battling her own bitter disappointment:

ANGELA

Then I'll tell you. You're going to do as Paul says. And tomorrow, you're going to rise early, go back to work...

(then)

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
And some day soon, perhaps, I'll  
have back my husband.

CUT TO:

21 (7A) I/E. DIPLOMAT BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 68

21 (7A)

HERMAN - struggling through the tedium of a working lunch with VAN DONGEN and two businessmen: the Dutch DE GROOT and his Thai partner BOONTAN, the pair with a dossier of PROPOSALS and FACTORY PLANS spread over their MENUS...

VAN DONGEN  
As I'm sure you're aware, gentlemen  
-the Thais are most welcoming of  
foreign investment - not least in  
these somewhat... brittle times. I  
shall task Mr Knippenberg here with  
overseeing the matter *personally*.

Herman forces a keen smile, whilst longing to shoot himself in the face. Van Dongen shuffles to his feet:

VAN DONGEN (CONT'D)  
Do excuse me a moment. Nature  
calls...

Van Dongen heads into the restaurant --

De Groot and Boontan, sat opposite Herman and facing the pool, have their backs to the BAR AREA inside...

But Herman has full view of it - and of the MAN drinking at the bar who now turns to accost Van Dongen --

INSIDE:

STANTON  
Mr Van Dongen. A word in your ear,  
if I may...

That man is familiar to us from Episode 4: GRAEME STANTON, editor of *The Bangkok Post*.

Van Dongen pinches immediately --

VAN DONGEN  
Mr Stanton, Bangkok Post. I'm  
afraid I'm a little --

STANTON  
Busy? Yes, you seemed a little *busy*  
when I asked you at your garden  
party about some dead Dutch.  
*Murdereod ones*. You recall?

VAN DONGEN

I'm not sure I --

STANTON

Let me jog your memory --

Thrusting before him a copy of the *THAI ISSARA*, a low-rent TABLOID. It's in Thai, so -

VAN DONGEN

I don't read Thai.

OUTSIDE: Herman's watching, intrigued, but cannot hear what passes between them - and De Groot wants attention:

DE GROOT

Mr Knippenberg?

(Herman blinks at him)

The sites. I asked which of the sites you think would be most --

HERMAN

Yes, of course - my apologies...

Forcing himself to study the plans, one eye on...

INSIDE: Van Dongen bleakly speechless, so --

STANTON

Help, don't help. Up to you.

Stanton - a momentary glance over Van Dongen's shoulder towards Herman outside at the table: for a split-second their eyes meet...

STANTON (CONT'D)

There's a killer out there, Mr. Van Dongen. But you enjoy your lunch.

(the *Issara*)

You can keep that.

Stanton flips some cash onto the bar for his liquor - then walks away. Van Dongen - quivering with resentment: tosses the newspaper onto the bar, stalks off to the rest-room.

TIME CUT:

Lunch is concluded: Van Dongen, De Groot, Boontan and lastly Herman file out of the restaurant...

And as Herman passes the bar: unseen by the others, he swipes up and pockets that NEWSPAPER Stanton showed Van Dongen.

CUT TO:

22 (21E) INT. DUTCH EMBASSY. OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 68

22 (21E)

HERMAN - in privacy here with LAWANA - and incredulous as she translates from that *Thai Issara* Herman swiped:

LAWANA

"A gang of narcotic traders were under arrest in Singapore charged with murdering - a young Dutch couple. Who were believed to be burned and also killed... The couple were identified as - *Walter Dahm* and *Lola Deberg*..."

HERMAN

Who?! Those names are - This is totally wrong!

LAWANA

(continuing)

"Further reports said that previous to their death the couple came from Hong Kong to stay for one night at the..."

HERMAN

What? Go on!

LAWANA

"... at the apartment of - a Dutchman called *Ngoti*..."

Herman swears loudly and profanely in Dutch. Then --

LAWANA (CONT'D)

Sir, the *Thai Issara* is... I'm not sure in English, but --

HERMAN

A rag?!

She considers, then --

LAWANA

Yes. That.

Herman - entirely seething... But he stares at the article, the newsprint, the mode of mass-publication...

HERMAN

...people read it though. People will read it and know something has - I mean, this - not this *garbage* version, but...

Left on the table in here, a copy of *The Bangkok Post*. Herman - something profound occurring to him:

He swallows. Meets her look. Both knowing the gravity of where Herman's compass has swivelled its needle.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
Lawana. Would you please get me  
Graeme Stanton on the telephone.  
(for privacy)  
I'll take it in here.

LAWANA  
Mr Stanton, sir...?

Sliding that copy of the newspaper towards her:

HERMAN  
The editor of *The Bangkok Post*.

FADE OUT.

23 (21DA) E. THE CITROEN. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 68 23 (21DA)

CHARLES - at the wheel, parked here - and staring intently out towards a BUILDING...

Charles watches, and he waits... The front door opens - SOMEBODY EMERGING: Charles leans forward...

It's nobody we know. They walk away on their business. So Charles sits back again. Waiting. OVER WHICH, HEAR [in French] --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.)  
*Paris, Mother. I'm in Paris. /  
Paris, maman. Je suis à Paris.*

CUT TO:

24 INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 68

24

Those windows giving out to the city beyond, Marie - draped in a robe, but her ROSARY around her wrist - watches as --

The Bellboy hangs an EXQUISITE DRESS on a wardrobe door. Places a pair of high heels beneath it. Smiles obsequiously for Marie and withdraws.

Marie who now returns her attention to the 'phone call she's making, and the unexpected anxiety in her mother's voice --

MME. LECLERC (O.S.)  
*Marie-Andrée? Is everything  
alright? The police came. Asking if  
we knew where you were... / Marie-  
Andrée ? Est-ce que tout va bien ?  
La police est venue chez nous.*  
(MORE)

MME. LECLERC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Ils nous ont demandé si on savait  
ou que t'étais ?*

Marie-Andrée - her face, the shock of this. But no real surprise. She considers the view beyond, but --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*What did you tell them? / Tu leur a  
dit quoi, maman ?*

MME. LECLERC (O.S.)

*I don't know anything. Only the  
address you gave me. / Je sais pas  
quoi leur dire. J'ai rien, à part  
l'adresse que tu m'as donnée.  
(again)*

*Please Marie. Why are the police  
trying to find you? Marie, je t'en  
prie. Pourquoi la police te  
recherche ?*

Marie - finding her brittle denial --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*I have no idea. But it's alright.  
Because we're going to stay here.  
And live in Paris. / J'en ai aucune  
idée. Mais, ça va aller. Parce  
qu'on va rester ici. On va  
s'installer à Paris.*

Silence. A long beat. Until - over the thousands of miles you can hear the bitterness --

MME. LECLERC (O.S.)

*You always thought you were better  
than us, didn't you? / T'as  
toujours cru que t'étais meilleure  
que nous, non ?*

Marie - blinking at that. Her childhood torment back to haunt her in one line. So she considers herself in the mirror. Lays a hand on her flat belly. And moves into *English* --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Maman - how would you feel if I  
said - you might be a grandmother..*

CUT TO:

24A-24C OMITTED

24A-24C

25 (21DA) E. THE CITROEN. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 68 25 (21DA)

That Apartment Building - its grand doors opening once more. And Charles - this time what he sees takes his breath away.

There she is. JULIETTE VOCLAIN - very much alive, and altogether more grown-up and elegant than last we saw her. Running ahead of her: a little girl - MADHU, now 6.

Charles - foundations shaken. But he finds his purpose and climbs out of the car. About to cross the road to make himself know to them, when he stops...

Because behind them another man has appeared. Calls for Juliette and Madhu to wait... It is M. VOCLAIN, Juliette's father.

BACK TO:

25A OMITTED 25A

26 INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 68 (CONTINUOUS) 26

MME. LECLERC (O.S.)

*Marie - are you telling me you're pregnant with this man? / Marie, t'es-tu en train de me dire que t'es enceinte de cet homme?*

Marie - her reflection in a mirror. The ROSARY about her wrist. Considers her flat belly.

BACK TO:

27 (21DA) A/E. THE CITROEN. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 68 27 (21DA)

Charles - back behind the wheel, watching as Juliette and her family move away from him and are gone.

CUT TO:

28 (33A) INT. DIPLOMAT BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 68 28 (33A)

THE KNIPPENBERG FILE - spread over a table --

STANTON (O.S.)

*And you've just been sitting on this?*

-- before a bleakly awed GRAEME STANTON, across from HERMAN.

HERMAN

*I wouldn't say - sitting, exactly. But nobody has wanted to listen.*

Stanton regards him.

STANTON

Some weeks past, I attended a  
shindig in your embassy gardens.  
I'd got wind of a chap crying blue  
murder up and down the missions.  
Lost his mind, was the whisper. A  
lone Dutchman, tilting at  
windmills...

HERMAN

I was there.

STANTON

(bone dry)  
Strange how he neglected to  
introduce us.

Bleak smile as he looks to the article from the *Thai Issara*:

Stanton - eyes up, freshly impressed by the odd Dutchman  
before him, as he takes out a SILVER CIGARETTE CASE.

STANTON (CONT'D)

You know - I've half a mind to  
offer you a job.

Offers a smoke to Herman --

HERMAN

...I may well need one.

Stanton breathes a plume, fully aware of Herman's  
transgressive courage here.

STANTON

Quite a risk, Mr Knippenberg.  
Fellow in your position, coming  
hugger-mugger to a fellow in mine.

HERMAN

Gautier. So long as he is out there  
in the world, people are in danger.  
People will *die*. What is my risk,  
next to that?

STANTON

*What is your risk?*

(ponders that)

Newspaper stories are curious  
things. You can never tell which  
ones are going to - *grip*. But when  
they do, they are like a virus.

(beat)

Whatever brought you to this  
point... You are about to kick a  
sealed door wide open. The kind of  
door which tends to swing back at  
you - and hard.

Herman holds his look - resolute and fearless:

HERMAN

...I'm done with knocking politely.

Stanton's attention is drawn to a XEROXED NEWS CUTTING in the file: *European Girl Found Murdered*.

STANTON

This was one of ours...

The young woman - we know who she is: Stephane.

STANTON (CONT'D)

...we couldn't even give her a name.

HERMAN

Her name was Stephane Parry.

There she is: poor, dead Stephane.

FADE OUT.

29 (6AA) EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY 22 (ARCHIVE)

29 (6AA)

Sunrising over a WINTERY PARIS. SPLIT-FLAP backwards:  
NOVEMBER 19TH, 1975. PARIS, FRANCE. SIX MONTHS EARLIER.

STEPHANE (O.S.)

(French)

*She's a little shy. I'm sorry. /  
Désolée, elle est un peu timide.*

CUT TO:

29A INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOME. PARIS - DAY 22

29A

A small child. A girl. Maybe you recognise her from the photograph Vitali showed Marie back at Kanit House.

But right now - here she is, dressed in a new and uncomfortable winter coat. Although her feet are naked within sandals, and very suntanned.

She is stood at the far end of this room - her attention preoccupied by A PAIR OF LOVE BIRDS.

GRANDMOTHER

(likewise French)

*Don't apologise, Stephane - I'm  
just so very glad to meet her. /  
Non, ne t'excuse pas Stéphane, ça  
me fait tellement plaisir de la  
rencontrer.*

And here she is, alive once more: STEPHANE PARRY. She too wears sandals, a tatty old Afghan coat over a t-shirt and filthy jeans.

And opposite her - her mother, Cleo's GRANDMOTHER. Immaculate bourgeois attire in her immaculate bourgeois apartment.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

*And besides - we have a few days  
now to get to know each other,  
don't we Cleo? / Et puis,  
maintenant on a quelques jours  
devant nous pour apprendre à se  
connaître, pas vrai Cléo?*

Cleo - turning her curious, shy eyes on her Grandmother. So, explaining --

STEPHANE

She doesn't speak French. We always speak English. In Ibiza. With Vitali.

CLEO

Vitali's gone to Thailand. Mummy's going to find him because he can't manage without her. That's what he says.

Stephane - a smile, a shrug for her mother, who --

GRANDMOTHER

It's very hard managing without your mother, Cleo.

Stephane - saddest of smiles for that. And whatever the history of the barrier that has existed between them up until now, it breaks here.

Cleo can only watch as her mother and grandmother fall into each other's arms.

STEPHANE

*Sorry. I'm so sorry, Mamma. /  
Pardon maman, je te demande pardon.*

GRANDMOTHER

*Sssh. You're here now aren't you? /  
Chut, tu es là maintenant, c'est  
tout ce qui compte.*

STEPHANE

*(English now for Cleo)*

And we're going to stay here, in Paris. Once Vitali and I are back from Bangkok. You'll love him, Mamma. Everyone does.

Grandmother - most indulgent of smiles --

GRANDMOTHER

What are you doing there, Stephane?

(French again..)

No one goes to Thailand for four days. / Personne ne va en Thaïlande pour quatre jours.

Stephane - trace of guilt. Going to her mother again. Holding her, quiet whisper in her ear, French too --

STEPHANE

Please don't ask. / Ne pose pas de questions maman, je t'en supplie.

CUT TO:

30 - 31 OMITTED

30 - 31

32 EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BANGKOK (ARCHIVE)

32

An AIR FRANCE JET touches down in the shimmering heat as the SPLIT-FLAP rocks forward:

DECEMBER 10th 1975. BANGKOK. THAILAND.

CUT TO:

33 (6AC) OMITTED

33 (6AC)

34 (6ACA) OMITTED

34 (6ACA)

35 (6ACB) OMITTED

35 (6ACB)

36 (6AD) EXT. KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 28

36 (6AD)

STEPHANE - moving toward the glinting pool and the laughter and voice of the young.

In her hand, she has a card. It's the GAUTIER BUSINESS CARD. Written on it in hand: 'Baby, This cat. Come find me.'

CUT TO:

37 (39A) EXT. 504 KANIT HOUSE - DAY 28

37 (39A)

STEPHANE - climbing the stairs reaches the door of 504... And  
- after a moment of apprehension - KNOCKS UPON IT.

FADE OUT.

38 (21DB) INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 68

38 (21DB)

Marie-Andrée - she is dressed now. In that exquisite dress,  
those heels. She looks quite extraordinary. Considers herself  
again in the mirror.

CHARLES

*You are beautiful, Marie-Andrée. /  
T'es magnifique, Marie-Andrée.*

She steps towards him. Close. Kisses him deeply. Then,  
*English --*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*I want you to tell me what you did -  
to the French woman. To the French  
woman and the Turk who loved her...*

Charles - face clouding. Tries to push her away --

CHARLES

*This again. I asked you in Karachi:  
can you forget and you told me you  
could. Were you lying?*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*No! But you hadn't asked me to...  
If I am to be a mother to our child  
I must know.*

CHARLES

*(cold now)*

*Well, you were there, Marie. Why do  
you need me to tell you?*

CUT TO:

39 (39B) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. BANGKOK - DAY 28

39 (39B)

So see it. Grabbed, fractured, awful moments --

STEPHANE and MARIE-ANDRÉE LECLERC sat face to face in silence  
in the apartment. And, O/S, *French --*

MARIE-ANDRÉE (O.S.) (ADR)

*My husband won't be long. Would you  
like some iced tea? / Mon mari  
devrait pas tarder. Vous voulez un  
peu de thé glacé ?*

Stephane - her nodded thanks.

Marie - at the kitchen counter, making tea.

But then there the sound of MEN'S VOICES ON THE STAIRS. And the door opening to: CHARLES and AJAY. Their eyes - straight to their new guest --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

Alain - this is Stephane. She's looking for her friend...

STEPHANE

Vitali. A Turkish man. He left me your card.

Marie - that Iced Tea. Powder tumbling into it.

CHARLES

Monique - the tea for Stephane, please?

And here she comes, Marie with a glass of SPIKED ICED TEA... From which Stephane DRINKS.

STEPHANE

Did he tell you anything? Say where he was going?

CHARLES

When he left the party, I think - he mentioned going to Pattaya.

AJAY

The beach. Like your place in Ibiza.

CHARLES

We can take you there if you like.

He - his hands held out to her. She - her head already fugging. So she stands. But he takes his hand away.

And her LEGS BUCKLE. Confused, disoriented - she tries to SCRAMBLE UP from her knees. But she cannot. A rising flood of PANIC. Then her head hits the floor with an AWFUL THUMP.

BACK TO:

40 (21DB) INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 68

40 (21DB)

Marie - the memory of it so fresh now. The question she needs an answer to --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

But where did you take her?

CHARLES

Like I said. The same place I took  
him. The beach. I left him there.  
And then I left her there.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

And that was all? You didn't [hurt  
them]...

CHARLES

(OVER HER; French)

*This has to stop now... / Écoute,  
faut que t'arrêtes maintenant.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

(also French)

*Swear it! Swear you didn't make an  
orphan of that woman's child? /  
Jure-le !! Jure-moi que t'as pas  
fait de cet enfant un orphelin ?*

CHARLES

*Alright. If that's what you need: I  
swear it. / D'accord, si t'as  
besoin de l'entendre. Je te le  
jure.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Swear it on your child. Swear it on  
Madhu. / Jure-le sur la tête de ton  
enfant! Jure-le sur la tête de  
Madhu!*

Charles - he doesn't even miss a beat --

CHARLES

*I swear it on the head of my  
daughter, Madhu. / Je le jure sur  
la tête de ma fille, Madhu*

A beat. She breathes. Calms. So, *English* once more --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

*Why, Marie? Why does it matter so  
much to you?*

Marie - going back to him. Taking his hand; also *English* --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*Because I want to do what you asked  
me to do, and forget.*

And she's removing that beautiful dress. Taking his hand, and  
leading him to the bed, on to which they fall now, entwined.

CUT TO:

41 (3/29) INT. 504 KANIT HOUSE. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 28 41 (3/29)

Stephane - drugged, held between Charles and Ajay, lurching towards the alarmed face of the young man DOMINIQUE. Whose eye watch her go and then return to where Marie-Andrée stands in the doorway, and --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

*They are both junkies, you know?  
Junkies and heroin smugglers. They  
are not worth your concern.*

DOMINIQUE

*Monique - why does everyone who  
comes here get sick?*

Marie-Andrée - her eyes are vicious for him. She turns back in. Shuts the door.

FADE OUT.

42 (40) INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BEDROOM. BANGKOK - DAWN 69 42 (40)

CLOSE: on HERMAN - asleep... stirs now at a RUSTLE OF PAPER...

WAKING - to find ANGELA - standing before him with a NEWSPAPER. Her face - concern and uncertainty... As she places the newspaper in front of him, today's BANGKOK POST --

Headlined *THE WEB OF DEATH: More Bodies Linked To Murder Riddle*. FOUR MORE PHOTOS IN A ROW OF CAPTIONED FACES: *VICTIM - Wim Bloem. VICTIM - Lena Dekker. VICTIM: Teresa Knowlton*. And finally... *VICTIM: Stephane Parry*...

Herman - meeting Angela's look. Neither can quite believe what they've read...

But as Herman offers a smile flushed with triumph - Angela just stares at him with a weight of deeper anxiety.

ANGELA (ADR)

**Now you've done it, Knippenberg.**

CUT TO:

43 (41) INT. INTERPOL OFFICE. SOMPOL'S OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 43 (41)

THE ASSISTANTS - making their way into their offices...

Passing the GLASS WALL of the office of their SUPERIOR - and curious to see him pacing the office inside as he waits for a TELEPHONE CALL to connect --

Chiselled in a sharp suit: he is COLONEL SOMPOL SUTHIMAI (40s) - and now we're --

WITH SOMPOL: his line connecting. Speaks in *Thai* first:

SOMPOL  
*Bangkok Post? The office of the  
editor.*

See the desk beneath him: various DOCUMENTS there. A THAI CRIME REPORT. Where a name might be visible in WESTERN SCRIPT. *Parry, Stephane.*

There is an AUTOPSY REPORT too. Various barely glimpsed photos. And this one - *Stephane*, in her distinctive cotton dress, laid out on a mortuary slab.

SOMPOL (CONT'D)  
*(Thai again)*  
*Mr. Graeme Stanton, please.*

In his hands - he takes up something else: a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH: *Stephane*, alive; and in her lap an infant girl. They're both smiling, delighted, for the camera.

Sompol - turning the photograph over. Where, on the reverse, someone has written: *Stephane et Cleo. Ibiza. Juin '74.*

SOMPOL (CONT'D)  
*(Thai)*  
*I'm calling from Interpol.*

Sompol - clocking the curious eyes of the assistants on the other side of the glass wall: and - in answer to them --

He puts down that photograph and collects a COPY of the *Bangkok Post*. Which he now SLAPS against the glass for them to read the front page, screaming it out: *WEB OF DEATH.*

CUT TO:

44 (43) I/E. SOMPOL'S CITROEN. BANGKOK - DAY 69 44 (43)

POV THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN: of HERMAN - some twenty yards away - walking down the drive-way for the EMBASSY...

The POV of SOMPOL: in gleaming sunglasses, at the wheel of his lovingly restored 60s CITROEN. On the seat beside, the *Bangkok Post*. Sompol draws on his smoke, sticks the car in gear.

CUT TO:

45 (44) EXT. DUTCH EMBASSY - BANGKOK - DAY 69 45 (44)

HERMAN - about to reach the entrance --

SOMPOL (O.S.)  
Mr Knippenberg...

Herman spins - startled by the Citroen just appeared beside him and the Thai stranger at the wheel. SOMPOL smiles:

SOMPOL (CONT'D)  
A moment of your time?

Sompol gets out of the car.

SOMPOL (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant Colonel Suthimai. Thai  
Interpol.

*Interpol...?* Herman blinks - then:

HERMAN  
Do you have - identification?

A moment. Sompol faintly amused. Pulls out his BADGE.

SOMPOL  
You seem... suspicious.

HERMAN  
Experience teaches.

SOMPOL  
Pliny.

HERMAN  
...what?

SOMPOL  
*Experience teaches.* Pliny said  
that.

HERMAN  
It was Tacitus.

SOMPOL  
(**ADR - CLARITY**)  
**Pliny said it first. Then Tacitus.**

HERMAN  
Is this what passes for policework  
now, Colonel?

Sompol rides it: draws on his cigarette - then unfurls the newspaper: *WEB OF DEATH...*

SOMPOL  
You've been busy. Admirably so. And  
if you'd oblige me, I'd like to  
inspect your materials.

HERMAN  
*Materials...?*

SOMPOL

As I understand it from Mr. Stanton  
- you've quite an assortment.

Herman - up above him. He can see Van Dongen watching.

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

Please understand. My delicate  
manners make this sound like a  
request...

A mischievous smile - low voice as if sharing a secret:

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

But in truth - it is *not* a request.

CUT TO:

46 (40A) INT. DIPLOMAT BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 69

46 (40A)

PAUL SIEMONS - a coffee and a smoke - gestures to the BAR-KEEP for a refill. Absently grabs a copy of the *Bangkok Post* while he waits...

THE WEB OF DEATH. Siemons almost chokes on his cigarette.  
Reeling - tosses cash on the bar: STALKS OFF.

CUT TO:

47 (40B) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. GARDEN. BANGKOK - DAY 69

47 (40B)

ANGELA sits at the table, smoking pensively - gazing over to where the GARDENER tends very carefully indeed to the POND - restocked now with its WATER-LILIES...

Angela turns - to see SIEMONS stalking towards her --

ANGELA

Paul - Herman's at --

SIEMONS

Work? Yeah, he's busy as hell.

Slapping down the BANGKOK POST on the table. Angela glances at the familiar splash - *WEB OF DEATH*. Turns back to Siemons. Her face, a little shrug. So --

SIEMONS (CONT'D)

You didn't try to *stop* him!?

ANGELA

Have you *met* Herman?

And here - her instinctive defence of her husband --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Besides: it might work! People can hardly brush it under the carpet now.

SIEMONS

And then what?

ANGELA

They catch him!

SIEMONS

And it's all over?

ANGELA

Yes!

SIEMONS

Except it won't be, Angela. Not ever. The stink will follow Herman his entire life. Which means it will follow you too.

(beat)

You **know** how it works: **diplomats don't talk to journalists!**

(the newspaper)

Every posting the pair of you take up now, men will point at him and say - did you hear about the mess he made in Bangkok?

Angela - silenced. Until, quiet --

ANGELA

Don't you want the man caught, Paul?

SIEMONS

Sure I want him caught.

(beat)

But there are a thousand murderous little scumbags in every city in the world... You can't catch them all.

ANGELA

We might catch this one.

SIEMONS

You might. But at what cost, Angela?

CUT TO:

48 (50C) EXT. DIPLOMAT BAR. BANGKOK - DAY 69

48 (50C)

SIEMONS - at the bar, slurping at a bowl of noodles: the quiet sanctuary of his lunch ruptured by --

HERMAN

How *dare* you?! You go behind my back? Try to turn my own fucking wife against me?!

SIEMONS

Trying to save you from yourself. What in Christ's name do you think you're doing?

HERMAN

Whatever is necessary - and it's *working*. I will catch that bastard - and if I fail to scramble up the grubby ladder of my *career* - it is my own risk to take --

SIEMONS

Except it isn't just yours, you selfish dumb... I should have given Angela that gun instead. To use on you.

Beat. Herman - seething... But, quiet now --

HERMAN

A man came to see me. Because of that newspaper report. A Lieutenant Colonel. From Interpol.

SIEMONS

(bleak laugh)

*Interpol*? Oh, I beg your *pardon*. I mean, every other authority we might have reached out to took a fat shit in our hands - but I'm sure *Interpol* has a cavalry of flying fucking unicorns to save the day.

HERMAN

(a beat - then)

He's coming to the house later. To inspect all we have.

SIEMONS

Jesus Christ...

HERMAN

He made it quite clear this was not a matter of choice. You should be there.

SIEMONS

Oh, I *should*...? I *should* be eating my lunch in peace, **Knippenberg** - but *should* doesn't seem to buy a whole lot these days.

(beat)

All the same... Maybe you - should fuck off.

A hard stare between them... Then Herman turns, walks away. Siemons - momentarily unsettled... Returns to his noodles.

FADE OUT.

49 (45) INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 69

49 (45)

The same apartment into which we were granted access before. But it's Charles and Marie's first visit here.

An impeccably **STYLISH ASSISTANT** steps back to welcome them. Check them - entirely the equal of this extraordinary apartment. She in that dress, he in a new suit.

Through they stride, more doors opening to this cathedral reception room where, rising to meet them --

**OTTO** and **DAGMAR BOEDER**. Otto - watch his face at the sight of Charles. Evidently had no idea he was a man of colour.

**BOEDER**

Gautier?

And Charles - spotting that immediately. Smiles. Owns the momentum of the meeting now --

**CHARLES**

Monsieur Boeder. We're honoured to meet you.

CUT TO:

50 (46) INT. GRAND APARTMENT. PARLOUR. PARIS - DAY 69 (MOMENTS LATER)

That **BLUE FABRIC WRAP** produced from that **RED BRIEFCASE** - travelled all the way from Suda Romyen's home in Bangkok. The rest of Charles' haul open now for inspection...

**CHARLES**

The first parcel of sapphires I ever bought was in Kashmir. The trip on which I met my wife.

**BOEDER**

But these are from Thailand.

Ie. Of inferior quality --

CHARLES

Trust me. They lose nothing in comparison.

Marie - taking the baton --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

The Sapphires are tranquil. The Rubies intense.

Dagmar - watching Marie, she passes a LOUPE to Boeder who begins to inspect them...

CHARLES

The certificates.

Charles - from the red briefcase, produces CERTIFICATES AND EVALUATIONS. Dagmar takes them. Makes her inspections --

BOEDER

I must confess, Monsieur - when you walked in here I was... surprised.

CHARLES

A man of my colour, you mean? In this business? In this country?

Boeder - it's put bluntly. But he shrugs --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

It would be unwise of you to judge my goods in the way you judge me.

For a beat - it hangs there. Marie - she finds Dagmar gazing at her, curious as a cat. Until, to Boeder --

DAGMAR

The certificates are in order.

BOEDER

There is, however, a matter on which we'd appreciate some clarity.

Dagmar - up and moving to a cabinet from which she takes a LEATHER FOLDER and brings it over --

BOEDER (CONT'D)

Earlier today a contact in Singapore had a newspaper story, from Thailand, transcribed and telexed for our attention.

Dagmar withdraws a DOCUMENT. IT IS NOT A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE, BUT A TYPED TRANSCRIPTION OF THE TEXT OF ONE. There are NO PHOTOGRAPHS, but the HEADLINE is clear: THE WEB OF DEATH.

Marie-Andrée feels her stomach LURCH INSIDE OUT: she cannot BREATHE, as --

BOEDER (CONT'D)

Both of your names are mentioned here as suspects: Alain Gautier and Monique Leclerc. Sought by police. I wondered if you might wish to comment.

CHARLES

Lies - totally false. An old story spread by the cartels in Hong Kong. Hippies? Why would I murder hippies? For their beads?

Marie-Andrée - Dagmar's eyes on her, finds her strength. Meets them. Does all she can not to flinch, as --

\*  
\*

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But if you wish to waste the opportunity we offer on the basis of false slander, 5000 miles away, then there is nothing we can do.

\*

Charles - his eyes glittering in delight for her performance. Makes a show now of taking up the gems. The certification documents. Replaces them into the red briefcase, and --

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'll also take back the sample I sent to you.

Boeder - a beat. Considers them. Looks to Dagmar --

BOEDER

Her father, who knew his stones, used to say: "I would sooner swallow a chopstick than trust a Chinaman".

He chuckles to himself. Dagmar raises an eyebrow. But keeps her eyes on Marie at all times as, from that same leather folder, Boeder produces a PRE-WRITTEN CHEQUE --

BOEDER (CONT'D)

The fair market value, as agreed.

DAGMAR

(that telex, Marie)  
Why don't you keep this, Mademoiselle? So you know just what people are saying about you.

CUT TO:

Charles - he's at the wheel. The city flashing past outside. He is elated with recent success; English --

CHARLES

All I regret is that the cheque not  
in my real name.

(French now)

*In Paris, you know, I want to be  
myself again. / J'ai envie d'être  
moi-même à Paris, tu vois.*

Marie - right now she couldn't care less for their success.  
She shows him that transcribed document. Quiet, *English* --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

How can I forget if the world  
won't?

Charles - his own irritation with her surfacing --

CHARLES

It's the Bangkok Post, a rag from  
the other side of the world. Even  
in Thailand they use it to clean  
the windows.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

You didn't leave them at the beach,  
did you?

Charles - stern, pulling the car over. A beat. Then --

CHARLES

You know: you could be back at home  
in Quebec by tomorrow night. I will  
make you a new passport. Give you  
money. If you want this, I will do  
it.

Marie - the desperate struggle of that, so --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Do you love me? Me. Marie. Not the  
dresses you've bought me and the  
tricks you taught me. Not the  
Monique you made.

(French again)

*Me: boring, little Marie. / Moi,  
juste moi. La pauvre petite Marie.  
Sans intérêt.*

Charles - genuinely confused by this, sticks to *English* --

CHARLES

I don't care about who you were  
then. I don't need you to love me  
for who I was before. They are -  
people who don't exist anymore.

And silence. Until --

**MARIE-ANDRÉE**

**They're who we are, Charles. You  
can't take them to the beach and  
forget them.**

*(French)*

**They're the truth. / La vérité.  
C'est eux.**

FADE OUT.

\*

52 (53) INT. KNIPPENBERG HOME. BANGKOK - DAY 70

52 (53)

THE GAUTIER TABLE: its terrible deathscape --

SOMPOL

Your work...

And an ashen SOMPOL - awestruck at the scale of it.

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

Your work here is...

*(Thai)*

*Extraordinary.*

Turning now to HERMAN and ANGELA in bleak disbelief - matched  
by immense respect for the industry before him.

Angela - a look to Herman. Whatever her growing distress at  
it all, she is with Herman now --

ANGELA

These are the ones we can identify.

Sompol - a nod. Understanding. Begins a slow, grim walk  
around the table: scanning every fastidiously ordered object,  
document, photograph...

And then he stops. Reaches for something... A PASSPORT.

**P/U: SOMPOL'S HAND COLLECTING PASSPORT FROM THE TABLE.**

The passport of Stephane Parry. Her young beautiful face  
staring from it. Sompol - haunted by it...

SOMPOL

This young Frenchwoman had been missing for months. Her family could not make the French authorities take action...

ANGELA

Nadine and Remy - our friends Madame and Monsieur Gires... They tried to make the embassy here listen, but...

Sompol - a grim nod.

SOMPOL

Miss Parry was involved with this man.

Motioning to the PHOTO-STRIP of Vitali - a label beside reading "The Turc?" --

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

His name was Vitali Hakim. They were lovers. He was also a heroin-trafficker.

Stephane - that newspaper CUTTING: *European Girl Murdered.*

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

I was present at the morgue when her body was identified.

(a beat)

But nobody knows how she died.

(another)

Your work here changes that.

CUT TO:

53 (53) EXT. KNIPPENBERG HOME - DAY 70 (MOMENTS LATER)

53 (53)

Angela - leading Sompol out on to the terrace --

**HERMAN (ADR)**

**We believe they are heading for his mother's house in Paris but no-one will help us follow it up.**

ANGELA

We cannot do this alone anymore.

SOMPOL

I know that you have not had the help you needed... But I ask you and your friends - to trust me now.

**(ADR)**

(MORE)

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

**I promise you, as I promised  
Stephane Parry's mother. I will not  
rest until we find her killer.**

CUT TO:

54 (68B) INT. INTERPOL OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 70

54 (68B)

Herman, Angela. With them: Nadine and Remy - waiting in these offices. And here's Sompol, concluding an interview with someone Remy and Nadine might know...

**REMY (ADR)**

**My God - is that Frankie? Monique's  
dog?**

He means the dog, held in the arms of Suda Romyen.

SOMPOL

*Please do not leave Bangkok, Kuhn  
Suda.*

**NADINE (ADR)**

**Then she must be Suda?**

Suda indeed. Her guilty ashamed eyes for them as she leaves the office now with Frankie in her arms.

SOMPOL

Miss Gires?

Nadine confirms it. Herman smiles for Sompol --

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming here today.  
Please.

He stands aside to show her into the office. So Nadine - a nervous little smile to Remy - goes on through.

And Herman - his assumption that he will also be required. Stepping into the doorway, but, his gentle obstruction --

SOMPOL (CONT'D)

I am sorry, Mr. Knippenberg.

Angela - feeling it for him: the pang of exclusion. But --

HERMAN

Of course, Colonel.

And he steps back. As the door shuts on him. And --

SIEMONS (O.S.)

Won't the big boys let you play?

REMY

Siemons?

Here indeed he is. Emerging from another (hidden) office along the way with another of those Agents: Siemons.

HERMAN

But you - I didn't think --

Off Herman's confusion --

SIEMONS

That's right. I have just provided the agents of Interpol with my statement. As per your incessant bleating, Cloggy.

Herman - his broad smile --

HERMAN

It wouldn't hurt you to use my actual name from time to time.

SIEMONS

(Sompol beyond)

I expect the Lieutenant Colonel will call you Herman, if you ask nicely.

ANGELA

You know, Paul - I think you might be jealous.

And Siemons shrugs. Perhaps he is.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTER - DAY 70 (ARCHIVE) 55

**SPLIT-FLAP: INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS. ST. CLOUD. PARIS.**

CUT TO:

56 INT. INTERPOL. VARIOUS - DAY 70 56

**A ROW OF TELEX MACHINES - one of them buzzing into life. Watch the TEXT SPIT OUT OF IT:**

***Thai Interpol. Bangkok. From the desk of Colonel Sompol Suthimai.***

***Suspects sought: Gautier, Alain. Leclerc, Monique. In relation to the MURDER of French Citizen Stephane Parry. DOB, Passport number etc etc.***

URGENT INTERVIEW REQUESTED: Chabanol, Phung. 6 AVENUE DE  
MUGLIONI, PARIS, FRANCE 75014.

A man's HAND rips the telex free.

CUT TO:

57 (53A) EXT. CHABANOL APARTMENT BUILDING. PARIS - DAY 70 57 (53AB)

MARIE-ANDRÉE - checking the list of DOOR BELLS in the portico  
of this Apartment Building. Finds the button named: CHABANOL.

CUT TO:

58 OMITTED 58

59 (53AD) I/E. THE CITROEN. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 70 59 (53AD)

Charles - at the wheel of the Citroen, back outside this  
apartment building. He waits: brooding.

CUT TO:

60 (53AC) INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 70 60 (53AC)

That CRUCIFIX up on the wall.

And Marie - sat, tight, alone on a couch as Phung places a  
pot of tea and cups and saucers down, sits opposite. Phung  
takes up a photograph --

PHUNG

This is Guy. Charles' half-brother.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

They could be the same person.

It's true - the likeness with Charles is extraordinary --

PHUNG

They could. They have been.

(then)

Guy is still in a Greek prison,  
after Charles seduced him into  
taking part in a robbery - a very  
violent robbery.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Then: why isn't Charles with him?

Phung - she can barely believe it herself --

PHUNG

Charles was already a wanted man in Athens - so he persuaded Guy that the two of them ought to swap identities.

Marie - taking that in...

MARIE-ANDRÉE

Charles got away.

PHUNG

And his brother was tortured when the guards found out.

(then)

This is why you come here, correct? To find out what he does to the people who are closest to him?

MARIE-ANDRÉE

If this is true, how could you even have him in your home?!

Phung - a simple answer for that --

PHUNG

He is the son I had by the man I loved more than any other, before or since. I see Charles and I am with his father again.

MARIE-ANDRÉE

To live in love is to live in God.

Phung's look. The Christ on the wall. So, to explain --

MARIE-ANDRÉE (CONT'D)

A priest told me that. In Pakistan.

PHUNG

Then he never met Charles. Or Charles' father.

(then)

Loving such men is a curse. For them, love is only something that other people feel. They watch. And learn - *expertly* - how to *mimic* it. But it is only ever - a confection.

Marie-Andrée - blinking at this, her eyes now drawn inexorably to that WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH. Charles, Juliette, Phung, Juliette's parents... So, her voice small --

MARIE-ANDRÉE

And Juliette? He loved the child they had. Madhu. He loved her and he suffered. Juliette took her from him. Your granddaughter.

PHUNG  
(eyes down; quiet)  
The child is better off.

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
Better off? Her mother is dead!

Silence. Phung's flesh crawls. Unable to restrain herself --

PHUNG  
You do not hear a thing I say, do  
you? Are you stupid? Or merely  
addicted to self-deceit? He lies.  
Charles lies. Always.  
(so)  
Let me tell you about Juliette  
Voclain.

CUT TO:

61 - 66 OMITTED

61 - 66

67 (53AD) D/E. THE CITROEN/VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 70 67 (53AD)

Charles - parked in the same spot. Waiting. Until presently,  
the door to the apartment block opens and old M. Voclain  
steps out, waits a moment for Madhu to emerge and run off  
ahead of him..

Charles waits. Watches them go. Then gets out the car.

CUT TO:

68 (53C) INT. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 70

68 (53C)

JULIETTE - staring shocked, wordless at CHARLES in the  
doorway -- [French:]

CHARLES  
*...may I come in?*

She doesn't move.

JULIETTE  
*...no... my father will be [back]--*

CHARLES  
*He will not. I waited till he left  
with Madhu. I watched them take the  
bus to the hospital.  
(then)  
I'm sorry about your mother.*

She blinks at him, even more astonished.

A moment... Then she finds herself stepping back. He closes the door softly behind him. He gazes around at the unchanged apartment - a faint smile:

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*...all just as I remember...*

JULIETTE  
*Charles... Why are you here?*

CHARLES  
*I live in Paris now. I'm a  
businessman. Look --*

Pulling from his pocket the CHEQUE from Boeder:

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*I'm paying this into a - a bank  
account!*

She almost smiles... but clouding it, a distant sorrow:

JULIETTE  
*...you don't understand. You  
shouldn't be here.*

And she moves to the coffee table with the filled ash-tray where she was reading that MAGAZINE. Hands it to him...

**P/U: It is the latest issue of *LES POTINS*. And CHARLES'S FACE on the cover of it. Marie-Andrée beside. "*MURDER IN PARADISE: THE HIPPIE BLOOD-TRAIL*".**

CUT TO:

69 (53F) **EXT. NEWS KIOSK. STREET. PARIS - DAY 70**

69 (53F)

**MARIE-ANDRÉE** - reeling from what Phung has told her - eyes red from tears - trying to make it back to the hotel...

**Approaching a NEWS-STAND** - and stopping **DEAD**.

**Amid the arrayed newspapers and magazines, a new delivery of A LURID TABOID MAGAZINE NAMED LES POTINS: [IN FRENCH:] "MURDER IN PARADISE: THE HIPPIE BLOOD-TRAIL"** --

**COPY UPON COPY IN PRIDE OF PLACE - ALL EMBLAZONED WITH THAT ICONIC PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES AND MARIE-ANDRÉE. Their story - and worse, their FACES.**

**Marie-Andrée's HAND** flies to her mouth to hold back vomit. The city around her is a **TORNADO**. She lurches into the **ROAD** --

**CARS BLARE HORNS** --

**She STAGGERS: a PASSERBY tries to help - but she RECOILS; finds strength in her legs to LURCH AWAY - as the ground beneath her BUCKLES and the world around her IMPLODES.**

**CUT TO:**

70 (53G) INT. VOCLAIN APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. PARIS - DAY 70 70 (53G)

Juliette gazes at that iconic photograph of Charles and Marie-Andrée. The bleak disbelief of it:

JULIETTE

*...she looks like me...*

CHARLES

*I know.*

(ADR)

*I chose her because of it. / Je sais, c'est pour ça que je l'ai choisie.*

He gazes at her. A long moment. Then - almost a whisper:

JULIETTE

*...I'm married, Charles. I - I'm happy. (ADR) Madhu is happy. Please - if you have any love for us - just go. / Madhu est heureuse. Je t'en prie, si tu nous aimes, va-t-en.*

A moment... He takes her hand --

CHARLES

*I am here because I never stopped loving you.*

(re the photo of Marie)

*She is nothing. She could never come close to you.*

(beat)

*You, me, and Madhu... The three of us, together... (ADR) That is what I see when I think about the future. / C'est ce que je vois quand je pense à l'avenir.*

She withdraws her hands.

JULIETTE

*There is no future, Charles.*

(re Marie)

*That poor stupid girl. She could've been me...*

CHARLES (ADR)

Every day: I wish she was you. /  
Tous les jours je voudrais que tu  
sois à sa place.

JULIETTE

*Please. You need to leave.*

He stares at her.

CHARLES

*Tell me you don't love me.*

JULIETTE

*Charles - please - GO --*

CHARLES

*SAY IT.*

A moment. And then:

JULIETTE

*Get out of Paris, Charles. While  
you still can.*

CUT TO:

71 (69) INT. CHABANOL APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 70

71 (69)

Phung - alone again, brittle, smoking in her private place.  
And the doorbell rings again. Go with her as she opens it. To  
TWO MEN IN SUITS.

One at the door, the other waiting moodily a few steps down  
the stairs behind him. First Suit flashes his BADGE:  
INTERPOL. Speaks French --

SUIT 1

*We were given this address as a  
contact for a Miss Marie-Andrée  
Leclerc. Is she known to you? / On  
nous a donné cette adresse pour une  
certaine Marie-André Leclerc. Ça  
vous dit quelque chose ?*

Phung - a bleak little smile; English --

PHUNG

*She is my son's lover.*

SUIT 1

*(likewise English now)  
Is this your son? Alain Gautier?*

In his hand - a COPY of LES POTINS. He hands it to her --

PHUNG

Yes, that is my son...

That PHOTO of Charles and Marie-Andrée. Phung reads briefly, bleakly, then --

PHUNG (CONT'D)

But his name isn't Gautier. His name is Sobhraj. Charles Sobhraj.

CUT TO:

72

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOME. PARIS - DAY 70

72

Little Cleo Parry sits in a window reading a picture book: Le Voyage de Babar. Two happy elephants - one in a suit, the other in a blouse - flying away in a hot air balloon.

Across the room, her GRANDMOTHER sits brittle and broken at a desk. She's making a phone call.

Beside her that copy of LES POTINS lies open. There are PHOTOGRAPHS of Stephane and Vitali here. As well as pictures of Charles and Marie and Ajay.

[N.B. ALL THESE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE EITHER THOSE WE HAVE SEEN HERMAN CONSIDER OR SHARE PREVIOUSLY, OR IMAGES OF THE VICTIMS BEFORE THEIR DEATH.]

SOMPOL (O.S.) (ADR)

Your daughter's remains will be repatriated tomorrow night, Madame.

GRANDMOTHER

Thank you, Colonel.

(then)

What is the name of the Dutchman, the diplomat? I hope you will also pass him our thanks...

CUT TO:

73

INT. INTERPOL. SOMPOL'S OFFICE. BANGKOK - DAY 70

73

Sompol - at his desk, his own sorrowing features --

SOMPOL (ADR)

Of course. His name is Knippenberg.

CUT TO:

74 (73) INT. INTERPOL OFFICE. SOMPOL'S OFFICE. BANGKOK - NIGHT 74Q (73)

Herman's face - sat opposite Sompol with Nadine and Remy, Angela and Siemons. Sompol hands across a file --

SOMPOL

(some ADR)

We have located two **more** bodies.  
The police had buried them. We  
exhumed them this morning.

He hands that FILE to Herman, who removes a PHOTOGRAPH OF  
VITALI. Herman turns to the others --

HERMAN

They have identified the burned  
remains of Vitali Hakim.

Then - that photograph of Teresa Knowlton which Redland  
showed Herman back in Episode 5. So --

HERMAN (CONT'D)

(to Angela)

And this is Teresa Knowlton.

(beat)

She was the young woman Gilbert  
Redland was looking for.

NADINE

I remember her. She went away with  
Ajay and Gautier.

HERMAN (ADR)

**His name is Sobhraj.**

(ADR OR REINSTATE)

**They gave Miss Knowlton a lethal  
dose of phenobarbital and put her  
in the sea to drown.**

Herman stares at the photo: Teresa's youth. The savagery of  
its snuffing. (P/U BETTER PHOTOGRAPHS?)

CUT TO:

75

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTER. PARIS - DAY 70

75

A FAX MACHINE - spitting out a number of documents. Among  
them: GRAINY PHOTOCOPIED PHOTOGRAPHS. But clear to see:  
MUGSHOTS OF CHARLES AS A YOUNGER MAN.

Here too a long RAP SHEET. And the full name of the man in  
question at the top:

HOTCHAND BHAONANI GURUMUKH CHARLES SOBHRAJ.

CUT TO:

76 (70)

INT. SUITE. GRAND HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 70

76 (70)

Those PHOTOGRAPHS once more - the inside pages of that  
MAGAZINE ARTICLE: the TERRIBLE IMAGES OF THE VICTIMS.

And Marie and Charles stood over it. Her face is a wreckage  
of despair and betrayal. *English* -- \*

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
It's all over the city. My face is  
all over the city.

CHARLES  
Well? Didn't you always want to be  
on the cover of a magazine?

Marie - not going to accept this insult, so --

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
And Juliette? Juliette who is HERE.  
In Paris. Alive!

Charles - a cock of the head, understanding something --

CHARLES  
Have you been to see my mother,  
Marie? \*

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
You are a LIAR. A liar and a  
KILLER. \*

CHARLES  
It's not my lies they are now  
hunting us for. \*

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
(*French now*)  
*I was going to have your baby here.*  
*/ Tu devais me faire un enfant ici.* \*

CHARLES  
You can have a baby anywhere. Have  
it in the fucking car, for all I  
care. / *Tu peux faire un enfant*  
*n'importe où. Même dans une putain*  
*de voiture, si ça te chante.*

MARIE-ANDRÉE  
You have made me a MURDERER. You  
have DAMNED me! I am lost to God.  
Because of YOU! / *Qu'est-ce que*  
*t'as fait de moi? T'as fait de moi*  
*une meurtrière. Je suis maudite! Je*  
*suis perdue. Je vais aller en*  
*enfer, à cause de toi!* \*

He - advancing on her, the threat in him. The CONTEMPT --

CHARLES  
You pathetic child. You dare  
pretend you never knew? You knew  
all along. You knew and you  
thrilled to it. / *Pauvre gamine*  
*lamentable. T'oses me dire que tu*  
*savais pas. Tu le savais depuis le*  
*début! Tu savais et ça t'excitait.*

That thought. That he might be right about that. It **TORMENTS** her --

**MARIE-ANDRÉE**

*But it was you! It was you! YOU  
KILLED THEM! ALL OF THEM! / Mais  
c'est toi ! C'EST TOI QUI LES AS  
TUÉS ! TOUS !*

**CHARLES**

*Actually: it was Ajay who made that  
child you pretend to care about an  
orphan. Ajay who broke poor,  
beautiful Stephane's neck when I  
asked it of him. But yes - it was  
me who finished The Turk. I put a  
rag in his mouth to stop his  
screams. Then I soaked the rag in  
his mouth with petrol and I set him  
on fire. / Pour être plus précis,  
c'est Ajay qui a rendu orphelin cet  
enfant don't tu fais semblant de te  
soucier. C'est Ajay qui a brisé le  
cou à la pauvre jolie Stéphane,  
quand je lui ai demandé. Le Turc,  
oui, c'est moi qui l'ai fini...Je  
lui ai mis un baillon dans la  
bouche, pour l'empêcher de gueuler.  
Puis, j'ai versé du pétrole dessus  
et pschit, une allumette et voilà...*

Marie - no words, her own tragedy consuming her. So --

**CHARLES (CONT'D)**

*You need to get your things and we  
need to leave. / Prends tes  
affaires, faut qu'on parte.*

**MARIE-ANDRÉE**

**(SCREAMS IT)**

*I'm not going anywhere with you! /  
Je vais nulle part avec toi.*

**CHARLES**

**(all calm; chooses  
English)**

*Then stay. But when you're  
arrested, they won't be sending you  
back to Quebec. They'll be sending  
you to Bangkok. Where they have the  
DEATH penalty. Do you understand?  
You're a killer too, Marie. The  
Thais will execute you.*

She - the terrifying thought of that. What else can she do?

**CUT TO:**

77 (75) I/E. CHARLES'S CAR (MOVING) - VARIOUS - DAY & NIGHT 77 (75)

CHARLES and MARIE-ANDRÉE blast down a desolate road - as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

78 (76) A MONTAGE OF IMAGES - TUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER... 78 (76)

-The car belting down DIFFERENT ROADS - paved, unpaved, mountainous, arid...

-FALSE PASSPORTS shown to BORDER GUARDS - different uniforms, different nationalities...

-SPLIT-FLAPS SPINNING: FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, YUGOSLAVIA --

-AND OVERLAPPING WITH THE SPLIT-FLAPS - ECUs of the TELEXES howling out INTERPOL'S SOBHRAJ RED NOTICE to LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES: BULGARIA, TURKEY, IRAN, PAKISTAN, INDIA...

-FRONT PAGE AFTER FRONT PAGE - MOUNTING COVERAGE OF THE INVESTIGATION: *POLICE TO ACT ON TOURIST MURDERS - MURDER HUNT MOVES TO BONN - WORLDWIDE HUNT FOR FOREIGN TRIO - EVIDENCE GROWS AS INTERPOL HUNTS SUSPECTS* --

-NEWS PHOTOS OF CHARLES, MARIE-ANDRÉE, AJAY, VITALI, WIM, LENA, STEPHANE, GORE - a BARRAGE faces, images, headlines...

-CHARLES AND MARIE-ANDREE DRIVING EVER ONWARDS: he stares implacably ahead; she's turned away, rests her despairing face against the window - RAIN hammering the glass - SILENT TEARS rolling down her sallow cheeks...

THE MONTAGE INCREASING IN FRENZY AND PITCH UNTIL WE --

HARD CUT TO:

79 (77) EXT. HIPPY SLUM. BOMBAY - MORNING 71 79 (77)

The car rolls to a stop by a ditch - FLOODED with filthy water by the RELENTLESS MONSOON RAIN...

CHARLES gets out - and so does MARIE-ANDRÉE - immediately almost SLIPPING on the rancid ground of mud, shit, oil --

THE SPIT-FLAP - forwards: JUNE 1976. BOMBAY. INDIA.

She takes in the hellscape - rain soaking her hair, the clothes she bought in Paris --

He's sheltering under a TARPAULIN inexpertly hung as a canopy outside a HOSTEL. Marie-Andrée gazes at it - utter dismay.

CHARLES

(French)

*Come here - before you drown. /*  
Viens là. Avant de te noyer.

CUT TO BLACK.

-end of episode-