

Killing Fields

THE KILLING FIELDS

by

BRUCE ROBINSON

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And at the end of the day,
you have lived more in one
day than some people would
live in their whole lives.

Don McCullin. B.B.C. 1977.

1: INT. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

I.

Her beauty is in confusion. Khmer with blue eyes. Maybe thirteen years old. Her hair is very black. Decorated with white magnolia blossoms. Fingers the colour of bamboo apply makeup to her face. The Old Woman presses lips together in a gesture for the Girl to duplicate. Scarlet lipstick. Like some violently beautiful doll.

She is one of a dozen Girls in this room full of neon and Teddy-bears. Maximum age about sixteen. All wear number tags pinned to their little white dresses. All are Khmer. They are all for sale.

Without expression they stare towards a television set. An episode of Ironside dubbed into Khmer. Burr and his chair achieve new heights of absurdity. On top of the T.V. a Cambodian flag crosses with the Stars & Stripes. And behind it is a wall of plate glass.

2: INT. CORRIDOR. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

2.

This transparent wall modifies what was once a hotel bedroom. The last room at the end of a dimly lit corridor. From here the Girls look like what they are. Expensive toys on offer in a shop window.

Peering in is a middle-aged Man drinking tea. Face like an over-fed child. Possibly Chinese. His delicate cup and saucer connect as two Men approach. Both wear floral shirts. Both are intoxicated. Similarities end here. One is a dapper little Cambodian with a small moustache. The other is a bloated American sweating beer.

3: INT. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

3.

Ironside gets shunted up a ramp. The Girls pay scant attention. All eyes are on this towering foreigner and his grinning little side-kick. The Cambodian is eager to please. Cans of Budweiser appear. The crewcut sinks his in one. Crushes the can with his fist. His companion attempts to emulate him. But the beer backfires and cascades down his clothes. Clearly the funniest event of the evening. Sound-proofing dulls the intensity of laughter.

The fat foreigner slaps his hands on the glass. A face that could center-spread for Guns and Ammo. What follows is a vulgar little pantomime. The Cambodian wants the best for his friend. The Yank leaves the business to his Slant. Shoves him his wallet. The Girl with blue eyes is chosen. And the Chink smiles a mouthful of gold.

4: INT. CORRIDOR. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

4..

The Chinaman speaks through an intercom. Issues an instruction in Khmer. For a moment the Girl hesitates. Then she stands and stares through the glass. It costs two hundred and fifty bucks to fuck a virgin in this place. The obsequious little Cambodian takes care of it. His American friend has already disappeared.

5: INT. NURSERY. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

5.

An extravagance of artificial flowers. Mirrored ceiling and a bed. The Yank sits on it. Shoes off. Shirt open. A pornography of gut. He smiles as the Girl arrives. Her dress tints pink in the lights.

5 Cond.

5.

For the first time sentiment over-rides her makeup. She is afraid. The American continues to undress. The door is locked from outside.

6: INT. CORRIDOR. KINDERGARTEN. NIGHT.

6.

The Cambodian sits on a chair. The smiling is over now. Now he must wait. The Girls watch television. The Chinaman drinks tea.

7: EXT. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

7.

Sky the colour of tin. Raining hard enough to bounce. A Caravelle touches down. Ploughs a wall of water. For a moment the plane is a streak of condensation. It taxis towards a cluster of buildings.

8: INT. ARRIVALS LOUNGE. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. DAY.

8.

An atmosphere that seems in perpetual process of drying out. A barrier of immigration booths. Signs in both Khmer and French. A Passenger clears formalities and her place is taken by a man. Middle height. Dark hair and beard. 40 years old. Nothing very remarkable about the face except the eyes. Precision blue. His passport is stamped. Handed back. His name is SYDNEY SCHANBURG.

A confusion of faces greet him. Apparently none that he's searching for. Hitching his bag on a shoulder he stops and looks around. People move in and out of focus. But the face he wants isn't here. Instead are hustling Kids. Does he want his luggage carried? No he doesn't. Does he want a taxi? No he doesn't. He looks at his watch. Can't understand the mess up. Continues pushing through the Crowd.

9: EXT. FORECOURT. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. DAY.

9.

The heat hits like a poultice. The rain roars down. SCHANBURG stands under the dripping awning. More confused than annoyed. Takes a last look towards a parking lot. Stubs his cigarette.

Does he want a taxi? Yeah alright. He does. A bare-footed Kid with a Martini umbrella appears. Escorts him to his car for a couple of coins. A door slams. And the cab dissolves into rain.

10: EXT. ROUTE FOUR. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

10.

The highway is a straight brown river. One inch deep. On its banks are rusty houses. Coconut palms. Naked Kids. The Peugeot is traveling fast. Kicks up a cloud of filth as a pair of Army trucks pass. An increase in traffic. The city happens suddenly. Without suburb.

11: INT. TAXI/PHNOM PENH. DAY.

11

SCHANBURG sits in the back reading Sports Illustrated. The buildings wash past. Wide boulevards brilliant with flame trees. The French built Phnom Penh and brought their architecture with them.

The rain stops like it never existed. SCHANBURG looks out. A vague change in his expression. Clear he's glad to be back. The magazine gets stuffed in his bag and the cab pulls up behind Hotel Le Phnom.

I2: EXT. HOTEL LE PHNOM. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

I2.:

This is a rear entrance to the building. A car park and gardens. Flowering plants and luxury vegetation extend around a swimming pool. Bungalows obscured with palms. SCHANBURG pays with eyes on the car park. Whoever he's looking for isn't here. He walks the pool and vanishes into the hotel as People come out with the sun.

I3: INT. FOYER. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

I3.

Palms in pots and sleepy ceiling fans. A gang of Nuns are complaining at the front desk. SCHANBURG walks away from it with a key and several envelopes. As he climbs the stairs he scans his mail. An envelope with a 'New York Times' heading. A packet of holiday snaps. 2 eme Etage. Sticks the photos in his pocket and his key in a door.

I4: INT. SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

I4.

Splinters of daylight through shutters. Otherwise the room is dark. SCHANBURG dumps his bag and heads for the windows. A wedge of sunlight drives in. A grunt from the bed. A heap of bedclothes speak.

ROCKOFF

Shut the fuckin curtains will ya?

Though SCHANBURG can't see the face he recognises the voice. It's American. Twenty six. Severely hungover. It belongs to AL ROCKOFF. A visitor he could do without. Both shutters crash open. ROCKOFF rolls over to complain. Manages focus with a single blood-shot eye.

Hey, Sid, sorry, I'm sorry. I
thought you was the houseboy ..

SCHANBURG grabs his bag and vanishes into an adjoining bathroom. Clamping a hand over his forehead ROCKOFF makes a bid to sit up.

SCHANBURG (O.S.)

What's all this shit?

ROCKOFF

I was developing some film. Sorry,
Sid. Listen Sid, I'm sorry. But I'm
feeling abnormal. If you wanna shout,
I'm gonna have to come back later ..

SCHANBURG (O.S.)

I don't wanna shout, I wanna
be in a good mood. But things
aren't progressing to plan ..

He reappears continuing to unpack his bag. Cartons of film. Camera.

I get to the airport, it's
pissing with rain, no fuckin
car. Back here, all I wanna
do is sleep, I got you ...

I4 Cond.

I4.

SCHANBURG picks up the telephone. Eyes flash to ROCKOFF as he dials.

SCHANBURG

How'd you get in here?

ROCKOFF

Came over the balcony ..

ROCKOFF attempts to assemble his boiled eyes and stubble into some sort of face. A hangover of importance. SCHANBURG's call connects.

SCHANBURG

Hello. Is Pran there? Syd Schanburg.

No I just come from the airport. Well would you check? O.K. O.K. I'll wait.

His eyes stray round the room. A table with a battered Olivetti. Neat piles of photographs and news-clippings. Super-sharp pencils. Typing paper and envelopes. Like an office. Apart from the Wreck in the bed everything is in precise order. His eyes get to the Wreck in the bed.

What in the fuck is that?

SCHANBURG stares at a peculiar garment covering ROCKOFF's forehead.

ROCKOFF

Sanitary napkin. I had it soaked in ice.

It's tied on like an Indian-headband. SCHANBURG is forced to smile.

SCHANBURG

I don't know how you breathe, Rockoff.

The smile evaporates as SCHANBURG returns his attention to the phone.

Hello? When? Well if he calls back, tell him I'm here. Tell him I'll be at the Cafe Central. O.K. Thank you.

He replaces the receiver. ROCKOFF has almost got the other eye open.

C'mon, I'll buy you breakfast ...

I5: EXT. SIDE STREET. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

I5.

Shops spilling onto the pavements. But despite the activity everything seems pleasant and calm. SCHANBURG sets the pace with ROCKOFF at his side. Jet-black sun-glasses. T-shirt and jeans. A couple of Nikons slung round his neck and a canvas bag. Probably all he owns. SCHANBURG is reexamining his holiday snaps. ROCKOFF squints across.

ROCKOFF

So how was Singapore?

SCHANBURG

Bangkok.

He shoves the photographs at him. They continue up the busy street.

15 Cond.

15.

SCHANBURG

Can't understand what happened to Pran.

ROCKOFF

If the plane was so late ..

SCHANBURG

He would have waited.

ROCKOFF shrugs an explanation. In fact an explanation of himself.

ROCKOFF

Maybe he got the days mixed
up. One or two of us were ex-
pecting you back tomorrow ..

He starts to look at the photographs. There's a fish-truck unloading. Practically everything alive. Oysters. Crabs. Several transparent tanks of live eels. ROCKOFF almost collides with one. Smiling apologies he navigates it. Follows SCHANBURG across the street.

16: EXT. TERRACE. CAFE CENTRAL. DAY.

16.

A corner cafe with a terrace. Trees in little tubs and sun-stained blinds. Sixty per cent of this place has been imported from France. SCHANBURG and ROCKOFF sit outside. Heat like a dose of Valium. Service as languid as the weather. But nobody complains. A rattle of bones inside. Army Officers play dice. SCHANBURG reads a paper. For want of anything better ROCKOFF continues to investigate the snaps.

ROCKOFF

Very nice. Nice trees. This
looks like a very nice holiday.

SCHANBURG nods without looking up. ROCKOFF's mumble becomes a groan.

God, my head. Feels like
my brain's giving birth ..

SCHANBURG

I thought you didn't drink?

ROCKOFF

Swain had an anniversary ...

SCHANBURG

Swain's here?

ROCKOFF shakes his head and absently turns up another photograph.

ROCKOFF

Saigon. I don't know how he got
on the fuckin plane. Who's this?

A picture of a little Girl. She holds an artificial yellow flower.

I6 Cond.

I6. :

SCHANBURG

That's my youngest daughter.
That's in Chiang-Mai. She's
buying me a good luck rose ..

A WAITER interrupts further explanation. SCHANBURG looks at ROCKOFF.

What d'you want? You want some eggs?

ROCKOFF

I can't eat eggs. Someone told me they
faint with fright when you cook em ..

SCHANBURG

What d'you want then?

ROCKOFF

What are you having?

SCHANBURG

I'm having a cafe complet.

ROCKOFF

I'll have the same. And some aspirin.

SCHANBURG

Deux cafe completes s'il vous plait.
Et es'que vous avez des aspirines?

The answer's yes. The dice game ends and an OFFICER stands to leave.

ROCKOFF

Anything I eat's gotta be absolutely dead. That's why I could never eat an oyster. I read somewhere they stick the lemon juice on em just to stun em. I can't see that makes any difference ..

SCHANBURG gets back to his paper. ROCKOFF pursues his conversation.

As far as I'm concerned, an unconscious oyster's just as horrible as the fucker wide awake ..

ROCKOFF's face freezes. Stares up the street. No increase in volume.

Sid, there's a guy just thrown something out the back of a cab.

SCHANBURG's eyes flash up. Intensely blue. They share 'that look'. An instant later they're heading for the floor. The grenade goes off simultaneously. It's followed in quick succession by another.

I7: INT. P.O.V. TERRORIST TAXI CAB. DAY.

I7.

Fast like it can't be happening. The velocity of an accident. The windscreen is running wet. Impacted with dirt and flowers. The Cambodian OFFICER is in the middle of the road. Running for his life. As the car passes his face is visible for half a second. Something else is thrown from the back of the cab. He knows that he is dead.

I8: EXT. TERRACE. CAFE CENTRAL. DAY.

I8.

The grenade is loud and untidy. Shit-coloured steam in the street. The table-cloths come off. SCHANBURG sees the cab disappear. A moment of total silence. Then pandemonium. A few seconds have passed.

SCHANBURG and ROCKOFF are first out. ROCKOFF takes the first photograph. The Terrorists have left terrible destruction in their wake.

It would appear the OFFICER hit the fish-truck about the same time as the grenade. What isn't living is dead. What isn't dead is dying.

Dolphin guts and fish-brain spread all over the street. Crabs with missing legs. Turning in circles like unwinding springs. Shrapnel has punched a hole in a glass tank. Water pours out. Fish flapping as their life ebbs away. A knot of live eels. A brown eel blown in half. Moving things. And dead things. Crystals of bright red ice.

Suddenly the street is filled with People. A racket of voices and shouts. Thick black smoke from a cycle repair shop. Burning tyres. Several Westerners among the Faces. The cameras are arriving with the flies. Most seem to know SCHANBURG. All want to know what happened. "K.R. Three grenades out the back of a cab." But no time for more. SCHANBURG is working. He pushes past heading towards the fire.

A Voice shouts after him. He doesn't hear. Just another face in the crowd. A Cambodian. About thirty years old. His name is DITH PRAN.

Fifteen yards down the street. A gas main gone up. A bunch of dead chicken. And hundreds of shattered eggs. Many are injured here. But not clear how many are dead. PRAN keeps pushing through the confusion. Shouting after SCHANBURG. Finally he stops and swings around. PRAN is bubbling over with excitement. SCHANBURG puts a lid on it.

SCHANBURG

What happened to you? I
been calling half the town.

PRAN

I leave message for you.

SCHANBURG throws him a glance and turns away: Too much happening to listen to explanations now. An ambulance arrives. Everyone must move.

You don't get my message?

SCHANBURG

No I don't. I get a cab.

PRAN is eager to explain. Gets interrupted as ROCKOFF bursts through

ROCKOFF

Can I borrow some film? On my
life, Sid, this is the last time.

I8 Cond.

I8.

SCHANBURG

O.K. Go ahead. But bring my bag.

ROCKOFF didn't catch half the sentence. SCHANBURG shouts after him.

Rockoff. Bring my bag.

But he isn't around to hear. SCHANBURG redirects attention at PRAN.

Go with him. Get the bag
and bring my camera ...

Just a glimpse of mess on a stretcher as an Old Woman is carried out.

Oh shit, look at this. Go
on. Get my bag ...

PRAN

Sydney. I think they bomb Neak Luong.

SCHANBURG's expression frosts and his voice is an inaudible whisper.

SCHANBURG

What?

PRAN

I think many, many dead.

Suddenly there's nothing happening except what PRAN has just said.

SCHANBURG

Is this confirmed?

(It isn't)

Is it on the street?

(It isn't)

Where's the car?

I9: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN. DAY.

I9.

The driver is a smiling Cambodian. Black hair nylon shirt and about thirtyfive. His name's SARUN. He's driving fast. Telling a joke in Khmer. SCHANBURG & PRAN sit in the back. The latter is occasionally forced to smile. Not by the content. But the energy SARUN tells it. An Oriental punch-line. PRAN grins a little. SARUN laughs out loud.

SCHANBURG

Ask him why he always tells
jokes when we're in a hurry.

SARUN glances back. Cackling with laughter. Black teeth. Red light. They pull up. Boys at the windows. Wine bottles filled with petrol. Essence? Essence? Vous voulez acheter d'essence? Little Kid with no front teeth presses dirty Polaroids at the window. PRAN translates.

(PRAN)

He say, because laughter
travel faster than sorrow.

19 Cond.

19.

Nothing can go fast enough for SCHANBURG. Doing everything but look at his watch. The lights change and the Mercedes takes off at speed.

20: EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY. MONIVONG. DAY.

20.

The white Mercedes diesel pulls into the gates of the U.S. Embassy. It clears security and the passengers get out. But SARUN insists he finishes his joke. Holds PRAN's arm. Finally gets there & explodes.

SARUN (Khmer)
Tell "Ankalimir. Ankalimir".

But SCHANBURG has already gone. PRAN follows him into the Embassy.

21: INT. CORRIDOR. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

21.

Ceiling fan slow as a clock. This time SCHANBURG is looking at his watch. He and PRAN sit on wooden seats. Have obviously been sitting here for some time. Clatter of typewriters. An atmosphere of yawns. PRAN looks uncomfortable. And not just the seat. He whispers across.

PRAN
You don't think we should
go to the hospital Sydney?
Try the hospital first?

SCHANBURG exhales and stubs his cigarette. Also speaks in a whisper.

SCHANBURG
No. We start here. Soon as
the word's out that's where
everyone's gonna go. Right
now we got some time on em.

A door opens and footsteps approach. An attractive black SECRETARY.

EDNA
The Attache will see you now.

They stand and follow her. PRAN looks terrified. SCHANBURG whispers.

SCHANBURG
Don't worry about it. Just
tell him what you told me.
I want it as simple as that.

22: INT. OFFICE. U.S. AIR ATTACHE. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

22.

Grey paint and an air-conditioner. A Dobermann Puppy that has just had its ears pricked. He wears absurd conical bandages. On the wall is a photograph of the President. And under it the Air Attache. He stands as the visitors arrive. Offers his hand. His name is REEVES.

REEVES
Sorry to have kept you. Been a
hellava morning. Just gonna have
some coffee. Would you like one?

22 Cond.

22.

SCHANBURG refuses with a smile. Sits in the chair indicated. PRAN remains standing by the door. REEVES dispenses himself coffee. A powerful looking fellow. Fat hands. A scribble of red hair. But a disposition with feet up on the desk. He reseats himself opposite.

REEVES

So what can I do for you?

A part of SCHANBURG is enjoying this. This is a game he knows how to play. He lights a cigarette. Decides to open with a lower card.

SCHANBURG

I was wondering whether you had any information about why my plane was delayed this morning?

REEVES

Your plane was delayed?

SCHANBURG

That's right. Due in at six. Gets in at nine thirty five.

REEVES

I'm sorry. I'm not quite with you. You been sitting out here half an hour to tell me your plane's late? What's that gotta do with me ?

SCHANBURG

That's what I'm wondering.

REEVES

This is an Embassy, not an airline. The operation of commercial air-traffic is completely out of our jurisdiction ...

SCHANBURG

So you don't know anything about it?

REEVES makes no change of expression. Maybe SCHANBURG's got nothing.

REEVES

No.

SCHANBURG seems glad he said that. Sits back casually biting his lip.

SCHANBURG

In that case, I'd like you to listen to something I just listened to, and then I'd like a comment .. Go ahead, Pran ..

PRAN looks vulnerable as a lost kid. Evidently also lost his voice. The words refuse to come. He looks at REEVES and then at the floor.

REEVES

Maybe you'd like to tell me?

SCHANBURG

No he's gonna tell you. Go ahead.

All eyes are on PRAN except the Dogs. REEVES invites it to his lap. The Puppy leaps up and sits. "Maximus" and his master are all ears.

Alright, I'll tell you. He's waiting for me this morning at Pochentong. Just before dawn. But for reasons beyond 'anybodys control', I'm still sitting in Bangkok staring at a seat-belt sign. Meanwhile he sees a pair of Chinooks touch in at the far side of the airport. Half the ambulances in Phnom Penh there to meet them. He follows to Preah Keth Mealea Hospital. Security like a knot in a balloon, nobody gets in but the wounded. But a guy there he knows tells him there's a rumour going around that the United States Airforce dumped a big heap of shit on Neak Luong.

He puts a smile at REEVES. Takes out the time to stub his cigarette. REEVES sniffs twice. Quite obviously doesn't like the sound of this.

REEVES

I can't comment on rumours.

SCHANBURG

I'm sorry, I'm not quite with you. I'm just here to find out if this is the reason my aeroplane is late?

REEVES moves the Puppy off his lap. Thinks it out before replying.

REEVES

No comment.

SCHANBURG

No comment? This is an improvement. Fifteen seconds ago you didn't know anything about it.

SCHANBURG has won the hand. It's customary to collect ones winnings.

I want a confirmation or a denial.

REEVES

No comment.

SCHANBURG

What about the wounded?

22 Cond.

22.

REEVES
No comment.

SCHANBURG
Why the security at the hospital?

REEVES can even say no-comment silently. SCHANBURG smiles and stands.

Well, thank you for your trouble, Mr
Reeves. When I scrape this out, I
shall doubtless be quoting you in full.

He gets to the door and opens it. PRAN is glad to follow him through.
REEVES is already standing in shit. Has a premonition it's deepening.

23: INT. CORRIDOR. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

23.

Suddenly everyone is in the corridor. SCHANBURG and PRAN. REEVES and
his Dobermann. REEVES turn to whisper and Max starts bounding about.

REEVES
Alright, I'm talking to you.
But anything I say's off the
record. Get down Max. There
was a computer mal-function.
Puts out a junk set of coor-
dinates. Max get down. And a
single plane of unspecified
type, drops a small stick of
bombs at the edge of town ..

SCHANBURG
Come off it, Reeves. He saw the
helicopters. The hospitals gotta
be so full down there they can't
fit em in. We're talking about a
major strike by one or more B52s.

MAXIMUS suddenly bounds off at a tangent. REEVES bellows after him.

REEVES
Sergeant. Stop that Dobermann!
(Back to Schanburg)
I would advise you to think
very seriously before making
such inflammatory statements.

SCHANBURG starts to walk. Biting his lip. His attention with PRAN.

And if you're thinking of going
down there you can save yourself
some trouble, because you're not.

REEVES stops SCHANBURG as the SERGEANT stops the Dog in the foyer.

23 Cond.

REEVES

Due to circumstances (open bracket) that have no connection whatsoever with your enquiry (close bracket) the entire area is shut down for strategic reasons ...

SCHANBURG

What reasons?

SCHANBURG's eyes burn at REEVES. He no-comments on their hostility.

I got the right to travel anywhere
I like in this fucked up little
country. That's his law. That's our
law. You impede me, you're breaking
the Cooper/Church amendment ...

REEVES

Then you'd better call a
policeman, Mr Schanburg ..

By chance one at hand. The Crewcut from the Kindergarten. Now stiff in the uniform of a United States SERGEANT. He returns REEVES Doberman with a small salute. SCHANBURG & PRAN vanish down the corridor.

24: EXT. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

24.

Four propellers fill the screen. Spinning very fast. The huge CI30 transport turns in its length. Exhaust and dust tear away behind it.

Thirty yards down the gale is a wire-mesh fence. An entrance gate dug in with sandbags and barbed wire. The Mercedes is waiting outside. PRAN is bargaining with a SENTRY. The aircraft puts on the revs. A fever of heat takes his breath away. Nothing but a racket of engines. But the bribe is successful and the car passes through.

Dense jungle surrounds the airport. The CI30 lumbers away. Everything is shimmering like the afternoon boils in fat. The Mercedes is moving fast. Crosses the airstrip. A trail of dust in its wake.

A military zone. 'Authorised Vehicles Only' A dozen Huey Sea Cobras. A Ground Crew arming their .50 caliber machine guns. The car skirts towards a Bell Transport. Engines roaring and its rotors spinning.

SARUN pulls up and SCHANBURG and PRAN leap out. Again impossible to hear what's said. PRAN enters into immediate negotiations with a Cambodian PILOT. Raybans and sand coloured uniform. The money reappears. The Officer shakes his head. Directs them towards another helicopter.

The same spinning rotors. The same clouds of heat. But a diminishing whine of engines. Like it may be symbolic of something. Evidently it is. The answer is no. No rides here. Not even for double the dollars.

SCHANBURG drags fingers through his hair. Adrenalin and sweat and frustration. PRAN keeps trying. Frowning one second. A mischievous grin the next. But neither seem to be working. This trip isn't on.

Only thing flying around here is time. SCHANBURG chews a finger nail. Turns away with his eyes on the far side of the strip. Three hundred yards away a bunch of aircraft buckle in the heat. A chrome coloured 707 and a scattering of smaller aircraft. They race back for the car.

24 Cond.

24.

As they reach it a jeep approaches. Heads towards them in a haze of dust. C.B.S. Just what he didn't need. His advantage has gone. The Competition is up with him. His fist slams into the roof in a fury.

25: EXT. QUAY. TONLE SAP RIVER. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

25.

A pair of F-III fighter/bombers scream up the delta. Low enough to smell the kerosine. They disappear over the jungle. SCHANBURG waits on a wooden landing stage. Below are a pair of patrol boats of the Cambodian Navy. Low tide and the nearest boat is grounded in mud. A much slower pace now. The only thing spinning here is a radar scan.

PRAN stands on the foredeck of the furthest boat. Pleads with a Crew Member. Pleads with anyone who'll listen. Obviously getting nowhere. Somebody somewhere has decided that nobody gets to Neak Luong today.

SCHANBURG stubs his cigarette and turns away. Faces last seen after the grenade attack reappear. It would seem the entire Press Corps also want to go to Neak Luong. SCHANBURG spits out a nail. PRAN climbs the steps and their eyes briefly meet. The answer is a definite "No."

26: EXT. QUAY. TONLE SAP RIVER. DUSK.

26.

The tide already up. The sun going down. The patrol boats gone. Just a few fishing yawls rubbing at the quay. SCHANBURG is in silhouette. Still smoking. Waiting. Hoping for a boat. Everybody else has gone.

Only one Competitor left. He sits on a pole at the end of the landing stage. Stares towards the sunset like a bird. But not much in sight. A tiny sail boat unzips the river. A day that started at fifteen thousand revolutions a minute is ending at five miles an hour.

SCHANBURG retraces his steps. Another silhouette has appeared on the quay. He smokes a cigarette in an ivory holder. Has an elegance that would be a burden if he didn't care about it. His name is JON SWAIN.

As SCHANBURG passes him he smiles. SCHANBURG doesn't seem to notice. Preoccupation sends him back down the landing stage. SWAIN falls in at his side. Twenty six. British. A voice that cost money to educate

SWAIN

Course, if we really wanted
to be silly, we'd just hop
in a car and drive down there.

The elements of the suggestion move briefly through SCHANBURG's eyes

SCHANBURG

Crossed my mind. I don't think
we'd get an hour out of town ..

Suddenly he's aware he's not talking to himself and he stares blank:

What are you doing here? I
thought you were in Saigon?

SWAIN has a comb-defying fringe. Moves it with a smile as they walk.

SWAIN

Had a problem with a plane.

26 Cond.

26.

The Man on the pole becomes the recipient of SCHANBURG's frustration

SCHANBURG

Look at that fucking idiot.
Been stuck out there all day.
Like a fucking seagull. I been
willing the fucker to fall off.

On the instant SCHANBURG realises the absurdity of what he's said.
His face breaks with a smile. Probably the first of the afternoon.
The sun finally sinks into the jungle. He decides to call it a day.

O.K. O.K. You need a lift?

SWAIN shakes his head and gestures towards a pedicab. Its Driver is
asleep. SARUN is also asleep. He wakes as SCHANBURG opens the door.

SWAIN

Where's Pran?

SCHANBURG looks over the roof. A smile that turns into a broad grin.

SCHANBURG

I practically said, no comment.

27: EXT. GARDENS. POOL/RESTAURANT. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

27.

Looking at this lot it's difficult to believe there's a war on. Damask-clothed tables surround the pool. Both it and the trees illuminated. The place is crowded and busy. An animated prattle of chatter. Most of the tables are taken by Westerners. Maybe a few rich Cambodians. Fragments of conversation are either in English or French. The only thing positively Khmer are the Waiters. They glide between the tables. A group of Cambodian High Ranks. Their Wives and appropriate Americans. And here comes a birthday cake. Candles & applause. Someone gets so excited they throw a plum in the pool. Giggles. Another WAITER with a tray of coffee and drinks is weaving his way past them.

Happy Birthday To You - Happy Birthday To You - Happy Birthday Dear Luk Non - Happy Birthday To You - The felicitations die away as the WAITER gets to the more distant tables. He delivers his coffee cups.

Two men sitting here. Both reporters of the old school. Both apparently English. But one is South African. Late forties. His name is BARRY MORGAN. The other looks very Daily Telegraph. A greased bald-head and small moustache. His name's DESMOND FRANCE. As the WAITER moves off FRANCE's eyes follow. Drinks arrive at an adjacent table.

SCHANBURG and SWAIN and ROCKOFF. The latter still in his shades & stoned out of his nut. A pair of Cambodian GIRLS also at the table. SCHANBURG and SWAIN are drinking Scotch. The general idea seems to be an eradication of tension. To laugh and booze their way around the frustrations of the day. FRANCE has evidently had enough of it.

FRANCE

Do you mind, awfully?

SCHANBURG looks back over his shoulder. ROCKOFF takes another drag.

27 Cond.

FRANCE

We've put up with it for an hour. Be rather nice to have our coffee in peace ...

ROCKOFF tries to stop himself coughing. Speaks with a lung of smoke.

ROCKOFF

Hate to tell you this, Desmond, but there's a war on.

FRANCE

Yes, but do we have to put up with it all through dinner ?

That'll do for ROCKOFF. Smoke explodes from his face in hysterics.

ROCKOFF

There speaks the voice of one of the worlds great newspapers.

SWAIN

Really, I thought he worked for the 'Sunday Express' ?

SCHANBURG keeps his back to FRANCE. He becomes a convenient alternative to the whisky. The victim of a little playful accupuncture.

SCHANBURG

Oh no, Desmond's topa the pile. Remember reading onea their editorials once. Someone decides to get frank about Northern Ireland.

SWAIN is also laughing. The competition isn't. MORGAN snaps across.

MORGAN

Cut it out, Schanburg. It's been a heavy day ...

And SCHANBURG would like to unload it. Volume enhances his needling.

SCHANBURG

By the end of it I'm searching through Pravda in the hope of a little less bias ..

FRANCE

I take exception to that.

ROCKOFF

FLEET STREET TAKES EXCEPTION.

ROCKOFF gets his headlines out between hits on the joint. FRANCE has taken the bait. But isn't pulling hard enough for SCHANBURG.

SCHANBURG

The majority of Fleet Street is spit. With one or two notable exceptions ...

27 Cond.

27.

SWAIN

Of which I assume my newspaper is one?

SCHANBURG

Of which your newspaper certainly is ..

ROCKOFF

SWAIN JOINS NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS.

SCHANBURG is about to begin again. But FRANCE stands to interrupt.

FRANCE

The problem with you, Schanburg,
is you've got an inflated opinion
of yourself, and your newspaper ..

SCHANBURG looks up with an acid smile. Here comes a 200 volt reply.
But it doesn't happen. His eyes glaze and the cynicism falls apart.

It's about time you woke up to
the fact that this entire war
isn't an exclusive of the New
York Times, or you ...

DESMOND seems pleased with his points. He throws a handful of notes
on his table and shoves off with MORGAN following. SCHANBURG's unex-
pected lack of repartee has created a bad vacuum. He looks down in-
to his glass. Everyone else looks for a way out of his embarrassment.

SWAIN

I think another drink, don't you?

ROCKOFF thinks this an excellent idea. But SCHANBURG shakes his head.
He finishes his Scotch and stands. Starts searching pockets for money.

ROCKOFF

You're not upset about that are
you, Sid? You could assassinate
that fucker any day of the week.

SCHANBURG nods with a limp smile. Sticks a couple of bills at ROCKOFF.

SCHANBURG

Here. I'll buy you a bed.

SCHANBURG bites his lip. Rubs at the back of his neck again. And very
discreetly looks up at a second floor window again. A dim room light
is still flashing. The same light that distracted during his exchange
with Desmond. Bidding them an empty good-night SCHANBURG walks away.

28: INT. FOYER. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

28.

FRANCE and MORGAN are standing in Reception. Chewing it with another
Journalist. Not difficult to guess the subject of their discussion.
Eye-shirting as SCHANBURG walks by. He maintains a stale expression.
As he heads for the stairs FRANCE whispers a comment. A suppression
of laughter. But it's SCHANBURG who's smiling as he begins to ascend.

29: INT. STAIRWAY/CORRIDOR/SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT. 29.

As soon as he's out of sight he begins to move. Excitement propels him breathlessly to the second floor. He crashes into his room. PRAN is still flashing the light-switch. His expression confirms expectation. SCHANBURG grins out loud. They're on their way to Neak Luong.

30: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN/FOREST. NIGHT. 30.

Suburbs of a jungle. A meagre uneven road. Almost a tunnel through the trees. As the car lurches the headlights turn black into green. No sound other than the static of insects and SARUN changing gears. The undergrowth thins out. SARUN kills the lights. Intense darkness for a moment. Then a sudden horizon of concrete bathed in moonlight. SARUN pulls over and stops the engine. They are back at the airport.

31: EXT. PERIMETER FENCE. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. NIGHT. 31.

SCHANBURG and PRAN get out of the car. Both wear small shoulder bags. Both brittle with excitement. SARUN shoots a good-luck grin and they disappear. A moment later they're running in parallel with the fence. They run for a very long way. Arrive at a narrow gap in the wire mesh PRAN scrambles through and SCHANBURG follows. They start to run again.

The exercise repeats itself. Except this time they're at least inside the airport. SCHANBURG is soaked in perspiration. With every footstep he can hear his heart pounding louder. They've run for perhaps a mile.

PRAN suddenly stops. Dismal lights ahead. A 707 of Cathay Pacific. Pause a moment to catch their breath. And the running starts again. Massive wheels of the Boeing. They pass quickly. Head back into the darkness. A line of hangers loom ahead. A sound of hammering. They stop. Exchange glances before moving with utmost caution towards it.

32: EXT. HANGER. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. NIGHT. 32.

The banging comes from the far side of a derelict hanger. A D.C.7. parked in the moonlight. At first glance it looks abandoned. Incapable of flight. Shrapnel scars are visible down the fuselage. But evidently this is it. With PRAN leading the way they hurry across.

A huge man with a hammer is working on an engine. About 250 pounds. Maybe 35 years old. A powerful body. A bush-beard. Both covered in oil. Liquid continues to dribble from the starboard casing. Another blow with the hammer. "Fuck you then." And the casing gets slammed.

Wiping his hands on rags he turns towards them. A formidable sight. Australian. A foot of knife in his belt. His name is OSCAR DOUGAL. He ignores introductions. Bungs his rag away. Gets down to business.

DOUGAL

Got your tickets?

A handful of dollars handed across. DOUGAL counts them and looks up.

Alright. Let's get in.

They walk towards a ladder propped halfway down the planes fuselage.

32 Cond.

32.

SCHANBURG
What about the engine?

DOUGAL
Fuck the engine. I've
flown this slum on hope.

33: INT. DOUGLAS D.C.7. NIGHT.

33.

A string of gloomy light bulbs hang down the centre of the aircraft. DOUGAL kicks the ladder away and closes the door. SCHANBURG and PRAN look around. The plane's like a butchers shop. All seats ripped out and replaced with merchandice. Sides of pork hang from what were the luggage-racks. Crates of live chickens. At the back are half a dozen sleazy Passangers. Most look Chinese. One with a Confucius like bread

SCHANBURG
Who are all these guys?

DOUGAL puts a smile over his shoulder. Continues tightening some rope

DOUGAL
Friends and relitives ..

The crate is stowed to his satisfaction. Lights himself a cigarette.

Find something to hang on to.

Cynicism and incredulity vie for position in SCHANBURG's expression.

SCHANBURG
Where do you sit? Up the front?

34: EXT. HANGER. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. NIGHT.

34.

The engines strain into life. Without lights the DC7 begins to roll. It taxies out onto a runway. Turns into darkness and filthy exhaust.

35: INT. COCKPIT. D.C.7. NIGHT.

35.

DOUGAL sits at the controls. SCHANBURG in the co-pilots seat. Green light filters up from the working instruments. Not many are. DOUGAL shoves a knuckle at one. Still reads zero. A Khmer speaking English cuts in through a head-set. Air Traffic Control want to know who he is. They get ignored. The aircraft continues to shudder up a runway.

There is limited flight-clearance at
this time/Please identify yourself/

A change of voices at A.T.C. The Khmer gets replaced by an American.

You are required by international law/
to supply me with positive pilot ident-
ification and intention of destination/

DOUGAL finally reaches for his mike. A grimy thumb sinks the button.

35 Cond.

35.

DOUGAL
Oscar Dougal. And I'm turning left.

The microphone is tossed aside. DOUGAL reaches for the accelerators.

36: EXT. RUNWAY. POCHENTONG AIRPORT. NIGHT.

36.

The airplane is still coming out of its turn as Dougal rushes the engines. The plane begins to gather speed. Takes off into the moon.

37: INT. COCKPIT. D.C.7. NIGHT.

37.

The Mekong winds below. Platinum in the moonlight. Apparently the only means of navigation. At either side the jungle. Black as coal. A fire is raging fifteen miles away. Probably a village. Altitude reduces the flames to little more than a match head. Noise makes conversation almost impossible. Everything must happen in shouts.

DOUGAL
How long you down for - ?

SCHANBURG turns towards him. His expression is exhaustion/elation.

SCHANBURG
As short a time as possible -

DOUGAL
Coz I'll be back through
tuesday - stoppin in to re-
fuel - If you needed a ride -

SCHANBURG
You can fuel in Neak Luong - ?

DOUGAL
Hopefully - if not I got twenty
six hundred litres of kerosine
out the back - just in case -

News SCHANBURG could have done without. DOUGAL reads his expression.

Don't worry about it - unless
there's some cunt down there I
don't know about, nobody throws
a grenade three thousand six
hundred feet - they haven't got
the weapons - Communists are
fighting this war with A.Ks -
Punji-traps - and hand grenades -

SCHANBURG nods. Aware of the mechanics of this war. DOUGAL bellows.

It's going north that's tricky -
The Commies have got the Mekong
less than 20 Ks outa Phnom Penh -

He gestures suddenly towards the river. Another village in flames.

37 Cond.

DOUGAL

All I hope is they don't win too
quick - Got taken short like that
in Bangladesh - Want a milky tea? -

SCHANBURG shakes his head and stands. Pushes through a rose/chintz
curtain that must have come out of a bungalow in Melbourne. As he
disappears for the back of the plane DOUGAL shouts over a shoulder.

Put your ass-hole under your hat as
we come in - they usually have a go -

SCHANBURG acknowledges the advice. A bit of dawn on the windscreen.

38: INT. CARGO SECTION. D.C.7. NIGHT.

38.

PRAN has joined the rest of the PASSANGERS. Apart from the elderly
one with the beard everybody sits on grain sacks. The CHINAMAN has
a dining chair. He looks up as SCHANBURG appears. Eyes the colour
of ancient cellophane. A distinct hostility towards the new arrival.
His privilage and SCHANBURG settles into the sacks. A couple of Hens
stick their heads out. The old CHINAMAN decides to answer a question
he was never asked. A voice like a spring in a vice. PRAN translates.

(PRAN)

News is privilage of affluence -
Newspaper are flies that speak -

The CHINAMAN is like a statue that speaks. The translation continues.

Try to show picture of starving
Indian - to a starving African -
and see if he thinks it is news -
Newspaper are useful as flies -

SCHANBURG

Tell him that isn't true - tell him
my mission here is to tell the world
how the Cambodian people are living -

PRAN puts the sentiment to the CHINAMAN and translates his response.

(PRAN)

Then you must run very fast - because
soon all Cambodian people will be dead -

SCHANBURG

What does he mean by that - ?

(PRAN)

"Trees in the country. Fruit in the town."

SCHANBURG looks blankly at PRAN. PRAN has heard this adage before.

It's a saying of the Khmer Rouge -

The CHINAMAN finally looks at SCHANBURG. He repeats like a machine.

38 Cond.

38.

CHINAMAN

Angka - Angka - Angka -

SCHANBURG

What does that mean - ?

PRAN puts the question to the CHINAMAN. His face is still as stone.

PRAN

He says you will know -

But he isn't about to find out now. The plane lurches suddenly to the right. Upsets a couple of crates. Feathers and squawking chickens and vegetables in the air. A couple of whisky bottles explode.

They're being fired on from the ground. The plane is hanging a 40 degree turn. Shuddering like the engines are coming off. Everybody is thrown to the floor. Glass and whisky and panicking birds. They level out and momentarily regain control. A tremendous roar followed by a shattering jolt under the aircraft. Perhaps an A.A. shell.

SCHANBURG has his head in his hands. Waiting for the fuel to go up. Expecting the blinding flash. Instead he sees a pair of oily boots.

DOUGAL

Who let these fucking Tok-Toks out?.

SCHANBURG shouts in shock. "We're hit!" DOUGAL goes after a chicken.

We just landed in Neak Luong.

39: EXT. PLACE NATIONAL. NEAK LUONG. DAWN.

39.

SCHANBURG is taking a photograph of the street. Looks like a giant kicked his way up it. Some buildings untouched. Others obliterated.

Everything tints pink as the sun comes up. Iron and crumpled shadows under blackened palm trees. Embers push smoke across the devastation.

500 pounds of high explosive inflicts a terrible damage. These were almost certainly 500 pound bombs. A B52 carries thirty tons of them.

SCHANBURG and PRAN are the only people around. The latter leads the way across the street. Neither bother to speak. But both know what the other is thinking. The fatigue and elation is mixed with anger.

A lattice of iron security gates still stand. Behind them the shops and apartments have been taken to pieces. A mess the size of a parking lot. They cross it taking photographs. A couple of tiny CHILDREN follow. Virtually naked. A Boy and a Girl. The eldest is about seven.

When SCHANBURG stops the Kids stop. Stare at him like he's a Martian. An apartment block with a hole the size of a car punched in its wall. SCHANBURG raises his camera for a shot. Simultaneously the GIRL runs forward and swats at his arm. Joins her companion in a sea of giggles.

To the uninitiated it would seem she wanted to ruin the snap. But the Nikon is lowered with a grin. Asian kids are fascinated by Westerners' hairy-bodies. Another Child appears as SCHANBURG takes his photograph.

40: EXT. PLACE NATIONAL. NEAK LUONG. DAY.

40.

Exhaust fumes and hazy sunshine. Neak Luong has come back to life. A din of People and traffic finding their way round the shattered square. Power lines down and three large craters. In one a bus is buried nose first. Splattered with shrapnel. Its side opened like a can. Any unbroken windows are black with insects and dried blood.

The visitors have now attracted a contingent of about twenty Kids. Where SCHANBURG goes they go. He and PRAN stand by the bus. A MAN gives his version of what happened. Bom-Bom-Bom. Fast and excited his arm sweeps up the street. Traffic noise makes translation very difficult. It doesn't matter. Only necessary to look to understand.

Everyone wants to show SCHANBURG a different facet of the destruction. A Woman with a Baby points across the square. The Kids go into dancing-hairy-armed-extasies as they all follow into a side street.

41: EXT. SIDE STREET. NEAK LUONG. DAY.

41.

SCHANBURG and PRAN and the throng of Kids move into new areas to be investigated. A small and loud Honda motorcycle finds a way through the Children. The driver is young. Very handsome. His name is SAHN.

A quite spectacularly beautiful girl rides passenger. She sits side-saddle. Hair like liquid graphite. About seventeen. Her name's ROSA. The bike moves at walking pace. SAHN shouts across. Gets translated.

(PRAN)

They were going to be married -

A little GIRL keeps interrupting PRAN. She has an emblem from the hood of a Mercedes. Wants to sell it. PRAN keeps flitting her away.

His father was killed - Now they
will wait till the end of the war -

SCHANBURG

Has anyone told them why it happened?

PRAN puts the question. Answered by ROSA. The little GIRL persists.

(PRAN)

Nobody cares why - only when - no-
body cares about the war anymore -
they just want the fighting to stop -

SAHN interrupts his girlfriend. His distress manifests as cynicism.

The radio says they will pay com-
pensation - One hundred dollars
for dead - twenty dollars for loss
of limb - His family have earned
one hundred and twenty dollars -

The GIRL starts pestering SCHANBURG. He shoves his camera at PRAN. Searches pockets for money. Gives her a few coins to get rid of her.

They have no home to go to now -
All the houses at the edge of town
are destroyed - He will show us -

41.

41 Cond.

They are back at Place National. Half the Kids are chasing the GIRL.

SCHANBURG

Tell him we'll come later. I
wanna get to the hospital ...

An exchange of information and SAHN speeds away. A rapid change in PRAN's expression. SOLDIERS in a jeep approaching across the square.

It's alright ...

A conversational smile with a whisper coming through the side of it.

We're just gonna walk towards
em with a big smile and while
we're doing it you're gonna
take the film outa the camera
and stick it in your sock ...

The plan is implemented. PRAN drops his bag and uses it as a cover to conceal the film. SCHANBURG smiles as the three SOLDIERS arrive. Nobody smiles back. The response sounds suspiciously like an order.

(PRAN).

They want us to go with them.

SCHANBURG

Tell em that's not possible right
now. We gotta organise a boat ...

These are Government Soldiers. Ostensibly allies of the U.S. They keep insisting. SCHANBURG isn't sure he wants to get in the jeep. The Kids converge again. It seems they must accept the invitation.

Am I willing or angry?

As PRAN climbs in behind SCHANBURG his confidence returns. The SOLDIERS are happy to have them on board. The smiles start coming out. As they drive away a Child sticks the Mercedes badge in PRAN's hand.

42: INT. JEEP/RIVERSIDE. NEAK LUONG. DAY.

42.

All the SOLDIERS are young. The eldest no more than eighteen. PRAN speaks with the DRIVER. The relationship has become quite amicable.

(PRAN)

First we will go to find a boat -
Then they will show us everything.

PRAN is still clutching the Mercedes emblem. Shoves it in his bag. SCHANBURG realises he's wasted. Shakes out a couple of Nytol. PRAN refuses and SCHANBURG takes both. A bridge appears in the distance.

43: INT. JEEP/BRIDGE. NEAK LUONG. DAY.

43.

They rattle over an iron bridge. Hundreds of people straggle into town. Carts and wheelbarrows and animals. Bicycles laden with possessions. Legions of Kids. PRAN processes the DRIVER's commentary.

43 Cond.

43.

(PRAN)

These people are not from the bombing - Refugees from the Khmer Rouge -

Many of the Refugees have shaved heads. A symbol of Buddhist atonement. Many are ill. All look hungry. A procession of utter misery.

SCHANBURG

I hear the guns. How far away?

(PRAN)

One week - one year - Khmer Rouge are same distance from everything in Cambodia -

SCHANBURG begins reloading his camera. He suddenly shifts focus towards the river. A raft is floating under the bridge. By the time it reappears on the otherside they are too far away to identify it.

The Khmer Rouge took this area - they have just taken it back -

The raft drifts on the current. SCHANBURG continues staring through the girders. The changing angle turns the lattice into a rusty wall.

44: EXT. RIVER BANK. MEKONG. DAY.

44.

The river is maybe 200 meters wide. Hundreds of tiny fishing boats at the bank. Three gunboats moored to a small pier. PRAN is in the background. Out of focus. Making travel negotiations with a Sailor.

SCHANBURG stands in a fishing boat anchored six-out into the river. He screws in a 350 mill. lens and looks through. Also out of focus. The image sharpens onto the raft. It revolves slowly with the tide.

Several bodies lashed together with wire. They stand upright. Most headless. All in advanced putrefaction. Heat haze and distance distort their mutilation still further. Empty skulls. Bird shit. Bone. A pole rises from the raft. A blood-red flag. Colours of the Khmer Rouge. This grotesque advertisement has been on the river for weeks.

PRAN brings himself into focus with a shout. "Ten o'clock tonight." SCHANBURG wades back over the boats. They walk together up the pier. The jeep is still waiting for them. As they climb in a Navy OFFICER walks past. He recognises PRAN instantly. And PRAN recognises him.

45: INT. JEEP/COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

45.

Rice paddy at eitherside. Some dead animals in the ditches. Three or four Corpses at the side of the road. Covered with transparent corrugated sheet. But moving too fast to see much of anything here.

They stop to pick up two GIRL SOLDIERS. Both wear oversize fatigues. Both about 15. They carry captured Kalashnikov A.K. 47s. One has a small transistor radio. Paul McCartney's "Jet" from Band On The Run.

The GIRLS are all smiles. Joking with the SOLDIERS. More interested in McCartney than the distant sounds of war. One applies lipstick. SCHANBURG looks toward her with a mixture of sadness and admiration.

46: EXT. VILLAGE. OUTSIDE NEAK LUONG. DAY.

46.

Yellow smoke drifts across the earth. Houses on stilts with burnt-out thatch. A Young Woman and an Old Man in front of their house. He tends a bonfire for the dead. She turns in dislocated circles around it. Picks up pieces of bone. Sleep-walking with grief. Grey with ashes and tears. She carries a yellow Baby. It is dying from dysentery. Shits and moans as she walks. Five more Children follow.

The village is virtually destroyed. The Khmer Rouge have left just enough alive to publicise the event. Fires everywhere. The victims have already been cremated. Livestock laying where it was butchered.

SCHANBURG and PRAN have seen enough. They move away accompanied by an assembly of naked Children. The DRIVER has appointed himself as guide. He continues a commentary which PRAN continues to translate.

(PRAN)

The Insurgents kill 47 people -
Execute them with bayonets - also
old people and pregnant women -
they kill two men with rags soaked
in gasoline - force down their
throats alight - they have taken
revenge - he wants to show you the
Khmer Rouge they have killed -

SCHANBURG nods with his attention on a small BOY. A fresh and nasty star-shaped shrapnel scar on his neck. He squats happily in front of a wood fire. Cutting up a heap of livers and boiling them in a pot. Although no more than thirteen years old he wears an army uniform. A helmet and hand-grenades dangle from his belt. He smokes a cigarette. Cooking fumes hang in the air. Almost too sweet to breathe. The BOY and his cigarette are stained with blood. He continues with his work. Grins shyly up at SCHANBURG as PRAN converts the question into Khmer.

He says he is 12, and he likes America.

SCHANBURG

Really, what does he like about it?

PRAN asks the question. The little BOY takes ages and ages to think.

BOY

Cars.

(PRAN)

And he says he likes the King.

The shooting in the distance stops. The BOY continues in bad English.

BOY

America. Very good car. Every-
body, everywhere got good car.

SCHANBURG

Where'd he learn his English?

(PRAN)

In school. His Mother was teacher.

46 Cond.

The BOY begins unwrapping an old plastic coat. More liver flops out. A stale red broth. As he hacks at it the stench in the air is death.

PRAN

He ask what car you drive in America?

SCHANBURG

I don't have a car. Just the Mercedes.

The little BOY's face lights up. Their DRIVER is anxious to move on.

BOY

Mercedes. Good one. Very good one.

The DRIVER taps at SCHANBURG's elbow. Points towards a paddy-field.

(PRAN)

He wants to show us the Khmer Rouge.

Fatigue and amphetamine and smoke contest for SCHANBURG's expression.

They have cut out over fifty livers.

BOY

Rolls Royce a good one. Mercedes a good one. Very good car in America.

The BOY continues pawing over the livers. The sight is intolerable. SCHANBURG has had about enough today. Addresses the DRIVER tetchily.

SCHANBURG

Tell him we don't have the time. We'll see his Officer, then we gotta leave ..

SCHANBURG and the DRIVER and the gang of Kids move off. As he follows PRAN has an after-thought. He gives the little BOY the Mercedes emblem. The BOY is absolutely delighted. Bows gratitude after PRAN.

47: EXT. RICE PADDY/RIVER BANK. DAY.

47.

The landscape is wet-through. Barren of trees except for a distant rubber plantation where the shooting was coming from. They set off along a dyke running parallel with the Mekong. Several machine gun emplacements. As usual the Children dance round SCHANBURG and PRAN.

PRAN

They believe eating the liver of the enemy brings strength and courage. Magical good-luck.

One of the GIRL SOLDIERS catches up. An exchange with the DRIVER terminates in giggles. Land-crabs scuttle with them down the river bank

She says, her friend likes him.

Her friend is giving a coy routine further down the bank. Faint rock and roll from her radio. Behind her the mud has dried into a sort of

47 Cond.

47.

beach. Children play around a water buffalo in the glistening Mekong. The GIRL is beckoned but refuses to come. Her Friend leaves to join her. They continue towards a machinegun emplacement. The DRIVER gestures the Kids away. Some loiter in the background. Most gallop off laughing. Maybe a dozen Kids now splashing around the water buffalo.

48: EXT. MACHINEGUN EMPLACEMENT. MEKONG. DAY.

48.

Sandbags and a canvas sheet to keep off the sun. Three SOLDIERS and a heavy machinegun. The floor is littered with ammunition belts and mango peel. The men hardly bother to look up as the DRIVER introduces his visitors. They are country boys. Demoralised by the fighting. The MAN in charge wears filthy shower-sandals. But nobody has shoes. A young SOLDIER manages a smile. His teeth are black with Betel-Nut.

SCHANBURG

Why don't they have any shoes?

The BOY with black teeth offers information. The others are evasive.

(PRAN)

They have no shoes because they
have no pay - they have no pay
because the Generals need houses -

A scowl from the MAN in sandals. PRAN has difficulty in translating.

All authorities are - memezzing -

SCHANBURG

Memezzling? What d'you mean?

PRAN

Stealing Government money.

SCHANBURG

Embezzling. They're embezzling.

PRAN

Embezzling. They claim pay-cheque
for Soldiers that don't exist ...

Both PRAN and SCHANBURG carry a heavy cargo of fatigue. It's slipping in places. Neither have slept for 36 hours. And this produces tension.

SCHANBURG

Let's have a discrete go at some names.

(PRAN)

He says he doesn't know any names -

SCHANBURG turns with frustration. The Kids still play 100 yards away.

SCHANBURG

Alright. Where's this commanding
Officer? We'd like to talk to him.

48 Cond.

48.

PRAN puts the question to the DRIVER. Answered by the MAN in sandals.

(PRAN)

He say there is no Officer available -

SCHANBURG

Tell him we've come all the way out here to see the guy. Tell him we're interested in making things better.

SCHANBURG seems poised for collapse. Wipes the sweat from his face.

And while he's getting fascinated with the details, it might also cross your mind to ask him the fuckers name ...

PRAN goes about it but is brusquely interrupted by the man in sandals

(PRAN)

He says - no names - no names -

SCHANBURG

What d'you ask him the name for?
I got a distinct recollection that we try for a little subtlety.

PRAN

I'm sorry, Sydney. I'm tired.

SCHANBURG

We're all tired. Try him again.

But the SOLDIER has already turned away. Annoyance builds in SCHANBURG's expression. Runs a hand through his hair and also turns away.

49: EXT. DYKE. RICE PADDY. DAY.

49.

The DRIVER leads the way along a dyke. SCHANBURG is pissed with it.

SCHANBURG

How many times do I tell you?
Never open with a direct question. Always come in obliquely.

The DRIVER makes a right-angle turn. Heads back towards the river.

And the uglier the question, the more oblique you get. Think of em like ladies. When they're really ugly, you bury their face in the pillow and come in from the west.

They arrive back at the river. SCHANBURG wants to be back in town.

Where's this guy taking us? C'mon, tell him. The afternoon's wearing out. We gotta get to the hospital.

49 Cond.

49.

PRAN catches up with the DRIVER. Obvious why they've come this way. The GIRL SOLDIERS are digging for crabs on the mud beach. He just wants a minute with them. No alternative but for SCHANBURG to wait. As the DRIVER approaches the GIRLS see him. The Juliet of the relationship breaks away. Her Friend grabs her and attempts to detain her. SCHANBURG and PRAN are just about close enough to hear the giggling. SCHANBURG pushes the sweat back into his hair. Looks down the river. Soldiers unload a boat about sixty yards away. Otherwise a panorama of tranquility. The Buffalo continues to cool itself in the Mekong. SCHANBURG is staring at the Buffalo with a blank face. Like someone out of luck with a cross-word puzzle. The animal stands dead still in the heat. Something strange about it he can't quite focus. He suddenly realises. His eyes harden. Intensely blue. "That Look".

SCHANBURG

No kids.

The whisper dies in his throat. The GIRL escapes her Friend and runs laughing towards the only tree in sight. SCHANBURG screams after her.

Get away from that tree!

She doesn't hear. She wouldn't understand. SCHANBURG screams at PRAN.

Tell her! Tell her! They'll
target on the fucking tree!

A second later the GIRL is dead. The Khmer Rouge have sighted their mortar. Tread it towards the supply boat in filthy bouquets of mud. On the instant the machineguns open up. Pour .50 calibre tracer into the rubber plantation. The K.R. return the fire. SCHANBURG and PRAN are face down amongst the rice shoots. Feel the ground shocks of the mortars. The supply boat gets atomised. Red rain and falling debris.

50: EXT. ROAD/BRIDGE. NEAK LUONG, DAY.

50.

The sun is low over the river. Distant artillery and smoke. Refugees still cross the bridge. But less of them now. SCHANBURG and PRAN are amongst the convoy of misery. Plastered from head to foot with dried mud. SCHANBURG sits on an abutment to give his blister collection a break. A bit of "Christ my feet" dialogue which forces PRAN to smile.

PRAN

Your fault, Sydney ...

SCHANBURG looks up without expression. PRAN mimics him with a grin.

"Where in the Fuck do we get a ride?"
(Mimicking Schanburg)

"Never open with a direct question."
(Mimicking Schanburg)

"And never bite your lip unless everything is going like a fucking dream."

A small smile from SCHANBURG as he concedes the point. Drops another pair of Nytol. This time PRAN joins him. They walk off tired as dogs.

51: INT. CORRIDOR/HOSPITAL WARD. NEAK LUONG. NIGHT.

51.

A short corridor illuminated by a single candle. On one side are a row of internal windows. Behind a hospital ward. SCHANBURG and PRAN follow a tall man with a flash-light. About forty years old. Curly red hair. He is Scottish. He is drunk. His name is DOCTOR McENTIRE.

McENTIRE shines his torch into the ward. The windows are thick with grime. Insects crowd towards the light. A brown insect stuns itself. It clicks like a knuckle as it batters again and again at the glass.

This is a terrible place. Too many people. Too few beds. Tables substitute down the centre of the ward. An eleven year old Boy looks up from the floor. Nobody's had time to cover or close his staring eyes.

McENTIRE turns away to answer a question from a NURSE. Like him she is a Scot. International Red Cross. Her emblem dissolved into blood.

SCHANBURG moves further down the windows. At the end of the ward an operation is in progress. Half a dozen candles and dozens of flitting moths. Huge shadows on the ceiling and walls. A Screaming Child. Its agony censored by the general din and intervening wall of glass.

SCHANBURG

What's happening here?

McENTIRE hardly bothers to reply. He's wasted as SCHANBURG and PRAN. He kills his torch and shuffles away. SCHANBURG and PRAN follow him.

52: INT. FRENCH CAFE. NEAK LUONG. NIGHT.

52.

Electricity in here. Powers a pin-ball machine. 'Golden Bonanza'. A group of Teenagers shoving at it. Clicking solenoids and Pink Floyd push the last grains of reality from McENTIRE's head. He sits at a table with SCHANBURG and PRAN. So exhausted he can hardly think. He drinks whisky/black coffee. The machine clatters through his answer.

McENTIRE

Maybe two hundred dead, and
a lot more wounded. I got
people in there gonna hate
me for keeping them alive ..

SAHN appears at the door. PRAN stands to greet him. McENTIRE yawns.

How many bodies do you have
to climb over before you read
the one that says, 'go home'?

The pin-ball machine clicks numbers. PRAN signifies it's time to go. McENTIRE finishes his whisky. They stand and walk towards the door.

53: EXT. CAFE. NEAK LUONG. NIGHT.

53.

They step out into the muzzle of a gun. Six Sailors with Armalites and an OFFICER in a bad mood. An instant of panic and the hands go up. A SAILOR shouting in Khmer. PRAN is too terrified to translate. McENTIRE's too tired and too drunk to know what's happening. SCHANBURG also frightened. Speaks at McENTIRE out the side of his mouth.

53 Cond.

53.

SCHANBURG
Walk away.

McENTIRE
Fuck that.

SCHANBURG
Do what I tell you. Go on.

SAHN has already vanished in the darkness. McENTIRE seeps after him. SCHANBURG keeps the volume easy. Whispers a soft instruction to PRAN.

It's a tenth of a smile and
what can we do to help you?

SCHANBURG is looking at PRAN for reaction. The OFFICER speaks. PRAN replies. Works a smile. The rifles are lowered and so are the hands.

PRAN
He say, we are under arrest.

54: EXT. STREET. NEAK LUONG. NIGHT.

54.

The street in virtual darkness. A line of peasant houses. Constructions of wood and bamboo. Corrugated iron rooves. Raised on stilts. The local authorities have apparently commandeered them as shelter for survivors of the bombing. The usual clusters of Children and animals. Light from cooking fires. An occasional electric light bulb.

With the OFFICER in the lead SCHANBURG & PRAN and the Escort follow. One of the SAILORS shouts from a house. Back up the street and they are ordered inside. Aggression and agitation from SCHANBURG. Agitation and fear from PRAN. Despite it he attempts to calm the situation and get them off the hook. But the OFFICER isn't having it. Suddenly starts screaming. SCHANBURG interrupts PRAN's terrified translation.

SCHANBURG
It's alright. I know what he said.

No alternative but to climb the stairs. They disappear inside the house. Two Guards posted and the OFFICER vanishes down the street.

55: INT. HOUSE ON STILTS. NIGHT.

55.

The room is large and spartan. Six or seven Adults. Three Children. A precious 50 c.c. Honda in a corner and a couple of precious Hens. Though the residents are city dwellers they have the complexion of provincial Cambodians. Mirror black hair. Skin the colour of earth. Like SCHANBURG they are all agitated. At every sound they look up expecting their allies to rain another \$165,000 worth of bombs on them.

One of the Sailor GUARDS squats in the corner with his rifle. SCHANBURG paces in front of him. The foundations of his consciousness are amphetamines and anxiety to get his copy to Phnom Penh. PRAN no longer bothers to translate what the SAILOR has obviously heard before.

55 Cond.

55.

SCHANBURG

I can tell you something, you're gonna find yourself in a lot of shit for this. I'm a United States citizen. I'm on your side. Don't let the bombs put you off. We're on your side. I'm here to tell everybody about the bombs. Understand?

He doesn't and couldn't react if he did. PRAN looks very anxious. Sound of a plane in the far distance. A little BOY identifies it.

BOY

Lockheed F-III.

SCHANBURG continues to pace the floor. Shoves a glance towards PRAN.

SCHANBURG

How come he knows all the planes?

The answer's obvious and SCHANBURG doesn't wait for it anyway. Suddenly turns his frustration towards the huddle of staring Cambodians.

Why don't you people get a
telex installed? Or a phone?
Everybody needs a phone!

He may as well talk to a wall. Precisely what he does. With a fist.

56: EXT. HOUSE ON STILTS. DAWN.

56.

The sun's coming up. Shadows long as trees. Groups of Refugees squat round their cooking fires. Bullocks tethered in their carts impatient to leave. As soon as breakfast is over they will head for Phnom Penh.

One of the Sailor GUARDS navigates a way through the Crowd. A rifle slung over his back. A small bowl of food in each hand. Distant hack of a machinegun as he climbs the stairs and vanishes into the house.

57: INT. HOUSE ON STILTS. DAWN.

57.

A wedge of sunlight pushes in with the SAILOR. Most of the Occupants have gone. The BOY who spots planes and his PARENTS remain managing some kind of sleep. The rest of the house is awake. The SAILOR positions his bowls of noodles on a mat and relieves the exhausted GUARD.

SCHANBURG is still pacing. Looks like his face has been taken off and boiled. PRAN squats in a corner. Pupils wide with Nytol. Plus fatigue and fear. They share 60 hours without sleep and zero interest in food.

SCHANBURG

How much longer they gonna
keep us in here? Tell him I
demand to see his Officer.

No point in demanding anything in here and SCHANBURG knows it. Exasperation gets unloaded at PRAN. Sticks a finger at the bowls of food.

57 Cond.

57.

SCHANBURG
Eat. Eat.

PRAN
I'm frightened, Sydney ..

SCHANBURG shakes out his last cigarette. Continues to pace the room.

I'm the guy who brought
you here. They can accuse
me. They can arrest me ..

SCHANBURG
How can they arrest you?
You're already arrested.

A couple of MEN appear. An exchange with the GUARD and permission is
obtained to carry the bike out. SCHANBURG also makes representation.

Tell him I need some
cigarettes and a piss.

PRAN
They phone Phnom Penh about me.

SCHANBURG
Would you tell him I need a piss.

PRAN overcomes anxiety and translates. The SAILOR isn't interested.

(PRAN)
He say, no piss.

SCHANBURG
What does he mean, no piss?

PRAN
No piss.

SCHANBURG
No piss!

PRAN's anxiety increases in direct proportion to SCHANBURG's volume.

PRAN
Better not to argue with him!

SCHANBURG
Who's arguing with him? How
can anyone argue a piss? A
piss is a piss. It's unarg-
uable. And I demand a piss.

(PRAN)
He say, piss out of window.

SCHANBURG's more mentally than physically approaching bursting point.

SCHANBURG

What is he, a fucking comedian?
There's three hundred people out
here having breakfast. I'm not
gonna piss round a curtain while
three hundred people eat breakfast.

He swats his cigarette to the floor. The adrenaline starts to speak.

I've had enough of this bull-
shit. I'm getting outa here. I
got a story to get to New York.

He makes a break for the door. PRAN stands in terror of abandonment.

58: EXT. STAIRWAY. HOUSE ON STILTS. DAWN.

58.

He achieves step three. A bolt snaps back on a rifle. Another at
the bottom of the stairs. PRAN appears in the doorway behind him.
His face is little short of panic. For a moment so is SCHANBURG's.

PRAN

Don't leave me, Sydney!

The SAILOR at the bottom of the stairs has got enough bitch in his
eyes to pull it. SCHANBURG's hands go up with appropriate timidity.

SCHANBURG

I'm not gonna leave you.

A bit of screaming from the GUARD and everyone returns to the house.

59: INT. HOUSE ON STILTS. DAY.

59.

SCHANBURG gets back to his pacing. PRAN back to his corner. GUARDS
have been increased to three. Nobody else in the room but the tiny
BOY cooking rice. Steam fills the air. Despite his terror PRAN is
looking hungry. SCHANBURG catches his eyes as he retraces his steps.

Something extraordinary in the contact. So fleeting there's no time
to describe it. SCHANBURG very nearly smiles. Fights to get his will
power on top of the speed. Picks up the bowls and sits next to PRAN.
He positions the bowls between them. SCHANBURG is suddenly ravenous.

PRAN is well aware why SCHANBURG is eating. The gesture allows him
to eat too. Their eyes may not be in contact. But their hearts are.
Apart from a remote grumble of artillery they breakfast in silence.

60: INT. HOUSE ON STILTS. DAY.

60.

Flies spin filaments round the empty bowls. The room is a coma of
heat. Only one GUARD necessary now. PRAN is asleep and SCHANBURG
is on the coast of it. He sits in a corner with eyes barely open.
Sound of a helicopter in the distance. The little BOY identifies
it as a "Chinook". SCHANBURG slowly resurfaces into consciousness.

60 Cond.

60.

The situation rushes back at him. The artillery is much louder now. So is the helicopter. SCHANBURG stands as it passes almost directly above the house. He gets to a window. Watches as the Chinook lands.

SCHANBURG

They brought in a pool ...

The whisper becomes a furious bellow as he turns back into the room.

They brought in a fucking pool!

The helicopter is parked in a clearing less than fifty yards away. Uniforms disembark. U.S. Embassy High-Ranks. M.Ps. and Journalists.

Jesus, look at this, Pran. They organised a pool. Hand-picked ass-lickers to do the fuckin laundry.

SCHANBURG's exclusive is officially fucked. He screams at the GUARD.

I wanna tell you something.
I'm walking outa here. Now.

The GUARD's reply almost certainly means "No you're not." The guns come up again as another SAILOR rushes into the room. In his frustration and fury SCHANBURG snatches out his passport and waves it in the GUARD's face. His finger stabs at the photograph and at himself.

What you gonna do, blow my fuckin head off? We got the General over there. And this is a U.S. passport. And this is me. I'm walkin outa here.

PRAN hovers attempting to make sense of the GUARD's shocked response.

(PRAN)

He must get Officer ..

SCHANBURG

Then get him. Get him.

SCHANBURG's temper is so extreme it is instantly obeyed by the GUARD.

61: EXT. RIVER BANK. MEKONG. NEAK LUONG. DAY.

61.

The sun has travelled an hour. The fact-finding mission head back to the helicopter with the facts. Neak Luong is now of secondary importance. The 'Pool' are more interested in the events at the other side of the Mekong. The Khmer Rouge are making a push. A terrific battle rages a few miles away. The Government forces are in retreat. Despite the F-IIIIs screaming overhead it's possible to see a war getting lost

An Audience of U.S. and Cambodian Uniforms watch through binoculars. Embassy & Army Big-Wigs with an accompaniment of Journalists & C.I.A. Sound is coming from every direction. The Chinook winds into life. A pair of Navy Patrol boats pull into the river bank. A Television Crew clamber ashore. As they unload equipment SCHANBURG passes in a rage.

6I Cond.

SCHANBURG

You wanna learn something about journalism, Pran. Take a look at these guys. The bang-bang men. The play-back men. Take three of the world's most dangerous situation.

About the only person to hear is SCHANBURG himself. The helicopters giant rotors cart everything away in dust. A few recognisable faces. REEVES escorts a group of JOURNALISTS which includes DESMOND FRANCE. FRANCE is noticably complacent. REEVES is furious. He swaps a lazer with SCHANBURG as he passes. One friendly face among the Crowd. The U.S. Press Attache. Warm cynicism in his eyes. His name is KINCAID.

KINCAID

Nice to see you, Sydney.

SCHANBURG

Fuck you.

KINCAID clearly has sympathy and admiration for SCHANBURG. He catches up with him as he closes on the Chinook. REEVES bellows above the din

REEVES

You go back on the boat, Schanburg.

SCHANBURG's eyes hurt with aggression. Too much to reply. He reverses direction for the landing stage. Rejects KINCAID's consiliatory tone.

KINCAID

Listen Sydney, if you weren't down here, I wouldn't be down here. I don't wanna be down here. What good has this done?

PRAN follows towards the boats. SCHANBURG busts a fuse in his larynx.

SCHANBURG

It'll fuck up a few breakfasts.

As he turns away F-IIIs spread artificial sunlight along the horizon.

62: INT. CORRIDOR. U.S. EMBASSY. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

62.

The SERGEANT marches down the corridor. Accompanied by two M.Ps. Hats and shoes have recieved a mirror finish. The SERGEANT carries a large parcel wrapped in Brown paper. The trio strut into the Embassy foyer.

63: INT. FOYER. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

63.

An atmosphere of forced reverence. Maybe fifty People waiting here. None seem to know how to react. REEVES stands to attention in full uniform. MAX on a short leash at his side. No longer a Puppy. Still badly behaved. He starts barking at the appearance of the SERGEANT.

The SERGEANT and GUARD snap to attention. Salute a middle aged man. The United States Ambassador to Phnom Penh. His name is JAMES WADE.

63 Cond.

63.

The U.S. Anthem starts to play. WADE salutes the Stars and Stripes. A rattle of paper and everybody starts saluting everything in sight. KINCAID stands towards the back. Arms folded in shirt-sleeves. Stares with an expression reflecting the absurdity of the proceedings. They are changing the portrait of Richard M Nixon for that of Gerald Ford. MAXIMUS barks as Dick comes down. Continues barking as Jerry goes up. The image drifts through a slow fade. Only the President is exempt.

64: INT. STATE RECEPTION ROOM. U.S. EMBASSY. NIGHT.

64.

Ford stares out from his frame. U.S. flag to the left. Illuminated Christmas tree to the right. A hand-painted banner proclaims 'New Years Eve. Phnom Penh. 1975.' And the elite party is in full swing.

Ambassadors and Ambassadors Wives. The ubiquitous Cambodian Big-Wigs and Wives. Frank Sinatra singing 'I did it my way.' And everybody in paper hats. A couple of Yank Kids in cowboy suits. Toy guns making a nuisance of themselves as they run in and out of the Guests. Perhaps two hundred people. All well-oiled with duty-free gin and Champagne.

'Regrets I've had a few, but then again too few to mention.' ROCKOFF looks more stoned than gate-crashed. Almost certainly both. He shuffles up the buffet table in shades and a paper hat. Burdens his plate with caviar and mayonnaise and sets off into the diamonds & chatter.

A ritzy little group of bow-ties and obesity. REEVES is locked into animated small-talk with a pair of Brits. Bald head and a gut and a strikingly ugly Wife. Mustard blonde stiff with laquer. A face like it's carved from Spam. ROCKOFF seeps in at the edge of conversation.

REEVES

I mean, how do you explain
Communism to a Dobermann ..

LADY MEECHER

Of course, it breaks ones heart.
I don't know what we say to Geoffrey if he has to go to sleep.

SIR HENRY MEECHER

The answer is, you don't. You
do it quickly and efficiently.

ROCKOFF nods sympathetically as he transferrs mayonnaise to his mout

If the worst comes to the worst
I'll have him quietly put away.

Further details are interrupted by the appearance of Ambassador WADE
An American Couple in tow. The male going through puberty in reverse

AMBASSADOR WADE

General and Mrs Green, I'd like
you to meet the British Ambassador,
Sir John and Lady Meecher.

The GREENS and MEECHERS exchange hands and the introductions continue

- 39 -

AMBASSADOR WADE

General Chah Tith, and Madam Tith,
my Air Attache, Grayham Reeves, I
think you know ...

Etiquette skids to a halt as he gets to the last face in line. ROCKOFF smiles politely. Swallows his grub. Makes his own introductions.

ROCKOFF

Alan D. Rockoff.

A brittle eye contact from WADE as he shakes their hands. LADY MEECHER launches into MRS GREEN and ROCKOFF thinks it's time to circulate.

LADY MEECHER

You're the one with the house?

REEVES

I told them about 'The Sheerings.'

MRS GREEN exhumes a smile of raw snobism from under the crust of slap

SIR HENRY MEECHER

Margaret has a passion for houses.

And on that note ROCKOFF evaporates. Heads back for the Buffet table. Strawberries and cream with a dollop of chocolate sauce. Snatches of conversation. "If things get really bad we're moving back to Saigon."

ROCKOFF heads for the ice-cream. "On peut manger des escargots, boire du bon vin encore." ROCKOFF's plate approaches some sort of climax. As he tops it with crushed pistachio REEVES pushes through the crowd.

REEVES

What are you doing here?

ROCKOFF

Celebrating.

REEVES

The Ambassador wants you to leave.

The instruction is barely acknowledged. Walks off with a laconic O.K.

Now.

ROCKOFF

O.K.

He shoves his plateful at REEVES and vanishes towards the door. Elvis replaces Sinatra. The Cowboys shoot it out around the Christmas tree.

REEVES looks for a place to dump the plate. A healthy little fat man passes. Gold-framed glasses on a safety-chain and a pretty Cambodian GIRL on his arm. Grins at REEVES with a reprimand for Rockoff's food.

HORRLE

Lotta meanie carbohydrate.

REEVES

Oh Doctor Horrle. We gotta coupla
the British Red Cross Team here.
Might be nice for you to meet ?

HORRLE

Available to anybody ..

His well-upholstered ass is absorbed. REEVES follows into the Crowd.
A few acceptable members of the Press Corps are on the floor. FRANCE
shakes his rheumatism with a jewelled Frog. KINCAID passes in a daft
hat and luminous bow-tie. Heads for a platform by the Christmas tree.
A small P/A system. KINCAID reaches for the mike. Blows on it to test
All in order except for a precocious Cowboy. "Get the fuck outa here.
The KID looks shocked at the instruction but obeys it never the less.
Meanwhile in the blonde corner LADY MARGARET gets serious with GREEN.

LADY MEECHER

Oh never mind about Congress. He
should send in Marines, bombers,
and the Seventh Fleet. And if the
British Government have any spunk
at all, they'll back him up ...

Her drivell is interrupted by KINCAID. Just about visable by the tree.

KINCAID (P/A)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot ...

His voice echos round the hall and creates a brief hiatus of silence.

Just testing your reflexes, Ladies
and Gentlemen. False alarm. We are
twenty three minutes and counting.

Feedback gets drowned in a howl. Not too loud at this end of the room
Dr HORRLE has cornered Dr McENTIRE. The Scot is unimpressed and drunk

HORRLE

What we're gonna do is a cell
analysis. Take a cross-section
of the Kids, put the whole thing
through a computer, find out ex-
actly who is, and who isn't hungry.

McENTIRE

How long have you been in Cambodia?

HORRLE

Eight hours.

McENTIRE

How long d'you intend to stay?

HORRLE.

That kinda depends on the planes.

64 Cond.

64.

McENTIRE turns to walk away but temper and the whisky won't let him.

McENTIRE

When a child with a belly bigger
than yours, dies in my arms, I
don't need a cell-analysis to tell
me the reason was starvation ...

He storms off across the dance floor. A KID blasts him with his gun.

COWBOY

You're dead.

McENTIRE

I'm drunk.

He makes for the buffet to get more drunk. Faces fill the empty space
The party has reached balloon-bursting stage. Up-market vandalism. A
swirl of dancing Couples play soft-ball with balloons and cigarettes.
The bald and boring GENERAL GREEN is jowling at a Frenchman. About 50
Tanned and almost good-looking. The French Consul. His name's TIBAUT.

GENERAL GREEN

We have a hillside. I wouldn't
say it's a whole hillside, but
it's a nice piece of hill. And
at night you look down from Mul-
holland, and you got the most
Beautiful vista in the world ..

Everyone in the pack has heard it before. TIBAUT could obviously do
without hearing it. The only interest among the Hats is LADY MEECHER.

LADY MEECHER

Sounds utterly perfect, doesn't it?

TIBAUT nods but doesn't answer. The response comes from someone else.

ROCKOFF

You'd adore it. Some of the
worlds greatest architects
have ignored Los Angeles ...

ROCKOFF wears a big smile and paper hat. Carries another heap of ice-
cream. Despite the barrage of hostility he calmly continues to scoff.

REEVES

I requested you to leave, Mr Rockoff.

Something absurd about REEVES getting hot in his bulbous purple hat.

ROCKOFF

I couldn't get to the helicopter pad ..

Several important Cambodians here. And nobody jokes about evacuation.

Notice you had one installed on the roof.

64 Cond.

64.

ROCKOFF clearly enjoys the tension. This is all highly embarrassing.

REEVES

There's no helicopter pad on the roof.

ROCKOFF

Then I must be hallucinating ...

He swallows another mouthful of cake and confides with GENERAL GREEN.

Hellava hit in the weed round
here. I thought maybe we were
all going upstairs to America?

GENERAL GREEN

Who is this man?

REEVES

He wasn't invited. He's here
for free food ...

LADY MEECHER's kisser buckles indignantly. Mutters "It's disgraceful.

ROCKOFF

Nothing special about it. Fif-
teen hundred people a day comin
into town for the same reason ..

The precocious COWBOY rushes past. Sprays GENERAL TITH with bullets.
TITH isn't too amused. But no time for his reaction or anybody elses.
KINCAID is back through the P/A counting out the last seconds of 1974:
"Five. Four. Three." ROCKOFF moves off with REEVES in furious pursuit

KINCAID (P/A)

Twelve o'clock everybody! It's mid-
night, twelve o'clock! Happy 1975!

Cheering and applause and a torrent of black and white balloons. KIN-
CAID starts the song. Everybody joins in. Everybody linking hands. A
huge chain forms in the middle of the room. Swelling and contracting
Ninety per cent of the Cambodians don't know what the fuck's going on

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind .. ?

The circle of Guests contracts round its axis. ROCKOFF finds himself
almost opposite REEVES. The latter bellows as he's dragged backwards

REEVES

I want you in my office, Rockoff. You're
on the first plane out of this country ..

And out they all go again. The Cambodians do their best to join in.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ...

Hundreds of faces rush towards each other. ROCKOFF shouts at REEVES.

64 Cond.

ROCKOFF
Smoking. And a vegetarian meal.

For a second ROCKOFF is focal-point of a kaleidoscope of hostility. A second later a massive explosion bursts in a line of windows. All lights go out except for little white lights on the Christmas tree. A roar like every big gun within 10 miles is firing simultaneously.

For a moment it's hard to believe the Guests aren't still celebrating. Balloons still pop. People race around like ball-bearings in a puzzle. KINCAID appeals for calm through the P/A. The SERGEANT pushes through the confusion. A black and white uniform finds a black and white evening dress. AMBASSADOR WADE is escorting LADY MEECHER towards an exit.

SERGEANT
The Commissioner for Strategic Services Sir, has asked me to inform you, that the Insurgents have just begun a major assault on the city.

The news hadn't gone unnoticed. All-Hell getting loosed off outside. WADE says "Thank you Sergeant" and the SERGEANT says "Thank you Sir." KINCAID is shouting about reinforced concrete without success. Apparently everybody is quite safe in here. McENTIRE grabs the microphone. Defiant and ragingly drunk. He picks up 1975 where they left it off.

McENTIRE
We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine ...

He sings the chorus himself. Gets louder as the shelling gets louder. A single white flash puts everything into silhouette. Then colour is eliminated. White fairy-lights and white balloons. White shirts and white faces. Like dots on a massively enlarged newspaper photograph.

But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne ...

Everything fades but McENTIRE's voice. This is a newspaper photograph. It develops slowly like a Polaroid. The BOY cooking human livers. He looks up proudly in his too large helmet. Holds his rifle. Drips with grenades. Not much older than the Brat playing Cowboys in the Embassy.

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet ...

The chorus continues into another photograph. An Austin car hit by a rocket. Three dead. The windscreen has melted onto the Driver's face.

And there's a hand my trusty fiere!

A young Woman laying in a road. Shrapnel has slashed her to pieces. She lays on a bloody mat. Looks up at her husband. Only eyes alive.

And gie's a hand o' thine ..

A photograph of Schanburg and Pran and Swain. All look exhausted. All look shocked. They stare towards a line of shops in Pochentong Mark

64 Cond.

64.

McENTIRE (Cond)

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet ..

A Man in a doorway of a bakery. Blown in half. The lower part of his torso is missing. His hands clutch the air like a dead chickens feet.

For auld lang syne ...

Impossible to tell if this is a photograph or not. No colour because everything is black. Twisted iron and pools of stagnant water. Incinerated mud. This is a panorama of utter desolation. As the song dies the image begins to live. And smoke pours from anything left to burn.

65: INT. TELEX ROOM. POST OFFICE. PHNOM PENH. DAWN.

65.

SCHANBURG works at a table. Forces images through his typewriter. His face hurts for sleep. Wears a wet towel round his neck. SARUN stands behind him. Massages his shoulders to keep him awake. ROCKOFF sprawls opposite. Sleeping on his elbows. A distant explosion partially wakes him. SCHANBURG finishes his copy and tears the sheet from his machine

More explosions in the distance. He hands the copy to PRAN. A moment later an OPERATOR is persuaded into consciousness and a Telex begins to chatter. SCHANBURG opens the shutters. A magnificent dawn. White blossom on the Lychee trees. A red Parrot in the foliage. Birds singing everywhere. Indifferent to the black clouds massing on the city.

66: EXT. DEVISTATED LANDSCAPE. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

66.

The Camera continues to pan. Into a large close-up. A young Reporter from the B.B.C. He stands in front of a distant pall of smoke. Wears a combat shirt. Looks dramatic. Speaks furtively into his microphone

HUGH ELDER

Behind me, some 600 yards away, the Communists have taken and hold the Mekong. From here, with captured 105mm artillery, they rain death into the city at will ...

Several sizeable explosions on the horizon. Seems more like six miles than six hundred yards. Never the less the Reporter crouches a little

As little as one month ago it was said that to loose the Mekong, was to loose the war. One month ago this mighty river supplied 80 per cent of Phnom Penhs needs. Today, it supplies nothing. So the Americans have built a Mekong in the sky ...

A C130 Transport tears overhead. Roof-top height. Wheels down. Comes into Pochentong. The Reporter shouts above extraordinary coincidence

With an air-lift of up to forty flights a day, carrying some fifteen hundred tons of food and ammunition, the United States is keeping this city, once described as the Paris of Asia, miraculously alive ...

66 Cond.

66.

Suddenly and for no apparent reason he throws himself to the ground. Rolls sideways and vanishes into a crater. On the instant a machine-gun opens up. Loud and very close. Despite it a pedicab lumbers past. SWAIN sits in the back. Note book and camera. Cigarette holder in his mouth. He looks with faint amusement towards the grovelling Reporter. Smiles at his snake-skin boots standing to attention by the Arriflex. The pedicabs passage reveals a Film Crew. Director. Two Technicians. One of the latter pokes a tape-recorder and silences the machinegun. The Reporter clambers out of his crater and screams at the Soundman.

HUGH ELDER

What happened to the gun? It was an hour late. Paris of Asia is the cue.

The pedicab continues on its way. Half a dozen cars parked behind the Camera. And beyond Pochentong Market. The Traders and Customers apparently oblivious to the drama happening a few meters from their stalls. SWAIN notices a white Mercedes diesel. Stops his Driver and descends. He pays and heads for the Market. In the background the 'Bang-Bang' Men are changing a magazine. And the Reporter is changing his shirt.

67: EXT. STREET. POCHENTONG MARKET. DAY.

67.

Refugees encamped in a make-shift shanty. Cardboard and Kids and rags. Another jet screams overhead. SWAIN looks up and then back to ROCKOFF

SWAIN

Just passing and I saw the Mercedes. What's happening?

The sound of the plane diminishes. It's no longer necessary to shout. They are at the edge of the Market at the end of a tree-lined street

ROCKOFF

Digging a machinegun emplacement.

A corner house with the tiles taken off. In front of it a large palm tree with a large hole dug directly behind it. Several SOLDIERS still digging. A young SERGEANT supervises. SCHANBURG talks gently via PRAN

ROCKOFF looks at the hole with a cynicism mirrored quickly by SWAIN. Without much strain on the intellect it's clear the proposed weapon will be able to shoot left and right but not straight up the street. They move closer to the work. PRAN explains the SERGEANTS reasoning.

(PRAN)

This tree will stop a mortar. Even a rocket.

The SERGEANT slaps the tree demonstrating its protective capabilities

The tree is very thick.

ROCKOFF

The tree is thick?

SCHANBURG sticks a glare at ROCKOFF before returning to the SERGEANT.

67 Cond.

SCHANBURG

It's not his fault! Tell him.
He can't shoot straight ahead.

A bit of simplistic mime follows. The SERGEANT watches with interest.

He can pivot to the left, he
can pivot to the right, but
he can't shoot straight ahead.
That means anyone could walk
right up the street here, and
lob a grenade round his tree.

PRAN finishes the translation and it finally dawns on the SERGEANT.
He smiles shyly and looks down at his feet with a muttered apology.

(PRAN)

He says you're right. And as
soon as they finish the hole,
they will cut the tree down.

Not only ROCKOFF who shakes his head. SCHANBURG exhales a sad sigh.

68: EXT. STALLS. POCHENTONG MARKET. DAY.

68.

More people than produce. A muddle of smoke. A jumble-sale of foods.
Files of ancient bananas. Sweet potatoes and meat in newspaper. Pigs
heads and bundles of yellow tobacco. Marijuana and stale white fish.
SCHANBURG leads a way through the misery. PRAN at his side and SWAIN
and ROCKOFF following. The latter spits out mango peel as he speaks.

ROCKOFF

This scene's fuckin' crazy. Fuck-
in lot of us, gonna get boiled.

SWAIN

Assuming we all stay, of course.

A change of direction as they approach the otherside of the Market.

I went round to see Meecher this
morning, and ran into that unfor-
givably ugly wife of his. Between
gins she drops it the British are
getting out at the weekend ...

SCHANBURG misses nothing. He hasn't missed this. He stops and turns.

Going out with the Australians.

SCHANBURG holds his eyes for a moment and continues towards the car.

Any chance of a ride?

The answer's yes and the doors open. SARUN looks up with bleary eyes

SARUN
Sleep now?

SCHANBURG
Front.

Spots of rain as the doors slam. The Mercedes roars away. Its passage reveals the Television Crew. An audience of grimy Kids. The Camera in C.U. HUGH ELDER is crouched in a crater ducking phoney bullets. He's midway through a sentence. A faceful of twaddle from Informed Sources

HUGH ELDER
And that if this present offensive can be resisted, the Communists will never be able to mount a major assault again. But as a senior U.S. Official put it to me last night, "We know very damned little about the Khmer Rouge." ...

Another burst from the machinegun. The Reporter gets his head down.

This is Hugh Elder. Pinned down in the fighting. Somewhere in a western suburb of the besieged city of Phnom Penh ...

69: EXT. SUBURB/COUNTRYSIDE. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

69.

SCHANBURG and SWAIN share a black umbrella. ROCKOFF a small orange one splattered with images of Mini Mouse. Blinding rain washes the street away. A mess of rubble and trash. Shell craters filling with weather. In the background is a Pepsi Cola factory. Half its roof taken off. The rest pouring smoke. Outside is a tall aluminium pole bent at right-angles like a fork. A red neon sign at its end 'Buvez Pepsi' is still flashing absurdly though almost touching the ground.

Intermittent sound of a light machinegun. The message echoed by the Communists. Like insane morse-code. With SCHANBURG in the lead they splash up the street. Running low-profile. Keeping their heads down.

They pass a panorama of wretchedness. Washed out smoke from cooking fires and hundreds of shattered trees. Beneath them are the Families of the men at the front. Plus dozens of Refugees. They squat together under filthy sheets of transparent polythene. Sinister shapes without movement. Their hungry animals stamp nearby in the stifling humidity.

The Front is brick reinforced with sandbags. About twenty exhausted Soldiers defending two hundred yards. A broken road disappears into a sweat-land of morbid smoke. Scorched trees and the K.R. less than one hundred yards away. Hardly a Soldier above 18. Most little more than kids. One thing shared in common. Mud and total demoralisation.

ROCKOFF takes pictures. Bicycle blown to pieces. Ammo crates practically empty. But Pepsi bottles everywhere and seemingly their only supplies. A crippled anti-tank gun. Half a junked house. Every ten yards a cluster of Faces. Hopelessness the only emotion in the eyes.

The man in command is 20. A bloody bandage round his head. A tatty green umbrella. Like the rest he has no shoes. His section of wall answers the Communists. An M60 machinegun gobbling precious ammunit-

ion. Also a field radio. A furious Voice barks through it. Repeats the same order again and again. PRAN shouts a translation over the hack of the M60. "Why don't you go forward?" A spitting-gesture at the radio from the young SERGEANT. The Colonel issuing the instructions is apparently five hundred yards behind the lines. "Why don't you go forward!" The SERGEANT grabs the phone. Screams into the receiver in rage. "Why don't you come down here yourself and find out!"

Yellow rain filled with atomised brick. Sickening smell of burning earth. A gang of mortars fall down the line and continue to search around. Everyone shouting at once. The Colonel shouting through the radio. ROCKOFF shouting at the top of his voice let's get the fuck outa here! A crate of Pepsi goes up next to SCHANBURG. Comes down as blades. A sliver of glass opens his hand. "Why don't you go forward!"

In the storm of confusion PRAN takes his hand. Sucks at the wound. Their eyes meet for an instant. The contact is so intense it is unbearable. Almost embarrassing. SCHANBURG gently pulls his hand away.

Direct hit from a mortar fifteen yards down the trench. Two Boy Soldiers survive. Stagger out the haze and throw their rifles down. Run away with the SERGEANT screaming after them. They refuse to stop. He opens up with his M16. Blows one to bits by a burnt-out truck. The other takes a slug in the leg but manages to dissolve into the rain.

The Khmer Rouge make a major push. SCHANBURG finds himself running for his life. With PRAN at his side they sprint after ROCKOFF and SWAIN. ROCKOFF still holds his Mini Mouse umbrella. Too shocked to realise the fabric's blown off and there's nothing left but spokes.

A proportion of the mortars targeted on the Refugees. Some running in panic. Others attempt to prevent panic in their animals. Carts already loaded and preparing to move. Screaming Kids lost in smoke.

The Mercedes is about fifty yards away. The Pepsi Cola factory about thirty. ROCKOFF and SWAIN race for the car. Only PRAN realises SCHANBURG has stopped. He bellows at him to come away. "Come on, Sydney!" And SCHANBURG screams back. "Go on. Go ahead. I'll catch you." But PRAN runs back to him. Crouches with him. Stares where he's staring.

The racket is overwhelming. Smoke and rain make it difficult to see. Figures moving in on the factory. Impossible to be sure but perhaps they're Women. Black hair and dark faces. Dressed entirely in black. This ominous sight is SCHANBURG's first glimpse of the Khmer Rouge.

PRAN urges him away. He's about to follow but moves closer instead. Despite the extreme danger PRAN moves with him. Together they shelter behind some splintered crates. These are women. 'NEARY'. Country Girls literally dripping with weapons. Grenades and belts of heavy calibre ammunition. They have discovered the BOY deserter with the shattered leg. Surround him as he crawls past the flashing 'Pepsi' sign. They grab him by his hair. Jerk his head back. Cut his throat.

SCHANBURG turns away with a gasp. On the instant an explosion behind him. A little Girl sits on top of a bullock cart. One animal is dead. The other wounded in the neck. Trying to stand. The Girl has fingers in her ears. Eyes tightly closed. Screaming at the top of her voice.

70: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN. PHNOM PENH. DUSK.

70.

Depression and elation and condensation and everyone including PRAN smoking. SCHANBURG sits in the front seat with his typewriter on his

70 Cond.

70.

lap. Bashes the last twentyfour hours into the machine. ROCKOFF and SWAIN and PRAN sit in the back. SARUN drives like a man possessed. Still slashing with rain. The wipers provide fleeting vistas of the street. A Datsun pick-up screeches in front and SARUN has to swerve.

ROCKOFF

Hey, take it easy, will ya ..

SARUN cackles with laughter. The truck carries shop-dummies in make up. Wrapped in billowing polythene bags. Stare blankly into the car.

What's the fuckin hurry, anyway?

SCHANBURG

I work for a daily newspaper, Al.

SWAIN

It's unlikely he'll get a ticket.

ROCKOFF

I'm not worried about his ticket.
I'm worried about mine. On a big
toe. In a fridge ...

SCHANBURG tears the copy from his machine. Hands it over his shoulder to PRAN. The pages go into his bag and SARUN pulls over at the kerb.

71: EXT. BOULEVARD. PHNOM PENH. DUSK.

71.

They are outside the General Post Office. PRAN disappears across the sidewalk. SCHANBURG is halfway after him when he turns back to SWAIN.

SCHANBURG

Save me some chicken. And an onion
soup. Have him come back in an hour.

SWAIN acknowledges the request. SARUN takes off with more laughter.

SARUN (O.S.)

Ankalimr. Never stop. Never stop.

ROCKOFF (O.S.)

Gotta grab it while you can, old
boy. Coz any day now, the fuckin
lot of us gonna be out of work ..

The car vanishes into city lights and their reflections in the rain.

72: INT. RESTAURANT. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

72.

Obviously very late. No electricity tonight. The restaurant is illuminated with candles. Static ceiling fans. A stifling atmosphere. SCHANBURG sits alone eating his soup. McENTIRE is a few yards away drinking whisky. Only the sound of SCHANBURG's spoon and the rain.

A ghost of a Waitress brings the chicken. SCHANBURG shakes his head and sends it away. Too tired to eat. Too tired to sit and talk with

72 Cond.

72.

McENTIRE who is too tired to sit and talk with him. SCHANBURG stands and heads for the door. He and McENTIRE exchange a silent good-night.

73: EXT. FORECOURT. U.S. EMBASSY. MONIVONG. DAY.

73.

Petals of blackened paper float down. Two large bonfires in the Embassy forecourt. Files are getting burnt. As SCHANBURG walks in an Employee comes out. Literally a wheelbarrow of papers for the fire.

74: INT. OFFICE. U.S. PRESS ATTACHE. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

74.

Same sort of thing as the Air Attache except a lot of plants in here. KINCAID is emptying his filing cabinets. Five years of newspaper cuttings and photographs. He shuffles snaps of dignitaries. Most arriving or leaving via Pochentong. Dismal faces from a dismal forgotten past.

KINCAID

Christ, there's some shit been through here in the last few years - most at the speed of dysentery - Look at this. 1972. Care for a snapa me and the Doc?

SCHANBURG shakes his head and Kissinger vanishes into a trash bin. KINCAID turns to rummage in a file. SCHANBURG's eyes descend to a heap of papers on the desk. KINCAID turns back and catches him out.

SCHANBURG

Sorry, something inexplicable about the backa your neck that automatically turns my eyes upside down ...

KINCAID

It's called force of habbit. You can read it if you like.

SCHANBURG

I already did.

An exchange of smiles between 'Old Hands'. KINCAID gathers his paper:

KINCAID

I tell ya, Syd, I'll be damned glad to get outa here ..

SCHANBURG

You will?

KINCAID

You're fucking right, I will. There's gonna be a blood-bath. No question. They're murdering everything that moves ...

SCHANBURG assists him with the rubbish. And they head for the door.

74 Cond.

74.

KINCAID

And I don't think they're gonna be too affectionate towards Americans.

75: INT. STAIRWAY/CORRIDOR, U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

75.

Two Men manipulate an antique sofa downstairs. SCHANBURG and KINCAID follow. The latter reads a letter at random from the top of his pile.

KINCAID

Dear Sir, my family and I, (and dig the date, this is a month ago), my family and I are planning a touring vacation in South East Asia, and anticipate about two weeks in Cambodia ..

Both grinning they reach the bottom of the stairs. EDNA is passing with a clip-board. Follows down the corridor and interrupts KINCAID.

EDNA

Oh Mr Schanburg. I didn't receive a list of your dependants?

SCHANBURG

Sorry, I been busy, six.

EDNA flicks a smile and takes off. They continue down the corridor. KINCAID gets to the end of the letter. SCHANBURG no longer smiling.

KINCAID

We would be grateful for any tour information, or brochures. Thanking you in advance, Wendell Payne. Wendell lives in Wisacky, South Carolina.

They reach the foyer. Dozens of crates piled up and ready to leave.

SCHANBURG

What about the Air-Lift?

KINCAID

We're taking it with us ..

SCHANBURG

That means two hundred thousand people starve to death. Minimum.

KINCAID

I know it, Syd, but what else do we do? Forgive the pun, but we're either living, or we're staying ..

They walk towards the main doors. Silhouettes dissolving into light.

76: EXT. GARDENS/POOL/RESTAURANT. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

76.

Sunlight on the pool. Fractured by bathers. Though the water isn't too clean it still provides a good time. Western Journalists. Local

76 Cond.

76.

Girls in bikinis. Plus a couple of plump 'War Groupies' out of luck. Luncheon is in progress. The usual collection of Cambodian Uniforms bulging with Pernod and stomach. SCHANBURG passes with a look of contempt. A Red Cross Nurse unwraps a parcel as he walks into the hotel.

77: INT. FOYER. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

77.

SCHANBURG walks into an argument. Several old Frogs giving vowel to the Manager. Faces more curried than tanned. The gist is they have been here all their lives and don't see why they should have to put up with this crap now. The Manager attempts to keep the volume down. But the Gauls aren't having it. Keep repeating "Mais non! Mais non!"

SCHANBURG heads for the stairs. Thoughts in the distance. ROCKOFF emerges from the row. Hurries after SCHANBURG with conspiratorial tone.

ROCKOFF

Can you lend me five dollars?

ROCKOFF gets his eyes. But not the money. Forced to explain himself.

I got a guy outside, got the best
I ever tasted. This stuff's abnormal. He speaks of five bucks a kilo.

SCHANBURG's eyes are in the foyer. ROCKOFF magnets him up the stairs.

SCHANBURG

What's happening?

ROCKOFF

Some old Boy getting French
about the Red Cross. They
wanna commandeer the hotel ..

78: INT. CORRIDOR. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

78.

HUGH ELDER passes carrying his luggage. Eye-drops and Gucci drowned in Pacco Raban. Seems somewhat self-conscious to have his departure witnessed. But both SCHANBURG and ROCKOFF too preoccupied to notice. ROCKOFF is getting almost desperate. SCHANBURG searches for his key.

ROCKOFF

Sidney, I gotta be serious with ya.
Alright, I'm very fond of drugs. But
this is different. This is the man,
Sid. I can't let this man pass me by.

SCHANBURG produces a five dollar bill. ROCKOFF takes off along the corridor in glee. As he hits the stairs SCHANBURG shouts after him.

SCHANBURG

Rockoff. Are you leaving or staying?

But he's already disappeared down the stairs. SCHANBURG pushes into his rooms wondering how he'll find an answer to the same question.

79: INT. SUITE/BALCONY. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

79.

Drift of sound from the swimming pool. SCHANBURG opens the shutters. Steps out onto a small balcony. One of the Journalists attempting to get a Groupies top off. Splashing and giggling. More drinks for the Generals. More laughter. And Nurses opening a massive Red Cross flag.

At the opposite side of the gardens the Red Cross have commandeered the bungalows. Some ominous looking surgical equipment moving in. SCHANBURG walks back into his rooms. Lights a cigarette & picks up the phone. Books a call to New York and orders a bottle of whisky.

80: INT. BATHROOM. SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. EVENING.

80.

SCHANBURG sits on the edge of the bath. Half a glass of Scotch. Half drunk. He finishes his cigarette and the telephone starts ringing. He rushes into the bedroom and answers it. This is a long long-distance.

SCHANBURG

Rebecca? Hi honey. Daddy. I'm fine. That's what I wanna talk to Mummy about. Alright. You go get her. Alright. I'm waiting.

Takes the opportunity to shake a cigarette. It and his face light up.

Janice? No everything's fine. Taken me twelve hours to get this one. What? I can't hear you. You're going where? When? Janice, you'll have to shout.

Another Voice interrupts his Wife. SCHANBURG is peaking for a freak.

No. I haven't finished. Jesus Christ. I'm trying to make a call to New York! Will you get off the line! Hello? Janice?

He smashes the telephone down. Picks it up again. Morses the button.

I was talking to New York. I was cut off. This call is vital. Would you please reconnect me? Schanburg. Alright. I'll wait.

He dumps the reciever. Falls back on the bed. Starts watching flies.

81: INT. DINING AREA. LIVING ROOM. HOUSE. NIGHT.

81.

A Donald Duck alarm clock ticking. A framed photograph of Schanburg and Pran at the seaside. Both wear absurd baggy shorts. Arms around each other. Happier days and both are grinning. A photograph of Syd crossing a river. Notebook under his arm. Smoking a cigarette. Next to it a trash souveneer of the Statue Of Liberty moulded in plastic Yogi Bear on the T.V. A fridge next to it. The Family ending their evening meal. PRAN at the head of the table. SER MOEUN at the opposite end. She is 28 and has been crying. The Children are more inter

81 Cond.

ested in T.V. than their food. PRAN remonstrates with them gently. Makes smiling explanations to his Wife. She doesn't understand. He is trying to explain something he doesn't really understand himself.

82.

82: INT. SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

No electricity and air like glue. SCHANBURG puts frustration through his typewriter. Works in the light of a battery powered lamp. Moths and perspiration and distant sound of war. The work doesn't progress. He tears a page from his machine. Crumples it and the telephone rings

Not the call he was hoping for. "Alright. Send him up." And he returns to the table. Pours a massive slug of Scotch and puts another sheet into the machine. Starts the copy again. Gives up again and swallows the booze. A moment later a knock at the door. "It's open."

PRAN walks in looking distinctly nervous. SCHANBURG doesn't look at him. Shoves another sheet in his Olivetti and types before he speaks.

SCHANBURG

Where have you been? You're late.

PRAN

They stop me because of curfew.

SCHANBURG shoves paper at him. Lights a cigarette and continues work.

SCHANBURG

Put a hold on the last two paragraphs. I'll be over with corrections in an hour ...

PRAN looks blankly at the sheets. SCHANBURG misinterprets the reason

It starts with the French have recognised the Insurgent Government. Ends with the U.S.S. Okinawa standing by in the Gulf Of Siam ..

Here's the reason for PRAN's nerves. Searches for a way to explain.

PRAN

They don't transmit tonight, Sydney.

The typing stops and SCHANBURG looks up at PRAN for the first time.

The transmitter at Kambol got hit. They bring in auxiliary equipment, but no Telex or telephone tonight.

That does it good for SCHANBURG. His expression buckles into a fury.

There was nothing I could do ..

SCHANBURG

Then what in the fuck am I doing this for? Every stinking hospital and school. Every stinking corrupt little politician, bribing them and kissing them, and kicking them.

Alcohol and fear bring him to his feet. He crushes a handful of copy and launches it at the air. Sheets settle as he pounds into the room.

SCHANBURG

What in the fuck am I doing it for!

PRAN

They say, maybe six a.m. we can file ..

SCHANBURG

Six a.m. What d'you think this Newspaper is, a monthly magazine? By six a.m. we're out on the street ..

He snatches back a couple of sheets. PRAN helps with the collection. He looks terrified. Doesn't know what to say. Has to say something.

PRAN

Couldn't we try up-date tomorrow?

SCHANBURG

Don't ask me. I told you before, don't ask me. You wanna know something, find out yourself. Read it.

He thrusts the sheets at PRAN. Slams his hand hard on a dictionary.

There's a dictionary. Anything you don't understand, look it up. You wanna be a newspaper man, wanna be the best. Then look it up. Write it down. Read it. A-paper-clip-on-every-word!

A horrible silence. PRAN stands paralysed in it. SCHANBURG paces through it. The outburst gets explained with a tone as cold as ice.

I was at the Embassy today. I was informed that when this place goes up, there's gonna be the biggest blood-bath the world's ever seen ..

Difficult to say who is more upset. Both knew this moment must come.

I've arranged evacuation for you and your family. It's entirely up to you, do you wanna stay, you wanna leave ?

PRAN

You stay?

SCHANBURG

That's none of your business! Do you wanna stay, you wanna leave?

PRAN stares back at him refusing the tears that sound in his voice.

PRAN

I am Journalist too, Sydney.

They look hard into each others eyes and the decision remains open.

83: INT. OFFICE. U.S. PRESS ATTACHE. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

83.

KINCAID is drunk in his shirtsleeves. A can of florescent red paint. Sprays a message along a wall. Covers maps and photographs. 'WELCOME TO PHNOM PENH. PLEASE ASK MAU TO WATER PLANTS. SINCERELY FUCKING YOU. K.K.' His initials end up on the window. His eyes slip focus to look outside. In the courtyard 300 People are jostling in an anxious sea.

He throws the can across the office. Grabs his coat and heads for the door. One last look around. Nothing more to do? One last thing. Over to the bulletin board. A photograph of John Lennon. Long hair. Steel framed glasses. Give peace a chance. KINCAID takes it down. Props the picture on an I.B.M. typewriter. Sticks the thumb-tack under a flimsy cushion on the typing chair. He smiles at Lennon. "Imagine that John.

A Voice echoes through a bull-horn. "At zero nine hundred and thirty hours, no more Evacuees accepted." KINCAID looks down from his window REEVES continues bellowing. A moment later the office door slams shut

84: EXT. FORECOURT. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

84.

The front entrance is closed. Confusion either side. Outside a Crowd push at the barred-iron gates. All have a reason for why they should be allowed inside. Some have bribes. Occasional sparkle of gem-stones

Inside Evacuees attempt to maintain orderly lines through 'A' and 'B' chanel. A Chinook mashes over at touching height. Vanishes behind th Embassy. A flat-bed truck pulls up in Chanel 'A'. People climb aboard

SCHANBURG pushes through the lines looking desperate. Looking at his watch. As REEVES reminds everybody. "At zero nine hundred and thirty hours." PRAN isn't to be seen. SCHANBURG continues towards the gates.

Dozens of heavily armed Marines have been flown in to supervise the evacuation. Keep watch on the over zealous at the gates. Most of the people coming in are Cambodian Elite. GENERAL TITH and WIFE. Wealthy Families. All are given number tags to wear. As he issues them the SERGEANT shouts numbers to an M.P. "64 thru 67 present." And the M.P. crosses them off. Relays them via a walkie-talkie to the other gate.

SCHANBURG arrives at the gate. Manages a few words with an M.P. "Has Dith Pran been through?" The list is consulted. "No Sir. 32 thru 37."

A Cambodian OFFICER struggles inside. Recognisable as the Sergeant's escort at the Kindergarten. He doesn't want to recognise him now. No bribe on offer. And no favours granted. The desperate OFFICER pushes his Family forward. A negative from the SERGEANT and the Marines push them back. Last pathetic looks are ignored as they're forced outside.

As SCHANBURG takes off another Family arrive. Rich Chinese. A twist of paper shoved into the SERGEANT's hand. Contains several diamonds. A high price but this Man has a Wife and four Kids. Tags are issued and the Family pass through. A problem of logistics for the SERGEANT. Consults his board. Finds a party of six not yet arrived. Shouts "32 thru 37, present." And the M.P. transmits through his walkie-talkie.

The Evacuees are thinning out as the trucks cart them away. In about fifteen minutes it'll all be over. SCHANBURG's brain is on fire. He pushes towards the main gates. ROCKOFF passes carrying a weeping Kid. "You see Pran?" The answer's no and ROCKOFF disappears after a Girl escorting a mob of Kids. "Let's move it along quickly." from REEVES. SCHANBURG moves it along. Looks up in panic. The U.S. flag is lowered

85: EXT. U.S. EMBASSY BUILDINGS. MONIVONG. DAY.

85.

An ancient green Renault screeches up. PRAN and his Family jump out. Also look up at the flag. As they run towards the front gates it disappears into the Embassy roof. PRAN forces a passage through the Mob.

86: EXT. FORECOURT. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

86.

SCHANBURG is standing two yards from the main gates. A melange of Faces. Pran and Family obviously still pushing through. SCHANBURG barges at another M.P. Another walkie-talkie & another clip-board.

"Is there anyway Dith Pran could have come through? 32 through 37." The M.P. checks his lists. "He's just come through the side gates."

Heaving relief SCHANBURG rushes off. Another helicopter puts noise everywhere. PRAN arrives at the main gates. Screams after SCHANBURG. He doesn't hear. Doesn't know the SERGEANT has reallocated numbers.

PRAN redirects his urgency to the OFFICER controlling the gate. Gives his name and it's checked against the lists. "Dith Pran?" The name's acknowledged. "Dith Pran has already gone through. Move back please."

Numerous devices are being used to get in. PRAN becomes part of them. The OFFICER from the Kindergarten pushes in front of him at the gate.

A marked depletion in 'A' & 'B' channels waiting for the trucks. 'A' truck starts to load. SCHANBURG shouts at KINCAID. "You see Pran?" KINCAID shakes his head and shouts back as the truck starts moving.

KINCAID

Hurry it, Syd. Only two to go.

SCHANBURG's eyes are glazed with dread. Maybe Pran already left? He rushes back down the line. Passes ROCKOFF carrying yet another Kid. ROCKOFF delivers the Child to the front of the queue. The bellicose and bull-horned REEVES sees him arrive. Yells through his amplifier.

REEVES

Backa the line, Rockoff!

ROCKOFF pays no attention. Here to help someone out. FRANCE climbs aboard. REEVES and his Dobermann march towards the truck in a fury.

Rockoff! You're under arrest!

ROCKOFF

Die.

REEVES

You're at the backa the line Rockoff.

ROCKOFF

Ride your bike shit for brains, I
never been in a line in my life ..

And he walks away casually adjusting his shades. 'B' Channel loads up. Three hundred yards behind him a Chinook staggers away from its base.

87: EXT. OUTSIDE SIDE GATE. U.S. EMBASSY. DAY.

87.

The last of the important Cambodians are squeezing through the gate. The Chinook tilts overhead. Blows everyones voice away. Like everyone else PRAN is pleading with the SERGEANT. "You know me! You know me!" Not any more. The Crowd presses forward and the door is closed.

PRAN picks up his youngest Child. They all run back to the main gate. Another addition to the confusion. The Communists launch an artillery attack from a mile away. Shells start to whistle in from the Mekong.

Distant thud of high-explosive. PRAN reaches the gate. Desperate and breathless. Sees ROCKOFF walking down the street. "Al. Al. Help us." Another shell screams down. ROCKOFF turns and races back to the gate.

88: EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. REAR OF EMBASSY. DAY.

88.

All the trucks have gone. The Marines are leaving. Only two Chinooks left. The Marines contract defensively into one. SCHANBURG and PRAN and Family are running like maniacs for the other. A knuckle of fire rages at the end of the field. SCHANBURG runs with a Kid through the choking smoke. Another pile of flame as the K.R. target their IOSs.

At last they arrive. Deafening screech of rotors. The Children and WIFE assisted on board. SCHANBURG's eyes lock into PRAN's. For an instant nothing but crisis. This is it. And SCHANBURG isn't going.

The moment that has been thought about & argued about and cried about is suddenly here. Past discussion becomes redundant. Now is the time to explain. But there is no time. PRAN shares a last look with SER MOEUN. The door closes and the helicopter wrenches into the air.

89: EXT. P.O.V. CHINOOK HELICOPTOR. DAY.

89.

The Chinook climbs quickly. Deposits a holocaust of dust. Two Men reduced to insignificance standing alone in the middle of a field.

90: EXT. MONIVONG. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

90.

Several huge Red Cross flags drape the facade of the Hotel. Barbed wire encircles its entrance. Pran's green Renault pulls up outside. "This Building Has Been Designated An International Security Zone." SCHANBURG hasn't time to read more as he vanishes into the building.

91: INT. FOYER. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

91.

Military music playing softly through a transistor. French 2nd W.W. marching song. "Sambre et Meuse." Not having much effect on the atmosphere. Dead as a hospital. Like a hospital. Several large oxygen canisters stacked against the wall. Boxes marked 'Red Cross Geneva.'

An atmosphere that requires whispers. A pair of R.C. Nurses whisper as they busy towards the gardens. As SCHANBURG passes the front desk there's a sudden spark of life. "Ankilimir! Ankilimir! is come back! The young Clerks are both surprised and delighted to see him. SCHANBURG manages a grin. Orders Cafe Complet and walks into the sunlight

92: EXT. GARDENS/POOL/RESTAURANT. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

92.

Fragrant blossoms and birds singing. Distant ache of artillery. The swimming pool is the colour of vinaigrette-dressing. A few bottles

92 Cond.

float. SCHANBURG looks intrigued. Walks the length of the pool. As he arrives SWAIN lowers Le Monde. He invites SCHANBURG to join him. He sits returning the smile. SWAIN returns to his weather forecasts.

SWAIN

42 degrees and partly cloudy in London. Scared bloody stiff, aren't you?

SCHANBURG doesn't need to reply. His eyes take care of it. A handful of French and Swedish Journalists appear at the far end of the pool. SWAIN gently inserts a cigarette into his holder and sips his coffee.

If it gets to be a runout, I'm told our best bet is the French Embassy.

SCHANBURG

Who told you that?

SWAIN is aware his source isn't too reliable and replies with candour

SWAIN

The British Embassy.

SCHANBURG can't find a smile for this one. Reaches for a newspaper. The 'Sangerous Khmer'. Page one features a large cartoon. A Satanic looking man wearing black pyjamas. He stands over a bathful of Cambodian children lathering them with a mortar labeled 'Made In U.S.A.' Dozens of shell-cases litter the floor. In the background Uncle Sam squats on a toilet shitting himself. A grotesque caricature of Ford dressed as a weeping Nurse-Maid is bringing in fresh bombs for the blood-bath. The caption is in French. It reads 'Savon Pour Le Bain'.

SCHANBURG looks up. Breakfast has arrived. He throws the paper aside. The WAITER unloads his tray. Fruit and coffee. SCHANBURG is about to offer SWAIN a fresh cup. Suddenly they're diving for the floor. Cups and saucers tumble around them. A T-II8 fighter/bomber screams over so low it could scare off a roof. A glimpse of the weapon pylons. 40 feet up. Ear-splitting noise like a tear through metal and fast like it never happened. 200 yards away two explosions in quick succession.

An instant later they're running. Fading into the chatter of a Telex Machine. It usurps their urgency. Loud as a machinegun. Insisting a terrific pace. A sensation of man and machine in competition. A white screen. The copy comes up hard black. This is what the machine knows.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:05120:PARA:AYE FEW MINUTES AFTER
TEN RPT TEN AYEM THERE IS LOUD EXPLOSION NOT NOT
FAR AWAY:AYE DEFECTING GOVERNMENT PILOT HAS JUST
BOMBED MILITARY COMMAND HEADQUARTERS BEFORE FLYING
OFF INTO INSURGENT TERRITORY:THE TWO RPT TWO BOMBS
FELL ON AYE MILITARY TRANSPORT OFFICE KILLING SEVEN
PERSONS AND WOUNDING MANY OTHERS::PARA::MORE::

93: EXT. MILITARY COMMAND. KOL DE MONTERIO. DAY. (SILENT).

93.

SCHANBURG and SWAIN arrive shortly after ambulances. Everything is silence. People shouting. But no sound. The silence dominates. Like a dream. As though it's now the prerogative of the Telex alone to speak.

93 Cond.

93.

A large white building in flames. Red Cross van. Already filled with dead. A Man in a pin-striped suit & shower sandals helps a Red Cross Worker load another Victim. Carry him in a sheet of polythene. Seven years old. A mess of shattered flesh. A broken body lapping in blood. A German T.V. Crew move in. Cameraman pushing forward. Sun-Guns flare the interior of the ambulance. A chamber of horrors. The doors close. PRAN stands on the roof of the Mercedes. Searches for SCHANBURG over the heads of the Crowd. Finally sees him. Shouts and SCHANBURG turns. The Telex has fresh information. Begins running with them to the car.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:05I36:PARA:THE INSURGENT ATTACK TODAY SEEMS TO BE COMING MOSTLY FROM THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST:REPORTS THAT THE INSURGENTS HAVE SHOWN THEMSELVES IN AYE NEIGHBOURHOOD KNOWN AS TUOL KORK RPT TUOL KORK:BUT DIFFICULT TO GET COHERENT PICTURE EVEN THOUGH INSURGENT RING ROUND P.P. IS AYE TIGHT ONE AND ALL FRONTS VERY CLOSE: PRAN AND EYE RACE FROM FRONT TO FRONT:TRY TO TALK TO REFUGEES:TRY TO VISIT HOSPITALS:BUT NEVER SEEM ABLE TO COVER EVERYTHING:PARA:MORE::SCHANBURG::

94: INT STAIRWAY/CELLER. HOUSE. DAY. (SILENT).

94.

A circular stairway faced with ancient white tiles. SCHANBURG and PRAN follow a Red Cross Team into a basement. Push through a door. SUNDSVALL illuminates his flash-light. A panoramic of misery. The light jumps from one horror to the next. Maybe 100 people in here. Most old or Children. Most of the Kids naked. Motionless and without sound in their own filth. Three Pigs with their legs tethered make ceaseless attempts to raise themselves from the floor. SCHANBURG holds a handkerchief over his mouth. A program of hideous exploration begins. The Doctor moves amongst the starving Children. Marks those with a hope of survival with a red cross from his felt tip pen. Most are denied the privilege. Most are soon to die from malnutrition. Nurses assist the more fortunate Children out. PRAN draws SCHANBURG's attention to a pathetic huddle in the corner. A Baby with a bloated stomach sucking on its Grandmothers empty tit.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:05I42:IN LATE AFTERNOON:AYEM:PARA: AYE TELEGRAM COMES FOR CAMBODIAN MILITARY LEADERS: IT'S FROM LIEUTENANT COLONEL MARK BERENT:RPT MARK BERENT AYE FORMER ASSISTANT AIR ATTACHE AT AMERICAN EMBASSY:IT SAYS:QUOTE AYE APOLOGISE FOR MY COUNTRYS TOTAL LACK OF CONSIDERATION FOR THE KHMER PEOPLE WHO FIGHT SO COURAGEOUSLY FOR THEIR FREEDOM:MY SHAME IS DEEP:UNQUOTE:::PARA:::MORE:::SCHANBURG:: ::

95: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN. NIGHT. (SILENT).

95.

The dream-like silence continues. SARUN speeds through the darkened streets. Headlights pass. Army trucks. But everything fluid. The only sharp focus now is the ravenous Telex waiting to be fed. SCHANBURG & PRAN sit in the back. SCHANBURG is typing on his knees. Holding copy in his teeth. He reaches to PRAN for more paper. Refills his machine. PRAN lights two cigarettes. SCHANBURG gets one and he the other. They follow a Red Cross Toyota with flags streaming. It turns into a side street. Pulls up in front of a building and SARUN pulls up behind it.

95 Cond.

95.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:05150:PARA:AT SEVEN TWENTY:RPT:
SEVENTWENTY AYEM THE INSURGENT CLANDESTINE RADIO
ANNOUNCES QUOTE THE REGIME OF THE TRATORS IS FALL-
ING UNQUOTE :: GOVERNMENT DEFENSE LINES CONTINUE TO
CRUMBLE AS THE INSURGENTS CLOSE ON CAPITAL:ROAD TO
AIRPORT IS CUT AND UNDER CONSTANT ARTILLERY ATTACK:
YESTERDAY PUSH COMING FROM NORTHWEST:TODAY COMING
FROM ALL DIRECTIONS :: PARA :: MORE :: SCHANBURG ::

96: INT. RED CROSS BUILDING. NIGHT. (SILENT).

96.

A curtained off corridor. Nurses fussing through. Several People giving blood. Not the coffee and cookie system used in the west. This is as fast as they can extract it and then on your way. PRAN sits in the candle-light. Looking terrified. Never the less he parts with a pint.

Silence maintains and SCHANBURG not heard. He makes some kind of joke between bites on a sandwich. But now it's his artery. When the needle hits he doesn't like it either. PRAN's turn to snatch a sandwich from his mouth to giggle. The blood flows and the Telex is eager to get on

PRO: NOR SQUARE:05154:PARA:BY MIDNIGHT RPT MIDNIGHT
THE INSURGENTS REACH THE SOUTHERN EDGE OF PHNOM PENH
AND AYE FIERCE BATTLE ERRUPTS AT THE APPROACHES TO
THE UNITED NATIONS BRIDGE IN AYE NEIGHBOURHOOD NAMED
CHBAR AMOU RPT CHBAR AMOU : PEOPLE FLEEING THE SCENE
SAY GOVERNMENT FORCES USING A.P.Cs EQUIPPED WITH MOR-
TARS AND HEAVY MACHINEGUNS TO TRY AND BLOCK INSURGENT
FROM CROSSING THE BRIDGE :: PARA::MORE::SCHANBURG ::

97: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN. DAWN. (SILENT).

97.

SARUN backs up a narrow street. A cul-de-sac of fire. The Mercedes shudders over scattered masonry. A fifty-foot arc from a burst water main. For a moment the rear window is liquid red. Wash of water and flame. Scalding smoke and Silhouettes appear racing for their lives.

98: EXT. STREET. PHNOM PENH. DAWN. (SILENT).

98.

Fleeing Soldiers and three Civilians. And explosion behind them. Direct hit on a shoe store. ROCKOFF cuddles the gutter. SCHANBURG drags PRAN into the shelter of a doorway and the water crashes down. Glass and shrapnel and shoes rush silently through the air. The shoe shop kneels like an elephant and collapses. Everything cancels in debris.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:05160:PARA:AYE CABLEGRAM BROUGHT IN
FOR TRANSMISSION U.S.A. FROM THE CAPS NATIONAL BANK
OF CAMBODIA CAPS TO THE IRVING TRUST COMPANY IN NEW
NEW YORK ASKING THE AMERICAN BANK TO CONFIRM THAT IT
WAS CARRYING OUT AN EARLIER ORDER TO PAY DOLLARS ONE
MILLION RPT ONE MILLION TO MARSHAL LON NOL:THE EARL-
IER ORDER WAS SENT ON APRIL ONE THE DAY THE MARSHAL
WENT INTO EXILE :: APPARENTLY THE MARSHAL IS WORRIED
THAT IF CAPITAL FALLS BEFORE TRANSACTION IS CONFIRMED
HE WILL NEVER GET THE MONEY::PARA::MORE::SCHANBURG::

99: INT. SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

99.

SCHANBURG barges in with a cardboard box. Begins unloading groceries into the wardrobe. ROCKOFF sits at the end of the bed. Rolls joints as fast as fingers are capable. SCHANBURG urges him out. Joints disappear into a Disney Land wallet. Cameras and bags and out the door.

100: INT. STAIRWAY/STREET. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

100.

SCHANBURG sets the pace. ROCKOFF loads cameras as they race down the stairs. Push through the foyer. Distraught French Colonials. Anxious Cambodian Officials. Exhausted Red Cross Personnel. But no time to investigate individual dramas now. They struggle towards daylight. PRAN presses photographs into SCHANBURG's hand. Car doors slam and SARUN floors it. A.P.Cs maneuver into defensive positions around the hotel.

PRO:NOR SQUARE:15162:PARA:FOR THIRD STRAIGHT DAY
REFUGEES ARE SURGING TOWARDS THE CITY:CASUALTIES
ARE TERRIBLE THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF DEAD AND WOUNDED
OF ANY DAY IN THE FIVE RPT FIVE YEARS OF THIS
WAR : PARA:TONIGHT THE GOVERNMENT RADIO ANNOUNCED
THE APPOINTMENT OF AYE NEW MINISTER OF STATE FOR
INDUSTRY MINES AND TOURISM RPT TOURISM:PARA:MORE::

101: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN/STREET. NIGHT.

101.

The car fights its way up a street milling with Refugees. The headlights expose an unending tide of hopelessness. Ox carts and Children and bicycles laden with firewood. Soldiers who've given up the fight. Everything moves through glue. SARUN uses his klaxon to no affect. For every face that moves there are two more to replace it.

Two brilliant flashes in the darkness. The car is forced to a halt. A bullocks profile pushes into the windscreen in panic. Saliva and glassy eyes. K.R. rockets plunge into the street about 60 feet away.

This marks the end of the cars practicability and everyone leaps out. The Telex is surging ahead of them and they sweat to stay up with it.

102: EXT. ROOF. GENERAL POST OFFICE. NIGHT.

102.

Horrendous flame and sound of battle. The night is become day. Entire neighbourhoods burning. Tracer streaks across an enormous noise. Rockets and machineguns and mortars. The Garden Of Worldly Delights.

Maybe fifteen People on the roof. Their faces tint with the flames. SCHANBURG searches for PRAN's eyes. Share identical thoughts. The war is over. Only the fighting left. What will happen to them now?

103: INT. TELEX ROOM. POST OFFICE. DAWN.

103.

War has finally caught up with the Telex. Three machines attempt to stay ahead of it. Loosing the battle. With increasing frequency artillery shells crash down outside. The Teletype Operators are exhausted. But fingers keep moving. A terrific racket as they push copy out

Most is coming from SCHANBURG via PRAN. The slightest slackening of pace and he pushes it up again. Smiling and joking. Sometimes pleading he keeps the Operators at their machines. SCHANBURG sits at his.

IO3 Cond.

- IO3.

He types with a wet towel wrapped round his head. Occasional sips of tea. A pair of French Journalists work at the end of the table. ROCKOFF and SARUN are asleep on rush mats spread along the floor.

SWAIN hurries in grimy with dirt and fatigue. Hands his copy to an Operator. It waits its turn on the clip. He paces impatiently over the same ten yards. Desperate for his story to travel 10.000 miles.

IO4: INT. TELEX ROOM. POST OFFICE. DAY.

IO4.

Sunlight pushes at the windows now. The Frenchmen gone and SWAIN also asleep along the floor. Only SCHANBURG and PRAN and one Teletype Operator left awake. Both Telex and typewriter still chatter.

SCHANBURG sticks in another sheet and suddenly it's all over. The Telex stops. Everyone stares across this unfamiliar silence. Quiet enough to wake SWAIN. And silence outside. The artillery has ceased to rage. The war's over. Just a bird singing like it's another day. SCHANBURG looks at his watch. The Olivetti hacks a few more words.

At five fifty seven ayem, the telex
ceases to operate. End copy. Schan-
burg Phnom Penh April seventeen 1975

The dream they've lived for the last 100 hours has become a reality. SCHANBURG looks at PRAN. Each seeking strength from the others eyes.

IO5: INT. BATHROOM. SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

IO5.

SCHANBURG stands in the shower. First in days and obviously a great pleasure. From neck up and elbows down he's deeply tanned. The rest winter-white. An indication of the time he's taken off to relax. The water crashes down drowning sound. But a sensation of noise outside.

A mirror thick with condensation. SCHANBURG clears a space and his face appears. Apprehension and fatigue in contest. Carefully starts to shave up to the line of his beard. A knock at the door and PRAN appears. Both suppressing their anxieties. "They're coming, Sydney." SCHANBURG nods and returns a small smile. Calmly continues to shave.

IO6: EXT. MONIVONG BOULEVARD/HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

IO6.

SCHANBURG and PRAN step out of the Hotel. After so much night the street dazzles. A sea of white. Hundreds of make-shift flags fluttering from roof tops and lamp posts and walls. And a milling Crowd. Mainly Government Troops. A confusion of expectation and fear. The A.P.Cs wear bouquets of yellow Alamanda flowers in their headlights.

SCHANBURG stands on the steps slightly above the Crowd. From here he can look up Monivong. About a dozen Men clad in black and green fatigues walk towards them. A moment of indecision and the Government Soldiers surge forward to embrace them. The sentiments are returned. An explosion of corporate elation. It's going to be alright.

A great cheer goes up. "Peace. Peace. Peace." Everyone rushing to get on the bandwagon. In this case an A.P.C. decorated with white flags and flowers. SCHANBURG and PRAN move through the Crowd. Many things happening at once. Laughter and shouting and Government Soldiers tearing the clips out of their rifles and throwing them into the air. The less demonstrative seeking privacy to shed their unif-

IO6 Cond.

IO6.

orms and change into K.R. style pyjamas. Soldiers & Civilians alike are suddenly toggled in the red-chequered scarves of the Khmer Rouge. But no time for any of this now. A Leader has emerged from the K.R. He is boosted up on the A.P.C. People cheer and wave handkerchiefs. SWAIN is running alongside the vehicle. Takes photographs while the OFFICER shouts "The war is over! We are all brothers!" And everyone agrees. Everyone applauding and laughing and chanting "Peace Peace." But not everything teeth and smiles. A rattle of small arms in the suburbs. Occasional thud of mortars. And an ambulance trying to get through. SWAIN momentarily abandons the celebrations to follow it.

They arrive simultaneously at the entrance to Le Phnom. Government Officials cluster anxiously round the doors. A stretcher is allowed in. They are not. These pitiful Men are obviously bureaucrats of the old regime. Now fearing for their lives as the new regime takes over.

Meanwhile back in the street everyone getting extactic. Jeeps weave past. Tooting horns. Trailing streamers. Crammed with Students. One with a Buddhist Monk on the roof. Like everybody else he is cheering.

"C'est la paix! C'est la paix!" Only one man at a distance from the enthusiasm. Suspicion clouds SCHANBURG's face. Nothing specific but something here puts his eyes on edge. After five years of suffering and atrocity and brutal war these Soldiers seem too good to be true.

The Insurgent Leader stands on top of the A.P.C. making some kind of victory speech. Immaculate black pyjamas. Waving a pistol to emphasise his words. PRAN runs along side sniffing information. SCHANBURG pushes back to the steps of Le Phnom. Another rattle of machineguns. At the top of the stairs he collides with a worried looking ROCKOFF. His clothes are absolutely filthy. He sucks at a wound on his wrist.

ROCKOFF

Whass the matter, Sid?

SCHANBURG

I don't know. I don't
like the looka this ..

Neither does ROCKOFF. He might even say so. PRAN barges up the steps.

PRAN

They hold press-conference at noon.

SCHANBURG glances at his watch and everybody vanishes into the hotel.

IO7: INT. FOYER/GARDENS/POOL. HOTEL LE PHNOM. DAY.

IO7.

The radio is in its last throws of martial music. A clog of anxiety here. PRAN heads for the bags. SCHANBURG switches him to get the car. Makes a detour to the desk. Grabs the equipment and ROCKOFF follows.

ROCKOFF

Took a swing through Keng
Kang this morning. Practic-
ally got my ass shot off ..

They splash out into the sunlight. Hurry the length of the pool. At the otherside several stretchers lined up waiting to go into an R.C.

IO7 Cond.

IO7.

bungalow. At a glance they could be sunbathing. SWAIN takes pictures. Nothing so photogenic as death. As they pass SCHANBURG shouts across.

SCHANBURG

Going to the hospital ..

ROCKOFF

They had some poor old French bastard down there. Screaming at him, "You American? You American?" This isn't like it is.

In the distance smoke goes up like a chimney-sweeps broom. More machineguns. More wounded coming in through the gardens. The car arrives. SWAIN races up and leaps in the back. Doors slam and SARUN takes off.

IO8: INT. PREAH KETH MEALEA HOSPITAL. DAY.

IO8.

This hospital has beds for 600. There are 2.000 and plus People in here. The floors are awash with blood. Orderlies mop around corpses. Dead and dying at either side. Dead arms with empty plasma bottles still attached. This isn't a ward. This is a corridor towards one.

Disinfectant and blood flow down the stairs. Pour into an open elevator shaft. Like a waterfall. Noise and stench make the air almost unbreathable. ROCKOFF and SWAIN move along the corridor. Never seen such suffering. One voice sounds above all. A bloody bed on wheels. An eighty year old Woman chanting absurdly at the sky. Covers saturated in mucus. Her legs have been amputated. Constant repetition of an agonised moan. Withered arms wiping at real and imaginary flies.

Her chant dominates all other sound. They walk into a kind of foyer. The soapy fluid continues to pour down the elevator shaft. ROCKOFF looks up. Concrete terraces divide the floors. SCHANBURG stands at the top of the stairs. Talks to a distraught NURSE. PRAN translates.

(PRAN)

She has telephoned Doctors -
they say they will come - but
they don't come - no doctors
for two days - only Red Cross -

SWAIN climbs the stairs. SCHANBURG catches his eyes. Turns away as the NURSE leads them along the terrace. SWAIN and ROCKOFF reach the top of the stairs. Up here it's a slaughter house. Dozens subjected to a hideous death. An old Man laying face down into the wall. His intestines spilling out like laundry. The floors up here literally awash with blood. Source for the red mixture pouring down the shaft.

IO9: INT. OPERATING THEATRE. PREAH KETH MEALEA HOSPITAL. DAY. IO9.

A large room faced with white tiles. The latest in surgical equipment. But medical protocol totally abandoned. Victims lined up in the corridor like a Hellish supermarket. McENTIRE wears shorts and head-band. Mask but no gown. And no gloves because there are none.

Circumstances force frontier-surgery. He sutures a gaping leg wound. Nurses and Orderlies immediately remove the Patient. He turns away. Douses his bloody hands and tools in a bowl of alcohol. By the time

IO9 Cond.

IO9.

he turns back another mess is on the table. This time a little Girl. A pale blue dress. Six years old. Shrieking in agony. McENTIRE snaps "Tetracain. IO cc's." His hand flashes out for the syringe. Doesn't come. This particular anaesthetic is exhausted. "What my supposed to do - sing her a fuckin lullaby! Gimme 20cc's Avertin. Quick." While his NURSE fixes the Kid McENTIRE rips her dress open with a scalpel. His lips narrow. "Jesus, she's a shrapnel in the spine." Mercifully the screaming stops as the Avertin hits. McENTIRE reads a lable attached to the little Girls wrist. "R.H. R.H." Several hands at different tasks around the body. A drip goes in and oxygen mask goes on. But no R.H. plasma available. The NURSE escorting SCHANBURG is dispatched at urgency to find some plasma substitute. McENTIRE's eyes flash up. "Plentya blood, Gentlemen. Problem is, it's in the wrong fucking place." PRAN cannot bear these scenes any longer. He turns away. SCHANBURG's eyes are stinging. Also turns away and they leave.

II0: INT. STAIRWAY. PREAH KETH MEALEA HOSPITAL. DAY.

II0.

ROCKOFF and SWAIN in the lead. SCHANBURG and PRAN follow. Everybody ashen with the horror of this place. All grateful to be leaving. As they begin to descend the stairs the NURSE rushes up. Carries several cartons of plasma. Races along the corridor towards the theatre.

III: INT. OPERATING THEATRE. PREAH KETH MEALEA HOSPITAL. DAY. III.

The NURSE pushes back into the operation room. Nothing moving but the oxygen bladder. Theatre crammed with Men in black pyjamas. A.Ks and grenades. Everyone in shock. Nobody knowing quite what to do.

One of the KHMER ROUGE starts shouting. The plasma bottle crashes to the floor. A Soldier kicks the operation couch. It slides forward. Tears the mask from the little Girls face. A hiss of oxygen.

II2: EXT. COURTYARD. PREAH KETH MEALEA HOSPITAL. DAY.

II2.

SWAIN looks back at the building. For a moment he thought he heard a shot inside. But small-arms fire all over the city. Probably mistaken. SARUN has the doors open. Everybody is glad to climb inside.

II3: INT. MERCEDES SEDAN/COURTYARD. HOSPITAL. DAY.

II3.

Nobody has got anything to say and the car rolls in silence towards the gates. Suddenly half a dozen Khmer Rouge SOLDIERS appear. Laden with weapons. Most of them country boys. An OFFICER of about thirty.

He waves a slab-side .38 auto. Instantly infects his Kids with fury. Some hardly taller than their A.Ks. But the brutality of ignorance makes them horrifying. Everyone is screamed out of the car. Hands go up but the screaming doesn't stop. A rifle shoves into SWAIN's guts. The OFFICER rams his .38 into SCHANBURG's head hard enough to bleed.

Typewriter and cameras torn away. Scattered in the drive. ROCKOFF's Nikons smash down like trash. Gets a muzzle in the ribs that winds him. Hands so high they can hardly breathe. Eyes drowning in panic. Perpetually the screaming OFFICER. And everyone sharing 'that look'.

II3 Cond.

II3.

SCHANBURG recognises the constant repetition of one word. "Angka." And now they're walking out through the gates. SCHANBURG looks for PRAN's eyes. His face naked with fear. They are going to be killed.

The street is milling with Refugees moving to the north. A captured armoured personnel carrier parked outside. Back door gaping like a tomb. Shut the door and a grenade through the roof? A myriad of confused thoughts. Only the hate-filled eyes of the Soldiers in focus.

A jab from a rifle directs SWAIN inside. Everyone stumbles after him. Everyone except PRAN. The OFFICER is bellowing at him in Khmer. PRAN shakes his head. Pleading and begging with tear-filled eyes. The hammer snaps back on the auto. He continues his entreaties. Verbally on his knees although his hands are in the air like he hangs from a wire

II4: INT. ARMOURED PERSONNEL CARRIER. DAY.

II4.

The floor is a sump of oil and water. Empty ammunition cases. They sit opposite each other. Sweat pouring off. Terrified to the marrow. Everyone stares out the door. PRAN continues his pathetic protests. ROCKOFF searches SCHANBURG's eyes. Whispers through clenched teeth.

ROCKOFF

Why doesn't he get
in for Chrissake ..

SCHANBURG shakes his head. Eyes like ice. SARUN's turn to whisper.

SARUN

He's trying to come in. They
tell him, go away. They only
want big people. Americans ..

The information stuns everyone. PRAN is pleading not to be separated from the others. Potentially risking his life to try and save theirs.

His courage is finally rewarded. PRAN climbs in and slumps opposite SCHANBURG. Running with sweat. Dizzy with fear. Terrible jolt as the rear door slams. A sound of bolts. Shaft of sunlight from the hatch. The hatch slams shut. Semi-darkness. A grumble as the engine starts.

II5: EXT. ROOF. A.P.C./STREET. DAY.

II5.

The A.P.C. moves away. A few K.R. ride the roof. Stare at the gates. McENTIRE and his NURSES appear. Still in shock. Still wearing their surgical uniforms. More People follow. Several Orderlies. Dozens of Children. They are absorbed by distance and the traffic of Refugees.

II6: INT. ARMOURED PERSONNEL CARRIER. DAY.

II6.

Everyone looks at PRAN. It's not looking good. Everyone soaked with sweat. Droplets glisten in SCHANBURG's beard. Panic in an atmosphere like an oven. PRAN gestures for cigarettes and a pack of Pall Mall appear. PRAN grabs them in horror and drowns them in the oily-sump. "Francais. Francais. J'ai dit que vous etes Francais!" Someone produces a pack of local Bastos cigarettes. PRAN prepares himself for another try with the K.R. Sudden tide of liquid as the A.P.C. stops.

II6.

II6 Cond.

The water settles. Not even eyes moving. Sound of shouting outside. Bolts slide and the door opens. Brilliant sunshine and Silhouettes. Everyone strains to adjust to the light. A road crammed with People. Only SARUN and ROCKOFF have a view of the sidewalk. A Chinese Merchant surrounded by K.R. reasoning with his hands and a limp smile. Trying to protect his premises. He is brutally shoved aside. Rifle-butts smash into his store windows. Soldiers clamber in like wasps. Bales of cloth and window dummies spill out. The Chinaman continues to protest. A Khmer Rouge Officer walks out of the Crowd and shoots him in the face. He collapses under a syphon of blood. Panic around him. Mannequins on top of him. But only a few seconds of the outside world. Two Men shoved into the A.P.C. and the door slams into black.

II7.

II7: INT. DRIVING CAB. A.P.C. DAY.

The vehicle jolts through the city. Three grim faces in the driving cab. PRAN stares up from the belly of the machine. Attempting to calm while maintaining a perpetual dialogue in Khmer. "These men are not American. Everybody French. These men are journalists. Not Soldiers. They've come to tell the world about your victory. Everybody's very happy about your victory." May as well be speaking to the deaf.

II8.

II8: INT. A.P.C. DAY.

PRAN continues his desperate appeals to the Driver. But the predominant sound is prayer. Though both Prisoners wear civilian clothes they are obviously Officers. One the OFFICER from the Kindergarten. He follows a Buddhist ritual used in times of danger. Sits with eyes tightly closed. Chants a mantra with a tiny gold Budha in his mouth.

The behaviour is contagious. SCHANBURG searches a pocket and finds his Daughters yellow silk rose. Filthy and crushed and soaked with perspiration. Clasps it tightly in his fist. His eyes meet SWAIN's. They reflect the look in his. A certainty they are to be executed.

The vehicle stops again. PRAN sinks rigidly back into his seat. The atmosphere excruciating. Suddenly they reverse. A few bumpy meters and the engine is silenced. The water laps gently around their feet. Every sound is amplified. Senses peaking. The bolts rocket back. Sunlight again. But more dazzling than before. It reflects from a river.

A couple of SOLDIERS outside pointing rifles into the A.P.C. Beyond them a sandy-bank slopes into the Tonle Sap. As they're ordered out ROCKOFF and SCHANBURG exchange the briefest of fear-struck glances. They're going to do it here! Roll them down the bank into the river.

II9: EXT. RIVER BANK. TONLE SAP. PHNOM PENH. DAY.

II9.

The river shimmers silver. Racket of jungle birds. A stench of life. Hands high they blink into the sunlight. At a glance a dozen battle-hardened Khmer Rouge. Calloused hands. A.Ks and filthy black pyjamas.

The OFFICER has a huge fleshy head. Looks like it contains no skull. He snaps a question at the Driver. PRAN swallows and interrupts the reply. Hands above his head. With a tone of 'all this is ridiculous'.

PRAN (Khmer)

Would you please report to your top authority? I was told by the top authority that he agreed to let me go around. I met them. I will meet them again this afternoon. It is essential you report to your top authority.

The OFFICER stares at PRAN. Eyes full of aggression. But thankfully of a quieter disposition than the bellicose Officer at the hospital. It seems like the OFFICER is the top authority. Puts an order to his Troops and the Prisoners are muzzle-gestured towards the river. PRAN takes a last terrible risk. Ignores the guns and follows the OFFICER.

These men are international Journalists. All are Frenchmen. All have permission from the top authority.

PRAN is five yards from the main group and a trigger-pull from death.

Please report to your top authority!

The OFFICER stops. Glares at PRAN like he's a soiled garment. PRAN changes gear. Goes for a smile. "These people support you. Not support Lon Nol. They will tell the world." The OFFICER has a GUARD cement PRAN to the spot with an A.K. He marches back to the main group. Selects ROCKOFF for scrutiny. Hard-stares him. ROCKOFF stares back. Sweat runs down his face. A fly moves across it. The OFFICER turns away. Walks back towards PRAN. The pleading instantly starts again.

I know you hate Americans. Imperialists. But if we're imperialists we're not staying here. We're newspaper men. We are writers. We want to tell the truth of your victory.

With his hands in the air and a rifle at his head PRAN insists he follows the OFFICER. Cajoling and imploring for his Comrades lives. His voice drifts slowly into distance and SCHANBURG closes his eyes.

PRAN is now about twenty yards away. Well out of ear-shot. Another K.R. Authority has joined the OFFICER with the fleshy head. PRAN is still talking. Hands almost down & using them to emphasise his argument. Persuaded them of something. Everyone looks across as a motor-bike & sidecar starts. It takes off towards town in a trail of dust.

I20: EXT. RIVER BANK. TONLE SAP. DAY. (ANOTHER ANGLE).

I20.

The sun has moved three o'clock down the river. Thousands of books float past. Several T.V. sets bobbing lazily at the surface. Assorted items of furniture. SCHANBURG squeezes sweat out of his eyes. His hands barely managing shoulder height. Stares through the heat haze. Wet electricity again as PRAN's hands suddenly dart above his head.

Somebody is shouting. Something's gone terribly wrong. Several K.R. SOLDIERS hustle PRAN back in a cage of rifles. The next few seconds are an adrenalin overload. Sound of small-arms in the city. PRAN's approaching silhouette. SWAIN's terrified eyes. The chanting of the

I20 Cond.

I20.

little OFFICER. SARUN's eyes. Heart beats. And sound of a motorbike. The OFFICER stops the Escort two yards from the main group. Profound terror in PRAN's face. Everybody waiting for the returning motorbike.

It pulls up and the OFFICER walks towards it. This is the pay-off to the bluff. Nobody but PRAN knows what he's said. Nobody but he could be more anguished for the reply. And nobody but the OFFICER hears it.

PRAN is called to give further evidence around the bike. Perhaps ten yards away. His back to the others. Finds a space to descretely turn. Looks at SCHANBURG and very carefully bites his lip. The contact between these two men almost pushes SCHANBURG's heart through his chest.

I21: EXT. SHATTERED HOUSES. STREET. TONLE SAP. DAY.

I21.

The river shimmers gold. The sun is going down. A radical change of mood. SCHANBURG and the others still under guard but allowed to sit in the shade of the houses. The unfortunate OFFICERS are still under heavy arrest. Segregated a few yards away. Joined by more Prisoners. More than one with a Budha in his mouth. From here SCHANBURG gets a view of PRAN and the immediate suburbs. PRAN continues negotiations with the K.R. OFFICERS. It seems some belongings are to be returned.

The opposite is the case in the city. Truck loads of jubilant Khmer Rouge pass. Vehicles piled with looted merchandice. Hard liquor and bales of cloth. Thousands of cigarettes. Under different circumstances this carnival would be amusing. Hardly any of these country Boys can drive. Engines and transmission pleading to change gear. When it comes it comes without clutch. Yelps of joy and screaming mechanics.

But no joy on the main road out of Phnom Penh. Route five is clogged with Refugees heading north. Apparently going home. But something biz-are about them. Most seem more urban than rural. Some wearing fashionable clothes. A couple of dozen sour-faced K.R. move among them. Urge them on with shouts. Mass confiscation of watches & transistor radios.

The Insurgents are generous with each other. Distribute their booty freely from the drunken trucks. The Guards here get several cartons of cigarettes. Vodka and Diet Pepsi. A SOLDIER with an I.Q. approaching the calories in the can taunts SCHANBURG. Offers him a drink and pulls it away. Repeatedly establishes that Schanburg is his prisoner and subject to his control. Finally the can is released with a grin.

Ten seconds later they're free! No more guns. They walk in a daze towards PRAN and the motorbike. Eyes aching with gratitude. Longing to give praise. But PRAN maintains a business-like attitude and they emulate it. Certain possessions are to be handed back. The GUARD with diet-intelligence is put in charge. Produces items from the side-car.

They get almost everything but the Mercedes & SWAIN's precious notebooks. But nobody complaining. The Fleshy-head OFFICER stands a few feet away locked in conversation. Eyes alternating between the bike and the tramping Refugees. ROCKOFF gets his cameras. SCHANBURG's bag appears. Its contents litter the sidcars floor. A money-belt stuffed with dollars. Handed over without interest. A pair of undershorts. These take the GUARDS fancy. Confiscated. A United States passport! SCHANBURG's brain almost ruptures. The GUARD flicks through it. Too dumb to read but amused by Schanburg's picture. He holds it up comparing it with the real thing. Everyone watches paralysed with fear. It's finally handed over. Concealed as the OFFICER turns. He snaps at the SOLDIER to get on with it. And at last they're free to walk away.

I22: EXT. MONIVONG BOULEVARD. DUSK.

I22.

A tidal flood pushing in a single direction. PRAN and SCHANBURG and the others against it. Can hardly believe their eyes. Anarchy here. Thousands choke the street. Buildings on fire. A gloaming of misery. Side streets supply the main street. Rickshaws & bicycles. Pedicabs & motorbikes. Prams and cars contributing to the manifest confusion.

The Khmer Rouge are emptying Phnom Penh. Evacuating the entire city. Insurgent Soldiers everywhere. Rifles and pistols waving in the air. Shots fired if pace is too slow. Shouting through bull-horns. "Leave immediately for the countryside. Instructions will be given by Angka.

Those not involved in organisation are looting. Smashing into stores like drunken kids. In a majority of cases what they are. Peasant Boys from hill-tribes. Dripping with weapons. Burglar alarms wailing. An uproar of excitement. These Soldiers have never seen a city in their lives. A disembowelled toy-shop. Dozens of Donald Ducks getting trampled. Everybody wants a watch and a radio. Everyone fascinated by cars tooting horns and flashing headlights. Black insects round a yellow Buick. And when they can't start it they shoot it up with their A.Ks.

An appropriate image at the end of this nightmarish tunnel. A Sweedish Red Cross Doctor on the steps of Le Phnom. A white surgical cap and white blood-stained robes. He wears a monocle in his right eye. Stares calmly towards the street. Several K.R. trucks parked outside. Rocket-launchers aimed towards the Hotel. SCHANBURG rushes up to him. Manages "What's happening?" and SUNDSVALL replies in perfect English.

SUNDSVALL

They've given us half an hour to empty the Hotel.

SCHANBURG

When?

SUNDSVALL

Twenty five minutes ago.

As he walks away SCHANBURG and company become part of the pandemonium.

I23: INT. STAIRS/CORRIDOR/SUITE. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

I23.

A suitcase spills down the stairs. Discarded clothes litter the corridor. Everyone at a sprint. SWAIN has lost his key. PRAN and he attempt to kick the door in. SCHANBURG and ROCKOFF barge into his suite. SCHANBURG empties drawers into bags. Instructs ROCKOFF to go for the emergency-food supplies. He crams cans of beef stew into his pockets. A jar of instant tea. PRAN appears. Time to get the hell out of here.

I24: INT. FOYER. HOTEL LE PHNOM. NIGHT.

I24.

Down the stairs and across the foyer. Desperate Hotel Staff with pathetic requests for assistance. Waiters who've served them for 3 years now hanging onto their arms like children. "Aidons Nous! Aidons Nous!" But nothing anybody can do and they push past into the Hotel gardens.

I25: EXT. MONIVONG BOULEVARD. NIGHT.

I25.

Deep nightmare illuminated by flashing headlights. Citizens clog the Boulevard. Move at the speed of asthma. Lost Children and lost shoes. Blaring horns. Streaming tears. A cacophony of sorrow. And a red sky.

PRAN and the others amongst the Refugees. Push an R.C. Toyota. SCHANBURG steers through the opened door. Roll slowly with everybody else. Maybe no one knows where they're going. Only one certainty is shared. They are all going there. There have been no exceptions. Traumatized Amputees travel in wheel-barrows. Men and Women on crutches. Parents weeping over unconscious Children carried from the hospitals. Bodies with serum-drips still attached are pushed along in their bloody beds. Here is one of the saddest nights in the history of the planet Earth.

I26: EXT. PERIMETER FENCE. FRENCH EMBASSY. MONIVONG. NIGHT.

I26.

The gates are closed. Dozens are going over the walls. Handing their Children over. Hurling belongings after them. Many nationalities making a last ditch attempt to escape the K.R. Chinks. Krauts. Pakkies. Frogs. Wogs. Limeys. Yanks. PRAN and the others join the pandemonium.

I27: INT. GARDENS/COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. NIGHT.

I27.

Food bundles and baggage get impaled on the tall iron spikes. Ripped apart as People trample them. A Frog gets tangled in the barbed wire. A fat Pakki breaks his leg as he lands. ROCKOFF lands on top of him.

But civilisation waits at the otherside of the wall. What went up as a Nip comes down as a Japanese. The entire panicking mass of humanity is reidentified. Races are instantly segregated. Gendarmes with German Shepherds supervise. Asian (excluding Japanese) into one mob. Cacaussian (excluding two protesting Moroccans) to the other. SCHANBURG attempts to keep PRAN with the group. Run into a GUARD and Dog. Neither have time for the arguments coming at them from every direction. PRAN is forced away into the Asian Crowd with SCHANBURG staring after him.

I28: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. FRENCH EMBASSY. NIGHT.

I28.

A large room. Chinese carpets. Carved Chinese furniture. Chandeliers. An upright piano in one corner. People everywhere else. Further subdivisions have taken place. This room allocated to an 'International Group'. U.N. Personnel. R.C. Personnel. Western Journalists and Newsmen. Perhaps twenty in all. An exhausted rabble billeted in elegance.

The atmosphere isn't generous. Tetchiness all over the room. Earlier arrivals have staked claims to the sofas. Resent parting with 'their' cushions. Others have commandeered table cloths. Don't want to share these either. MORGAN is under the impression that the corner by the piano is his private estate. He's furious when SCHANBURG trespasses making space for two. "I need room for Pran" initiates an acid sneer.

I29: EXT. COMPOUND/GARDENS. FRENCH EMBASSY. NIGHT.

I29.

The compound is large. 200 X 250 yards. Flowering trees. Clumps of bamboo. Verdant lawns. Literally every square inch occupied. Automobiles everywhere. Frightened and hungry Families encamped inside. Make-shift tents going up. Flames and smoke from dozens of cooking fires. Most of the Asians out here are from the wealthier ranks of

the city. Traders and Professional People. Poodles and Siamese Cats and Gucci luggage. SCHANBURG searches through this affluent misery. At last he finds PRAN. He and SARUN are sleeping on rush mats under a Tamarind tree. He crouches next to PRAN. Stares at him for a long time. A catalogue of emotions crowd his brain. Gratitude. Affection. Anxiety. One demands precedence over the rest. Overwhelming respect. SARUN opens his eyes. SCHANBURG fails a smile. Speaks in a whisper.

SCHANBURG
Everything O.K. ?

SARUN stares back. He slowly shakes his head. Resigned to his fate.

SARUN
Pran see chauve-souris.

SCHANBURG
Bats?

SARUN
Very bad. Sleep now, Sydney.

SARUN turns away to sleep. SCHANBURG's attention remains with PRAN. In these circumstances Buddhist superstition has formidable potency.

I30: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. FRENCH EMBASSY. NIGHT.

I30.

Gunfire in the long-suburbs. Coughing and snoring. Moonlight through the windows. A giant of a man appears in silhouette. Carries a rucksack. He treads carefully through the sleeping bodies looking for a space. Out of luck. Patience erupts into a booming Australian voice

DOUGAL
Alright, wake up you dozy bleed-
ers. Where am I supposed to sleep?

Moans of protest from the floor. A flash-light illuminates the intruders irate face. DOUGAL dumps his bag and stares back down the beam

I31: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAWN.

I31.

Smoke hangs over the compound like mist. A Woman hacks at a tree for firewood. But the majority of the shanty quiet. SCHANBURG looks like he hasn't slept. Stale eyes and stubble. He stands a little distance from the building staring towards the main gates. The dismal caravan still passes outside. But the ranks are thinning out now as the supply of People dwindle. Random echoes of gunfire throughout the city. A Figure appears from the mist. As it approaches it turns into SWAIN

SWAIN
Nasty rumour going around ...

SCHANBURG
Which one? I don't like
the sound of any of em.

I3I Cond.

I3I.

DOUGAL (O.S.)

Right. You two. I need some chairs.

This is more an order than a request. They turn and blink at DOUGAL. Sleeves rolled up he carries a table that might give trouble for two.

SCHANBURG

What?

DOUGAL

I need some chairs. And as democratically elected group-leader, I'm instructing you to get them.

SCHANBURG

When were you elected?

DOUGAL

We took a vote last night. When you two were asleep.

SWAIN carts his fringe. Somewhat amused. Puts a whisper to SCHANBURG.

SWAIN

It's balls. I was awake all night.

DOUGAL

Well go on! Get on with it!

SWAIN

Where d'you suggest we get them?

DOUGAL

Try looking under some asses.

He unloads the huge table and they follow him back into the building

I32: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. DAY.

I32.

The sun just about up. So is half the compound. About a dozen chairs round the table. SUNDSVALL and McENTIRE at the end. Tuning a transistor into B.B.C. World Service. "This is London". But the signal weak

ROCKOFF sits opposite. Built a rats nest with his mouth. SWAIN appears with a pile of magnificent porcelain dinner plates. Begins to set the table. The radio swerves in mid-commentary - 'and Mr Brezhnev said the end of conflict in Indochina would lead to further relaxation of tensions between the Soviet Union and the United States'

ROCKOFF

Christ my breath. Smells like a long-haul toilet ..

Prattle reports from the old Russian continues. DOUGAL shouts from a doorway. His authority is obviously established. ROCKOFF stands and staggers back to the table with a huge steaming cauldron - "and that resistance continues in the province of Battambang. Reliable sources have been quoted as saying that former Prime Minister Long Boret one

I32 Cond.

I32.

of the so-called Seven-Traitors, has fled to Thailand by helicopter'

ROCKOFF

That should please him. Think
I'll stroll over and tell him.

McENTIRE hisses for quiet. SUNDSVALL whispers "Where is he?" ROCKOFF sticks a thumb over his shoulder. "He's holed up in the Chancellory."

The station fades and McENTIRE fiddles the dial. Relocates the B.B.C. with news that Avery Bundage is 87 and ill in West Germany. SCHANBURG carries a couple more chairs. DOUGAL follows with a boxful of cutlery

DOUGAL

Right. I'm gonna wake em
up. Start dishing it out.

SWAIN takes the lid off the cauldron. A limp mess of rice and water.

SWAIN

What is it?

DOUGAL

Risotto.

McENTIRE searches the radio for more news of Cambodia. DOUGAL disappears and SWAIN serves the food. A bellow comes from inside the building. "Breakfast!" SCHANBURG smiles and walks away across the compound

I33: EXT. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I33.

A pair of Embassy Officials are in discussion at the main gates. Outside a cluster of K.R. Soldiers and an Officer are demanding to come in. Almost audible as SCHANBURG and PRAN pass. PRAN is taut with anxiety. Nervous about his future. Nervous about joining the Westerners. Terrified when the gates are opened and the Soldiers allowed inside. The Officer has an escort of half a dozen Troops. Nobody is smiling. Least of all PRAN. SCHANBURG keeps him walking towards his building.

I34: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. DAY.

I34.

About fifteen People round the table including two Red Cross Nurses. Everyone has a plate of food. But nobody eating. All eyes are on the Khmer Rouge. As they reach the Chancellory TIBAUT descends the steps to greet them. He shakes the OFFICERS hand. After a brief discussion they return to the building. The Soldiers adopt defensive positions.

SUNDSVALL

This one is a General.

McENTIRE

How d'you know?

SUNDSVALL

Four pens. The more ball-point pens they have, the higher the rank. Or at least, the greater their authority inside 'Angka'.

I34 Cond.

I34.

Not much appetite about. A Nurse lowers her spoon. She's also a Scot.

NOELLE

What does 'Angka' mean?

SUNDSVALL

Organisation.

SCHANBURG arrives with PRAN hesitating on the periferories. He looks at the table like it's a cliff. SCHANBURG gestures a chair and he leaps.

DOUGAL

Move it, Sydney. I'm calling a meeting at o-nine-hundred.

SCHANBURG nods and fixes PRAN a plate. As he hands it across MORGAN puts out a freeze. Although speaking to SCHANBURG he stares at PRAN.

MORGAN

This is a Journalists table.

SCHANBURG

He is a Journalist. And he sits here. And he eats at this table.

DOUGAL

And I don't want no arguments. Anyone who starts an argument round here's automatically arguing with me. Is that clear?

MORGAN

You got a lot to say for yourself.

SWAIN

That's because he's democratically elected Group Leader ..

MORGAN

Since when?

SCHANBURG

We took a vote. Last night. When you were asleep ...

I35: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. DAY.

I35.

The table has been cleared. SCHANBURG and PRAN have moved to the end. Occasional laughter inside the building. Everybody is at the meeting. PRAN sits with his back to the windows. Eyes on the K.R. Guard. SCHANBURG sits opposite. Words are scarce. He fills space with a cigarette.

SCHANBURG

You shouldn't let an idiot like that upset you. You know what's the matter with him? He's pissed because you're working for me ..

I35.

I35 Cond.

A lot of silence about. Waiting to get between them. Now it succeeds.

SCHANBURG

Sarun told me you were frightened
by some bats? Is that what it is?

This is what it is and PRAN nods slowly. SCHANBURG smiles a "Come on.

PRAN

They fly east, in daylight. Very
bad omen. And everybody say they
will throw all Cambodian people out.

SCHANBURG

Alright, I heard that too. And
I heard a lot of other rumours
as well. But they're all just
rumours, Pran. Same as the bats.

PRAN

Same as a yellow rose, Sydney.

Not much SCHANBURG can say to that. Stubs his cigarette and looks up.
MORGAN is watching them from a window. He sprays insecticide at a fly

I36: INT. WINDOW PANE. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I36.

PRAN stands and SCHANBURG follows. But quickly out of focus. All attention is on the window pane. It clouds again as the Fly gets another dose. In one minute it will be dead. DOUGAL is speaking at the end of the hall. The Fly slips down the window. Starts walking kind of wierd

DOUGAL (O.S.)

And no suppressed grudges. Anyone
gets a problem, they bring it out
in the open. We discuss it. Other-
wise we're all gonna get suspicious
of each other. And uncomfortable.
Like we're sittin in a jakuzzi and
a turd floats up ...

A smattering of laughter. The Fly spins circles on its back. MORGAN is bored with it and turns away. DOUGAL stands in the middle of the room. He towers above everybody. Glances at SCHANBURG as he arrives.

You're late, Sydney. You're in my
group, and you're in charge of bed
covers. Anyone got any questions?

MORGAN

Yes, as a matter of fact, I have. All
this Community-Spirit (we name it, you
solve it), doesn't add up to a can of
peas. We've got precious little as it
is. What happens when the food runs out?

I36 Cond.

I36.

DOUGAL

You're in group 4, Morgan. And if you got nothing more constructive to say, you can refrain from talking at all ..

I37: INT. CELLER. HALL DE RECEPTION.

I37.

This group consists of DOUGAL and SCHANBURG. SUNDSVALL and McENTIRE. And SWAIN pointing a flash-light at a pad-locked door. They attempt to lever it open without success. DOUGAL has had enough of it. Backing off he makes the unnecessary instruction to stand-aside. Rushes at the door like he's going for a gold. It goes and he goes with it.

DOUGAL is back on his feet in time to gape in awe with the rest of them. This place is stocked from floor to ceiling with bonded booze and cigars. Champagne and whisky. Mild euphoria on the point of eruption when PRAN appears. Breathless & frightened he gasps "Sydney."

I38: EXT. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I38.

The Embassy gates are open with a flat-bed truck parked just outside. A squad of Guards statue the Passangers with rifles. Two Men. A Woman and two Children. They sit frozen with terror. The entire compound is frozen in silence. Everyone is staring towards the Chancellery doors.

SCHANBURG and the others push through the Crowd. Stare with the rest. TIBAUT and the K.R. OFFICER stand at the top of the steps. Both suppressing their emotions. Anguish and animosity respectively. Producing a curious similarity of expression. Gendarmes escort a Man from the building. Recognisable as the OFFICER who raised suspicions during the 'victory' celebrations. SCHANBURG is even more confused. The Prisoner is handed to the K.R. who bundle him roughly into the truck.

"Qui et il?" A Gendarme shakes his head & walks away. Either doesn't know or doesn't care. The wood-work's on fire. About a dozen People are expelled from the Chancellery. Several Women and terrified Kids.

And the men the Insurgents want most. Three Senior Ministers of the shattered Government. The first is PRINCE SIRIK MATAK. He walks out proudly. An old man determined to preserve his dignity. The second former Prime Minister LONG BORET. Like a sleepy kid with puffy eyes. He holds his Wife's hand. The third is HONG BUON HOR. Half the age of the other two and close to hysteria. TIBAUT's face is open with grief. It's clear this eviction causes him great personal distress.

As they head for the truck the PRINCE pauses to shake TIBAUT's hand. Several cameras click. Several Journalists at work. HONG BOUN HOR is getting frisky. Gets a K.R. Guard at each arm. SIRIK MATAK releases TIBAUT's hand and the unbearable moment is over. Everyone arrives at the gate. The Children clinging to handfuls of their Parents clothes.

A Vietnamese Woman with an Instamatic. HONG BOUN HOR catches a flash in the face. For a second he's paralysed. A second later he's running. All fuses blown. Headlong into the shanty. Snap of an A.K. and TIBAUT's voice. "Non!" Apparently he still has a little authority on his own territory. Gendarme are despatched to bring him back. The departure freaks everyone. The Children. The Dogs. And the Khmer Rouge.

Guns everywhere. Eyes full of fury. All the OFFICER need do is say it. TIBAUT tries for calm. Nobody wants to know. The Gendarme have seconds to get this under control. Otherwise the Khmer Rouge will.

I38 Cond.

I38.

Faces in the Crowd. PRAN and SCHANBURG. Everybody round a car. HONG BOUN HOR has locked himself inside. Secure for one pathetic instant. Rifle-butts smash the windows. Pleading and screaming they drag him out. Hands on the door handles. Hands clutching at the broken glass. Beating at his knuckles until he's forced to let go. They carry him to the gate. Neither PRAN nor SCHANBURG have any desire to see more.

I39: INT. KITCHENS. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I39.

A bustle of activity. The Nurses washing the dishes. Saucepans. Cups and cooking pots are brought in from reccis. SCHANBURG and McENTIRE supervise the arrival of food-stocks. A jumble of cans and biscuits and cakes in a mounting pile on the table. Crates of Champagne and cigars. Several bottles of Scotch. But clear these items on ration. ROCKOFF pitches in with the grub from Schanburg's wardrobe. Stew and dried soup. Tinned tuna. And a box of nuts. SCHANBURG stares blankly.

SCHANBURG

Where's the peanut butter?

In the wardrobe in the Hotel Le Phnom. ROCKOFF dismisses the question

What about the Dundee cake?

ROCKOFF

I overlooked the Dundee cake.

SCHANBURG

You overlooked the Dundee cake!

Can't believe what he's hearing. SWAIN arrives with "Whassa matter?"

He didn't bring my Dundee cake!

ROCKOFF

How could I get a Dundee cake in my pocket?

SCHANBURG

I don't believe it. Three jarsa chunky peanut butter and a brand new Dundee cake ..

SWAIN

How could you?

ROCKOFF

How could anyone get three jarsa chunky peanut butter and a brand new Dundee cake into his pocket?

SCHANBURG is overwhelmed with the news. More satire than seriousness. Shaking his head sadly he walks out. Returns to the main hall. PRAN is sitting against a wall in solitude. Looks up as SCHANBURG arrives.

SCHANBURG

Where's Sarun?

I39 Cond.

I39.

PRAN

He won't come, Syd. He's afraid to be seen with Americans. And I think, maybe, it's better for both of us, if I go outside too.

I40: EXT. GARDENS. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. DAY.

I40.

More furniture accumulated outside. Wicker chairs and tables. SCHANBURG and PRAN sit at one. The tone is warm and intimate. Like a father and son. In the background MORGAN is among a group digging lavatories and somewhere across the compound someone rehearses a saxophone.

SCHANBURG

When I was a little kid, bout five years old, I was walking home through some abandoned freight-yards, we called em the disused woods. And I'm fifty yards from my home, and I get ambushed by some big guys, nine, ten years old. They had bunches of nettles wrapped in newspaper, gonna sting the shit outa me. And I said I gotta get home coz my Sister's sick. And to my amazement they said alright. They'd let me go providing I give my word I'd come back tomorrow. I agreed and they let me go. I never been so afraid in my life. But the next day I went back. If ever I've done anything brave, and stupid, I hit the high-spot in one. They stung me from my neck to my feet, my legs were like salami, I cried all night. Finally my Dad gets it outa me. After the initial rage he says, go ahead, cry. You're crying coz you been brave. You're the bravest man I ever met, Pran. I never met anyone as brave as you. And you got every right to feel afraid, cry if you want to. Anything you want. But I'm not bull-shitting you, Pran, I swear to you, I honestly don't think they're interested in us. I think if anything, we're an inconvenience. There's people coming over the wall twentyfour hours a day. Why don't they shoot them? They don't want em. Only the big guys. There's a guy in there now with a pocket fulla pens talking about an air-lift. And that's not a rumour, I got it from onea the Attaches. I owe you my life, Pran. But who did you save? An American. And who do they despise? If anybody's going out through that gate it's us. And I'm not worried. Except slightly.

SCHANBURG's understatement produces a smile. It grows with them both

C'mon. Best thing we can do is our job.

I41: EXT. MAIN GATE, FRENCH EMBASSY, DAY.

I41.

Westerners crowd round the gate. A French Woman in a cocktail dress. Evidently what she was wearing when kicked out. Outside the gate an argument in progress. Vastly different from the earlier proceedings. The altercation isn't about leaving the Embassy it's about going in.

SCHANBURG finds an observation point. Since the departure of the big guys the atmosphere has softened. The Lady in the dress occasionally giggles. The Russian Embassy Staff have arrived in their truck. It's decked with Soviet Flags and stacked with 'revisionist' luggage. Two washing machines and an American refrigerator. Not difficult to work out the drift of the dispute. The Guards want the Russians inside the compound. The Russians don't want to go. Eitherway the French Officials are prepared to accept them but not the goodies. The washing machines must stay outside. "Chere Comrades Khmer, nous sommes vos camarades Russes. Et nous voulons parler a votre Chef parlent Francais." The K.R. remain unimpressed and respond by ripping off a Russian flag.

While the negotiations continue a couple of dozen Refugees are allowed through the gate. Mainly mixed marriages. French Husbands with Khmer Wives and Children. French Wives with Khmer Husbands and Children.

The Russian AMBASSADOR is angry as a radish. Tanned arm waving with a bracelet of white skin where his 'liberated' wrist watch once was. No compromises made. The Russians finally give in. A smattering of applause as they trudge through the gate with suitcases. Further amusement. A case spills open. It contains hundreds of smoked sausages.

A porky Mongol scrabbles to gather them. In she comes and the Guards descend on the truck like flies. SCHANBURG hangs around to watch the looting. The fridge is pushed off the back. A large framed photograph of Brezhnev gets a boot in the kisser. A T.V. gets one in the screen.

The exodus has all but dried up. So has the shooting. The truck reverses and takes off with laundry spilling from the back. Hardly anybody left at the gate. SCHANBURG and a Girl. Very beautiful and very sad. She stares up the boulevard. SCHANBURG stares at her. Something about her he recognises. He's about to focus it when PRAN sprints up.

PRAN

I think I find out who he is ..

Delight from SCHANBURG. Firstly with the news. Secondly with the person who brings it. PRAN is smiling and excited. All the energy back

His name is Dara. He was educated in Paris. Maybe some connection with Lon Nol. But definitely nothing to do with the Khmer Rouge ...

SCHANBURG

Then what the hell is he doing holding a victory celebration?

PRAN doesn't know. And for the moment it doesn't matter. SCHANBURG puts an arm round his shoulder. About to walk away. He takes a last look at the Girl. PRAN follows his eyes & recognises her instantly.

I42: EXT. ENCAMPMENT. GARDENS. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I42.

A miserable cooking fire. A sack of rice and a scrawny chicken tied to a bush. Seemingly the only food. A sun-shelter made from canvas

I42.

I42 Cond.

An ancient Woman lies under it as if asleep. But her eyes are open. She watches her Grand Daughter suspiciously. ROSA is beautiful as ever. Hardly a change since SCHANBURG last saw her two years ago in Neak Luong. Only the eyes are different. Perpetually near to tears. PRAN and SCHANBURG sit opposite. She speaks softly. PRAN translates.

(PRAN)

They arrive at Embassy last night -
Her - Sahn - His brother - and her
Grandmother - they climb over wall -

SCHANBURG glances incredulously at the Grandmother and then at PRAN.

Sahn carried her on his back - then
he returned for his little brother -
they told him to hang on to the rail-
ings - but the boy was gone - Sahn
shouts to her that he will find him -
but they never come back - she says
she knows she will never see him again -

And the tears start to fall. ROSA closes her eyes. Almost inaudible.

In the last three years she has
lost her Father - and her Sister -
and now Sahn - Cambodia has be-
come the land of terrible tears -

I43: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION BUILDING. DUSK.

I43.

Ten minutes before dark. Tooting of horns. Occasional crash of metal as the K.R. Soldiers play with their cars. Apparently everyone's used to it. The R.C. Nurses play cards and SUNDSVALL tunes a radio.

But things have taken a definite turn for the better. Sweet piano coming through the opened window. Somebody plays 'Limelight'. Couple of bottles of Champagne open and ROCKOFF has a joint in circuit. Hands it to SWAIN. Deep inhalation and on to SCHANBURG. Both he and PRAN are satisfied with their Champagne and cigars. SCHANBURG sits at his typewriter listening to PRAN's notes on the mysterious Dara.

PRAN

Hem Keth Dara, 29 year old son
of Hem Keth Sena, 58, minister
attached to Prime Minister Long
Boret's office. Maybe protege of
Lon Non, the brother of Lon Nol.

ROCKOFF

Where'd you get all this, Pran?

PRAN

No comment. I said, therefore,
maybe this is attempt to steal
the revolution? Subvert Khmer
Rouge victory? Or some kind of
coup attempt? That's all I got.

I43 Cond.

I43.

And this is enough. And 'This is London'. Everything stops for the B.B.C. SUNDSVALL jumps up and taps on the window. "News Murray." The piano stops and McENTIRE hurries out. Everybody zeros on the radio.

Bad news from Vietnam. Saigon is falling. But also a bad signal. McENTIRE winds the dial. ROCKOFF takes a last hit on the joint. Sticks the roach in his pocket. The B.B.C. comes back via a Burmese station.

'and that the situation in the French Embassy is increasingly precarious. Unconfirmed reports have said that the United Nations Representatives confined in the Embassy are entering into negotiations with the Insurgent Government - ' Couple of chuckles. The Assembled know better. Burma back for a few seconds. Then misinformation continues.

SWAIN and ROCKOFF are too stoned to stay with it. - 'the UNICEF representative in Bangkok is quoted as saying that something must be done in a matter of hours is tragedy if to be averted' - The station fades out and interest goes with it. A general return to the tables.

SWAIN

Where they getting all this crap?

Grass has changed ROCKOFF's gears. Removes his shades and leans into the table with an air of subterfuge. Prepared to divulge information.

ROCKOFF

See the little guy at the gate?

Everyone turns towards the gate. A short K.R. Soldier stands guard.

Don't all look at once! I have it from highly reliable bodies, that that is none other than Hugh Elder.

SCHANBURG smiles as he types. The grass is oiling SWAIN's eye-balls.

SWAIN

You're kidding me?

ROCKOFF

I'm deadly serious. He's disguised of course, coz the high-heeled snakes looked a little suspicious.

SWAIN's giggling approaches a cackle. PRAN joins in with the grins.

PRAN

But how does he get copy out?

ROCKOFF

A type of specially trained hen ..

SWAIN is laughing the soles of his feet up. Hysterics out of control. ROCKOFF manages to keep a stone face. Continues in utter seriousness

The B.B.C. Have commissioned these fowl to walk past the Khmer Rouge like they're regular chicken. They're crossing into Thailand day and night.

I43 Cond.

I43.

A massive explosion. Sixty yards away. Followed instantly by another. A fire-ball climbs. Someone shouts "Roof" and everybody heads for it.

I44: EXT. ROOF. HALL DE RECEPTION. NIGHT.

I44.

Falling debris dragging flame. Echoes separate in the empty streets. Stamp through the city like bullies. In the street outside the K.R. play a mad fun-fair with the 20th Century. Like it's a toy till the batteries run out. Everyone watches from the balustrade. Headlights flashing & horns tooting. Dodge'm cars. Colliding in an ugly ballet.

Fiat with four torn tyres. Flapping up the boulevard like a Penguin. Dragging yards of cloth. And a litter of bottles. Punching into the washing machine and spinning it like a ball. And shooting up vehicles that won't play. Tearing a car to pieces with a sub-machine gun.

Another tremendous explosion. An instant of daylight. A street away. A confetti of burning things return to earth. A surprise even to the Khmer Rouge. The Soldiers shelter in their cars as masonry clatters round them. Everything is suddenly quiet. Hundreds of sheets of paper float down. Within seconds hundreds of thousands. Some burning. Bank notes. They've blown up the Central Bank Of Cambodia. Millions and millions of Riels are drifting over the compound. Like a dream.

I45: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I45.

Flies and lassitude. A few days passed. Stubble turning into beards. Everyone sprawled inside to escape the afternoon heat. Fanning with cardboard. And MORGAN spraying flies in his immediate vicinity. ROCKOFF laying on his table-cloth. Heavily soiled. And socks a write-off. Reading 'Penthouse' slowly from the front. SCHANBURG squints 'Sports Illustrated' and SWAIN a Grayham Green novel. PRAN is reading 'Jaws'

DOUGAL whittles a fork out of bamboo. McENTIRE bothers a tune out of the piano. But the heat is overwhelming. So is the boredom. The magazines are well thumbed. Especially the fuck-magazine ROCKOFF is reading. Also in demand. DOUGAL drills with his knife and growls across.

DOUGAL

Hurry it up, you read it daft.

ROCKOFF

I intend to undress this magazine slowly.

More whittling and yawning and fly-spraying and fanning and boredom.

DOUGAL

What d'you thinka them Nurses?

ROCKOFF

Dogs.

More boredom and fanning and fly-spraying and yawning and whittling.

DOUGAL

Wouldn't mind a bita mattress-muck.

I45 Cond.

SCHANBURG
I wouldn't mind a peanut butter sandwich.
(Spacel
Coupla slicesa fresh bread, literally forced
apart with the intensity of filling ..

ROCKOFF
I'm not listening.

SCHANBURG
Like a badly built wall.

SWAIN
I'd rather have a fillet steak. Dread-
fully rare, with a crisp green salad ..

ROCKOFF
Fries and no fucking Champagne.

An OFFICIAL with a moustache appears and someone directs him across.

SWAIN
Christ, I'm starving.

ROCKOFF
Are you kidding? When I get outa
here, I'm gonna get a chair and
spend a fortnight in front of a
fridge. And I'm gonna employ a un-
informed doorman to open it for me.

OFFICIAL
Il y a quelqu'un qui parle Francais?

Several do but nobody wants to admit it. SWAIN reluctantly owns up.

S'il vous plait, Monsieur?

He stands and joins the OFFICIAL at the door. A discussion follows.
SUNDSVALL arrives with news for DOUGAL. The water's been turned off
DOUGAL rises muttering expletives. Follows into the kitchen. SWAIN
comes back with a peeved expression. Addresses himself to SCHANBURG

SWAIN
They've got some Red Cross inst-
ruction sheets they want translat-
ed. I said you'd give me a hand ..

SCHANBURG
Pran reads better than I do.

PRAN gets up ready to offer his services. SWAIN has an evasive smi

SWAIN
Actually, I think it would be
simpler if I did it with you.

PRAN looks hurt. SCHANBURG looks angry. He follows SWAIN to the dc

I46: INT. RECEPTION. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I46.

An opulent entrance hall. Sweeping staircase. Chandeliers. Paintings imported from France. Like everywhere else Squatters have laid claim. Families with Children billeted out here. The floor and landings are full. SCHANBURG is pissed with SWAIN and snaps as he closes the door.

SCHANBURG

What d'you do that for? He's insecure enough as it is ...

SWAIN

The Cambodians have gotta leave, Syd.

The tidings hit like an anvil. SWAIN bolts it onto SCHANBURG's head.

He wants everybody upstairs down here. There's a meeting in ten minutes. All the Cambodians are out.

SCHANBURG closes his eyes "Oh God. No" as his senses almost capsize.

I47: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I47.

Stifling heat. Maybe 200 People. Rumour and whisper and worry. Dozens of different anxieties in half a dozen different languages. SCHANBURG stands close to PRAN. Hasn't told him. Hoping against hope there will be some hope in the news. But PRAN is clearly aware something is seriously wrong. TIBAUT arrives and stands on a small table. Like everybody else he is sweating and grubby. Wasted with his responsibilities.

TIBAUT

As you know, for the past few days, I've been in negotiations with the Khmer Rouge. I have made several demands on them, and they have made many demands on me. My requests for food, water, and immediate evacuation by air have been totally rejected. There is to be no air lift ...

Hurried translations among Groups. TIBAUT tries to calm the expressions of outrage. But this isn't the end of it. This is the beginning

Please. Please. I have more to say. The Khmer Rouge have told me they do not recognise this Embassy as inviolate territory belonging to France. They have told me it is no more than a regroupment centre for foreigners under their control. But, they have agreed to limited cooperation with my requests, subject to certain conditions. As senior member of the Diplomatic staff, it is my unhappy duty to make you aware of these developments.

A terrified silence. Despite the numbers everyone is suddenly alone.

Firstly, all Cambodian Nationals at present in the Embassy, must leave at once.

I47 Cond.

I47.

Small tragedies erupt everywhere. Unnecessary to describe their eyes. SCHANBURG is staring towards PRAN. Unnecessary to describe their eyes.

TIBAUT

There is one exception. Cambodian Wives and Children of foreign male nationals, are exempt. In other words, a Frenchman may stay, and so may his Cambodian Wife and Children. A French Woman may stay, but, her Cambodian Husband and Children may not. They have allowed this latter group, twenty four hours for departure ..

The information devastates. Paralysis for a moment. Then an erupting hysteria. A Belgian Woman out-panics the rest. She stampedes towards the Consul shrieking at full volume. "C'est pas vrai. C'est pas vrai.

Je vous en prie, Madam. Je vous en prie.

But the desperate Woman is past listening. Past knowing what she is saying herself. Savage instincts at work. She screams at TIBAUT as though he were responsible for this terrible decision. Her behaviour triggers emulation. Gendarme remove her to prevent corporate panic. TIBAUT attempts to steady himself. In fact as freaked as the others.

Secondly, the Khmer Rouge have demanded to search the Embassy. After very delicate bargaining, I have gained three days. They insist the identity, and nationality of all foreigners. Therefore I request you to hand in your passport or papers to your Group Leader. Your presence must be registered with my Consular Staff by noon tomorrow. I am sincerely sorry to have to bring this news to you. I have done everything I can. To say these things to you, makes me feel that I am no longer a man ...

He steps quietly down and heads for the door. His exit is not to be as dignified as he would wish. A gang of distraught Parents follow. The room is fluid with alarm. PRAN and SCHANBURG stand deadly still. Fear and helplessness and rage. A Voice shouts in the nightmare. He turns and SWAIN is beckoning. Turns back and PRAN has disappeared.

I48: EXT. GARDENS/COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I48.

Pandemonium out here. Cambodians packing up. Some burying valuables. Some offering them to the Gendarme. Emeralds and gold without value. Cars stuffed with possessions. Cars pushed towards the gate. An old van forced into a cooking fire. Dense black smoke as the tank explodes. Confusion in confusion. Children screaming after their screaming Parents. "Mon Mari. Mon Mari." ROSA dragging her Grandmother to her feet. Every corner of the compound furnished with weeping and misery.

SCHANBURG battles the disorder looking for Pran. Accosted by a Montagnard OFFICER. "I fought five years. I lost my hand!" Tears his shirt apart with the other. An atlas of terrible scars cross his chest. "I

I48 Cond.

I48.

was wounded for nothing. Nothing!" Impossible despair. Impossible to look into his eyes. "Please do something to help us. You are American. Help us." But America has no miracles on offer. America is scared as the rest. SCHANBURG pulls away. Searches desperately with his eyes. Finally he gets to PRAN. Attached himself to a group that includes SARUN. Possessions are loaded into the back of a Toyota truck. Hopelessness provides a curious dignity. PRAN has found an inner strength. It is SCHANBURG who carries the horror. PRAN who tries to lighten it.

PRAN

I try to get to Thailand, Syd.
Maybe two, three weeks, maybe a
bit more. If you get there first,
leave message for me at Reuters.

SCHANBURG can't find the words. Can hardly focus what he's coping with.

SCHANBURG

Gimme an hour. Just gimme an hour,
will you. I need some time to think.

PRAN looks down and shakes his head. The Toyota is already on the move.

PRAN

I got no time to give ...

He turns away to join the others. SCHANBURG is an instant from tears. ROCKOFF has been running hard and breathless like he can hardly speak.

ROCKOFF

Sid. Sid. Swain's got an idea.

I49: INT. RECEPTION. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I49.

The Russians are eating under the stairs. Boiled eggs and vodka. Oblivious to the suffering around them. Dozens of Families unable to accept this engulfing nightmare. Dozens of desperate little schemes evolving. Anyone who isn't crying is formulating some kind of plan.

And here's one of them. Urgent discussions in a corner. SCHANBURG & ROCKOFF & SWAIN. The latter has a handful of British passports. Two or three connected with blue consular ribbon. PRAN watches from the entrance. Holding onto hope attached to an ascending zeppelin. Let go now before it's too late? Or hang on with the horrifying fear he mightn't maintain his grip. SCHANBURG beckons and PRAN is persuaded across. With every second the ground sinks further and further away.

SCHANBURG

We think we can put a
passport together ..

Hope in everyone's eyes but PRAN's. He looks blankly at the documents.

PRAN

Where did you get them all, Jon?

SWAIN

Out of date with current visas ..

I49 Cond.

I49.

But no time for technicalities now. What's needed now is a decision. SWAIN opens a passport. His full name is JON ANCKETILL BREWER SWAIN.

SWAIN

We knock out the Jon, knock out the Swain, and we get 'Ancketill Brewer'.

PRAN is clearly worried by the name. Also difficulty pronouncing it.

PRAN

Hanketill Blewer?

SWAIN

Bit of a mouthful, but you'll have to practice. Steam this off and bleach it out. Rewrite the lot, and substitute your picture?

Everyone stares at PRAN willing him to say yes. Everyone sees a good chance in the idea. But PRAN is reluctantly forced to shake his head.

PRAN

I haven't got a picture. I never got my Identity papers back ..

I50: EXT. GARDENS/COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I50.

ROCKOFF bolts up the steps into the Chancellery. SCHANBURG moves at equal speed through the gardens. An agony of breathlessness. But he keeps running. Keeps searching. Desperation absorbed by desperation. Clutching dollars he pleads for a Polaroid camera. Clutching Children Parents plead for their lives. A Man thrusts his little Girl at him. "Prennez ma fille! Je vous en prie, Monsieur! Elle va mourir!"

One heart break follows another. Funnels into a concentration of misery at the gate. Horrible wailing. Like animals. And outside the gate the Khmer Rouge. Shouting through bull-horns. Announcements from Hell.

DOUGAL is digging a sanitation trench. Concentrated fury is released through his shovel. Tremendous anger and strength to escape the howling at the gate. Looks away as SCHANBURG arrives. Eyes full of tears.

SCHANBURG

You gotta help me, Oscar. I gotta get a Polaroid camera.

He slumps into a tree gasping for air. DOUGAL clears his sweat away.

I51: INT. STAIRS/CORRIDOR/OFFICE. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I51.

SCHANBURG takes the stairs in threes. Blind to the crush of anguish. Races along a corridor. Checks several offices converted into dormitories. Finally finds what he's looking for. This room has been adapted into a clinic. Stomach complaints. At least one case of dysintery. The Nurses wipe everything down with strong solutions of disinfectant. SUNDSVALL kneels on the damp floor administering to a Child

SCHANBURG

You got a Polaroid camera?

I51 Cond.

I51.

SUNDSVALL removes his stethoscope. Almost as distracted as SCHANBURG.

SUNDSVALL

Yes.

Returns attention to his Patient annihilating an instant of elation.

But I have no film. I have no
drugs. The Child has dysentery.

One horror is absorbed by another. SCHANBURG has already disappeared.

I52: EXT. REAR GARDENS/COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I52.

Considerable depletion in the compound. Seventy five per cent of the Cambodians have gone. SCHANBURG searches their discarded belongings. Moves off frantically towards another car. Sees DOUGAL and races towards him. Both exhausted. Both out of luck. "I'll keep on looking." SCHANBURG shouts after him. "We got a camera. All we need's the film.

I53: INT. KITCHEN. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I53.

A razor blade works cautiously. Edges forward in fractions of a millimeter. Almost all of Swain's photograph has been eased from the passport. A constant whisper in the background of PRAN rehearsing his new identity. "My name is Hankitil Bluer." Hasn't mastered the subtleties of pronunciation. SWAIN looks up to correct him and SCHANBURG appears.

SCHANBURG

Half way there ...

He sticks Sundsvall's Polaroid on the table trying for a brave face. PRAN attempts to reciprocate. But the rope is getting very slippery.

SWAIN

I'm gonna need some help.

SCHANBURG nods and PRAN turns away. Gets to the window and looks out

PRAN

My name is Hank-at-ill Blewer.

SWAIN and SCHANBURG exchange eyes. None of this is looking too good.

I54: INT. KITCHEN. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I54.

DOUGAL sits at the table making glue with cooked rice. PRAN sits opposite with his head in his hands. Emanates a despair infecting every body. A kettle steams behind him. SCHANBURG and SWAIN carefully peeling out the written section of the passport. SWAIN works with tweezers while SCHANBURG manoeuvres the document in a protective polythene cover. Everyone aware that everything is useless without a photograph.

The last hope of it arrives in the door. Everybody except PRAN looks at ROCKOFF. He shakes his head. The atmosphere implodes. PRAN senses

I54 Cond.

I54.

it and looks up. Stares at ROCKOFF. His expression is so sad and desperate it's almost like love. ROCKOFF is unable to tell him the truth.

ROCKOFF

Well. There you go. We're in luck.

PRAN's eyes light up like a child's and the tears spill down his face.

PRAN

Oh Al. Thank you Al.

I55: INT. CORRIDOR. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I55.

A corridor off the kitchen. Redundant bathrooms & toilets. The initial shock is over. Sorrow has matured. A French Woman at the end of the corridor quietly comforts her Cambodian Family. At this end ROCKOFF & SCHANBURG. Electric whispers and state of high agitation.

ROCKOFF

All I need's a developer. Some kinda powerful sulphide. I get that, I can improvise the rest.

ROCKOFF is pacing with agitation. Punching his palm with frustration.

SCHANBURG

What about the fix?

ROCKOFF

Fuck the fix. Vinegar. Lemon juice. You could piss on it. What I need's a developer. Something to break down the emulsion .. Where's Sundsvall ? ..

SCHANBURG

He hasn't got a thing. What about ammonia? You can get ammonia out of a fridge? What about car batteries?

ROCKOFF has been shaking his head at these suggestions and doesn't want another. Nerves stretching and his hand snaps up for silence.

ROCKOFF

You're just confusing me, Sid. I gotta think. There's a lotta stuff we can get. Let's start with that.

I56: INT. KITCHEN. CHANCELLERY. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I56.

A startling contrast to the Hall de Reception. Gendarme and several of the lesser Embassy Staff around a table having lunch. Cold chicken and chilled wine. Plus an abundance of frozen vegetables. Emergency generators & water supplies make the atmosphere almost pleasant.

DOUGAL and SCHANBURG clatter in with buckets. Plastic bottles slung round their necks. Reciprocal surprise. The Intruders can't believe the wealth of food and the French can't believe they've been caught with it. Uncomfortable to get nabbed with a trapful of chicken when everyone else is starving. As usual with the Frogs they shelter beh-

I56 Cond.

I56.

ind indignation. With an expression of contempt DOUGAL leads the way to the sink. Fills his buckets and bottles. Folds arms and stares at the Assembled while SCHANBURG fills his. A punishing grin that would flatten any appetite but a Gauls. "Merde, alors!" from a fat one and the jewels are back in action. SCHANBURG & DOUGAL stagger to the door Halfway there and it opens. In comes another Gaul with a German Shepherd. What happens now stops DOUGAL in his tracks. The GENDARME opens a refrigerator and bungs a steak on the floor. While the Dog gets at it he rummages for himself. DOUGAL and his buckets traverse the room.

DOUGAL

You think he'd like a little mustard with it? The Dog? You speak Emglisch?

DOUGAL's bearded and furious face gets kissing-close to the Frenchman

Well just in case you don't, I'll say it for you in French. If I ever catch vous feeding le Dog avec le meat again, I shall personally kill the son-of-a-bitch, and cook him up as a communal meal. Got holda the drift, Bollocks?

I57: INT. KITCHEN. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I57.

SWAIN gathering potential development tanks. Improvising with saucepans and bottles. Everything converges on a tray. PRAN comes in with a torch and dozens of old newspapers. Trying to keep it together. But he's afraid. And not clear whether he knows exactly what's going on.

SWAIN shoots an encouraging smile. Evidently everything under control. Gathering his equipment he disappears and PRAN returns to the windows. "My name is Hanky-till Bleuer." He stares across the gardens. A straggle still going through the gate. "Hankitill Blewer." His eyes wander the compound. ROCKOFF and McENTIRE are in discussion under some trees. McENTIRE shrugs his shoulders. ROCKOFF runs back towards the building.

I58: INT. BATHROOM. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I58.

Tiles and sinks and toilet cubicles. SWAIN knees next to the water supplies unloading his tray. His expression registers the heat and stench. An almost unbearable atmosphere. A sheet of coloured cellophane. Wraps it around the torch and secures it with rubber bands. Hopes fade as ROCKOFF arrives with nothing but a shake of the head.

SWAIN

What are you gonna use?

ROCKOFF is inspecting the cubicles. Sorting out a possible darkroom.

ROCKOFF

Don't ask me - Jesus Christ!

The whiff drives him out and into another. This one slightly better.

Gimme a bucket. Flush this out.

SWAIN joins him with a bucket of water. Achieves a small improvement

I58 Cond.

I58.

SWAIN

Need a bucket of disinfectant.

ROCKOFF's eyes glaze. Out of focus for a second. Then hard into it.

ROCKOFF

Swain. You bastard.

SWAIN is utterly astonished. Thinks ROCKOFF's blown a valve. Manoeuvres as he lunges at him. But can't avoid ROCKOFF's emotional embrace.

I59: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I59.

A pair of new arrivals sitting patiently by the piano. Both in their early twenties. She is Cambodian with a bit of Chinese thrown in. He is a New Zealander. Carrot-red hair cropped up to the basin. Ho-Chi-Minh sandals and a 'Chromas' round his neck. Identical to the scarfs worn by the Khmer Rouge. Apart from the freckles and lisping eyes he could almost be one. Wife and he look tired. His name is KEVIN NOAKS.

SCHANBURG sweats in from the gardens. Carries blankets and a sheet of black tarpaulin. Materials for the dark-room. NOAKS gets to his feet.

NOAKS

Are you Sydney Schanburg?

SCHANBURG is so distracted he hardly hears. Hardly bothers to answer.

I'm told you're in charge of
the allocation of bed-covers?

Like a fly somewhere near. SCHANBURG flits it. Hopes it's gone away. But it hasn't. It's following. Something unpleasant about this one.

Listen friend, I'm sorry to bother you, but how do we make a bed?

SCHANBURG

I've no idea!

ROCKOFF barges in as though he's just discovered a cure for cancer.

ROCKOFF

Antiseptic! It's fulla phenol!
If we can get holda some caustic
soda, we gotta get an image!

I60: INT. KITCHENS. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I60.

ROCKOFF is at the cooker. Stirring some brew in a two-handled cauldron. Looks up as NOAKS appears. He stares quizzically at a selection of cameras on the table. Tries the taps and inspects cupboards. PRAN sits at the table. Silently mouthing his name. NOAKS looks suspiciously. DOUGAL hurries in with two rolls of black and white Ilford film.

ROCKOFF

No good. It's gotta be Kodac.

I60 Cond.

I60.

DOUGAL

Why?

ROCKOFF is satisfied with his solution. Wraps cloth round the handles

ROCKOFF

Because the emulsion contains
something called hydro-quinone ..

A glance at NOAKS and he carries it to the door with PRAN following.

It's a developer. It's the only
film that has it, and I need it.

The inquisitive NOAKS is staring after them. ROCKOFF looks at DOUGAL.
'Who's this one?' in his eyes. DOUGAL replies with an 'I don't know.'

I61: EXT. ROOF. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I61.

Long shadows as the sun goes down. PRAN stares into a Rolleiflex lens
ROCKOFF steadies his camera on a chair. Smiles and encouragement. But
PRAN is on the edge. So is SCHANBURG. He paces between the camera and
balustrade. ROCKOFF constantly adjusts the speed and exposure. Takes
as many pictures as there is film available. Every frame is an ordeal
for PRAN. Closes his eyes while ROCKOFF reloads. SCHANBURG continues
to pace. Back to the balustrade. Laughter at the gates. He stares in
horror. NOAKS and WIFE in animated conversation with the Khmer Rouge.

I62: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DUSK.

I62.

The compound is all but deserted. A few of the Consular Staff play
boule outside the Chancellery. People dotted around the tables. In
the background DOUGAL and SCHANBURG begin to set the dinner table.
A radio trying to hold the V.O.A. SUNDSVALL wears his monocle. Ab-
andoned an old 'Time' magazine to listen to NOAKS and WIFE. Evident-
ly they are authorities on the revolution. Both are certainly delig-
hted with it. Holding his Wife's hand NOAKS speaks with enthusiasm.

NOAKS

Think of man as a grain of rice. Ninty
nine per cent of city people don't know
how to grow a grain of rice, but they all
know how to eat it. And they're perfectly
prepared to plant it on the backs of the
peasant, or to put it more realistically,
break the back of the peasant to get it ..

Everyone's listened to one of these types. Right or wrong they have
one thing in common. An extraordinary facility to bore bloody stiff.
Also a habbit of smiling mid-sentence as though speaking to a child.

CHOU MENG NOAKS

"Trees in the country. Fruit in the town."

NOAKS

Think about it, it makes sense. People
who want food must be prepared to prod-
uce it. We've waited thirty years for a

I62 Cond.

I62.

NOAKS (Cond)

miracle like this, and it's vital to get the people marching immediately now ...

SUNDSVALL

How old are you?

NOAKS

I don't see that's of any significance. Some of the most active Cadre are as little as ten or twelve years old ...

SUNDSVALL

But you're not suggesting that anyone of ten or twelve years old is repeating anything other than political propaganda?

NOAKS

And you're not suggesting that anyone of forty five or fifty years old is repeating anything other than political propaganda? The B.B.C. and V.O.A. are without question the most organised propaganda machines in the world. They'll tell you how many Commies you've killed, but they won't tell you why you're killing them ..

He plunges in with all the persistence of a second hand car salesman.

In 1956 the United Nations held a free referendum, and eighty six per cent of South Vietnam voted for Ho-Chi-Minh .. and what happened? Eisenhower couldn't believe it. He thought something had gone wrong. So he sent in the C.I.A. to corrupt the elections, and not one per cent of the population of the United States knew anything about it. And before they could find out, one hundred per cent of them were involved in the Vietnam war. These are facts. Don't take my word for it. Think about it. Look it up.

Sunlight catches SUNDSVALL's monocle as he looks across at SCHANBURG. SCHANBURG looks back uneasily before disappearing inside the building

I63: INT. LAVATORY. (DARKROOM). HALL DE RECEPTION.

I63.

Black curtains keep out the light. Keep in the heat. The outlines of ROCKOFF and SWAIN just about visible. Sweat pours off. ROCKOFF leans over a large mixing bowl. SWAIN points the torch. "Go" and the light snaps on. Green glaze for two seconds. Enough time to see a negative floating in the bowl. "Go again." And the negative reappears. A vague silhouette visible. But no more defined than ROCKOFF and SWAIN when the flash-light is off. ROCKOFF wipes at his perspiration. "No good, get rid of it. Have to try something else." And total darkness again.

I64: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION. NIGHT.

I64.

NOAKS has attracted a wider audience. Most are listening reluctantly. The meal is halfway through. Rice and Champagne. Whether NOAKS could produce either bears no relation to his ability to consume. Mouthfuls of food provide the only pauses in this gabble of paper-back politics

NOAKS

The emptying of the city was a political necessity. Had the city remained, the forces of counter-revolution would have remained. Therefore the revolutionary Council wiped-out all vestiges of reactionary imperialism with one brilliant strategy.

PRAN looks down at his plate and SCHANBURG across at NOAKS. Under different circumstances he would argue. But the reply comes from McENTIRE

McENTIRE

What you're leaving out of all this of course, is people ...

NOAKS

What d'you mean, People?

SWAIN appears smoking a cigarette. Leans at SUNDSVALL with a whisper.

McENTIRE

You didn't happen to notice a couple of million of them on the road?

SUNDSVALL stands and follows SWAIN. SCHANBURG goes after both of them

I estimate at least a third will die of starvation with in the next six months.

SUNDSVALL goes into the building. SCHANBURG catches SWAIN at the door

SWAIN

Just trying to intensify the image.

A faint smile and he walks inside. SCHANBURG looks back at the table. PRAN is staring at him with the same question he wanted to ask SWAIN.

NOAKS (O.S.)

You're looking at it through the wrong end of the telescope, Jock. It was precisely because of the lack of food that the Cadre took their spectacular decision. If you can't bring food to the people, you must take the people to the food.

SUNDSVALL reappears and catches the torture in SCHANBURG's face. He's able to dispel a little of it. A whisper as they return to the table.

SUNDSVALL

I don't think they know anything.

McENTIRE

The name's Mcentire. And I've just told you, a thirda them will never get there.

I64 Cond.

I64.

NOAKS

Such as?

McENTIRE

Paralytics. Paraplegics. Amputees.

NOAKS

We never saw any of that. We were on the road three days, and we saw nothing but smiling and laughter and joy.

CHOU MENG NOAKS

The People will sing revolutionary songs.

I65: INT. LAVATORY. (DARKROOM). HALL DE RECEPTION.

I65.

Electric light on. Contents of one thermometer in a saucer. ROCKOFF snaps another and pours out the mercury. SWAIN unravels a Tampax to get cotton-wool. The light goes out. ROCKOFF removes a negative and starts rubbing it with mercury. Both breathing like they're running. Sound of scissors. He lays the negative on newspaper. "Go" and a dim green light. "Go again" Little improvement. "It doesn't fuckin work."

I66: INT. CORRIDOR/BATHROOM. HALL DE RECEPTION. NIGHT.

I66.

Sleeping Families and a single dismal light bulb halfway along the corridor. Difficult to say who is more wasted. SCHANBURG stares at ROCKOFF. He stares at the floor. Runs fingers through his wet hair.

ROCKOFF

Theoretically it should work. It should work, Sid. But it doesn't fucking work. I don't know what else is in the antiseptic. Maybe something cutting something out ..

The unthinkable consequences settle. ROCKOFF tries to argue them off

I've tried everything. Everything I could think of, I've tried. The only other way's a dry process. But that means he's gotta sit absolutely still - in brilliant sunlight - for a minimum of half an hour. And I don't think he's up to that right now. Plus I don't think I'd get any better than I got ..

A dreadful silence. Nothing else they can do. SWAIN sticks his head out of the bathroom. "Al. Al." A quiet voice like he's seen a ghost. ROCKOFF rushes into the bathroom. Rushes into the toilet and stares.

Turn out the fucking light!

Simultaneously he reaches up and shatters the light with his fist. Sound of ROCKOFF moving in the pitch-black. "When I say go, give me one second. Go." Green light. A negative floating in the toilet. A definite image. Light out. ROCKOFF kneels and hangs onto the lavatory like he's looking down a wishing-well. Hardly dares to breathe.

I66 Cond.

I66.

Hardly dares to believe what he's looking at. "Again." Green light. An instant to see a picture of Pran developing in the filthy water.

I67: EXT. GARDENS. FRENCH EMBASSY. NIGHT.

I67.

Grumbling thunder and rain-spots big as pennies. SWAIN sits in the drivers seat of an abandoned Volkswagen. ROCKOFF crouches in front of it holding a shoe-box up to a headlight. SCHANBURG stands above him sheltering the work with an umbrella. "Again. 10 seconds." And the lights dazzle. Time up and out. ROCKOFF makes an inspection in the darkness. Leaps to his feet bellowing like a kid in Disneyland.

I68: EXT. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I68.

It's pouring with rain. Galvanised sky. Like a lid over the city. A piano plays softly. 'I'll be loving you, always. With a love that's true, always.' Several Gendarme stand under black umbrellas at the gate. Supervise the arrival of several large Chinese trucks. Park on the ornamental lawns. 'Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but always.' The melody slinks off with the Camera following. Both return to the Hall De Reception. Faces at the window. PRAN and SCHANBURG amongst others watching the arrival of the trucks.

I69: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I69.

Dismal and hot and McENTIRE at the piano. DOUGAL moves through the group collecting passports. 'I will understand, always.' Everybody hands their papers across. SCHANBURG. SWAIN. ROCKOFF. PRAN. As simple as that. NOAKS & WIFE. SUNDSVALL. MORGAN. The NURSES. The pile continues to grow. As McENTIRE presents his he changes tune. 'When you're smiling.' And everyone tries to. Including Ancketill Brewer.

I70: EXT. MAIN GATE. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I70.

The sky is yellow with rain. More trucks. A dozen parked on the lawn. Another rumbles through the gates. Headlights on. Gendarme and DOUGAL stand watching. They under black umbrellas. He under black tarpaulin.

Here's what they're waiting for. A Citroen Sedan pulls up. Two young and very sweet looking K.R. ride the luggage rack. Smiles with missing teeth. One wears a diamond ear-ring. Both have expensive watches. Keep looking at the time. They jump down and their looted ladies overcoats trail in the mud. An Officer shoves his head out of the window. He snaps an order and the Soldiers open the Citroens rear doors.

Two huge Pigs ride passenger. Don't fancy the rain anymore than the Officer. Giggles from the Soldiers as they poke them out. First sign of humanity from the K.R. squashed by reprimand from their Commander.

I71: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I71.

MORGAN is slumped in his corner. Hiss of aerosol. A fly brought down. ROCKOFF dozes on his table cloth. Mauve rings round his eyes. Trying to make up lost sleep. Another hiss and ROCKOFF sits up with a glare.

MORGAN

Flies are a nuisance ..

I71 Cond.

ROCKOFF drives knuckles into his eyes. He and MORGAN look across the hall. PRAN sits with his back to the wall. SCHANBURG is coaching him. Evidently the rehearsals aren't going too well and both look anxious.

MORGAN

What's the matter with Pranburg?

MORGAN is intolerable. ROCKOFF stands and sleep-tramps up the floor. A group forming around the radio and he joins it. SUNDSVALL and McENTIRE and NOAKS on the periferories. The B.B.C. reports bad news from South Vietnam. Saigon is collapsing and President Thieu has resigned. NOAKS almost chuckles out loud. Eye-exchange between he and McENTIRE. Their mutual dislike of each other has obviously had time to develop.

The OFFICIAL with the moustache arrives and searches for SWAIN. As they talk SCHANBURG and PRAN freeze. A sheet of paper is handed across and the Official leaves. It's evidently nothing of importance. SWAIN gets to his feet and walks to the end of the room. Clears his throat and asks for attention. Translates into English as he reads.

SWAIN

It's been confirmed that people with families - have been given another 24 hours - as we imagined, the trucks are for our evacuation - it'll be to Thailand - and the date will be given to us shortly - lastly, the Consul has a limited number of passports - so if any Frenchman can find someone to marry - he's prepared to back date them to give French Nationality - that's it -

Before the rumble of reaction has a chance to take off DOUGAL replaces SWAIN. He's soaking wet and still cloaked in his black tarpaulin.

DOUGAL

One more thing. The K.R. have kindly supplied us with some grub. I need two volunteers. I'll have you and you.

He points at Mr/Mrs NOAKS. Evidently DOUGAL doesn't like them either

NOAKS

To do what?

DOUGAL

Something you'll enjoy, Kevin.
We're going to kill a piggy ...

I72: EXT. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I72.

Blue eyes and skin that could be human. Sad blood drifting away in the rain. McENTIRE uses his surgical skill to remove the Pigs face. Cuts carefully with a scalpel along the seam joining cheek to gums. Tears back the lips in a terrible grin. The sows teeth are exposed.

He works under an umbrella held by his nurse. NOELLE and SWAIN substitute for Mrs Noaks. NOAKS severs offal and throws it into a bowl

I72 Cond.

I72.

DOUGAL smashes through spine and sinew with an axe to remove a leg. Blood everywhere. Everybody covered in it. It clearly upsets NOAKS.

NOAKS

It probably seems like a joke to you, but it worries me to be around you people. Some of the so called 'Journalists' in here don't deserve to be in Kampuchia, even in a detention camp ..

He gets burning eyes but no comment. Everyone prefers to ignore him.

In my opinion, mosta the 'journalists' in here, should be taken out and shot.

An unattractive little suggestion and NOELLE is compelled to respond.

NOELLE

That's an ugly thing to say.

McENTIRE

He's got an ugly little mouth.

DOUGAL

Yeah. Makes my ass-hole look like an endangered species ..

NOAKS

You're so naive, the whole lotta you. You're so politically, bloody naive.

McENTIRE gets back to work. Just about keeping his fury under control

And your privilege upsets me. You're bad witnesses to a brilliant epoch. The majority of world politicians ...

McENTIRE almost goes through the umbrella. His temper out of control.

McENTIRE

The majority of politicians are cunts. Propping up their own paranoia. They're so fucking afraid they fight to the top, then everyone has to fight for them. The day I'm up to my elbows in a politicians gut, is the day I'll start believing in them! So keep it shut, Laddie, coz I don't wanna have to treat you for a broken jaw.

The reality of which seems imminent. NOAKS breaks the stare. Turns away with a condescending shake of his head. As though in sympathy for these poor unenlightened bourgeoisie. A crippling axe-blow from DOUGAL and the work continues. SWAIN collects offal in a polythene sack. "Monsieur Swain." And he looks up at the moustached OFFICIAL.

The OFFICIAL stands under a black umbrella. Requests SWAIN to join him. They walk a little distance from the others. "S'il vous plait."

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I72.

I72 Cond.

SWAIN wipes his bloody hands and accepts the umbrella. The OFFICIAL searches an inside pocket. Produces a passport. SWAIN's heart sinks. They've done a good job. At a glance perfect. The name on the cover looks utterly correct. The document is opened. It's all over. Pran's picture has oxidised. Like a ghost in sunlight his image fades away.

I73.

I73: EXT. GARDENS. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

SCHANBURG sprints across the compound. Shirt sleeves and saturated. Hits the Chancellery steps in twos. Disappears inside the building.

I74.

I74: INT. CONSULAR OFFICE. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

Giscard on the wall. TIBAUT at the windows. Stares out over the city. Drained and overwhelmed by the demands made upon him. Dozens of passports on his desk. And a stale sandwich. SCHANBURG is probably one of many who've been in here to plead a case he's powerless to influence.

SCHANBURG

Ninty five per cent of them have never seen a passport. I had a Soldier waving my passport in my face. Didn't know what it was. They're peasants. Hill people ..

Rivulettes of rain seep down his face. TIBAUT turns from the windows.

TIBAUT

The Officer I'm talking to was educated at the Sorbonne. He is fluent in French, English, and Russian. If I gave him this passport, Ancketill Brewer would be shot dead on the spot. And so might we. I'm sorry, Mr Schanburg. I cannot jeopardise the lives of many men for one. Your friend must go.

They stare at each other for a moment. A last whisper of a last hope

SCHANBURG

What about the French passports?

TIBAUT

I have used them all.

I75.

I75: EXT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DUSK.

SCHANBURG stands in the rain. Been standing here a long time. Every alternative and possibility arrives at the same reality. 'I'm sorry Mr Schanburg. Your friend must go.' He looks up at the sky. The rain falls heavily. Even tears don't have a chance. He screws up his eye. There has to be a way. 'I'm sorry, Mr Schanburg. Your friend must go

I76.

I76: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION/KITCHENS. DUSK.

There is no way around it. No alternatives. SCHANBURG has come to terms with what he must do. ROCKOFF and SWAIN are asleep. But PRAN

I76.

I76 Cond.

isn't here. Voices in the kitchens and SCHANBURG heads towards them. The kitchen is full of pork fumes and Russians. The Nurses cook and SUNDSVALL argues with the Soviet AMBASSADOR. It seems that SUNDSVALL is fluent in Russian. Certainly competent to handle a hot-row. Thinking SCHANBURG might have some authority the AMBASSADOR turns to him.

AMBASSADOR

We want pork.

An eye boils behind SUNDSVALL's monocle. Out of Russian into English.

SUNDSVALL

They share nothing. They give to no one. And now they want from us.

SCHANBURG's rage finds a release. The anguish transforms into anger. The AMBASSADOR gets starched by this explosion of irrational temper.

SCHANBURG

Get the fuck outa here. Go on.

An uncooked pigs skull on the table. Only the eyes and ears attached. SCHANBURG pitches it into the Russian's chest shoving him to the door.

Go on. Take it. And get the fuck out.

The Russians move back at speed. SCHANBURG follows through the door.

I77: INT. RECEPTION. HALL DE RECEPTION. DUSK.

I77.

The pigs head dropped as the Soviets scuttle. SCHANBURG boots it after them. Finds himself and the skull in the centre of the hall. Curious image. A soaking wet man under a chandelier standing next to a sow's skull in the middle of fifty thousand dollars of Chinese carpet. Someone is looking at him. He senses it and looks up. PRAN is standing at the top of the stairs equally saturated with a string of water bottles round his neck. An intense and urgent expression. He descends quickly. For an instant SCHANBURG thinks he must already know. They meet at the bottom. And PRAN concentrates every nerve to speak.

PRAN

My name, is Hankatill Brewer.

Not perfect but nearly there. PRAN waits with a hand on the banister. SCHANBURG is unable to look at him. Lays a hand on top of PRAN's. It takes a long time for him to find the courage to look into his eyes.

I78: INT. OFFICE. HALL DE RECEPTION. NIGHT.

I78.

A room without light. Unceasing sound of rain. PRAN is a silhouette in the window. SCHANBURG another in a chair. Bowed forward with his head cradled in his hands. If there's anything to be said they have said it. Anything more they don't know how. Tonight is a long time.

I79: INT. OFFICE. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAWN.

I79.

First light on the window and still raining. Nothing has changed except SCHANBURG asleep. PRAN arrives like a shadow. Wakes him gently. A glass of tea. He takes it automatically. Like a thousand times before. For a moment he could be anywhere between here and Kompong Chhnang. Then the nightmare is back. The only blur on reality is tears.

PRAN

You have done everything you can
for me. You have teach me. You
have help me. You are my friend.

Tears plunging out of SCHANBURG's eyes. Dazzled with sorrow. Searching for something to say. Puts his arms round PRAN and embraces him.

You tell my Wife I love her, Syd.
And look after her for me. She
doesn't speak any English. And I
don't want anyone to be bad to her.

SCHANBURG is nodding. His head buried. Tears roll down PRAN's cheeks.

I80: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAWN.

I80.

Pale light through the windows. Dingy atmosphere. People waking up. SCHANBURG and PRAN pack necessities. A dreadful exercise. Cigarettes and a blanket. Two thousand five hundred dollars from the money belt.

It might buy someone but it doesn't buy now. MORGAN looks like a grey pineapple. Also looking at SCHANBURG. Raises an eye-brow like it's a smile. Scratches like it's a condemnation. Both evidently are. SCHANBURG turns away. Unable to defend himself. Achilles shot in the balls

I81: INT. KITCHEN. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

I81.

People shuffle in and out. Yawns and stretching and sounds of radio. MORGAN at the table. Speaking to no one in particular. Speaking to everybody. NOAKS and WIFE. The NURSES. Bleary-eyed and drinking tea.

MORGAN

I don't see what all the fuss is
about. What did he expect? After
the 12th of April 1975, there is
no way we get anyone out. We all
knew it. Even the New York Times
knew it. Ten thousand miles away.

The comments are obviously directed at SWAIN. He's at the end of the room wrapping meat in polythene. An increase in volume as he passes.

But Schanburg's on the spot, and
he's never heard anything about it.

SWAIN ignores him and gets to the door. MORGAN checks out his stubble

Is this a case of white exploitation?

182: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

182.

ROCKOFF is anaesthetising himself with whisky. Barely awake and glad of it. Would give anything not to be here. But has to give something and being here is all he has. PRAN & SCHANBURG do their best to stay above the situation. Fighting the tears for the others sake. Neither are too successful. Huge tears roll constantly down SCHANBURG's face.

SWAIN arrives with his roast pork. Plus a can of peaches and an old opener. PRAN accepts them gratefully. Conceals them in his bag and offers a glass of Scotch in return. SWAIN shakes his head. The only thing he wants is to get away from their eyes. Nervously clears his fringe away and looks out of the window. The rain has become drizzle.

183: INT. HALL DE RECEPTION. DAY.

183.

The hall is practically deserted and the atmosphere transparent lead. The majority of Residents have found something somewhere else to do. A single conversation dominates. Just intimate enough to be heard by everybody. MORGAN professes interest in NOAKS's revolutionary drivel. But obviously more interested in the effect it may have on SCHANBURG.

Evidently very little. Everyone's so emotionally wiped out they don't even bother to move. ROCKOFF is completely drunk and SWAIN continues to hover around the window. Only PRAN seems aware of the conversation

NOAKS

It isn't just the corruptors
that must be identified. It's
also the corrupted. The entire
society must be cleansed ...

MORGAN and NOAKS stand either side of the piano. Both looking at the sadness with satisfaction. The two extremes are evidently in agreement. PRAN has all but completed his packing. All that's left now is time. Everybody must wait until the Authorities say it's time to go.

Loud-speakers at the gate. Harsh metallic voice. A kind of feed-back like two voices speaking at once. SWAIN looks out of the window. Several Gendarmes and Officials in discussion around a Toyota truck. The Man with the moustache breaks away. A clip-board under his arm. Walks under an umbrella. As he approaches the building SWAIN shuts his eyes

PRAN already knows and is already on his feet. As SCHANBURG stands he bursts into tears. Nobody can look except MORGAN. He stubs his cigarette and leers across as though aware of SCHANBURG for the first time

MORGAN

I'm amazed he ever kept him here ..

PRAN heard but perhaps SCHANBURG didn't? MORGAN adds a little rider.

Send my chap out with the Americans.

PRAN tries to maintain his control. His face and voice fracture with emotion. Terrified for himself. But maybe still protecting SCHANBURG.

PRAN

You make racists statement against
me ... As though I cannot choose ...

I83 Cond.

I83.

Tears spill down. He tries to articulate. Muscles almost deny speech.:

PRAN

I stay, because I know his heart.
I love him like a brother. And I
would do anything for him ...

PRAN walks quickly to the door. Those that must follow in his wake.

I84: EXT. COMPOUND. FRENCH EMBASSY. DAY.

I84.

Thread-bare rain. Utter misery. About twenty People. Two little Girls in raincoats with hoods. Like sad pixies. Don't understand their Parents sorrow. Or why their Mother can't come with them until tomorrow.

The gasless truck is loaded with possessions. Already on its way to the gate. Pushed by those without anyone to say good-bye. Worse for those that have. 'Angka' bellows through the loud-speakers. A Mother losing control. She clasps her Children and will die before letting them go. Gendarmes separate them by force. PRAN stares at SCHANBURG. Turns away and walks through the gate. Everything dissolves in rain.

I85: EXT. TRAFFIC-LIGHT-SCAPE. MANHATTAN. NEW YORK CITY. DAY. I85.

Here is New York City. And here is a cross street somewhere between Forty Six and Broadway. It's winter. Cold enough to snow. Some bull-shit at the traffic lights. Steam coming out of the street. A Driver hanging out of his cab. Shouting at a Negro hanging out of the back of a bus window. The Blackman is pointing at the Cab Driver. The Cab Driver is screaming across a light at him. "What you gonna do about it Nigger?" And the lights change. "Fuck you." And the cab takes off.

I86: INT. YELLOW CAB/NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

I86.

Motherfucker! But SCHANEURG doesn't hear. Sits in the back. Jolts up 46. Raincoat on. A block of ice in his head. He stares out. Manhattan goes about its winter-business. The taxi turns into West 43rd Street.

I87: INT. OFFICES. FOREIGN DESK. NEW YORK TIMES. DAY.

I87.

The department covers an entire floor. Telephones and typewriters. Desks back to back. Cigarette smoke and neon light and the urgent racket of making a newspaper. A copy Girl moves between the desks. A currency of information. Picks up sheets and delivers elsewhere.

She moves off to a line of small partitioned offices. Senior Journalists work here. Taking phone and coffee and thrashing typewriters. But SCHANEURG propped on elbows. Face as blank as the paper in his machine. He looks up at the Girl and waves her away. She evaporates back into the din. Swaps uncomfortable glances with averting eyes.

I88: INT. SCHANEURG'S OFFICE. NEW YORK TIMES. DAY.

I88.

Half a pack of cigarettes and a couple of hours gone. A few lines of copy on SCHANEURG's machine. He leans back from his desk going through a wad of news-clippings. Items picked out with red crayon.

I88 Cond.

I88.

All refer to refugee reports coming out of Kampuchia. Unconfirmed reports of mass-executions in Siam Reap. Confirmed reports of famine in Battambang. The telephone interrupts. Listens for a moment. A moment later he's on his feet and heading across the department.

I89: INT. OFFICE. ASSISTANT EDITOR. DAY.

I89.

The Editors name is WELLS. He's in the middle of an "Mm-hum, that's right" telephone conversation. Scans a handful of photographs as he speaks. The Contender from Georgia is thrown on his desk. SCHANBURG walks in and WELLS gestures to an envelope next to Carter's picture.

SCHANBURG reads the letter. The Board of Directors have responded to his request for a leave of absence. WELLS briefly covers the mouth-piece. "It's indefinite. For as long as it takes to write the book." He returns to his call leaving SCHANBURG to contemplate his fortune.

I90: INT. STUDY/APARTMENT. NIGHT.

I90.

Comfortable and tidy and open plan. Artefacts and photographs from around the world. A photograph of Schanburg and Family riding an Elephant. A picture of Pran on the desk. SCHANBURG stares at his typewriter. Dim light from an antique lamp. The only light in the room. His cigarette smoke tints green. A stack of video tapes and a pile of note-books. And an indistinct murmur of opera in the background. Perhaps Puccini. Perhaps La Boheme. Though the location has changed the motivation hasn't. He tears a sheet from his machine in despair.

The pacing starts and he realises he's exhausted. Wasted with creating nothing. Into the kitchen and into the fridge. White light and a glass of milk. Drinks it on the way to the bedroom. Sits on the bed and looks at his Wife. Rusty blonde hair and asleep. He pulls off a shoe and slumps forward with his head in his hands. Puts the shoe on again and returns to the living room. His Wife wakes to see him go.

JANICE gets out of bed & into a robe. She follows SCHANBURG into the living room. He's on the telephone. His eyes and thoughts in another place. "I need a flight to San Francisco. Now. Tonight." JANICE appears at the edge of vision and they stare at each other across the black-land. "Yes. I'll wait." A hopeless silence. A hopeless whisper

JANICE

You don't have to do this.

SCHANBURG

(Into phone)

Yes. Yes. I'm waiting.

JANICE has little voice. Little hope. About as much as her Husband.

JANICE

I know it's hard for you, Syd.
And I can't possibly imagine
the pain you're in. But I'm in
pain too. I'm in the darkness.

SCHANBURG

Please, honey, go back to bed.

I90 Cond.

I90.

JANICE
I'm in darkness, Sydney.

SCHANBURG
(Into phone)
Alright, I'll take that.
Schanburg. Schanburg. S.

JANICE
Please, sydney. I don't
want you to go there ...

He replaces the phone and looks away as he walks towards the bedroom.

SCHANBURG
I don't wanna go there either.

I91: EXT. RAILWAY INTERSECTION. SAN FRANCISCO. DAY.

I91.

A purple and chrome locomotive. Dozens of filthy freight cars rattle by. A yellow cab between the gaps waiting to cross the tracks. Finally the convoy ends. A light changes and the cab bumps into a windy street. This is an Asian area. Laundry hanging on lines. Vietnamese hanging out on corners. The taxi pulls up next to the 'Glad Boy' Soy Joy Factory. SCHANBURG gets out and pays. Another train lumbers past.

I92: EXT. METAL STAIRWAY. APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

I92.

A cacophony of washing and Asian radio stations. Children playing on a deserted lot. As SCHANBURG climbs the stairs one of the kids breaks away. "Ankilimir! Ankilimir!" Pran's youngest son clatters up the stairway. Grown a lot and Americanization is evident. Baseball bat and t-shirt sporting Elton John. U.S. Tour. 1976. Both are delighted to see each other. TITONEL leads the way to an apartment.

I93: INT. APARTMENT. APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

I93.

A dismal little collection of rooms. Outside the trains shunt past. Throw intermittent reflections across the ceiling. Family pictures on the wall. A large photograph of Pran. But little furniture. The only thing of value a large colour T.V. A little Girl playing with the remote control. Channels change in silence. Silence in the room.

The initial excitement is over. SCHANBURG sits awkwardly with a cup of tea. SER MOEUN sits opposite next to a young man who is obviously the Interpreter. At the moment his presence is redundant. SCHANBURG shares the feeling. Feels like there's nothing he can say. Tears in the air and he searches for something that might prevent them coming.

SCHANBURG
Pran is - amazingly resourceful -
I mean - there's no way they out-
wit Pran - I knew what he'll do -

The pep-talk is as much for himself as SER MOEUN. He tries his best but the words sound hollow. Heightened by the echo of interpretation.

I93 Cond.

I93.

SCHANBURG

He'll wait until the time is exactly right - then he'll cross the boarder - Pran is very resourceful -

It's not working. SER MOEUN interrupts with a wash of tears. Manages to mutter something as she escapes the room. The STUDENT translates.

STUDENT

Pran is dead.

SCHANBURG

No - No. That's not true.
Tell her, that isn't true.

SCHANBURG is left with the silence. TITONEL stares and the STUDENT studies his tea cup. The little Girl follows her Mother. Leaves a close-up of the new President on T.V. Carter is smiling and waving at the jubilant crowds. SCHANBURG looks without seeing. Pulls several one hundred dollar bills from his pocket and traps them under a saucer. He stands in a vacuum unable to look into TITONEL's eyes.

Tell her, I know he'll survive.

A glance at Pran's photograph and he walks gratefully from the room.

I94: EXT. STREET. NEW YORK CITY. DUSK.

I94.

Big snow flakes falling. Quiet as overcoats. The street passes with its head down. SCHANBURG is amongst many shivering their way home.

I95: INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

I95.

An undecorated Christmas tree in a corner and Christmas cards on the mantelpiece. The Family sit around a table finishing dinner. Silence apart from ~~a scraping of forks~~. An atmosphere like the dog just died.

JESSICA

Will you hear me say my lines?

JANICE

After supper. When you're in bed.

JANICE looks at her Husband. And the forks scrape. And the meal ends. A couple of 'good-night-daddies' and the Girls are gone. SCHANBURG is staring into his personal space. JANICE stands in it with the dishes.

SCHANBURG

I'll do the dishes.

JANICE

No you won't. I will.

She collects and starts rinsing them for the washer. SCHANBURG gets up and walks into the living room. Something dislocated in JANICE's movements. Or maybe in her thoughts. Eitherway she works with robot

precision at the sink. Dishes disappear into the machine. She turns and runs hands through her hair. Speaks as though filling in a form.

JANICE

Jessica is in her school play.

No reaction from SCHANEURG who selects a record in the living room.

She is acting the part of Mary Magdalene.

Puccini's opera 'Turnadot' is just about audible in the background. And the T.V. just about visible. Static image of a returning Apollo space craft. The capsule is poised with parachutes billowing a second before splash-down. Slight increase in volume on the stereo and JANICE breaks. A pile of dinner plates shatter to the kitchen floor.

I said, Jessica is in her school play. She is acting the part of Mary Magdalene.

Both are frozen like photographs. A pause so pregnant it gives birth.

I'm so - I'm so -

She starts clearing up. But tears get in the way. Too many to dodge.

I don't know what I'm so - I'm sick with reasons - I'm sick with hearing about people and places I've never seen - and I'm sick in my head with hearing about somebody else's family -

Tears and voice out of control. She is forced to abandon the mess.

You've done everything you can - you've done everything I can take - I just can't take anymore - I don't care anymore - I care about my family - my kids - I try to help you - I've done everything possible - but you won't let me in - you won't let me near you - it's your grief - it belongs to you - you refuse to share even that -

SCHANEURG's eyes glaze. JANICE is little short of hysteria. Both are drowning. Desperate for something to hold on to. But there's nothing. As SCHANEURG approaches she fights her way past into the living room.

SCHANEURG

Please Janice. That's enough.

JANICE

That's right - you don't wanna hear it - You don't wanna listen to it from me - you wanna carry the guilt of an entire nation, and you want it all for yourself -

I95 Cond.

I95.

The Children appear in their night-dresses. More fear than amazement! Both their Parents crying and their Mother is totally out of control.

JANICE

Well take it then - take it - take it all -

She grabs for the first thing available. Winds up the volume on the stereo. The track is Nessun Dorma. So appropriate it's almost kitch.

The music - the photographs - everything -

Next in line is the remote control of the video machine. She throws it at the television screen. Misses and the control shatters into a wall. The T.V. instantly animates. The Apollo capsule splashes down.

Because you've taken everything left of me!

SCHANBURG stands with his head in his hands. JANICE is too past it to see her Children. Floods of tears she vanishes into a bedroom. A door slams and the Kids stare. Damage to the remote control has put the T. V. into fast-motion. The flickering screen hypnotizes the atmosphere.

Nixon greeting the Astronauts aboard the carrier. This is 1968 and the year the illegal bombing of Cambodia began. Edited highlights of political mendacity. The President is making his famous speech about peace. A fade in the tape and the BS2s almost fly out of his mouth.

The giant aeroplanes dump their filth over a jungle landscape. They move with the velocity of flies. Bombs burst like a little line of bubbles. SCHANBURG continues to weep & the GIRLS continue to stare.

Nixon is back. Five years later and looks like fifty. And Kissinger in huge close-up. Speaking at horrifying speed. Muscles in a nightmare. Thousands and thousands of lies exploding from the distorted mouth. Haigh in for less than a second. And Ford for less than that. Talking and talking and talking. An insane close-up of Nixon. Television image and opera dominate all. Only Puccini survives the fade.

I96: EXT. LANDSCAPE. DAM DEK PROVINCE. KAMPUCHEA. DAY.

I96.

And here is what all the words add up to. PRAN is digging a trench. The sun is directly overhead. Hard black shadows. And black pyjamas. Straw hat and Ho-Chi-Minh sandals. A citizen of Democratic Kampuchea.

The image widens slowly to reveal hundreds. All dressed identically. PRAN is in the middle of a vast work-site. Overcast with dust. And smoke drifting from some distant fire. Blood-red flags hang limply in the stifling heat. The hundreds become thousands. Civil engineering on a prehistoric scale. Everyone works with hands. Hammers and picks and pails. Chains of Children passing buckets of earth. Teams of Men dragging carts piled with rock. Literally ten thousand people toiling like slaves. As the landscape continues to expand the robots are transformed into ants. Soldier ants stand guard. Cambodia. 1976.

I97: EXT. EARTH REDOUBT. DAM DEK. DAY.

I97.

A fifteen foot high earth dyke meets another at right-angles. Below is some shade and source of the drifting smoke. Three ancient stone Buddha heads support a large cauldron with a wood fire beneath. K.R. Guard serve a kind of rice gruel. About sixty men in the work gang.

I97 Cond.

PRAN stands in line with his little tin can. Recteyes about two table spoons of the dirty liquid. This crippling diet obviously responsible for the emaciation. Considerable weight loss. His legs are an atlas of sores. His hair filled with scurf and grit. Like everybody else a revolutionary hair cut. He shuffles into the shadows to eat.

The break is conducted in silence. PRAN slumps on an embankment. Almost too tired to eat. He drinks from his tin. Hasn't the energy to deal with encircling flies. A trail of dust billows along the top of the dyke. A battered Citroen deux chevaux pulls up. K.R. flags hang from the doors. An order given and the exhausted Workers must stand.

Everyone looks up towards the car. A masculine looking Woman in the back eating an orange. A black-clad member of the Cadre gets out of the front. One inch shorter and he's a dwarf. Huge inflated head and two pens in his top pocket. He wears a gold watch and makes a speech.

"The harvest is almost upon us." Everyone must clap. "There will be abundance on the land." Everyone must clap. "A new assault season is soon to begin." Everyone must clap. While the DWARF continues to stir up revolutionary fever PRAN notices a small lizard at his feet. "New work schedules will be issued by Angka." During the skelital applause PRAN drops his hat trapping the lizard. The fat Woman spits out peel. PRAN puts his foot on the hat. The car takes off in a trail of dust.

I98.

I98: EXT. DAM DEK VILLAGE. DUSK.

Settlement in a forest clearing. More cooking fires and more smoke. Houses on stilts with accomodation for around 300. The dwellings are new. Palm roofs and thatched walls. Positioned to facilitate segregation of the sexes. In the middle is a large thatched house without walls. Next to it some sort of jungle hospital. Rotting 'Red Cross' crates stored outside. PRAN marches in with the rest of his construction gang. Tools are stacked in neat piles and they are dismissed.

Pran's hut is at the end of the village. A small garden outside. Tomatos and tobacco and some squash plants. Maybe twenty meters long with a few potato plants at the end. He picks one of his dozen precious tomatos and labours up the few wooden stairs into his house.

I99.

I99: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. DUSK.

Tobacco leaves hang drying from the roof. PRAN steadies himself on one of the supporting bamboo poles. The place is devoid of furniture. Rush matting on the floor. Two tin plates. And a cooking pot.

Resisting fatigue PRAN prepares his tomato. Puts it on a plate with a green banana and a little salt. Pulls a hessian bag over his head and empties it into the pot. Several live snails and the small dead lizard. Plus an egg and some atrophying earth worms. Fatigue is coming down. He eats half the tomato and falls back on the rush matting. Covers his eyes with his hands. Curls up and falls instantly asleep.

200

200: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

A large snail has escaped the cooking pot and is eating what's left of the tomato. Voices from the nightmare. PRAN awakes in disorientation. The Cadre are bellowing through a P/A. It is time to get up. Time to come to the meeting. Time to begin work for the revolution.

201: INT. HOUSE WITHOUT WALLS. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

201.

Wind meanders through the thatch. Several hundred Villagers sit in silence beneath. Men on one side. Women at the other. Children sit cross-legged at the front. Clearly technology is acceptable to the Cadre when exercised on its behalf. Electric light and the P/A are powered by an external generator. About twenty Khmer Rouge on the raised platform. Like any other gang of cunts on any other political committee they are not the recipients of that which they preach.

In this case most look well. All look well fed. The Woman who eats oranges is at the microphone. The Dwarf sits in the council behind her. Above them a gigantic framed snap of the nations leader. Half bald and plump (and although not decipherable from this photograph) criminally insane. Pol Pot is smiling. About the only face that is.

The Thug mouthing sweats profusely. Wipes at it with her 'Chromas.' Periodically the audience clap hands. PRAN is amongst them. He sits towards the back. A loud-speaker hangs just above his head. If nothing else it keeps him and his neighbours awake. "You are free. You are happy. You must forget everything you have ever learnt. You must hate the former regime and its American Imperialists. Everyday is a holiday in Democratic Kampuchea." The voice of Angka repeats itself unceasingly. PRAN translates it in silence to maintain his sanity.

She says - Angka will give us food - Buddha will not - Angka has identified and proclaims the existence of aye bad new malady - 'Chhoeu Sattak Aram rpt Chhoeu Sattak Aram' - this is aye memory sickness - this is diagnosed if aye person thinks too much about life in pre-revolutionary Cambodia - Angka can cure it for the good of all -

Applause and PRAN joins in. He looks up to see what he's applauding. The DWARF has taken the microphone. His tone is soft and persuasive.

We must all be vigilant - We know there are Soldiers Officers - Officials - Students - among you - we will find them out and we will kill them all - Democratic Kampuchea will not tolerate the forces of reactionary imperialism - too tired to translate anymore Sydney - I never knew that men could make me hate the moon -

202: EXT. RICE PADDY. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

202.

Yellow flames and a mauve sky. Blood-red banners streaming in a high wind. The paddy-fields are illuminated by resin torches. Giant constructions on towers of bamboo. The flags speak like sinister birds.

Moonlight fills in what the torches miss. The fields are a sheet of silver. Hundreds bent in the water. Harvesting rice with their hands PRAN gathers snails and frogs for his bag. He eats the land-crabs alive. A gong rings signifying a break. He crawls up an embankment and collapses in the mud. A magnificent full moon reflects in the water.

203: EXT. DYKE. RICE PADDY. NIGHT.

203.

A banner and flames in competition. Wrenching to travel with the wind PRAN among the rabble beneath. Rats caught in hessian traps. A Man attracts one. Beats it apart on a rock. Blood and mud. An echoing gong

204.

204: EXT. RICE PADDY. DAM DEK. DAWN.

Black silhouettes against a grey landscape. A streak of dawn on the horizon. The Automata keep working. Carry baskets of green rice to a waiting ox cart. Dismal bells round the animals necks. The Driver is asleep. His animals strain in their yokes to get at spilled rice. PRAN unloads his basket. Slaps the Driver on the leg. He wakes gratefully. Brings his animals back under control. A Child in black pyjamas stares derisively after PRAN. Transfers his gaze to the Driver. PRAN wades back into the paddy. Another snail for his bag. More rice for his basket. A white snake glides over his feet. He shudders and goes after it. It disappears in the filthy water. Comes up again two yards away. Half a dozen people descend on it. A Man suddenly snaps upright. The snake coils round his arm. Milk white with a red belly. Fangs buried in his hand. Somebody clouts it off. It crumples into the embankment like rubber hose. Slides away with everyone following. Hands reach without success. A second from liberty and its head is severed from its body. Tumbles back into the water writhing in knots. PRAN grabs it and looks up beaming. The man with the scythe is SARN.

205.

205: EXT. VILLAGE. DAM DEK. DAY.

A cooking fire with thirty Men around it. Rats carcasses with sticks forced through them. Lessons in the house without walls. Infants sing revolutionary songs. PRAN skins his rat and shoves bamboo through its body. Finds a place to twist it over the fire. Smoke and sleep force his eyes shut. The rats sizzle. The Children sing revolutionary songs.

206.

206: EXT. RIVER/VILLAGE. DAM DEK. DAY.

Hymns to the glory of Angka continue. Metal-repetitive. Verses stamp out like components on a machine. Several Men at the river bank. Washing clothes. PRAN is crouched on haunches with a shirt. Almost asleep. Sunlight glistens on the water. Dazzles his vision. As if in a dream. Tobacco leaves and tomato plants drift past. Yams and potato plants. Smashed vegetables. No dream. He stands and turns towards the village. The Children are still singing. PRAN arrives at his house. His world falls apart. The Cadre are clearing everyones plot. A Child rips his tomato plants out. Throws them in a barrow and catches his eye. PRAN immediately changes expression to one of bemusement. Asks in a humble voice what the Guard are doing. The reply contains the word "Angka".

207

207: INT. HOUSE WITHOUT WALLS. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

You are free - you are happy - you must forget everything you have ever learnt - you must hate the former regime and its American imperialists - every day is a holiday in Democratic Kampuchea - Giant strides have been made - it will no longer be necessary for individuals to supplement diet - Angka will supply everything -

The technicalities of applause. The voices change. The DWARF speaks

You must work hard - give up possession - give up selfishness - you must hate all things foreign - A wheel of

207 Cond.

207.

unimaginable weight is coming to crush the lazy - Angka has recognised saboteurs amongst you - Angka Loew will come to them and take them away for their re-education -

PRAN lowers his chin to his chest. Fights to stay awake. But the P/A is losing focus. So is his vision. People are gathering on the platform. But it's a black and white jigsaw. The missing parts are words. The Children start singing again. A Child plays a wooden flute. Another beats a drum. This is a marriage ceremony. PRAN finds himself clapping at parallel lines of Men and Girls at the front. The couples have never met before. The DWARF conducts the proceedings. Each person has a number. Seeks a corresponding number in the opposite sex. Small joy with what Angka has determined. Young Girls paired with old Men. A Man with obscene war scars becomes a young woman's partner. She turns away. A glimpse of her face. Cropped hair. Very thin. Very beautiful. ROSA.

208: EXT. ROAD. DAM DEK. DAWN.

208.

A straight road through the fields. Jungle in the distance. Sun mopped to the edge of the sky. Everything smells fresh. The road still saturated with rain. A Work Party head for the paddies. About seventy five Men and two Bullock carts. PRAN replaces the driver that was caught asleep.

Soldiers of 12/13 years old accompany the convoy. At either side gangs of Women and Children already in the fields. Perhaps wives? Relatives? But also the grim K.R. with their machineguns and nobody dares to look.

A pair of MIG 19s get out of the jungle at about six hundred miles an hour. Scream down the road at sixty feet. Flying saucers in a society like this. Animals and people panicking. Oxen dragged into the ditches.

The MIGs rocket into cloud. A sweet smell of kerosene. PRAN stares after them. Silently whispers "Vietnamese?" A moment later it's confirmed. The planes are back. V.C. less than 50 feet up. Women and Children screaming in the fields. Race for shelter of the ditches. But no guns. The only shooting comes from the Soldiers. They open up with their A.Ks. Too little too late. The aircraft evaporate as quickly as they arrived.

Men and Women suddenly find themselves together. Perhaps for the first time in months. Just an instant to stare into each others eyes. Then the Guard blowing whistles and the animals hauled out of the ditch. Too much for one Man. A Kid runs towards him. He embraces her. SAHN stares across at ROSA. Begging and willing her to turn her head. She doesn't see him. As he climbs the bank the Guard beat the Man and his Daughter with staves. This is called Kosang. The punishment after this is death.

209: EXT. PADDY FIELDS. DAM DEK. DAY.

209.

PRAN's duties as a driver also include cooking. He squats at the edge of the paddy and fills a bucket. Labours it back up the bank and pours it into a cooking pot. As before it's supported on sacred Buddha heads

Every action falls under scrutiny of the Guard. Wood is already piled under the pot. Asks a Soldier for matches. A Dunhill lighter handed across. Kneels to light the fire and notices something in the mud. Cautiously picks up a razor blade. Conceals it and hands the lighter back.

209.

209 Cond.

He returns to the paddy for more water. His constitution allows only about half a bucket at a time. Crouches to fill it. Stares across the field. Preparations for rice planting. Two teams of Men drag a plough. Three at either side with one steering. A monstrous looking exercise. Heat haze distorts the image. His eyes widen past it. No mistaking it. A brilliant white Jetranger helicopter is searching the fields. Looking for somebody. Looking for him. It touches down like a dragon-fly on the opposite bank. PRAN is deliriously happy. Staggers into the mud to get to it. Shouting and waving. Voices everywhere. A Guard shouting. He turns in confusion. Turns again and the helicopter has disappeared.

210.

210: EXT. EARTH REDOUBT. DAM DEK. DAY.

Sound of helicopter rotors. Gentle and comfortable and coming from a long way away. But getting closer. Directly overhead. PRAN opens his eyes. Sleeping under a tree. The break is over. As he stands his food spills down his chest. Harsh reality of the gong echoing in his head.

211.

211: EXT. TRACK. PADDY FIELDS. DAY.

PRAN leads his animals to the water. While they drink he picks rice kernals out of his cart. In corners. In the seams between the boards. A saturated stack of fire wood on the back of the cart. The Bullocks finish drinking. PRAN begins his search for more wood. Plenty around. This area has obviously been reclaimed from the forest. He walks behind the cart as it rattles up the paddy. Ignores the larger pieces. Wrenches manageable sticks and branches from the mud. Every stoop is crippling. Every foot a yard. And every 20 yards a young K.R. Guard.

212.

212: EXT. PADDY FIELDS. DAM DEK. DAY.

The fire wood has been left to dry in the sun. Much lower now and late afternoon. The cooking fires already alight. Yellow smoke drifting across the paddy. PRAN returns to the water with his bucket. Iridescent dragon-flies hovering like jewellery. He crouches and takes a moment to rest. Half the paddy has been ploughed. The Man-Team are about 100 yards away. An instant later a massive explosion. Twenty men are dead.

Debris begins splashing down in the fields. Too powerful to be a mine. This is probably a 350 pounder that failed to explode in the war. Whistles blowing and people running. The Workers away from the crater. The Soldiers towards it. Horrible injuries begin crawling out of the shock. White-hot shrapnel still falling. Boils as it hits the fields. Guards appear over the dykes. For a moment no Guards at all. A Worker takes advantage of the opportunity. PRAN watches SAHN scramble up an embankment. He vanishes over the top. Probably hoping for a glimpse of Rosa.

213.

213: EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING/VILLAGE. DAM DEK. DUSK.

PRAN is at the edge of the village. Now needs a stick to walk. Famine has savaged even the trees. Banana trees dying because a dying population have stripped them of their bark. He sinks to his knees and routs among leaves. Eats tiny white grubs. A shattering flash of lightening and then the loud-speakers. He trudges towards the house without wall

214.

214: INT. HOUSE WITHOUT WALLS. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

A depletion of audience. Three quaters of normal attendance. The DWARF speaking. The usual horrors about happiness and traitors. Plus an addition to the menu. Perpetual repetition of "Vietnam." Vietnam is obviously worrying the Cadre. Everyone too fucked to hear. Only two people seem alive. Whenever possible SAHN and ROSA manage to exchange glances. Loving and longing. May as well be a continent apart. PRAN sits at the back. His face bloated with malnutrition. His skin the colour of vomit.

I think of you often - my wife - my children -
this is a terrible land - many - many people
dying - fifty per cent of my village dead of
starvation - they take our rice away - trade
it with the Chinese for gun - please look af-
ter my wife and children Sydney - I am dying -

Harsh rain whips the village. The voice of Angka goes on and on and on.

215.

215: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

PRAN lays under his mat. Lightning illuminates his house. Illuminates his eyes. Pupils the colour of milk. He stares at the dripping thatch. Delirium and defiance. Raises on his hands. Shouts as loud as he can.

I will not die. I will not die.

The words are in English. The storm takes them away. He stands like a new-born foal. Supports himself on his stave and staggers to the door.

216.

216: EXT. VILLAGE. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

A single hut with light. The Citroen parked outside. The rest of the village sleeping. PRAN moves cautiously through the gale. Outlines of a couple of Guard. He changes direction and is absorbed into darkness.

217.

217: EXT. VILLAGE. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

Frogs reiterate their unavailability and a dismal clatter of bells. A small corral at the end of the village. Half a dozen Bullocks asleep on their feet. PRAN creeps through them. Strokes gently at an animal's neck. With infinite caution he cuts a tiny incision. Returns the blade to his belt. Blood and rain running over his face. He sucks like a bat.

He moves on to another animal and repeats the procedure. Returns the blade to his belt. This time a problem. As he starts sucking the Bullock resists. Within seconds the corral is a mass of panicking bells.

Someone starts shouting. He tries to run away. But his legs collapse and he falls. The Guard descend on him. He pleads for his life. "I do nothing wrong. I do nothing wrong." Hands clutch at his hair and arms Drag him back through the mud. People appear from the illuminated hut.

Several Cadre including the DWARF and the Woman who eats oranges. At the moment in the middle of eating something else. Mouths chewing and giving orders. The Soldiers drag PRAN up the steps and into his house.

218.

218: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

PRAN is on his knees. Praying to his God. Praying to Buddha for life. The rain rushes down. The house floods with light. Headlights on the car. Angka outside. "Come down." PRAN continues praying as he stands.

219.

219: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

He wilts to the door. 10 Men & 2 Women. Headlights stretch their shadows into giants. All carry farm implements. Wooden poles with curled blades used for cutting bamboo. Staves and axes. They glare while he descends. "You are the enemy! You were stealing from the Collective!" PRAN tries to explain. Catches an axe handle in the stomach. He crumples to his knees. A staff creases his neck and flattens him into the mud. He is pounded and beaten and kicked. The fat Woman is particularly zealous. Screaming at the top of her fat voice. "Traitor! Traitor!" The Kosang is to be unto death. Blood running away from PRAN's wounds. "Traitor! Traitor!" Grotesque shadows shrink and stretch as they beat. Suddenly it stops. PRAN is dragged to his knees. Arms bound behind his back at the elbows. Like a chicken. Partially conscious they shove him towards the forest. Angka Loue has requested him for higher education.

220.

220: EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAM DEK. NIGHT.

PRAN is dumped on the forest floor. The people and voices a blur. Only his own voice praying silently to Buddha. Bang of hammering behind him. Too dark to see. A flash of lightning. A nightmare instant. The DWARF tears a razor-sharp leaf from a palm. They are going to cut his throat. His face illuminates. One second from death and a Voice starts arguing to spare him. He slumps forward again. The discussion develops into an angry debate. For some unknown reason someone is fighting for his life. He finally gets his way. A decision will be taken tomorrow. The Voices fade back into the forest. PRAN is left swollen and bleeding and alone. Immediate instinct to escape. Raises painfully to his feet. Makes less than two steps. The wire binding his elbows is nailed to a nearby tree.

221.

221: EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAM DEK. DAWN.

Daylight brings birds and sunlight and purple blossoms saturated with rain. A cockerel ranting in a nearby village. PRAN is still on his knees. Still praying. Sound of people approaching and he opens his eyes. Half a dozen Cadre including the DWARF and the fat Woman. She is definitely looking ill. Sweats and spits. Malaria. With them is a young Khmer Rouge Officer about seventeen years old. Despite his age he has two pens in his pocket. He orders his Guards to release the Prisoner. PRAN recognises his voice as the voice that urged mercy. Looks up at the young man. An exchange of eyes. The Officer emanates a terrifying violence. But something he likes in PRAN even though he doesn't know what it is. Certainly he doesn't recognise him. For a while the ignorance is mutual. But as PRAN stands he notices a star-shaped shrapnel scar on the Officer's neck. He is the little 'soldier' to whom he gave the Mercedes badge in Neak Luong. And it was the annoying little Girl in a side street of the same town who inadvertently saved PRAN's life.

222: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. DAM DEK. DAWN.

222.

And life is given by Buddha. PRAN has shaved his head in gratitude. An astonishing risk. Buddhism is totally forbidden under the Khmer Rouge. He chants a prayer on his knees. Bows towards a tiny offering of rice. The village work-bell is tolling. He stands and reaches for his staff.

223: EXT. TONLE SAP LAKE. DAM DEK. DAY.

223.

Dozens of thrashing fish. A dozen Men hauling them in. PRAN is up to his waist in the water. They drag the net to the shore. Begin beating the fish with sticks. A Guard stares constantly at PRAN. Eyes full of suspicion. He tries to ignore him and melt in with the rest. But the shaved head with its hundreds of razor nicks is difficult to disguise.

224: EXT. SHORE LINE. TONLE SAP LAKE. DAY.

224.

Under any other circumstances a paradise. Jungle pushes down to the lake. A beach of silver sand. Fish hang drying on poles. Blue smoke from the cooking fires. Though the work is punishing it has rewards. The Men are allowed to eat a little of the catch. Swallow as fast as there is time available. PRAN sits in the shade sucking on bones. A pleasure better witnessed than described. Only one element to spoil it. The Guard is conferring with another and both are staring at PRAN.

225: EXT. VILLAGE. DAM DEK. DUSK.

225.

The Bullock carts parked by the meeting house. The Men unloading the catch. Several hundred fish on poles and two large cat fish. The destination of the supplies is uncertain. Certainly they are not to be distributed according to Karl Marx. Several famished Children watch the work. Several K.R. Guard watching them. An Officer and the DWARF stare at PRAN. He walks towards his house and is stopped by the DWARF.

Why has he shaved his head? PRAN is terrified. Adopts the attitude of a brainless peasant. Goes into a pantomime of blinding migraine. Rubs at his eyes. Rubs at the back of his neck. Apparently nothing to do with religion. The DWARF is as daft as PRAN is pretending to be. A land of primitive medicine & he finally convinces him. Hopes to walk away but the DWARF orders him to report to the hospital. It isn't necessary. Baldness works! The Cadre don't give orders twice!

226: INT. HOSPITAL HOUSE. DAM DEK. DUSK.

226.

The clinic is divided into two sections. Those almost dead and those almost alive. PRAN stands in a line of the latter. Everyone holds an identity card. Everybody receives the same treatment. A mug of filth from a coconut and fingers poked into the stomach. Two dozen hopeless cases on the floor. Dysentery and malaria. Pathetic attempts to cure them with rubbish from the forest. The fat Woman who eats oranges is lengthed-out on a bed. Sweat and delirium. PRAN reaches front of line.

Hands his identity card across. The Nurse is unable to read it. What was your job? PRAN answers like a mental deficient. His hands on an imaginary steering-wheel. "Taxi. Taxi." What's the matter with you? Head rubbing again. The pain comes up from his neck and spreads over his head. A glass of distilled coconut milk. He drinks it and is prepared to leave. But the Nurse is seeking another opinion and PRAN is

226 Cond.

motioned towards a filthy bed. He lies on it reluctantly while they talk. To his horror they decide to admit him. Some arbitrary medicine is selected. Red Cross. Geneva. A box torn open with syringes inside.

The Nurse puts the box and serum accompanying it next to Pran's bed. She tries to fill a syringe. Doesn't know how. Seeks assistance from another Nurse who doesn't know ass from elbow either. They remove the plunger and pour in the liquid. Air bubbles and horror. But principally a warning on the box. "Not to be used for intravenous injection".

PRAN is suddenly on his feet. The pain has gone! They have worked a "miracle" for this idiot taxi driver. He giggles his way towards the coconut drink. Hangs at his head marvelling at the "magic" of their cure. No more pain. "Toot. Toot." The Nurse is delighted. The Doctor furious. PRAN is driving his taxi all over the surgery. "Toot. Toot."

Steering towards the door. He is told to stop it. Changes gear into a more respectful gratitude. Smiling and pounding his head. Really! He can't see any point in wasting precious medicines on himself. He is cured! The syringe of magic should be administered where it is most needed. The fat Woman who eats oranges for example? His opinion is not welcome. The Doctor struts away. However the Nurse sees logic in the suggestion. PRAN stands in the door. Watches while the Woman who eats oranges collects a 50cc miracle in the vein. "Toot. Toot."

227.

227: EXT. TRACK/JUNGLE. DAY.

A bullock cart rumbles the track. Paddy fields one side. Dense jungle the other. PRAN drives and about a dozen Men including two K.R. ride the back. His hair has grown a month. The season underwrites the famine. Plants in flower and little green Bananas sprouting on the trees.

The cart stops and the Passengers divide into two groups. A Guard for each and baskets for each Man. They spread out into the forest looking for bamboo shoots. As soon as he's away from his colleague the Soldier relaxes a little. Smokes a cigarette and even allows his gang to talk.

PRAN uproots the sprouting Bamboo. Eats some as he works. Moves away from the main group and is soon obscured by foliage. More bamboo. A bird swoops in front of him. Disappears into a camouflage of leaves. He scrambles after it. Halfway up a raised bank. Discovers some sort of Dove sitting on four eggs. Immediately begins eating them. Finishes two and abruptly stops. The Bird sits in her nest transfixed with fear. PRAN recognises the expression in her eyes. Has seen it a thousand times before. In respect for life and Buddha he replaces two eggs.

A Voice shouts to him through the trees. "Mit Pran." Time to rejoin the others. He turns and is about to climb down when something moves at the edge of his vision. PRAN looks down into a grassy clearing. A mattress of sunlight and a young Couple entwined in each others arms. SAHN and ROSA have somehow contrived to meet. She holds a yellow Orchid. He kisses her smiles. Both are naked. They have just made love.

The voice again. This time SAHN hears it. He looks up and sees PRAN. An instant of confused terror. Is Pran spying? Is Pran the enemy? He is neither. He slides down the bank and urgently gestures them to get away. The Voice calls again. SAHN searches for his clothes. But it's too late. Anybody else and they might have made it. First arrival in the clearing is Rosa's mutilated 'Husband'. He freezes in shock and

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227.

starts bellowing at the top of his voice. Within seconds two Guards have arrived. PRAN hides in the undergrowth. The Lovers try and run. Stopped by the muzzle of an A.K.47. SAHN stands in front of his love. Naked and breathless and terrified. The Soldiers blow their whistles.

228: EXT. TRACK. FOREST. DAY.

228.

The old Citroen bounces up the track. Turns off and arrives in the clearing. The Cadre have arrived. Two Women and three Men including the DWARF. A rapid exchange of explanation. PRAN takes another peek through the leaves. SAHN and ROSA are tied at the elbows as he was. Still naked they kneel at the base of a huge tree. ROSA still holds her flower. The DWARF is outraged. Starts screaming at SAHN. Orders the work-gang into the forest. The monsters with him throw telephone cable over a nearby branch. ROSA screams and is silenced by a Woman. Dragged to her feet to witness the death of her lover. The wire dangles. It appears SAHN is to be hanged. He is not to be so fortunate.

The work-gang drift back with armfuls of leaves. Dump them under the tree. More Soldiers arrive. Rifle-butt the work-gang into a line and march them away. PRAN crouches in his hiding place hardly daring to breathe. ROSA is tied to a small tree opposite SAHN. He is bound under his arms and hauled into the air. Terrible screaming from ROSA. Only her hands visible. Knuckles bleaching as she crushes her flower.

The DWARF rushes at her like a mongrel dog. Between blows from the Women she is metal-raped with part of a U.S. M.79. grenade-launcher. The leaves under SAHN are lit. Engulfed in flame. He writhes like a puppet. He and his dying sweet-heart are weeping. Hieronimus Bosch.

229: EXT. VILLAGE. DAM DEK. DUSK.

229.

PRAN approaches the village from the far side of the river. Perhaps hours were spent in his hiding place listening to the Lovers die at their leisure. Perhaps more horrors await. What if he's missed? What will they do to him? He clears an embankment and the village appears.

His eyes instantly widen. 'That look'. Something is definitely wrong. The place swarms with Soldiers. Two heavy Chinese trucks parked next to the hospital. People hustled on board. Perhaps some insane directive from 'Angka'. Maybe revenge against everyone for the disobedience of Rosa and Sahn? But the Guards are emptying the village of its Men.

Holding onto a rising balloon again. An angry Voice from the opposite side of the river makes up his mind for him. The Guard have seen him. Order him instantly over the bridge. But they'd have to cross it too! He struggles back up the embankment. The awesome decision to run away.

230: EXT. RICE PADDY. DAM DEK. DUSK.

230.

Sun bashed to bits at the edge of a vast sky. A tiny Figure running across a paddy-field. Newly planted and deserted of workers. In the distance is the jungle. If PRAN can get to it he might have a chance. But he hardly has the strength to negotiate knee-high dykes crossing the field. The Citroen follows with the intention of cutting him off.

230 Cond.

230.

PRAN kneels on a dyke and rolls himself over. Difficulty standing the other side. Desperation gets him to his feet. Another thirty yards and he's there. But the car is gaining rapidly. Turns at right-angles and tears dust along an embankment. It is quiet obviously going to get to the jungle first. Desperation and hopelessness. PRAN starts to crawl. He is almost there and the car is too. It bounces down the embankment. PRAN gives up and collapses in the mud. The Citroen runs over a mine. Not very big but enough to take it apart. Throw it upside down into the paddy in flames. Mopping at tears PRAN staggers into the jungle.

231: EXT. JUNGLE. DAM DEK PROVINCE. NIGHT.

231.

The forest is loud with predators. Limitless permutations of danger. Panthers and buffalo. Poisonous snakes and plants. PRAN navigates along a shallow stream. Avoids the possibility of falling into a Punji-trap. Doesn't avoid the mosquitos and leeches. He crawls up the bank to remove them from his legs. Can't manage another step in the water. Finds himself another staff and uses it to grope through the foliage. Every sound stops him in his tracks. Every step is potentially death.

232: EXT. JUNGLE/CLEARING. DAM DEK PROVINCE. NIGHT.

232.

The jungle thins out into scrub-land. Possibly an abandoned clearing. High clumps of waving grass and towering bamboo. Wielding his stick he pushes the leaves aside. Slumps on his hands to rest. It would be extremely dangerous to fall asleep here. He will only close his eyes.

233: EXT. JUNGLE. CLEARING. DAM DEK PROVINCE. DAY.

233.

Sound of a fluttering helicopter. Evaporates as he opens his eyes. It is a nightmare. It is a dream. PRAN is laying next to a corpse. Half buried. Its skull a brothel of flies. Asphyxiated in a polythene sack. Black hair. And skin the colour of wood. Flesh eaten back to the skull. PRAN stares in paralysed silence. Only the noise of the insects eating. The horror suddenly breaks & he jerks upright screaming into his hands. Corpses everywhere in advanced decomposition. Dozens. Hundreds. Everywhere he looks are bones. Some partially buried. Others dug up by wild animals. Around him are a dozen corpses murdered by suffocation. Faces in polythene bags. Skeletons with their hands bound behind them. White bones and rusty wire. And skeletons of babies with hammered in skulls. Atrocity for as far as he can see. He has woken in the Killing Fields. PRAN rises to his feet. Sinks back to his knees and bursts into tears. The image widens around him. Climbs as though seen from his delirious helicopter. There is no more hope. There is a living man surrounded by thousands and thousands of dead. A sun-stained red flag hangs in tatters from a pole. And the tall green grasses hiss gently in the breeze.

234: INT. CONVENTION HALL. HILTON HOTEL. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

234.

Long applause from an elegant Audience. Like everybody else SCHANBURG is wearing a tuxedo. Pleased to be here. But the pleasure is fragile. A lot of icing and not much cake. A P/A announces who he is and what the prize is for. Foreign Press Award for outstanding contribution to Journalism. More applause as he accepts it. Leans into the microphone.

SCHANBURG

Anyone who knows my work will know that half of this belongs to Dith Pran. Without Pran I wouldn't have been able to file half the stories I did. I spent a lot of time criticising my country for what it did to Cambodia. Cambodia was the 'Side Show' to Vietnam. The little guy who wasn't noticed next to the big guy who was. I don't know what analogies I should draw from that. The Vietnamese have described Cambodia as 'A land of blood and tears. A Hell on Earth.' It's estimated that three million people have died. In comparison to us, that would be like the whole of Texas, California, and New York State, dead. Unfortunately our country made a spectacular contribution to this tragedy. There's a cliché somewhere about politicians creating that which they fear most. We spent seven billion dollars bombing Cambodia. That's not to sort us out in particular, there's blame for everybody, blame to go around. But without question, this bombing was a major contributory factor to the emergence of the Khmer Rouge. And when you look at it rationally, seven thousand million dollars is a hellava price to pay for that which you fear most. It's a hellava price to ask of the American tax payer. But what ever it cost, it is as nothing compared to the price paid by the people of Cambodia. I'm very pleased to accept this on behalf of Pran and myself. I'm very honoured. And I know Pran would be very proud.

235: INT. RECEPTION ROOMS. HILTON HOTEL. DAY.

235.

Literary Figures and Literary Groupies. Knots of exclusive conversation. Sun-guns from a roving T.V. Crew. They slide through the Guests looking for meaningful gossip. Is that Woody Allen in the corner? No. Someone who looks like him. There are about seven in the room. Laughter and a massive spread of grub. Pigs and turkeys have died in vain. Plates of half eaten food piled on top of plates of half eaten food. Unceasing champagne. But nobody here to eat. The assembled are here to either lick ass or offer it. And there's plenty of willing tongues.

SCHANBURG is locked in conversation with about a pound and a half of Max Factor. It's fifty and horrible and boring him to death. And here come the Sun-guns. A few words pumped into the microphone followed by "And do you honestly think he's still alive?" SCHANBURG isn't interested in this either. "I have never given up hope." He excuses himself and attempts to move off. "What about Dith Pran's family? Are you in contact with them?" The Artificial Face is trying to get it into camera. "I write to them." Three ounces of lip-gloss smiling. "What are their feelings?" "They've never given up hope." He finally gets away.

235 Cond.

235.

SCHANBURG pushes through the congratulations. Sees who he is looking for. Joins a group including WELLS. Introductions are made. SCHANBURG shakes hands & doesn't hear the names. Manages to isolate his Editor.

SCHANBURG

I need to get back to the paper.

236: INT. PRINT SHOP. NEW YORK TIMES NEWSPAPER. NIGHT.

236.

Presses rolling and a noise like thunder. A hypnotizing stream of news coming off the conveyors. The Print Men wear newspaper hats. Tomorrows edition folded like sailboats. SCHANBURG leans into a pillar. Smokes a cigarette and stares at the black and white river of newspapers. Looks like he's put in a days work and looks like he doesn't want to go home.

237: INT. RESTAURANT. JIMMY'S. NEW YORK CITY. NIGHT.

237..

The headline reports heavy fighting on the Kampuchean/Vietnamese board-ers. SCHANBURG is halfway through reading the piece. A Waitress arrives with food. Hamburger and a beer. SCHANBURG continues to read as he eats

238: INT. AT THE BAR. JIMMY'S. NIGHT.

238.

The Diners have moved out and the Drinkers moved in. Getting late. A whisky in front of him. SCHANBURG sits at the bar. Behind him a line of stalls are filled with Print Men. One appears at the bar. Puts in an order and offers SCHANBURG a beer. He looks up as though waking up.

239: INT. AT THE BAR. JIMMY'S. NIGHT.

239.

SCHANBURG

Ankilimir was an ogre who went around cutting fingers off people he didn't like. He finally gets to his 100th finger, which was his Mothers ..

SCHANBURG looks at the Print Man. The Print Man is looking at the Bar Man. The Bar Man and the Print Man think SCHANBURG is a crazy man. He wipes at his eyes. Too drunk to pick up on their attitude towards him.

Anyway, his Mother wasn't having it. She tells him he's been a bad man, and the time's come for him to reform. And he did. He changed so dramatically that he was eventually transformed into an enlightened disciple of Buddha's ...

BARMAN

What d'you mean, a Communist?

SCHANBURG looks up in bewilderment. Shakes his head and taps his glass

SCHANBURG

Would you like another beer?

The Print Man removes his newspaper hat to scratch the top of his head.

PRINT MAN
No. Thank you. I gotta work.

SCHANBURG looks at his watch. Smiles in disbelief. Can it be this late?

SCHANBURG
Jesus. So have I. So have I.

Pays his cheque and heads for the door. His eyes wiped-out with booze. The Bar Man and Print Man stare after him and the Bar Man sums him up.

BARMAN
He's a Communist nut.

240: INT. STUDY/APARTMENT. NIGHT.

240.

Maybe another night. But the routine is exactly the same. SCHANBURG is sitting at his typewriter. Addresses envelopes. A stack of photographs of Pran. Finishes the envelope. Clips a picture to a letter. Seals the envelope. And that's about it. Stands and massages his eyes. Turns out the light and dawn gets in around the curtains. The apartment has been tidied up. Neat as a hospital. Like order has become a fixation. Draws the curtains onto a New York sky-line. Gets light early in summer. Different coloured clouds on the horizon. Like a melted map of the world.

241: INT. OFFICE. NEW YORK TIMES. DAY.

241.

SCHANBURG now has his own office. Assistant Metropolitan Editor. Shirt sleeves and hot and on the phone. A listening conversation. Occasional noises of agreement. Another phone rings. "Just a second." Goes for it. "Who?" He seems pleased. "Alright, I'm coming down." Dumps the phone & gets back to the other. "Listen, I'm gonna have to call you back." He grabs his jacket and breezes out. "I've gone to lunch." to a Secretary.

242: INT. FOYER. NEW YORK TIMES. DAY.

242.

A huge marble cavern with a lot of Security. People waiting the other side. SCHANBURG emerges from an elevator. Searches the Faces. Man in a floral shirt. Turns as SCHANBURG approaches. Shades. Stoned. ROCKOFF. Both delighted to see each other and they embrace with a dozen smiles.

SCHANBURG
What are you doing here?

ROCKOFF
Shopping for Florida.
Thought I'd stop by ..

243: INT. BAR. ITALIAN RESTAURANT. DAY.

243.

A crowded collection of red gingham table cloths and hanging Chianti bottles. And a bar crowded with Clients. SCHANBURG and ROCKOFF stand at it with a couple of glasses of wine and a couple of unopened menus.

243 Cond.

243.

SCHANBURG

Where are you staying?

ROCKOFF

A subject I was about
to raise with you ...

Some things never change. The answer's yes. A Waiter arrives for orders
ROCKOFF stares at the menu like it's a reference book on neuropathology

SCHANBURG

What'll you have?

ROCKOFF

What are you having?

SCHANBURG

A scalopino marsala.

ROCKOFF

I'll have the same.

The menus are handed back. A Maitre D arrives. Escorts them to a table.

244: INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT. DAY.

244.

The restaurant is practically deserted. Reached the time when the Waiters start hating their customers. Only a couple of tables occupied. At one SCHANBURG & ROCKOFF. A Waiter steers coffee and check towards them

ROCKOFF

I said, listen, is this the clap?
He said no. It's a standing ovation.

SCHANBURG laughs but his heart isn't in it. A lot of Chianti gone down
The Waiter arrives at their table. ROCKOFF mouths while SCHANBURG pays

He said, what have you put on this? I
said, liquid parafin. He said, liquid
parafin! You're outa your fuckin mind.

SCHANBURG

Who said this?

ROCKOFF

This was the specialist in London.

An American Express card is handed over and the Waiter eye-balls off.
Both take sips at their coffee. SCHANBURG is first to get his cup down

SCHANBURG

Oh you hear what happened to Swain?

ROCKOFF

No. What happened to him?

244 Cond.

244.

SCHANBURG
Got kidnapped in Eithopia. He's
been a prisoner for seven months.

ROCKOFF bursts into laughter. Full-stops it with a shake of the head
and "Fuckin Swain." SCHANBURG tries for a smile. Doesn't get very far.

ROCKOFF
Hey, Sid, I'm sorry ..

SCHANBURG
I agree. It's kinda funny.

Suddenly it's a blind-date. And neither of them have anything to say.

ROCKOFF
Is there anything heard?
(There isn't)
Lets go get a drink ...

245: INT. BAR. MANHATTEN. DAY.

245.

The mood has definitely descended. A night-Bar. Day drunks. SCHANBURG
and ROCKOFF drinking with them. Sit on stools. Both drunk and drinking
more whisky. The subject they avoided is now the topic of conversation.

SCHANBURG
I musta written five hundred letters.

ROCKOFF
So - kay, Sid ...

SCHANBURG
I've written to the International Red
Cross. The World Health Organisation.
The United Nations Refugee Organisa-
tion. I've written to Oxfam in England.
Save The Children Fund. I don't know
who I haven't written to. And nothing,
Al. I never heard a fucking thing ...

246: EXT. BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY. DUSK.

246.

ROCKOFF & SCHANBURG. Bright lights. Summer city. ROCKOFF hails a cab.

247: INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

247.

SCHANBURG more drunk than ROCKOFF. Two silhouettes in the door. ROCK-
OFF closes it. Darkness apart from the green typing lamp. "Wanna beer?"

ROCKOFF
No thanks. Where's Janice?

SCHANBURG
She eh .. She was here ... She ..
she eh .. She's in Los Angeles ..

247 Cond.

He staggers into the kitchen. Moist eyes. Voice beginning to break up.

SCHANBURG

I been very busy .. And we ..

Moonlight comes from the fridge. Three eggs. Two beers. And a tomato. SCHANBURG collapses into the shelves. Weeping his heart out. ROCKOFF stands behind him. Hand on his shoulder. Doesn't know what to do. Escorts him back to the sofa. He falls into an arm and continues crying.

I've done everything I can. I swear
to you, Al. I done everything I can.

Uncontrollable tears. ROCKOFF walks into the bedroom. He returns with a dovet. Places it gently over him. A stack of mail by the telephone. All with Pran's photograph and all going out to addresses in S.E. Asia. ROCKOFF sits at SCHANBURG's head. Like comfort to a frightened child. A very very slow dissolve into a mans Voice singing a Cambodian lullaby.

248: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. KAMPUCHEA. NIGHT.

248.

Lavish furnishing by Khmer standards. Tables and chairs. An alarm clock A battered transistor radio. Flickering candle light in a corner. PRAN squats next to a bamboo crib. Sings gently to a Child. A man appears in the doorway. Clean black pyjamas. About 27 years old. His name is PHAT.

PHAT is obviously of authority around here. As soon as PRAN sees him he stops singing. Stands obsequiously and grins like an idiot. PHAT has a dark skin. But not a country colour. At one point he must have lived in a city. He takes a mango from his sack and hands it to PRAN. With a mixture of genuine and servile gratitude PRAN seeps backwards to the door.

PHAT stops him as he gets to it. "Mit Pran." He turns in the shadows. Silhouette in flickering candle light. PHAT stares at him as though trying to see the back of his skull. Waits a long time before asking him what he did before the revolution. The question is put very softly. PRAN has answered it many times before. Isn't sure of the motivation for asking it again. He replies with his clown-mime. "Taxi. Taxi." Another long stare. Another question. "Est-ce-que vous parlez Francais?"

PRAN didn't expect this. First time in years he's heard anyone speak French. It sends a chill down his spine that cements him to the spot. Maybe they've found him out? Maybe PHAT caught the imperceptible reaction in his eyes? He feigns more ignorance and doesn't answer. PHAT continues to stare. Frightening silence and PRAN is allowed to leave.

249: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. VILLAGE. NIGHT.

249.

Clusters of thatched huts and cooking fires. This is the biggest house in town. PRAN scurries to his servants quarters between the stilts. Obviously some sort of house-boy. Heart pounding & full of anxieties and clearly under suspicion. He tears at the mango with his nails. Eats everything including the peel. Two Figures come whispering out the darkness. Creaking stairs as they climb. Sound of foot-steps on the boards. Hushed conversation. PRAN strains to hear. Voices drowned by the radio. At minimal volume. Can't hear it either. Sinks down on his mat to sleep.

250: EXT. RIVER BANK. BAT DANGKOR. VILLAGE. DAY.

250.

PRAN bathes a little BOY at the waters edge. Sandy beach and rippling sunlight. He looks very tired. But seems pleased to be in the company of this kid. About 2 years old. Full of life. Not old enough to understand the grief around him. Collapses on his ass in giggles. Splashes in mud and points up at four vapor trails. PRAN screws up his eyes in bewilderment. MiG 19's. Heading west at about fourteen thousand feet.

251: EXT. SCRUB LAND/TRACK. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

251.

PRAN wheels an old bicycle. Baskets at either side filled with firewood. His village is in the distance. He heads towards it sending a dispatch.

Very hard remember English sometime Syd -
Aye am living in village of Bat Dangkor -
Very hard life - But better than Dam Dek -

He stops his bicycle and narrows his eyes across the scrub. A main road about two hundred yards away. A Squadron of black-clad 'Neary' marching east. Six or seven hundred. A.K's and rocket-launchers glint in the sun

252: EXT. GARDEN. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

252.

PRAN chops firewood in the garden. The BOY plays in the tobacco patch. Motorbikes ride escort to a grey Mustang. Red flags flying. Arrive in a cloud of dust in front of the big house. Multiple pens get out. The little BOY falls over and starts crying. PRAN picks him up & comforts him. Stands in the tobacco and watches the K.R. vanish into the house.

253: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. DUSK.

253.

A Work-Gang coming in from the forest. PRAN squats outside the house tending his cooking pots. Though a slave from dawn to dusk he's better off than the Men in the Gang. Their meal gets brewed communally. Here at least he gets the opportunity to nibble scraps. Shoves green pepper stalks in his mouth. Slowly stirs a cauldron of bubbling rice.

He looks up as the Officers appear. Shake hands with PHAT and climb in to their Mustang. They take off at speed with PRAN staring after them. Senses he's being watched. Raises eyes. PHAT is staring from the steps.

254: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

254.

Three cadre around the table including PHAT. PRAN serves like a Waiter. Holds a bowl while they help themselves. Under continual scrutiny. His hands shaking as he goes round again with the stewed peppers. Finally backs away from the table. The subservient act. All eyes are upon him.

255: EXT/INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

255.

PRAN sits between the stilts. Scoffing rice from a cooking pot. A heel bashes three times on the boards above. Jumps up instantly in response. Clatters up the stairs and into the house. The three Men are sitting in bamboo chairs. Smoking hand rolled cigarettes. Time to clear the table. He stacks the plates and heads for the door. "Vous voulez un cigarette. Keeps walking without reaction. Nobody is going to catch him like that

256: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

256.

PRAN sits cross-legged. Drizzling gently. Droplets hanging around the house like a bead-curtain. But dry under here. Several butt-ends he's collected upstairs. A glare of cinders and envelopes himself in smoke.

More plane today - aye have count sixteen rpt sixteen Mig 19's of Vietnam Airforce - long range tank - anti-personnel bomb - also much K.R. ground troop movement - Chinese trucks -

A last inhalation and he stubs it. Draws his knees up to go to sleep.

Aye do not understand - strange man in this village - hard man - but fair man - not like other Khmer Rouge - but reports of many many killings south - aye am frightened they kill everybody and let Chinese come in - aye have hearded Saurun is dead - rpt - Sarun is dead -

And PRAN is deeply asleep. Free for a few hours. The rain falls softly.

257: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

257.

Headlights sweep across the house. It's raining heavily now. A convoy of vehicles rumble through the village. PRAN wakes and crawls to the edge of the stilts. He peers out counting the lights. Thirteen Chinese trucks. Two A.P.Cs dragging 105 mm howitzers. Something big happening. PRAN has an inkling what it is. But he's nowhere without confirmation.

258: EXT. RIVER. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

258.

PRAN and the little BOY out fishing in a tiny boat. Another sparkling day. PRAN has a net on the end of a pole. Lunges into the water. Misses it and explodes with frustration. Much to the little kids amusement. Giggles and applauds from the back of the boat. PRAN turns and smiles. Gestures the size of the fish. "C'estait grand!" Just another fishermans story. The Kid starts to laugh. PRAN sits to push the boat further out.

259: EXT. RIVER BANK. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

259.

The river is flat and gold with dusk. The boat drifts across it. PRAN pulls in at the bank. Lifts the sleepy BOY out followed by a basket of fish. As they walk back to the village the Kid sleeps on his shoulder.

260: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. DUSK.

260.

PRAN crouches in front of the house. Splitting fish and impaling them on sticks for smoking over the fire. He is assisted by the little BOY. Both look up as PHAT descends the stairs. Compliments PRAN on the haul.

Approval is gratefully recieved. PHAT picks up the Child. Embraces him & returns him next to the fire. A Renault complete with Cadre is waiting a few feet away. As PHAT walks towards it the Kid mouths after him. "Booun Swahh. Booun Swahh." Perhaps translated it would mean 'Bon Soir.

PHAT turns back with expressionless eyes. Directs a hard gaze towards PRAN. Panic without moving an eye-lid. PHAT continues towards the car.

260 Cond.

260.

Just as soon as the Renault has gone PRAN is on his feet. Grabs the BOY as though he's evidence. How could he have been so foolish? An innocent kid has given him away! He climbs the steps and vanishes into the house

261: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

261.

PRAN sits staring at the little BOY. Asleep in his crib. Candle light and profound anxiety. So many unanswerable questions. He decides to go for broke. Sits next to the radio and forces his hand to switch it on.

Nothing but interference. Pulls out the ariel. Searches for the B.B.C. Music. Abba. V.O.A. lands like a fly and takes off. He moves the dial like breaking into a safe. A window behind him. A Renault pulls up 50 feet away. No lights and someone gets out and walks towards the house.

PRAN is aware of nothing but the radio. Voice of America drifts back. 'The Reverent Jim Jones' - 'Believed that three hundred people' - PHAT walks in. PRAN swivells round. Eyes like meteors. He is dead. After a lengthy pause PHAT moves calmly to his son. "Allez vous en, Mit Fran." The Voice of America continues with world news through a slow dissolve.

262: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. NIGHT.

262.

An almost unimaginable assembly. Six Men in the room. Five faces round the radio. PHAT sitting a little nearer to the door. Their one uniting cause is opposition to the Khmer Rouge. A reality PRAN finds difficult to accept. On the surface of it these are the Khmer Rouge. But also a Man from the workers. KEO. His presence is a reassurance. Roles entirely reversed. V.O.A. on the radio. PRAN translating English into Khmer

(PRAN)

and according to New China Radio - heavily armed units of Vietnamese ground troops are pushing quickly to the north west - a fierce battle is reported less than two miles east of Phnom Penh - further unconfirmed reports have said resistance in the countryside is minimal - New China Radio says Vietnam has penetrated more than sixty miles into Southern Kampuchea - capturing the important sea town of Kompong Som with little resistance -

Continuing reports of the K.R. collapse are greeted with open delight.

263: EXT. RIVER BANK. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

263.

PRAN is on his knees washing clothes. A new energy in his expression. The Vietnamese are coming and anything is better than the Khmer Rouge. Finishes the last shirt. Wrings it out. Into the basket and heads back to the village. Less than ten yards travelled and has to scurry out of the way. The Mustang passes with its motorbikes and red flags flying.

264: EXT. GARDEN. THATCHED HOUSE. DAY.

264.

PRAN is hanging washing on a line. Black shirts and a white sheet. The Mustang is parked at the bottom of the steps. Two Senior K.R. descend and take-off in traditional dust cloud. PRAN loiters amongst the flapping laundry. PHAT appears with an ashen face. Walks down the steps and

264.

264 Cond.

stares after the car. Stares at PRAN. An icy whisper and he walks away.-
PRAN's turn to stare. Horrified. What Phat has told him is a nightmare.

265.

265: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. DUSK.

PRAN kneels by his cooking fire. The Mustang is back and the place active with Khmer Rouge. Pubescent Automata with their A.Ks and expressionless faces. All emanating indoctrination and discipline and sudden death. The rice is ready and PRAN ascends the stairs. Lead-legs and terrified.

266.

266: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. DUSK.

PHAT and Seven Pens round the table. PRAN offers the food. Accepted by everyone except the most Senior K.R. Officer. Waves him away with annoyance like a fly & wants him out of the way. The little Boy is crying. PRAN is ordered to leave the food & attend to the Kid in another room. PRAN and the Child vanish into shadows and PHAT closes a rattan screen. Conversation immediately recommences. He strains to hear but the Boy is howling. Inaudible words. And far in the distance a sound like thunder.

267.

267: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. NIGHT.

PRAN crouches on his mat. Too frightened to attempt sleep. Impossible anyway. Grumbling artillery fifteen miles away and heavy trucks rattling through the village. The Khmer Rouge are in retreat. Upstairs they are in confusion. Cadre coming & going. Raised voices and pacing feet.

268.

268: EXT. FOREST CLEARING. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

Soldiers stand guard over a Work-Gang. Sixty Men digging a mass grave. Undoubtedly their own. PHAT watches with an expression of suppressed disgust. The rich brown earth piles up. He turns and walks to the car. The Officers already inside. Doors slam and the Mustang Bounces away.

269.

269: EXT. VILLAGE/THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

The Mustang pulls up and PHAT doubles it into the house. Reappears a moment later with PRAN. Cadre about and PHAT's tone is harsh. Orders all vegetables dug up and tobacco burnt. Nothing can be left for the Vietnamese. Sounds from the horizon put them less than six miles off. PRAN goes about his task. Hacks up potatoes under scrutiny of a Guard. Occasional glances towards the main road. A Column of retreating K.R.

270.

270: EXT. GARDEN. THATCHED HOUSE. DAY.

The tobacco burning. The road filling up. If the Vietnamese are moving at a quarter of this speed they're advancing at about one mile an hour. Almost close enough now to define the weapons. Mortars and machineguns. Most of the garden cleared. PRAN hauls a sack of potatoes up the stairs.

271.

271: INT. THATCHED HOUSE. DAY.

The room is full of Cadre. Heated discussion. 'Angka' is falling apart. The potatoes are exchanged for the little BOY. PHAT hands him over with

271 Cond.

271.

a "be careful". Understood by PRAN as he carries the Child to the door. Something is concealed in his pyjamas. PRAN disappears under the house.

272: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. DAY.

272.

PRAN convinces himself he isn't being watched. Removes a small package from the Boy's clothes. Several hundred dollars and a map. As he stashes them in his hiding place a couple of photographs tumble out. A picture of Phat and his wife on their wedding day. And another snap of him surrounded by Students. In the background the University of Phnom Penh.

Ground shocks in rapid succession. Footsteps moving at speed upstairs. Pounding of .50 calibre machineguns. People shouting and Guard running towards the house. PRAN crawls to the garden. Two Migs at two thousand feet. Shooting up the K.R. as they retreat from the front. Cannon pour tracer into the road. Engines screaming and already several miles away.

Nobody expected it this fast. PRAN almost applauds. Can hardly keep his emotions under control. He runs back for the BOY. Sits under the house holding him close. Orders bellowed through bull-horns. Everyone rounded up for 'evacuation'. PRAN knows a different truth. Everyone is going to 'The Killing Fields.' Some insane authority has determined that nothing shall fall into the hands of the Vietnamese including the Khmer people.

273: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

273.

Under the instructions of Senior Cadre the Inhabitants are herded into groups. About two hundred Men in all. PRAN crouches deep in the shadows. But he hasn't been overlooked. A Soldier muzzle-gestures him out. PHAT immediately over-rides the order. PRAN and the BOY hurry into the house.

Nightmare for PHAT. He wants to save as many lives as possible including his sons and his own. The Officers shout through megaphones urging everyone to hurry. They are apparently anxious to get away. A zealotness fortunate for Phat and everybody else. He is put in charge of the 'evacuation.' The Cadre decide they're better off somewhere else. PRAN watches from the doorway as the Mustang accelerates for the main road.

PHAT is now senior authority. He exercises it to reverse the previously given orders. The Inhabitants are to be released. Everyone including the Guards must run away. Evacuate as best as they can. The idea doesn't go down well with the Soldiers and a Single Pen Guard refuses to obey. He orders his Men to carry out the instructions as issued by 'Angka Loeu.'

PHAT walks towards the Guard shouting at the top of his voice. He must do as he's told. The Guard raises his rifle. Points it at PHAT's chest. Fear and insanity burning in their eyes. PHAT demands the rifle. Gets a bullet instead. Point blank through the heart and he dies instantly.

PRAN gasps in the doorway. Angka's orders reiterated. This time they include PRAN and the BOY. He rushes into the house looking for an escape. The Soldiers dispatched to get him never reach the steps. The Migs are back. Scream in over the village at two hundred feet. Phat's car goes up and they tear the place to pieces. Angka's orders over-ruled after all. The jets dispense profound confusion and everyone is running away.

274: EXT. THATCHED HOUSE/VILLAGE. BAT DANGKOR. DUSK.

274.

PRAN hides under the house. The BOY next to him. Both under a heap of sacks. He peers out waiting for dark. Darkness comes and he will try

to escape. Heavy smoke drifts across the village. Half the huts burnt down to the stilts. Phat's car still smouldering. And Phat still out there with the rest of the dead. But no sound. No voices. No K.R. It seems everybody has run away. Nothing but the frogs and evening birds.

And sound of a heavy-tracked vehicle. PRAN stares across the village. A house starts to move. The entire structure is carried forward a few feet before it falls away. A light tank of Vietnamese Infantry revealed. The tank rolls slowly into the main street. Stops and its turret makes a three hundred and sixty five degree turn. The machine is looking round like some prehistoric animal. A roar from its exhausts and the diesels shut down. A moment of silence & then the sound of locks.

One of the daftest faces imaginable comes up like a slow motion Jack-in-the-box. About 16 years old. He wears a helmet with demolished camouflage. What was once a bush is now a twig with a single dead leaf hanging at the end. He looks around with a deeply serious expression. Nobody about and his eyes slowly elevate to the leaf. Cross-eyed as he attempts to focus on it. It flutters a little in the breeze. Drops off and he grins. About three teeth in his mouth including a pair of giant pegs in the front. A space separates them like the Grand Canyon.

275: EXT. VILLAGE. BAT DANGKOR. DAY.

275.

Two tanks and a couple of jeeps parked in the center of the village. About fifty Vietnamese Soldiers doing their best not to intimidate a suspicious and frightened population. Also doing their best to administer to their needs. Live pigs and chickens. Sacks of rice. V.C. Soldiers build two cooking fires. Others erect a line of tents. But the People aren't convinced. Four years of the Khmer Rouge has turned them into a population of zombies. And any authority is to be feared.

PRAN sits inside the door of Phat's house. Cradles Phat's little BOY. He's crying for food but there isn't much he can do about it. People seep in from the jungle. Timid as squirrels. Stare at the Vietnamese unable to respond to the friendly gestures. A Soldier beckons to PRAN. Wants him to follow to a nearby truck. Evidently he has a present for the Child. Something that will stop him crying. PRAN finally follows.

The Soldier produces two cans of condensed milk from the back of the truck. Persuades PRAN to accept and he does so reluctantly. The Soldier extends his hand and wants to shake. PRAN does so reluctantly. More smiles from the Soldier. As PRAN walks back to the house a party of Women and Children march in. As bemused and frightened as the Men.

Men & Women in close proximity. Too terrified to look at each other. As nervous of each other as they are the Vietnamese. A Soldier asks for volunteers to prepare the food. He speaks Khmer and some of the Women look up. One in particular. Eyes washed-out with stale tears.

She is looking at a Man who is looking at her. Perhaps her Brother? Maybe her Husband? The Man can control it no longer. Walks cautiously forward as though expecting 'Angka' to intervene. They embrace in silence and nobody is shouting at them. Nobody is beating them. The Vietnamese are smiling. Tears streaming down faces. Men & Women and Children embrace each other. Tears and embraces for those they don't know. Human beings allowed to react like human beings. And the first reaction is love. Too moving to watch. The Soldiers turn away. They haven't come as conquerors but liberators. The people are set free.

276: INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. DAWN.

276.

Everything sterile. Sterile daylight. A second hand silently creeps an electric clock. Trousers carefully folded over a chair. Shoes in precise order underneath. The bed looks like it hasn't been slept in. SCHANBURG is flat on his back in it asleep. The telephone is ringing. His eyes finally open. Stares straight up at the ceiling. The phone keeps ringing. Desperate to answer it but he's still asleep. Forces himself into consciousness. As he reaches for the telephone it stops.

277: INT. BATHROOM/LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

277.

SCHANBURG is shaving. Aerosol foam all over his face. Leans into the mirror. The last fifty months have collected. Worn out with fatigue and worry and guilt. Grey hair. He applies more foam. About to begin on the other side of his face and the telephone starts ringing again. Quickly into the living room. Answers the phone on the foam-free side. Within seconds it doesn't matter and the receiver is pressed into the soap. "What? What?" What ever the news it is wonderful. Unbelievable. SCHANBURG is almost off the floor. "When?" and "Oh Christ wait a second." and he grabs a pad and starts writing. "Oh God, I don't believe you." Tears cut into the shaving foam. "I said, Oh God I don't believe you!" But the information keeps coming. And SCHANBURG keeps crying.

278: INT. STAIRWAY/DEPARTMENT. NEW YORK TIMES. DAY.

278.

SCHANBURG rushes up the stairs in a state of euphoria. Half his face shaved. The rest dark with stubble. One black and one brown shoe completes the disharmony. He crashes through swing-doors and speeds across the department. Passes his Secretary as he heads for the Offices.

SCHANBURG

San Francisco - twenty two eight -
sixteen eighty one - Los Angeles -
thirty seven four - two thousand -

The Man picks up on the urgency. SCHANBURG explodes into WELLS office.

279: INT. OFFICE. ASSISTANT EDITOR. DAY.

279.

Doesn't matter what WELLS is doing. SCHANBURG would interrupt anyway.

SCHANBURG

He's alive! - Nine o'clock this
morning, Paris on the line. I get
Andreas Freund - He says, I have
some good news for you, Sydney -

The Secretary and Breathlessness interrupt. "I have San Francisco on the line." SCHANBURG gets out of the office as quickly as he arrived. Into his office with WELLS following. Steadies himself for the phone.

Is your mother there? When? Alright,
take this down for her. No, write it
down, write it down. I got a message
from your Dad. Alright, I'm waiting ..

279 Cond.

279.

He sticks a hand over the receiver and puts glazed eyes up to WELLS.

SCHANBURG

An East German called Gelhard Leo, works for Neues Deutschland, he's in there with a buncha Russians - Pran gives him a message for me - tells him, 'It'll make me happy' -

Both men absolutely ecstatic. Titonel gets back with pencil and paper.

Yeah. Yeah. Alright, write down "Dith Pran, survivor, living in Siam Reap, Angkor." I don't know, I don't know, but he will. No, this was two months ago. You tell her. Tell her to call me collect. Collect. Anytime. I know, I know. It's the best news I ever had.

280: EXT. WEST 43rd STREET. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

280.

SCHANBURG and WELLS out to celebrate. And everybody out in Spring sunshine. SCHANBURG continues the explanations as they head for 'Jimmy's.'

SCHANBURG

Said he was sorry for the delay, but he had to get to Vietnam to cover the Chinese invasion. Said he took a picture of Pran, he's sending it to me. Wait a second ..

A Man on the corner selling flowers. SCHANBURG can't resist a bunch.

Gotta buy someone some flowers ..

He selects a dozen daffodils and he and WELLS disappear into the bar.

281: INT. BAR. 'JIMMY'S'. DAY.

281.

One or two Print Men and the morose looking Bar Man. Here is the final confirmation for his assessment of Schanburg. Here is a man who's shaved half his face and is wearing different coloured shoes and carrying a bunch of daffodils. A sticky smile as SCHANBURG bounces over.

SCHANBURG

Got any champagne?

He has and a bottle is ordered. The Print Men are invited to join in the celebrations. One wears a paper hat sporting a picture of Reagan.

Swap you daffodils for your hat?

A bemused expression from the Print Man. But the deal is concluded. SCHANBURG searches his pockets and smiles at WELLS as he takes off.

Gotta try my wife again ...

281 Cond.

281.

Heads for the phone at the end of the room. The Bar Man produces a bottle of Champagne. Stares after SCHANEURG. Then across to WELLS.

BARMAN

Nice to see your friend
looking so happy ...

WELLS

He's got a lot to be happy about.

The BARMAN nods and prepares glasses. His tone almost conspiratorial.

BARMAN

Works for the Times, right?

WELLS

That's right.

BARMAN

He's a Communist?

WELLS

Sydney? God no!

The Bar Man doesn't believe him. A "then I must be mistaken" comes up in his face. SCHANEURG returns shaking his head. His wife isn't there.

BARMAN

Shall I pour it?

SCHANEURG

Yeah, yeah, of course, pour
it ... and one for yourself ..

Everyone including the Butch Print Man with daffodils gets a glassful.

I'd like to propose a little
toast.. To the most wonderful
East German living, and to the
People's Republic of Vietnam!

The BARMAN's kisser buckles a little. Everyone drinks the Champagne.

282: EXT. VILLAGE. PHUM TROM. KAMPUCHEA. DUSK.

282.

This village much like the rest. A Vietnamese half-track rumbles by. Vietnamese everywhere. A subliminal change of atmosphere. Survival and servility are apparently the same word. But at least the people eat together. Several cooking fires. At this one a group of Men and Children. Behind them a small thatched hut. Roof repaired with cardboard. PRAN descends the stairs carrying Phat's Son. Entrusts him to a young Girl. As she feeds him KEO follows PRAN back into the house.

283: INT. THATCHED HUT. DUSK.

283.

Another Man in the hut. A nodded greeting. RONG keeps watch on the door. PRAN and KEO crouch on the matting. A map and the dollars pulled out. A whispered discussion begins. Filthy finger nails tracing a

283 Cond.

283.

route north into Odder Mean Chey. Farm land and jungle followed by a narrow line of mountains. Beond Thailand. The conversation is almost inaudible. But its urgency suggests they are to make their move soon.

284: INT. THATCHED HUT. NIGHT.

284.

Candle light and an offering of rice. A Bundle wrapped in hessian and tied with string. The BOY sits wide-eyed in silence. PRAN is on knees chanting a prayer to Buddha. Invocations continue through a dissolve.

285: EXT. ROAD. SIAM REAP PROVINCE. NIGHT.

285.

A wide moonless night. Hand-built road through a burnt-out landscape. A conspiracy of destruction. Ancient U.S. bomb craters. K.R. vandalism and V.C. invasion. Charred trees and everything scorched. A convoy of Figures join the road. PRAN is in the lead pushing his bicycle. The little BOY is asleep in a wicker Basket tied to the back. Ten Men and two more Bicycles follow. Head for a gloomy horizon to the north.

286: EXT. MAIN ROAD. SIAM REAP PROVINCE. DAY.

286.

Mountains in the distance. Dozens of Refugees on the road. PRAN and his party travel with them. Camouflage themselves with the rest going home. The Child is awake in his basket. Stares out like a sight-seer. The country here is a junk-yard. Rusted sewing machines. Old cars. Wild tapioca grows through the wreckage. A Jaguar like a green house. A vacuum cleaner. Everyone moves to one side. A Russian T.62. tank roars past. V.C. flags flying. Showers everybody with red dust.

287: EXT. TOWN. SIAM REAP PROVINCE. DAY.

287.

A town of ghosts and graffiti. Communist slogans on every wall. Nobody has lived here for five years. Unlikely anybody will ever live here again. Half the houses have been levelled. Those standing about as habitable as graves. Roots buckle the pavements. A banana tree has sprouted in the middle of the road. Cafe with hammered in Pepsi Cola signs. The blinds still out over smashed windows. PRAN and the others journey on their own again. Walk in silence in single file. The remains of a dynamited hospital. Incinerated gas-station. Everything burnt but one Esso sign. It's clear they are relieved to arrive at the other side of town.

288: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. ODDER MEAN CHEY. DAY.

288.

It is pouring with rain. Night and the jungle less than an hour away. A couple of umbrellas. PRAN and the Child share a polythene sheet. He coughs occasionally. An incline in the track and the going rougher. A ruined Pegoda in the distance. And mountains beond in menacing cloud.

289: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. ODDER MEAN CHEY. DUSK.

289.

Like the town the Pegoda abandoned many years before. Half the roof blown off. Birds and Bats live in it now. But a place to shelter for the night. KEO supports Pran's Bicycle while he makes a quick recci. Everything apparently O.K. He reappears and gestures everyone inside.

290: INT. PEGODA. NIGHT.

A sinister dripping place. Shadows in the firelight. A huge headless Buddha with crossed hands. The floor is littered with blue tiles. Everyone huddled in a corner to shelter from the rain. Most of the Men asleep. PRAN sits nursing the little BOY. He's coughing a lot. Has a fever. PRAN wipes at the perspiration. Worried like it's his own son. But he can't stay awake any longer. Sleeps with the Child in his arms.

291.

291: INT. PEGODA. DAWN.

The rain has stopped and the fire out. PRAN and the little Boy asleep. RONG wakes them. Sound of tracked vehicles. PRAN instantly alert. The BOY instantly coughing. PRAN hands him over with an instruction to try and keep him quiet. Creeps across the broken tiles to the temple door. Two half-tracks and a convoy of Vietnamese trucks heading north. PRAN is as eager to avoid them as he is the Khmer Rouge. He hurries back to the others. Awake now and in alarm. Everyone freezes in silence until the vehicles have passed. Then urgent whispers and a revision of plans.

292.

292: EXT. TRACK. ODDER MEAN CHEY. DAY.

The party have been forced to take a more circuitous route. The BOY is back in his basket. PRAN leads the way up a rutted track. Blazing sun and breathless. They struggle to a crest in the foot-hills. PRAN leans over his bicycle to rest. In front of them is a valley stuffed with jungle. And behind the Pegoda just visible about six miles away. The BOY is still coughing. PRAN looks at him with increasing concern. No medicines and some of the most hostile country in the world still to travel. Can offer him nothing but smiles. They suddenly stop again. Puffs of smoke a few miles away. Sound of mortars and gunfire in the jungle. The Vietnamese have obviously run into the Khmer Rouge. A new sense of danger as PRAN leads the way down the other side of the hill.

293.

293: EXT. LOWLAND/JUNGLE. ODDER MEAN CHEY. DAY.

Giant trees with roots like eagles feet. Hanging vegetation and stagnant ponds. Everything in heat and decay and even the sunlight seems green. The track vanishes into swamp. Bicycles useless here and they abandon them. PRAN carries the Child. Stagger on as best as they can. Shrieks of jungle birds. Insects and leeches. An inhospitable place. At last the land starts to raise a little. PRAN has to stop to rest. Hands the BOY to KEO who will carry him for a little while. He immediately starts crying. Doesn't want to be separated from PRAN. Noise can only increase their peril and PRAN is compelled to take him back. Everyone climbs onto higher ground and they dissolve into the jungle.

294.

294: EXT. EMBANKMENT. JUNGLE. DAY.

Clusters of wild banana trees. Everyone sits in silence eating cold rice and the tiny yellow fruit. And coconuts full of refreshing milk. PRAN holds one to the little BOY's lips. But he refuses to drink. He looks up with loving eyes. Has acquired himself a new father. The sun dazzles almost directly overhead. But it is time for them to move on.

295: EXT. TRACK. JUNGLE. DAY.

295.

PRAN walks in the lead with the BOY. The path climbs slowly upwards. The sun is lower now. A couple of hours and a couple of miles. PRAN is relieved of his burden. The Child sleeps and KEO takes him for a while. PRAN wipes away the perspiration and they continue to ascend.

296: EXT. TRACK. JUNGLE. DAY.

296.

PRAN stops like he's walked into a wall. Instant gesture and everyone crouches. One more step and they've walked into a Khmer Rouge patrol. About fifty Men. Hill people in black pyjamas. Plastered with weapons. They march single-file along a path that crosses directly over theirs. Sound of voices and someone laughing. The Child wakes and is about to cry or cough or both. KEO clamps a hand over his mouth and the Voices fade. PRAN gives the signal and everyone back-tracks. Sixty yards and another path. Terror in the eyes. Everybody waiting for a decision. A terror of getting lost. Whispered conference. They decide on a detour.

297: EXT. TRACK. JUNGLE. DAY.

297.

PRAN carries the BOY again. Awake and ill. And a sudden stop again. A vague darkening of the path. A Punji Trap! At PRAN's instruction RONG uses his staff to expose it. Knocks the leaves and vegetation away. A pit deep as a grave. Its bottom is flooded with water. Eighteen inch spikes protrude. Deadly sharpened bamboo. To fall into this is a slow and dreadful death. It's large and expertly made. Uses living plants. RONG carefully pokes at the undergrowth. A safe path round it is discovered. KEO goes first. RONG second with PRAN and the BOY following.

Five yards up the path and PRAN shouts out loud. KEO turns and stares with dread. Something is seriously wrong. He will never find out what.

These booby-traps are constructed with two tin cans. Nailed to trees directly opposite each other. A primed grenade in each. Levers held in closed position by the cans. A fine wire joins them together. Two inches above the ground. If anyone steps on it the grenades are dragged out. Levers snap open. They explode. RONG has just stepped on it.

A screech of monkeys. RONG and KEO are dead. PRAN staggers and falls to his knees. Blood pouring from a shrapnel gash in his side. Screams like a gull. Smoke and shock and everyone running. Clutching the BOY he stands in a daze. Lurches into the undergrowth in a trail of blood. Runs blindly. As fast as he can. Loses the others. Crying with pain.

Finally far enough away to regain his senses. He realizes he's out of immediate danger from the Khmer Rouge. He sinks gasping to the ground. Concern now for the Child. Lays him down. He doesn't move. He is dead.

PRAN seems confused. Picks the BOY up and cradles him in his arms. A splinter of shrapnel driven into his neck. He probably died instantly. More than any outrage that PRAN has suffered this upsets him the most.

298: EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

298.

PRAN has finished a tiny grave. Earth stuck to tears. He heaps a last plateful of soil and presses it down with his hand. Stands in silence clutching his wounded side. Wears a make-shift bandage saturated with blood. He prays for the little Boy's soul and stumbles painfully away.

299: EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.

299.

The jungle thins out as the gradient increases. Huge boulders of rock to be navigated. PRAN stops to catch his breath and continues upwards.

300: EXT. SCRUBLAND/FOOTHILLS. DUSK.

300.

The forest gives way to stunted thorn trees and suddenly ceases to exist. PRAN pulls himself into a rock hollow and collapses on his back. The wound is hurting him to breathe. Manages to sit moaning with pain. Stares down at the yelling jungle. Halfway there. Turns to look up at the other half. The mountains tower above him pink in the setting sun.

301: EXT. TRACK. MOUNTAINS. DUSK.

301.

PRAN is wrapped in his polythene sheet. Much colder here. Mists forming in the valley. He climbs away from it along paths built by goats. Always more mountain above. And ominous cloud full of night and rain.

302: EXT. CANYON. MOUNTAINS. NIGHT.

302.

Fast clouds and darkness. And sudden moonlight. Every star in heaven. PRAN is reduced to insignificance by the scale of this haunted place.

303: EXT. PATH. CANYON. NIGHT.

303.

Exhaustion flattens PRAN into a boulder. Blood under the polythene. He clasps his side. Face mauled with pain. He wants to sleep but knows it is death. His moans are treated with contempt by the size of the wind. Huge abutments of overhanging rock. The track winds into a narrow pass. He gathers every fibre of will to confront this section of the journey.

304: EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS. NIGHT.

304.

A rock-fall and PRAN climbs over it. Forward two paces and slip back one. His hands bleed on the soaking stones. Cloud races down the canyon dragging an icy shower. A ridge above and he labours towards it. Nothing left now but the desire to be free. The rain lasts less than ten seconds. PRAN reaches the top of the ridge and is able to stand.

305: EXT. PLATEAU. MOUNTAINS. NIGHT.

305.

Geographies of morbid cloud. The darkness is intense. He supports himself gasping at the thin air. Suddenly the clouds break. An explosion of moonlight. A shining landscape. And beyond the Kingdom of Thailand.

306: INT. MOVIE THEATRE. NEW YORK CITY.

306.

Dicky Skywalker is approaching some kind of multiple climax in 'Star Wars.' Queer looking rockets dashing about. Squirt from a splat-pipe and an Alien collects it. Cut to the cockpit. A creature with a face covered in hair. His name's unmemorable. But he's just gone into hysterics over his controls. That fucker's dead! And the Kids all cheer.

306.

306 Cond.

SCHANBURG and his Daughters sit down the front. JESSICA & REBECCA are fascinated. Both sport 'May The Power Be With You' badges. SCHANBURG doesn't. The film's clearly a fatherly duty and he isn't enjoying it.

A horrible sort of Vacuum Cleaner scurries across the screen. He talks like a cash-register ringing up. A name like a number plate. The Children seem to adore him. SCHANBURG loathes him and wishes he'd fall over.

307.

307: INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

SCHANBURG pushes it and the Girls load it. Like a tour round America. A huge cargo of food. Plus a doll wrapped in cellophane for JESSICA and a carton of 'Slime' for REBECCA. SCHANBURG selects a 'Time' wearing a snap of the Shah of Iran on the cover. They reach the check-out.

308.

308: EXT. STREET. MANHATTAN. DAY.

SCHANBURG and Daughters and groceries and an argument about Slime get out of a cab. SCHANBURG pays and they walk into an apartment building.

309.

309: INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY. APARTMENT BUILDING.

SCHANBURG carries two large grocery sacks. The Girls continue dispute over the precise definition of ownership. "Jessica, take the doll and give her the Slime." And the elevator arrives and the doors slide open.

They head towards a front door. SCHANBURG is too burdened to open it. "Keys are in my pocket." REBECCA deals with it. "I wanted slime." The door's opened. "Then why did you get the doll?" Everyone walks inside.

310.

310: INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

The Girls squabble in. SCHANBURG stops and stares. JANICE stares back. For a moment it seems they didn't expect to see each other. But this isn't the case. For an instant it seems she is going to give him some terrible news. But this isn't the case. Her voice is barely a whisper.

JANICE

They just telephoned ..

A thousand possibilities. He wants only one. And she gives it to him.

He's out.

Tears and groceries tumbling. But no time to witness his reaction now.

311.

311: EXT. DON MUANG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. BANGKOK. DAY.

But here's a part of it and it's huge and loud. A Boeing 747 of Thai International touches down. It taxis towards the terminal buildings.

312.

312: INT. IMMIGRATION/ARRIVALS. AIRPORT. DAY.

SCHANBURG waits in line at Immigration. Presents his passport. Stamped and handed back. He hurries into the arrivals area. Wants a cab. Quickly. In the back of one almost immediately. Everything is going his way.

3I3: EXT. PANORAMIC. SURAWONG ROAD. BANGKOK. DAY.

3I3.

Loud and filthy and full of exhaust. Indescribable concentrations of traffic. But everything moves forward according to the law that there is nothing on the road but myself. Schanburg's Toyota is no exception.

3I4: EXT. ORIENTAL LANE/ORIENTAL HOTEL. BANGKOK. DAY.

3I4.

The cab pulls up outside the Oriental. Expensive concrete. It seems half the Staff are there to open the door. SCHANBURG gets out with his smiles and luggage. Pays the Driver and foots it into the Hotel.

3I5: INT. CORRIDOR/SUITE. ORIENTAL HOTEL. DAY.

3I5.

A Porter leads the way into a splendid room. Wide view over the Chao Phya River. The Porter begins the bathroom and closet routine. SCHANBURG isn't interested. A tip goes across and he gets to the telephone.

SCHANBURG

Hello, I'd like to speak to Ruth Ellison. Sydney Schanburg. Yeah, yeah, she's expecting me to call.

While he waits his eyes wander. A table with a stack of complimentary magazines. A magazine called Business In Thailand. On the front cover its lead article is billboarded in large bold type. "Prawn On The Way.

Alright, when she gets in, would you ask her to call me immediately. That's right, she knows where I am. Thank you.

3I6: EXT. RESTAURANT/TERRACE. ORIENTAL HOTEL. DUSK.

3I6.

Furiously overfed Germans and rich Japanese. Coloured lights hang in the flame trees. Beautiful Thai Waitresses attend to their Clientele. SCHANBURG sits at a table on his own. Trying to keep it under control. Trying to eat but can't. He's high as a kite with nerves and expectation. Swallows a beer and a sound of tinkling bells. A page-board apparoaches. Bells & flowers surround it. In the middle Schanburg's name.

Instantly on his feet. Gets to the Pageboy. Where's the nearest phone? He takes off in the direction indicated. Into a vast marble foyer and grabs a telephone. A moment later Ruth Ellison is on the line. SCHANBURG is almost too excited to speak. Manages to articulate a few word

SCHANBURG

Yes. Yes. I shall be there.

3I7: EXT. GRAND PALACE. BANGKOK. DAWN.

3I7.

A large tree-lined square. Noises from a bus-station. But the city's still asleep. At the opposite side of the square first signs of sunlight on the temple roof. Ancient gilded Dragons coming back to life.

SCHANBURG paces like an expectant father. Consults his watch for the third time in a minute. A white Datsun pulls up near the Bus-station & a young WOMAN gets out. She looks around and shouts to the only man in sight. "Mr Schanburg?" SCHANBURG turns and hurries towards the ca.

318: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. SURIN PROVINCE. DAY.

318.

Guide-book countryside passes. Thatched villages and little traffic. The Datsun speeds along a country road. Rice paddies at either side.

319: INT. DATSUN SEDAN. DAY.

319.

SCHANBURG is doing his best to keep still. The air-conditioning helps. But when this isn't tapping that is. Perpetually hitting his lip. RUTH ELLISON is about thirty but looks younger. Pretty and efficient face. If she's aware of SCHANBURG's nerves she conceals it. Nobody could be unaware of them. SCHANBURG small-talks to keep himself under control.

SCHANBURG

The Refugee Office were amazing ... Actually, they were spectacularly amazing ..

His tongue knots up over 'spectacularly.' He laughs a little too loud.

I always have trouble saying 'spectacularly' ...

ELLISON

I can't say 'Squirrel.' I always say, 'Squireel ...

SCHANBURG

It's wierd, isn't it?

Absolutely fascinating and both smile and ELLISON remembers something.

ELLISON

Oh here, I have to give you this. Without this, you don't get in ...

She opens her attache-case and shuffles some papers. Pulls out a cardboard document like an international drivers licence. Taps the Driver on his shoulder. "Would you stop a moment?" And the Datsun pulls over.

320: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

320.

SCHANBURG and ELLISON get out of the car. He looks at her over the roof. "Smile" and a Polaroid clicks. All very simple. Passes like a memory. Formalities dealt with and they return to the car. It takes off in a trail of dust towards jungle-covered hills in the distance.

321: EXT. ROAD. SURIN PROVINCE. DAY.

321.

The Datsun descends a winding road snaking through intermeshed hills. More traffic now and signs of 1979. Heavy trucks pass. And at intervals huge piles of rubbish are dumped at the side of the road. Suddenly the camp appears. About a mile away and looks about a mile wide. Even from here it seems dreadful. A jewel of misery among the hills.

322: INT. DATSUN SEDAN. DAY.

322.

SCHANBURG puts out a silence that works. Like another air-conditioner in the car. The gates approach. Barbed-wire grows like brambles. Sold-

322 Cond.

322.

iers stand guard. The Driver pulls up and I.D. papers are handed over. A Soldier scrutinises them. Schanburg's Polaroid has been trimmed and stapled to his card. No problems and the car is allowed into the Camp.

323: EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE SECTOR. REFUGEE CAMP. DAY.

323.

A line of Officials huts. They stop outside. Park with several motor-busses and jeeps. SCHANBURG and ELLISON get out. She hurries up some steps. "I'll find out where he is." SCHANBURG produces cigarettes and offers one to the Driver. Shakes a match like a cocktail. Starts pacing. An inner fence separates the Refugee section of the camp. Childrens faces press at the wire. A human zoo of defeat and hopelessness. ELLISON reappears. "Dith Pran is in D Section. House number fourteen."

324: EXT. REFUGEE SECTION. REFUGEE CAMP. DAY.

324.

SCHANBURG and his Posse of Kids look for House Fourteen. People everywhere. Nothing lives in here but People. And disease. Nothing but People and radios and rats and shit. Some still wear their black pyjamas.

Some Children wear nothing at all. A Woman wears a filthy sarong made from a United States flag. Occasional trees try to scrape a living. It hasn't rained. But these Refugees seem to make everything soaking wet.

Fuck the horse-trials and flower-shows. Let's see Prince Charles smiling here. Or Reagan. Or anybody. This place is an insult to humanity.

Water towers like guard towers. Water pipes and water tanks and lines of People with buckets. SCHANBURG finally reaches House 12. 13. Fourteen. Climbs the stairs. Doesn't know whether to knock. Walks inside.

325: INT. HOUSE. REFUGEE CAMP. DAY.

325.

A Man and a Woman and a Boy and a transistor radio. "Dith Pran please?" The Boy gets excitedly to his feet. SCHANBURG must follow and he does.

326: EXT. REFUGEE SECTION. REFUGEE CAMP. DAY.

326.

Back into the street and the Boy runs ahead. He vanishes into a long house on stilts. The Kids are asking for cigarettes and money. Emaciated and pathetic. Above all filthy. A young Girl sits on the steps of a house. She is about seventeen. Opens her shirt to feed her baby.

PRAN comes running out of the long house. Clearly had no idea SCHANBURG was coming. He runs down the steps. They run towards each other. PRAN looks hurt and vulnerable. But more happy than ever in his life.

He literally leaps into SCHANBURG's arms. His legs wrapped round his waist. What ever the moment it belongs to the better side of mankind.

PRAN and SCHANBURG are a fusion of joy. The Kids cluster around. The young Mother looks down the stairs. Something familiar about her. Perhaps the Girl from the Kindergarten? She and her baby have blue eyes.

THE END