

THE CONSTANT GARDENER

screenplay by

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Adapted from the novel by John le Carré

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Director: Fernando Meirelles

Producer: Simon Channing Williams

BLACK SCREEN

JUSTIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

"And so it follows that the responsibilities owed to a civilized state by its citizens...

1

INT. LECTURE HALL. DAY

1

At the podium, concluding a dull lecture to a bored audience of young lawyers, is JUSTIN QUAYLE. An elegant man in his mid forties - hair greying, dressed in a dark three-piece suit - Justin is an anachronism: an Old-Etonian English gentleman surviving in an increasingly democratized Diplomatic Corps. His voice is soft, his bearing elegant, his manner courteous. Yet there is nothing affected about him, his refinement being as natural as breathing.

JUSTIN

"...mirror those owed to the citizen by his state: fidelity to their common values, achieved through obedience to the common law."

(pause)

Sir Bernard Pellegrin has asked me to convey his regrets that he was unable to deliver his lecture in person, and I thank you on my own behalf for your kind attention.

To a scattering of unenthusiastic applause, Justin gathers his papers together and prepares to leave...

TESSA (V.O.)

When is a civilized state not civilized, "Sir Bernard"?

Laughter from the audience at this.

DISCOVER TESSA ABBOTT

on her feet in the audience: a pale, waif-like 22 year-old. Sunlight shafting through the window has all but obliterated her face, so that it appears as a negative halo: a mass of light framed by the darkness of her hair, the high choir-boy collar of her white blouse enhancing the angelic effect.

Though she's physically attractive, the truly magnetic thing about Tessa is an inner quality: an energy which hints at a range of passions, encompassing among them a political commitment fierce enough to govern a life.

Squinting, Justin shifts his head the better to see her.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA (CONT'D)
...and does this relieve us of
our obligations?

The audience laughs: clearly on Tessa's side.

JUSTIN
(smiling charmingly)
You are...?

TESSA
Tessa Abbott.

JUSTIN
(as though being
introduced)
Justin Quayle. I'm sure Sir
Bernard would say, as a diplomat,
that it depends on your
criteria....

JUSTIN'S POV - TESSA

as finally he gets the angle right and brings her into
sharp definition. The beauty of an angel - an angel with a
cudgel.

TESSA
(rapidly)
Accountability of government to
governed; primacy of life,
health, liberty; rule of law;
equality under same.

JUSTIN
I agree, a nation which failed to
make such provisions-

TESSA
(interrupting)
Good, you agree. You must be a
diplomat too.

Justin acknowledges with a little smile and inclination of
his head that indeed he is.

TESSA (CONT'D)
Then how do you justify
representing civilized values to
uncivilized regimes?

JUSTIN
Diplomats go where they're sent.

TESSA
So do labradors, Mr Quayle.

Now, for the first time, groans are heard from this largely conservative crowd. Tessa not knowing when to stop, as usual.

JUSTIN

(amused)

Labradores don't have to justify their obedience, Miss Abbott.

Some laughter.

TESSA

No, they do their masters' bidding. Where are you being "sent" next?

JUSTIN

Kenya.

TESSA

To deliver your master's opinions for Britain?

JUSTIN

If I delivered my own I might get Britain into trouble.

More laughter and some catcalling as the majority of the audience starts to divert its allegiance to Justin.

MALE STUDENT

Sit down, Tessa, for Chrissake.

TESSA - still on her feet, braving the jeers. What started as a bold attack with artillery support has become a solitary rearguard action. Justin's heart goes out to her.

JUSTIN

Miss Abbott makes an important point. Do we, by treating with nations that fall short of our own standards, in fact legitimize them?

(to Tessa)

That was your argument?

TESSA

No, yours.

He has tried to rescue her but she won't be rescued.

JUSTIN

On the other hand, by exercising benign influence-

TESSA

All influence is corrupt. That's its nature.

(CONTINUED)

Now slow handclapping starts up in the audience. Tessa remains on her feet.

JUSTIN
Diplomacy has no other currency.

TESSA
Bankrupt, Mr Quayle?

JUSTIN
Let's agree on "poorly funded".

TESSA
Let's agree on "self-serving" and
"pernicious".

JUSTIN
What, no flags to fly abroad,
Miss Abbott? No foreign aid?

TESSA
Describe humanity's flag, Mr
Quayle. Sing its anthem.

JUSTIN
Please - you sing it. I'll hum
along.

He smiles at her. The clamour around them has ceased to be audible to either of them. Tessa smiles back.

EXT. LECTURE HALL. DAY

Justin is in the doorway, chatting to a small group, when Tessa passes on her way out. She catches his eye.

TESSA
I owe you an apology. You're not
the enemy after all.

JUSTIN
I hope not.

TESSA
You protected me.

JUSTIN
Did I?

TESSA
You know you did.

JUSTIN
It's an old-fashioned reflex.

TESSA
I liked it. I'm Tessa.
(an echo)
You are?

JUSTIN
Justin.

TESSA
(takes his arm)
Let me buy you lunch, Justin.

3

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT, CAMBRIDGE. DAY

3

A YOUNG ITALIAN WAITER (19) is pouring olive oil into a dish. As they study their menus Tessa and Justin are dipping pieces of bread into the oil and eating them.

WAITER
I recommend something for the
lovely *signorina*?
(coming on to her)
You like Italian?

She flashes him her megawatt smile.

TESSA
(in Italian)
Half of me is Italian.
(a beat; in English)
My other half prefers traditional
English dishes.

Her glance flicks to Justin. So does the waiter's. There's sex in the air but he isn't quite sure who's breathing it.

WAITER
(with distaste)
Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.
For you, the special of the
house.
(in Italian; indicating
Justin)
And your father?

TESSA
My father is dead.

The waiter makes an apologetic gesture.

JUSTIN
(to waiter, in Italian)
*But I am not. So I'll have the
pollo cacciatore.*

The waiter collects their menus and goes. Lost Round One.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Safe way to flirt, Tessa. In the company of a man old enough to be your father.

TESSA

I flirt in the company of men I feel safe with.

(beat)

Or if it gets me what I want.

(beat)

Sometimes they're the same.

A long look now passes between them.

TESSA (CONT'D)

When do you leave for Kenya?

JUSTIN

Three weeks tomorrow.

TESSA

Not much time then.

With a single unspoken thought, they both get up from the table and push back their chairs.

The waiter re-appears, frowning. Justin drops two twenty-pound notes on the table as they exit.

4

EXT. TESSA'S CHELSEA HOUSE. DAY

4

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN from the outside of a big, shaggy house in a Chelsea backwater. We register a neatly tended garden, a single mature oak containing the remains of a child's tree house...

...and then we're in through an upper-floor window to

5

INT. TESSA'S BEDROOM. DAY

5

The room reflects Tessa's contrasting nature: casually inherited wealth at ease with a far-from-casually acquired radicalism.

Posters espousing Third World/feminist causes hang on the walls side by side with listed paintings, among them an 18th-century water colour of the Manzini mansion on Elba. Polemical works and the latest annual report of Amnesty International share space on her bookshelves with children's classics and legal volumes. But there's also a Heppelwhite chair and writing desk; a silk Persian rug; tasteful, valuable items indicative of refined taste.

DISCOVER TESSA AND JUSTIN

side by side in her double bed, in satisfied post-coital silence.

JUSTIN

Thank you.

Tessa looks at him with mock-puzzled amusement.

TESSA

For?

Her response unbalances him. He'd expected "You're welcome" and the exchange would have been over.

JUSTIN

This. It's been an extraordinary experience...a quite wonderful... gift.

TESSA

How generous of me.

JUSTIN

No, of course I don't mean...that is, one hopes it was reciprocal...

(off her raised eyebrow)
Not that I'd assume....

TESSA

That you gave me pleasure?

JUSTIN

No, of course not. Well no...I mean that was certainly my intention....

She laughs. Can't keep it up. She strokes his face.

TESSA

It was "wonderful for me too".

Justin's face brightens. That's all right then.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Didn't that public school of yours teach you what to say to girls after sex?

JUSTIN

Double period, Thursday mornings.
(a beat)
For those not taking Greek and Latin.

Tessa raises an amused eyebrow.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately I was a classicist.

TESSA

(smiles)

So what did they teach you?

JUSTIN

Homer, Virgil...and the code I live by.

TESSA

I love codes. Tell me.

Justin thinks a moment. Serious question for him, this. Important that he get it right.

JUSTIN

I was taught to be loyal to my class and country - whether right or wrong...to control my feelings...never to make a fuss. And never to comb my hair in public.

Tessa smiles.

TESSA

And the Diplomatic Service? What does that teach?

JUSTIN

Foreign codes. Acceptable conduct abroad.

She tilts her head: go on.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

That diplomacy is a country already mapped. That for every destination there is a well-travelled road.

TESSA

What if the road's blocked?

JUSTIN

Argument. Persuasion.
(teasingly)
Influence.

TESSA

Waffle, Twaddle and Bullshit. And when that milky trio fails to impress - what? Dynamite?

JUSTIN

The justified war.

TESSA

And that's all right with you, is it?

JUSTIN

No, I'm with the fellow who defined "a bullet" as "the last button on a gentleman's waistcoat".

Tessa smiles.

TESSA

Define "gentleman".

JUSTIN

One who quits the bed before the lady.

With this he swings his legs over the side, only to realise that he must now stand and cross the room naked to where, discarded in the press of passion, his clothes are lying.

Tessa comes to his aid by handing him, teasingly, from her side of the bed, a gaily-patterned pink silk kimono.

Justin puts it on and stands - to her amusement - with no evident loss of dignity, clad only in this unequivocally feminine garment.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I've just remembered.

TESSA

What?

JUSTIN

I'm supposed to be in a meeting. I seem to have given you priority over the Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs.

Tessa gives a queenly little wave in acknowledgment.

CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S HANDS

carefully digging up a WINDOW BOX plant, gently conserving with a cupped palm the soil around its roots.

INT. FOREIGN & COMMONWEALTH OFFICE, LONDON. DAY

The window box is outside Justin's office at the FCO, an office cluttered with packing cases labelled "BRITISH HIGH COMMISSION, NAIROBI" and a profusion of books about Kenya.

Turning from the window with the excavated plant, to lay it alongside others in an insulated travel box ("PLANTS WITH CARE. DO NOT EXPOSE TO FROST"), Justin finds

(CONTINUED)

TESSA, being shown in through the 12-foot-high doorway by a uniformed SECURITY MAN.

JUSTIN

Tessa...

TESSA

Surprised?

JUSTIN

I didn't expect to see you...

He clears a chair for her but she doesn't sit.

TESSA

Take me to Africa with you.

JUSTIN

(smiles)

Rolled up in a rug.

TESSA

I'm serious.

JUSTIN

Yes, I can see you are.

TESSA

I'm a serious person, Justin.
Appearances to the contrary.

JUSTIN

And in what capacity am I to take
you to Africa?

TESSA

I don't mind. Mistress, wife.
(shrugs)
Whichever.

Justin smooths back the hair from his forehead, the automatic gesture he uses when troubled or confused.

JUSTIN

Tessa, naturally I'm flattered-

TESSA

(cutting him off
sharply)

No! Don't try that on me. I act
on instinct, Justin - but once
I've acted I stay the course. Yes
or no?

JUSTIN

We hardly know one another...

TESSA

You can learn me. Yes or no?

Again the hair-sweeping gesture. A moment or two, then:

JUSTIN

Then...yes.

He seems surprised by his own response, like a man who has walked into a trap only to discover as he springs it that it's one he set himself.

TESSA

You will always protect me, won't you?

JUSTIN

Of course.

TESSA

And I you.

ANGLE - AN AFRICAN STREAM: gold-tinted, sunlit, romantic...

CLOSER ANGLE TO REVEAL

7

EXT. KIBERA SHANTY TOWN, NAIROBI. LATE DAY

7

THE STREAM, flowing sluggishly past a tangle of one-roomed shanties; clogged with household waste and sewage. KENYAN WOMEN are washing clothes and dishes in it.

SUPER TITLE: "TWO YEARS LATER"

DISCOVER TESSA in the doorway of a hut.

8

EXT./INT. HUT

8

Herself in an advanced stage of pregnancy, she's holding the hand of an AFRICAN TODDLER while her companion, ARNOLD BLUHM - a strikingly handsome black doctor in his early thirties - pops a pill into the mouth of the MOTHER, who is bottle-feeding a NEW-BORN BABY. Bluhm clamps his hand over the mother's mouth.

BLUHM

(to mother, in
Kiswahili)

Let me see you swallow it.

(to Tessa)

If I don't make her swallow
she'll spit it out when we've
gone. Sell it "wet" to buy milk.

TESSA

What did you give her?

BLUHM

Nevirapine. So she can breast-feed. She's HIV-positive. The clinic didn't have any nevirapine. Which is why she's bottle-feeding and why the baby has gastro-enteritis.

TESSA

Didn't they tell her to sterilise the bottles?

BLUHM

Oh yes, and she is -
scrupulously. The problem is she can't afford the milk. She buys what she can. Makes it go further by diluting it.

(gestures at the stream)
With that.

TESSA

Sweet Jesus!

Bluhm and Tessa move on, wilting in the oppressive heat.

A black youth, later to be identified as JOMO, jogs past on his way to work. He waves to Tessa, who waves back.

BLUHM

(looking hard at Tessa)
You know you shouldn't be wandering around in this heat.

TESSA

Stop fussing, Arnold. You're as bad as Justin.

BLUHM

If you were my wife I'd tie you to the bed.

TESSA

(smiles provocatively)
And then what?

9

EXT. KIBERA/NAIROBI STREETS. DAY

9

Following JOMO on his daily run to work...

...from the overcrowded slums via broader, cleaner city streets to

10

EXT./INT. HIGH COMMISSION. DAY

10

Where he enters through a servants' entrance. We see him showering, changing into a white waiter's jacket, and so into the kitchen.

Only sweating black faces here, preparing food and drink for a party under conditions that would wilt orchids.

11

EXT. HIGH COMMISSION. NIGHT

11

A LINE OF GLEAMING LIMOS disgorges its DIGNITARIES to a British-hosted Independence Day party. Among them: SIR KENNETH CURTISS - a coarse, bearish man of about fifty, a lifelong user and abuser of power, entirely self-made - and his man CRICK, younger and of a more athletic stamp.

From two gleaming black Mercedes emerge the top-drawer Kenyan guest - DR JOSHUA NGABA - and his suited entourage. Armed SAS TROOPERS can be seen guarding the building's entrance.

12

INT. BRITISH HIGH COMMISSION - KITCHEN. EVENING

12

JOMO, now bearing a silver tray of drinks, pushes open the swing doors and enters a cooler, higher realm...

13

INT. HIGH COMMISSION FUNCTION ROOM. EVENING

13

VIA A SERIES OF TRAVELLING SHOTS

we move among the party guests with JOMO and his tray.

First he serves the ranking group - DR NGABA, who is being introduced by the High Commissioner, PORTER COLERIDGE (56), to SIR BERNARD PELLEGRIN.

Pellegrin is a senior civil servant in his late forties and of similar background to Justin: heading the FCO's Africa Department. COLERIDGE is a man of hollowed, scholarly appearance.

COLERIDGE

Dr Joshua Ngaba of the Kenyan Health Ministry...Sir Bernard Pellegrin, head of FCO Africa Desk.

Pellegrin shakes Ngaba's hand.

PELLEGRIN

May I convey Her Majesty's warmest congratulations on the anniversary of your independence.

NGABA

Please thank Her Majesty, Sir Bernard. I trust she is well.

PELLEGRIN

In the pink last time I saw her.

Having served his drinks, Jomo moves on, and we with him, to

CURTISS and CRICK, who are with silver-haired PHIL McEVOY (57). As Jomo serves:

CURTISS

Couple of dozen so far. Nothing to worry about. Can't make an omelette without breaking a few.

MCEVOY

(Canadian accent)

Just so long as you're dealing with it, Kenny.

CRICK

We're dealing with it, Mr McEvoy.

...then away with Jomo, moving down by rank to SANDY WOODROW, 41 year-old Head of Chancery and second-in-command in Nairobi - a soldier's son, grammar-school-educated, affecting a public-school manner and military bearing though entitled to neither. Sandy is with TESSA, who tonight wears a voluminous, vividly coloured African-style maternity dress, set off by an antique gold necklace.

SANDY

You're driving me mad, you know that.

TESSA

Don't be tiresome, Sandy. I'm fat as a sow.

(taking drink)

Thank you, Jomo.

(to Sandy)

I'll be in hospital this time next week, nursing a litter.

SANDY

Can I come and see you?

TESSA

(a laugh)

In Uhuru?

SANDY

(shocked, taking drink)

God, you're not having it there!

...but Tessa's response is lost to us as we move on with Jomo to

A huddle of juniors, consisting of MIKE MILDREN (25), MIRIAM (Sandy's secretary) AND CURRY, a junior Australian diplomat.

TESSA AND SANDY - MILDREN'S POV

MILDREN

Gin in one end, the other end
into someone's wife. *Homo*
diplomaticus.

CURRY

Quaff 'n' boff.

Jomo can be seen serving a group comprising GHITA PEARSON
(23, Anglo-Indian, in a gold sari), ARNOLD BLUHM and TIM
DONOHUE (59), S.I.S. Head of Station Nairobi: a tall,
cadaverous-looking man with sunken cheeks and a straggling
moustache; terminally ill and looks it.

MIRIAM

Servicing needy wives counts as
hazardous duty, doesn't it, Mike?

MILDREN

No pay allowance.

But Curry's focus isn't on Tessa; it's on Pellegrin.

CURRY

Who's the oily bugger with your
boss, Mike?

MILDREN

Sir Bernard Pellegrin. Annual
descent from Mount Olympus.

CURRY

Wouldn't mind being a fly on one
of those noses. That's how it's
done, mate - the real stuff.
Headline summits, top-brass drop-
ins. Embassies are just pubs with
flagpoles.

(toasting)

God save the Crown and Anchor.

Jomo arrives with his tray and everyone here takes refills.

POV SHOT as the CURTISS-CRICK-McEVOY group crosses to join
PELLEGRIN, COLERIDGE and NGABA.

REVEAL POV AS TESSA's. She's still with Sandy, but her
attention is divided. Sandy's is exclusively on her.

TESSA

For God's sake, Sandy. The women
I claim solidarity with drop
their babies in Uhuru every day.

SANDY

They're not the wives of British
diplomats.

TESSA

It's called shared pain. The other sort is television. You watch, you feel compassion; then you switch off and go to bed.

SANDY

Does Justin know?

GLORIA (V.O.)

Do you know, Justin?

REVEAL GLORIA AND JUSTIN, behind them.

JUSTIN

Yes, I do know about that.

GLORIA

Well, she's certainly dressed for it. Tessa, we're all dying to know where you got that amazing garment. Not Kibera, one assumes.

TESSA

No, Gloria, not Kibera.

GLORIA

So colourful. With you in that and Ghita in her wonderful gold sari, one feels quite the drab by comparison. Sandy, dear, you've monopolized Tessa long enough. Give her back to Justin.

JUSTIN

I was taught to share at an early age, Gloria.

GLORIA

Toys, dear, not wives.
(hand on his arm)
One should guard one's treasures.
(looking across)
Speaking of treasures, your Dr Bluhm's looking very handsome tonight, Tessa.

With this Parthian shot she leads Sandy away.

JUSTIN

Thought you said Arnold was going up-country.

TESSA

Tuesday. Don't worry, he won't take me with him. I asked.

JUSTIN

Good. And I'd be happier if you stayed out of Kibera.

(off her sharp look)

For the time being. You've a responsibility to the baby, darling. It isn't fair.

TESSA

(patting her bump)

Wait till I'm single again.

She squeezes his hand, then moves off to join GHITA, BLUHM and DONOHUE.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Hello, Tim. Struggling through without Maud tonight?

DONOHUE

One of her party headaches. I take mine standing up.

TESSA

How manly of you.

She nudges Bluhm, drawing his attention to the A-group.

Bluhm nods. Seen them.

Donohue turns his head to see who has caught their eye.

BLUHM

Interesting invitees, Mr Donohue.

DONOHUE

Kenyan Independence Day, Dr Bluhm. Only fair to invite a Kenyan.

ANGLE - McEVOY AND NGABA deep in conversation.

BLUHM

Who is that talking to Dr Ngaba?

DONOHUE

Know Ngaba, do you?

BLUHM

I've met him. At the opening of a state-of-the-art clinic without autoclaves for sterilizing.

Donohue laughs.

DONOHUE

Probably converted them into a Mercedes S-class.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA

Introduce me, Arnold. I've never met an alchemist before.

DONOHUE

I'd forgo that pleasure if I were you, Tessa.

TESSA

You're not me.

(to Ghita, mock-Gloria)

Love your sari, Ghita dahling. One supposes some dark-skinned cousin must have sent it from Madras.

GHITA

(echoing the accent)

Etctually Jodhpur, dahling, where one's riding clothes come from.

DONOHUE

(to Bluhm)

Hear you're on the move again, doctor. Where to this time?

TESSA

Doesn't the Secret Service know, Tim? I thought it was your job to know everything.

DONOHUE

Only God knows everything. And He works for Mossad. We do a bit of intelligent guessing. I'm guessing Dr Bluhm's off to join the travelling circus.

BLUHM

"Travelling circus"?

DONOHUE

Grace Makanga's Women for Life conferences. Around Kenya in eighty days.

(to Bluhm)

Isn't your outfit involved?

BLUHM

We have a small role.

DONOHUE

Starts in Mombasa, doesn't it?

BLUHM

I'm not going to Mombasa, Mr Donohue. I'm going up-country.

TESSA

The usual, isn't it, Arnold?
Dying Africans?

DONOHUE

They've no monopoly on dying,
Tessa. The rest of us do it too.

TESSA

Our dying gets noticed.

Taking Bluhm's arm, she steers him towards the A-group.

Ngaba frowns at Bluhm's approach, sensing trouble.

COLERIDGE

Ah, Tessa.

(to Dr Ngaba)

May I introduce you to Tessa
Quayle, Dr Ngaba - the wife of
our er, representative for aid
effectiveness. And this is Dr
Bluhm of *Médecins sans
Frontières*.

NGABA

Dr Bluhm and I have met.

TESSA

At the clinic without autoclaves.
We haven't met, Dr Ngaba, but as
you see, I know your work.

Ngaba looks to Pellegrin in mute appeal.

PELLEGRIN

Do you know Sir Kenneth Curtiss,
Tessa? Of the House of ThreeBees?

TESSA

Again, only by reputation.
(sweetly, to Curtiss)
Which of the B's are you?

Curtiss looks darkly at her. Nobody introduces McEvoy.

PELLEGRIN

You were going to show us the
garden room, I think, Porter.

TESSA

There is one thing I'd like to
thank Dr Ngaba for....

Pellegrin shifts uneasily. Senses what's coming.

TESSA (CONT'D)

The free nevirapine.
(to Coleridge)
The manufacturers are donating it
for HIV-positive mothers.

COLERIDGE

That's good to know.
(to the group)
Shall we, er...

TESSA

Problem is it isn't reaching
them.

BLUHM

Some, but not all.

TESSA

So we've been wondering: is that
a standard cock-up, Dr Ngaba, or
are the pills being converted
somewhere along the line into
Mercedes?

JOMO returns with his drinks tray at this point - receives
a headshake from Coleridge - moves on.

TRACKING WITH JOMO TO...

JUSTIN, who is now chatting to some JUNIOR DIPLOMATS'
WIVES.

As Jomo arrives so does SANDY. Butting in front of Jomo and
with an excusing gesture to the wives, Sandy pulls Justin
aside.

SANDY

For Christ's sake, Justin, you've
got to do something about Tessa.

JUSTIN

What would you have me do?

SANDY

She's embarrassing our guests.
Her and that bloody Bluhm.
There'll be hell to pay, I can
tell you.

He indicates. But we see that the A-list group has at last
succeeded in freeing itself of Tessa and Bluhm and is
heading en masse through French doors to the garden room.

JUSTIN

The squall seems to have passed.

SANDY

If you can't control her you
should keep her locked up.

He swivels, touched suddenly on the shoulder from behind.

REVEAL CRICK

CRICK

They want you in the garden room,
Mr Woodrow.

ANGLE ON GARDEN ROOM, where PELLEGRIN, COLERIDGE, McEVOY,
CURTISS AND NGABA - an exclusive caucus of five - are
drinking champagne, smoking cigars and talking business.

Justin watches as Sandy is taken through the French doors
by Crick to join them.

JUSTIN'S POV - TESSA AND BLUHM talking earnestly.

ON JUSTIN - excluded from both worlds.

14

INT. THE QUAYLES' HOUSE. NIGHT

14

JUSTIN is at Tessa's desk, busy finishing a report on her
computer. Tessa in the ensuite bathroom, the door open.

ANGLE THROUGH OPEN BATHROOM DOOR - Tessa washing her hands.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN - Justin has typed: "...Therefore, in
order to meet the shortfall predicted in the current
quarter, it may be necessary to supplement the quotas..."

A PING announces incoming e-mail.

JUSTIN

(calling to Tessa)

E-mail.

Tessa's reply is to waggle a wet hand through the bathroom
door. She does it sexily. It's an image we should remember.

Tessa's form can be glimpsed moving between washbasin and
towel rail as Justin clicks on the message. The sender
isn't identified, but the message originates from the High
Commission's communal e-mail address. It reads: "What were
you and Arnold Bluhm doing in the Nairobi Hilton Sunday
night? Does Justin know?"

Justin stares at it a moment, then deletes the message as
Tessa enters from the bathroom.

TESSA

Who was it from?

JUSTIN

Hm?

(CONTINUED)

TESSA

The e-mail.

JUSTIN

Oh. Junk. Some ad.

TESSA

For?

JUSTIN

The Nairobi Hilton.

He waits for a response. There isn't one.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Weekend package deal. Two nights
for the price of one.

She indicates her pregnant abdomen...

TESSA

Two guests for the price of one.

...and exits to the landing.

Justin closes his screen, no longer in the mood to write. On Tessa's Desktop we now see a variety of folders, among them: "HOUSEHOLD"; "KIBERA"; "AFRICAN WOMEN'S FOUNDATION"; "HAM"; "ARNOLD'S LINKS"; "DYPRAXA"; "G.K. WOMEN FOR LIFE".

A moment, then Justin clicks on "ARNOLD'S LINKS". Receives the prompt: "ENTER PASSWORD". He tries to access "KIBERA". Same result. He stands and leaves the room.

TRACK WITH JUSTIN next door, into a room set up as a nursery in anticipation of the birth: an animal frieze around the walls, a mobile over a baby's cot etc. Tessa is threading curtains on a rail preparatory to hanging them.

She holds up the curtains for Justin's approval. Pooh Bear and friends.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Yes?

JUSTIN

Anything but Potters. Beatrix or
Harry.

Handing Justin the curtains, Tessa pulls a chair over to the window for him to stand on.

TESSA

Make yourself useful.

Justin climbs on the chair and dutifully hangs the curtains.

JUSTIN

What do you think?

TESSA

They need another width.

JUSTIN

About a weekend at the Hilton.

TESSA

(shrugs)

Bit plasticky for my taste.

JUSTIN

Is it? I've never been there.

TESSA

I was there the other night.
Meeting someone. With Arnold.

She explains no further. He doesn't press.

JUSTIN

It was just a thought.

As he steps down off the chair she plants a kiss on his face.

TESSA

Lovely thought. Wrong time, wrong venue. Maybe after Alfredo is born.

JUSTIN

Tessa, we are not calling him Alfredo. Or Giuseppe, or Marco.

TESSA

(wicked smile)

Traditional Manzini names.

JUSTIN

He'll be a quarter Manzini, a quarter Abbott and half Quayle.

TESSA

Garth, then. My father's name.

JUSTIN

Absolutely not Garth. Ditto Wilberforce, ditto Che.

TESSA

Che?

JUSTIN

(playful)

Half his genes will no doubt be
radical bordering revolutionary.

TESSA

(playful too)

Che Wilberforce Muffin Quayle.

JUSTIN

Muffin!

TESSA

Your half. High tea by the jolly
old study fire while the starving
mob burns London.

Justin smiles.

JUSTIN

Is that how you see me?

TESSA

(fondly)

No. I see you buying the mob fish
and chips while you wait for law
and order to return. And I love
you the way you are.

Justin smiles. They kiss again. As he turns to go out-

TESSA (CONT'D)

What about "Arnold"?

He turns.

JUSTIN

What about Arnold?

TESSA

As a name. It would a nice
gesture.

A beat, then:

JUSTIN

Perhaps it'll be a girl.
(exits)

JUSTIN at the wicket...

...A HUGE MASAI BOWLER bearing down on him...

Justin stabs hopelessly at a delivery he can barely see, so
fast is the ball going as it passes an inch from his
stumps.

PELLEGRIN (O.C.)

Run, man!

The UMPIRE is signalling a bye. They take one run.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE BALL to the boundary, where it's stopped by a sight-screen. Peering over the sight-screen...

A ROW OF GIRAFFES

ANGLE BEHIND SIGHT-SCREEN TO REVEAL

that the giraffes are on a string, being led past by a BREEDER on the way to graze or sell them somewhere.

At this point JOMO's daily run from Kibera takes him past the giraffes. He enters the High Commission by a servants' door.

PAN UP TO REVEAL

THREE FLAGS FLYING: the Commonwealth Flag alongside the Union Flag and that of Kenya.

ANGLE: THE PAVILION VERANDAH, where an SAS GUARD, cradling his Heckler & Koch MP5 in his arms, has half an eye on the match, the rest of his attention on everything else.

Here, side by side, sit PELLEGRIN and SANDY; a little further along, out of earshot, is Mike Mildren (Sandy and Mildren still in their cricket whites). The iced lemonade they're all sipping, served by BLACK SERVANTS, has been prepared under the supervision of the DIPLOMATIC WIVES, among whom WE FAVOUR GLORIA WOODROW (42) in a broad-brimmed sun hat.

ANGLE: THE WICKET

JUSTIN and COLERIDGE continuing their desperate last-wicket stand: Rorke's Drift. But now it's the turn of the High Commissioner to face the bowling. A high-bouncing delivery almost takes his head off. He ducks.

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Poor Porter isn't doing very well.

Sandy looks uncertain how to respond. The remark may be about cricket or it may not.

ANGLE ON SCOREBOARD: "VISITORS: 114 FOR 3 (DECL.) - HOME: 19 - WICKETS 9 -LAST MAN: 1"

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Not many runs left in your High Commissioner, I fear.

(smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Happy choice for tailenders, though, Porter and Justin. Fair play, courage in adversity, magnanimity in defeat. Splendid stuff.

SANDY

The British virtues.

PELLEGRIN

Look to the virtues for the vices, Sandy. Can we afford them in a harsh commercial world?

SANDY

Oh. No...no, quite.

Gloria appears behind them.

GLORIA

Subverting my husband, Bernard?

PELLEGRIN

Not at all, dear lady. One subverts from Whitehall. One tours the outposts to encourage. Yesterday Kinshasa, today Nairobi.

(amused wistfulness)

Forty years of independence and look how far our Kenyan friends have come. They beat us at cricket.

GLORIA

You're off again tomorrow, Sandy tells me.

PELLEGRIN

Addis Ababa. No cricket there, alas. No lemons squeezed by the elegant hand of Gloria Woodrow
...

Gloria preens herself at the flattery.

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

... nor tart remarks from turbulent girls.

ANGLE ON PITCH

A new over has commenced. Justin is now receiving from a different, even fiercer MASAI BOWLER. The first ball shatters his wicket, ending the match abruptly.

As the teams leave the field to polite applause-

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Pity.

16

INT. THE WOODROWS' HOUSE. NIGHT

16

Sandy in bed, reading. Gloria creaming her face.

GLORIA

Bernard get away all right?

SANDY

Missed the early flight, had to take the midday. Went without his lunch. Look out Addis Ababa.

GLORIA

Did he say anything?

SANDY

You mean other than "shit!"?

GLORIA

You know what I mean.

SANDY

Gloria, when things are going well nobody gets fired, nobody moves up.

GLORIA

Are they? Going well?

SANDY

Apparently. Be the usual cull, of course. Dead wood.

GLORIA

Porter?

SANDY

The Pellegrin's hardly likely to tell me. Wouldn't be surprised if old Justin went, though.

GLORIA

(horrificed)

Justin! Justin's a sweetie!

Sandy looks up from his book.

SANDY

Look to the virtues for the vices, Gloria.

GLORIA

It's that bloody bitch! Blighting poor Justin's career with her vile behaviour.

SANDY

I expect the baby'll keep her out
of trouble for a while.

GLORIA

Probably as well she's having it
in the native hospital.

(a beat)

Considering what colour it's
likely to be.

CLOSE ANGLE ON TESSA BREAST-FEEDING A BLACK BABY

WIDEN TO:

17

INT. UHURU HOSPITAL WARD. DAY

17

A long ward, each bed with a crude unplanned pot cupboard
beside it fashioned from a packing crate. None of the beds
has sheets or pillows. Unopened skylights, an unemptied bed-
pan in a corner, flies busy around it. Next to it, a pile
of bloody rags.

Tessa is in the middle bed of one wall, the empty beds on
either side with perished red rubber sheets buttoned to
their mattresses. Her face is haggard, her eyes - shadowed
with sleeplessness and pain - reflecting a profound
sadness. Naked to her waist, which is covered in a kanga
cloth, she cradles the NEW-BORN BLACK INFANT to her left
breast, feeding it, her right breast exposed and waiting.

ANGLE TO REVEAL BLUHM - sitting beside her bed on a safari
cot with a rumpled blanket...

...JUSTIN perched on a cane chair the other side. An open
notebook, crammed with Tessa's jottings, lies on the
bedside crate, a pen beside it.

In the bed opposite Tessa a 15 year-old Kenyan girl-woman,
WANZA KILULU, lies dying. Her skinny 12 year-old brother,
KIOKO, crouches between her cupboard and an empty baby cot,
fanning his sister's sweating face with a piece of card
torn from a carton. There's an image on the cardboard: two
(sic) small yellow-and-black bees flying in horizontal V-
formation against a pale blue background. Black lettering
close to the torn-off right-hand edge reads: "48 AMP" and is
overprinted in red with the word "NOT". As the makeshift
fan moves slowly up and down in Kioko's hand it gives the
little bees the illusion of hovering.

ANGLE ON SANDY as he enters, behind him a clutter of broken-
down trolleys in the hallway, laden with RECUMBENT
AFRICANS: some unconscious, others reaching out in their
pain.

Sandy is visibly taken aback: by Tessa's haggard
appearance; by her exposed breast; by the black baby she's
nursing; by the presence of both Bluhm and Justin.

TESSA

(a weak smile)

Hello, Sandy. Thanks for coming.

Bluhm nods to Sandy. Justin stands to shake his hand.

SANDY

I'm so sorry, Tessa. Gloria sends her sympathies. What can one say?

He leans over to kiss her brow.

TESSA

It was a boy - did Justin tell you?

JUSTIN

Tessa...

TESSA

This one was born alive, though.

(to baby)

Weren't you, my beautiful darling?

(to Sandy)

His name is Baraka. It means blessing.

SANDY

I don't quite see...

TESSA

(weak smile)

Who his mother is?

(indicating Wanza)

Her name's Wanza Kilulu. She's fifteen and she's dying. Kioko's her brother. He walked eighty kilometres to keep the flies off them. Perhaps that's the blessing.

BLUEM

The blessing is he was born healthy.

TESSA

Yes, Arnold. A healthy orphan with a 47-year life expectancy. His mother won't last 47 hours.

Sandy looks helplessly at Justin.

JUSTIN

Darling, please don't.

TESSA

But then they're only black
Africans.

Sandy looks around for somewhere to sit, and finally
perches uncomfortably on the hard frame of the bed.

BLUHM

Please sit here, Mr Woodrow. I'll
wait outside.

He goes out. Sandy remains where he is.

SANDY

What's the...er, camp bed for?

JUSTIN

We've been taking turns at night.
Arnold and myself. Staying with
Tessa.

SANDY

Ah. Yes. I see.

TESSA

Poor Sandy. It's all so shocking
for you, isn't it?

SANDY

No no, not at all.

TESSA

(to Justin)

Darling, do you think you could
get me a glass of water?

SANDY

(rising)

Let me.

TESSA

Justin knows where to get it.

JUSTIN

Back in a minute.
(exits)

The moment he's gone, Tessa takes Sandy's hand in hers.

TESSA

He'll be four minutes. Sandy, if
I tell you something, will you
listen?

SANDY

God, Tessa...not here.

TESSA

If I told you that poor girl over there was being murdered would you believe me?

SANDY

Tessa, you're tired, you're feverish-

TESSA

We haven't enough evidence yet, but when we get it - if I bring it to you - will you actually do something for once?

SANDY

What you need is rest, old girl.

TESSA

(fiercely)
Listen to me! Are you listening?

SANDY

Like a hawk.

TESSA

I'm talking about coincidences, busy busy busy coincidences in white coats.

SANDY

Tessa, you've got to stop involving yourself in matters that don't concern you. You're embarrassing the High Commission-

TESSA

Sod the High Commission.

SANDY

Me, then. And you're not doing Justin's career any good.

TESSA

Leave Justin out of this. Justin doesn't know what I do.

SANDY

That doesn't surprise me. Justin's the Nairobi By-pass. Nothing that matters goes via his desk.

TESSA

We're not discussing Justin. Promise you'll act on what we tell you or I won't let you out of here.

SANDY

"We?"

TESSA

Arnold and me.

SANDY

All right, Tessa, I promise -
within reason.

TESSA

(to baby)

He promises, Baraka - within
reason. Well there's a man.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. DAY

Sandy comes out and finds Bluhm in the hellish hallway,
mopping the forehead of a groaning BLACK YOUTH on a
trolley. Justin is returning with the glass of water.

SANDY

(to Justin)

She's raving, man. You've got to
get her to a proper clinic.

BLUEM

White doctors, Mr Woodrow?

SANDY

Justin, she's your wife, for
God's sake!

JUSTIN

But not a colonial possession.

SANDY

No wonder you two are sharing a
bloody bed.

(exits angrily)

INT. UHURU HOSPITAL WARD. EVENING

TESSA'S POV - A YOUNG MAN IN A WHITE COAT

as he lifts BARAKA from his cot, deposits him into KIOKO's
arms, then briskly steers boy and baby towards the door.

REVEAL TESSA

dressed, her bag packed, ready to leave. Justin is with
her. They're watching this from the far side of the room.

There are three or four WHITE-COATED STUDENTS gathered
around Wanza's bed. Wanza lies motionless, eyes closed,
while the group's leader - a burly, blond-haired man of
about forty (MARKUS LORBEER) - examines her.

To judge from his unkempt appearance, he's been called out in a hurry. He shakes his head.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE BLUHM, who has crossed to speak to Lorbeer.

TESSA'S POV: BLUHM AND LORBEER

Though inaudible to her and Justin, their conversation is plainly adversarial. Bluhm seems to be reproaching Lorbeer; Lorbeer's attitude is defensive.

Eventually Bluhm leans over to confirm what he suspects. He pulls back Wanza's eyelids, feels for a pulse, then steps back, having satisfied himself that she is dead. He points angrily at the corpse, prods Lorbeer accusingly in the chest.

Justin has seen the angry confrontation but is more concerned about Tessa's distressed reaction to it. He puts his arms comfortingly around her. Burying her face in Justin's chest, Tessa clings to him, weeping uncontrollably.

Across the room Lorbeer has opened Wanza's cupboard and is now scooping into a bag what we assume to be her medicines: small blue boxes marked with a logo we can't clearly see.

Brushing aside the still-protesting Bluhm, Lorbeer leads his assistants from the ward.

ON JUSTIN - half-turned to watch them leave.

ON LORBEER - glancing past Justin at Tessa on his way out.

ON TESSA staring icily back at him, tears coursing down her face. Bluhm has returned to Tessa's side and, at a gesture from Justin, takes over the comforting.

JUSTIN

I'll bring the car round.

EXT. UHURU HOSPITAL/JUSTIN'S CAR. EVENING

If you didn't know this was a hospital you might suppose it was a market. Stalls clutter the entrance: VENDORS selling food, drink, tinware, cheap clothing, fake tribal bric-a-brac, live animals etc.

Through this souk Justin's car can be seen making its way with maddening slowness. Nobody is in a hurry to step aside and Justin doesn't use his horn. So it's a yard or two of progress, stop, wait for someone to move; then another yard, another stop, another wait....

INT. CAR (TRAVELLING). NIGHT

Clear of the souk at last, Justin is on the road, taking Tessa home. They're about to pass a small pedestrian group-

which WE REVEAL AS KIOKO AND HIS MOTHER (31), the latter carrying BARAKA in a sling. Making their way back to Miluri.

TESSA

Stop the car.

JUSTIN

(slowing automatically)

Tessa-

TESSA

It's eighty kilometres to Miluri.
It'll take them all night and
half tomorrow.

JUSTIN

Tessa, we can't...involve
ourselves in their lives...

TESSA

Why?

JUSTIN

Be reasonable. There are
thousands, millions - they all
need help. It's what the agencies
are for-

TESSA

The agencies aren't here. We are.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry, Tessa. I have to put
you first. It's you I need to get
home.

The car swishes past, leaving the small family behind. Too exhausted - physically and emotionally - to argue the point, Tessa says nothing but turns in her seat to look back.

KIOKO'S POV as the car dwindles, Tessa visible through the rear window, looking back, her hand half raised-

JUSTIN'S POV - TESSA

her hand raised in a hopeless gesture of regret and apology.

But more even than the gesture, it's the haunted look in Tessa's eyes that will remain with Justin.

DISCOVER JUSTIN in his straw gardening hat, weeding his flower beds.

Beside him on the ground is an open carton of "KILPEST", another product of the House of ThreeBees: a pale blue box bearing the ubiquitous logo of three hovering black-and-yellow bees.

REVEAL TESSA AND BLUHM seated on the verandah, in earnest discussion over tea.

Justin picks up the box and climbs the verandah steps with it. Tessa, her back to him, is talking earnestly to Bluhm.

TESSA

We know what it is. It's a marriage of convenience. All it produces is dead offspring-

Catching Bluhm's warning look, she breaks off and swings round in her chair...

...to find Justin only a yard or two behind her, the Kilpest box still in his hand.

The expression on Tessa's face - initially shock at being overheard - alters into a look of such disgust and loathing that it sears Justin's heart.

JUSTIN

Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt.

Tessa points a quivering finger at the box in Justin's hand.

TESSA

(cold white rage)
What the fuck is that?

JUSTIN

(taken aback)
Pesticide. I don't really approve
but I told Gloria I'd-

With sudden violence Tessa swipes the box from Justin's hand, scattering powder across the verandah.

TESSA

Get that thing out of my house!

Bluhm reaches out to calm her, but she's beyond calming. She thrusts his hand away and burns her glare into Justin's eyes.

JUSTIN

If you feel that strongly about it.

He meets Bluhm's eye. Bluhm shrugs as Tessa runs tearfully into the house.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

It would help if I knew what's upsetting her.

(gestures with the box)

I mean...this doesn't kill people. Unless they swallow it.

(a beat)

Does it?

BLUHM

(a smile)

No.

JUSTIN

What, then? Why is she...?

He leaves the thought uncompleted.

BLUHM

You have to trust her, Justin.

JUSTIN

Does she blame me for losing the baby?

BLUHM

Of course not. Give her time.
Tell her I'll be back later.

He starts down the steps. Watched all the way by Justin, he exits via the garden gate.

23

INT. QUAYLES' HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

23

There is a brick fireplace, handwoven rugs, African masks and shields, a shelf unit containing books and bound reports; but also, as in the Chelsea house, some valuable antique European pieces, artworks etc., including an Italian inlaid table.

Justin is sitting alone in the dark by an open window (insect-netted), watching a VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM raging over Nairobi: sheet lightning illuminating vast sections of the city, an almost solid curtain of rain sweeping across the garden.

We HEAR A CAR outside, see its HEADLIGHTS briefly reflecting off the rain. A car door slams. The car drives away. Moments later the HOUSE DOOR IS HEARD TO OPEN, THEN CLOSE.

A drenched Tessa enters. She has in her hand the notebook we saw at Uhuru. She looks exhausted. Switching on the light, she is momentarily startled to see Justin in the room.

TESSA

You shouldn't have waited up.

JUSTIN

I've seen so little of you since
you left hospital.

(a beat)

Was that Arnold's car?

She nods, then crosses to him and kisses him on the mouth.

TESSA

Have you eaten?

(off his nod)

Good. Then go to bed.

She touches his face tenderly.

TESSA (CONT'D)

I'm safe home now.

JUSTIN

You're drenched. Get those wet
things off and come to bed.

Tessa shakes her head.

TESSA

Something I have to do first.
It's important.

He takes her hand and holds on to it.

JUSTIN

Tessa, whatever it is you and
Arnold are doing...I'd like you
to stop.

Pause.

TESSA

Who have you been talking to?

JUSTIN

These are my concerns, darling.
I'm thinking of your health.

TESSA

They've asked you to rein me in.
And you're doing it.

JUSTIN

I'd hope you know me better than
that. Your life is your own. That
was always our agreement.

TESSA

We agreed my work would be my
own. If you keep me from doing
what makes me who I am, who will
I be?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly she leans into him, putting her arms around him. He holds her close.

TESSA (CONT'D)

God, I'm so tired.

JUSTIN

Tessa...please come to bed.

Gathering her resolve, she kisses him, then stands back. Ready to go on now.

TESSA

Get me up for breakfast.

As she goes out a jolt of THUNDER shakes the house.

24

INT. HIGH COMMISSION - CORRIDOR/CHANCERY OFFICES. DAY

24

From the corridor Justin pops his head around the door to Sandy's outer office, where MIRIAM is typing a letter. She glances up to see who it is, then back down at her letter.

MIRIAM

He's with someone.

JUSTIN

Don't disturb him. It can wait.

Justin's head pops back out.

25

INT. SANDY'S OFFICE. DAY

25

DISCOVER SANDY at his desk, his chair turned towards...

TESSA, standing by the window: the "someone" he's with.

She's wearing a diaphanous cotton dress pierced by shafts of sunlight from the window, revealing her thighs in silhouette.

TESSA

You made me a promise.

SANDY

I said I'd listen, and I have.

TESSA

You said you'd act - within reason. I've given you a reason.

SANDY

Tess...

TESSA

Don't call me Tess. That name's reserved.

SANDY

(jealous)

Justin doesn't call you that.

Sandy gets out of his chair and crosses to her. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I sent your report to London.

As he starts to caress her neck she steps away - not with *distaste* but in the manner of someone concerned to keep to the business in hand.

TESSA

Not here. Anyone might come in.

SANDY

Where, then?

TESSA

Tell me what London said.

SANDY

(a sigh)

There are complex issues involved, delicate issues....

His glance goes to the desk, on which a handwritten letter on expensive creamy paper is lying in open view.

TESSA

Is that the reply?

(off his nod)

Who's it from? Pellegrin?

(no response)

Saying what?

SANDY

Nothing I could possibly share with you. It's private and...well, extremely compromising. You'll have to take my word.

TESSA

Not good enough.

-SANDY

Tessa, you're here as a diplomat's wife. Your duty-

TESSA

(snapping at him)

Don't tell me my duty. I know my duty.

SANDY

I'm supposed to keep an eye on you. I'm to know where you are and what you're doing. This conference of Grace Makanga's you're going to - the one at Loki...

Before Tessa can respond the door flies open and KENNY CURTISS bursts in, white-hot angry. Miriam behind him, gestures apologetically at Sandy. Couldn't keep him out.

Curtiss registers Tessa but addresses Sandy.

CURTISS

You back-stabbing bastards!

SANDY

Kenny, I'm in a meeting-

Now Curtiss turns his glare on Tessa.

CURTISS

If I find out this has got something to do with you, you bitch...

SANDY

Try to control yourself, Kenny.

TESSA

No, let him. I'm intrigued.

But Curtiss thinks better of it.

CURTISS

(to Sandy)

You buggers got me into this. It's bleeding me dry. Leeching my other divisions-

SANDY

That's something you'll have to take up with Porter, Kenny.

CURTISS

That useless prick? Don't make me laugh.

SANDY

London, then. Wherever.

CURTISS

Vancouver? Basel? Tried 'em. Vancouver says talk to Basel, Basel says talk to London. "London's been here," I said. "Watching fucking cricket."

SANDY

We'll go and see Porter together.

CURTISS

When?

SANDY

Give me a minute.

CURTISS

Sixty seconds. I'm counting.

With another filthy look at Tessa, Curtiss goes out, slamming the door behind him.

SANDY

Sorry, Tessa, I've got to go.

TESSA

Was that anything to do with my report?

SANDY

He's just ranting.

TESSA

Was it?

SANDY

I'm not at liberty to say.

TESSA

What's in that letter?
(indicates)

Sandy just shakes his head. A pause, then:

TESSA (CONT'D)

Do you want me, Sandy?

SANDY

God, if you knew how much.

He takes a step towards her. She takes a step back.

TESSA

What would you give to have me?

Her glance flicks to the letter on the desk.

SANDY

I can't, Tessa...not that.
Anything else-

TESSA

That's my price.

ON SANDY, biting his lip, his breathing troubled as he writhes between lust and honour: what he most wants in exchange for what he can least afford to give.

SANDY

If anyone ever found out I'd shown you that...I'd be destroyed. Tessa, please don't ask me-

TESSA

Sight of that letter...for me.

Slowly, eyes closed, Sandy nods his assent.

SANDY

When?

TESSA

When I get back from Loki.

Glancing cautiously at the door, Sandy steals a brief promissory kiss from Tessa's unresisting mouth. Then he exits, closing the door behind him.

Tessa starts towards the desk and the letter....

EXT. NAIROBI AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

Justin's car pulls up outside. He climbs out, goes around to open the front passenger door for Tessa, then to the boot to remove her bag, arriving to find Bluhm already doing it.

JUSTIN

(taking bag from him)

Thank you, Arnold. I can manage that.

Tessa and Bluhm, we should note, are both wearing bush clothes. Tessa, incongruously, has on her gold necklace.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(indicating necklace)

I wish you'd leave that with me.

Tessa shakes her head, smiling. Stubborn, as ever.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I still don't see why you couldn't wait a few weeks. The conferences are coming south, aren't they? Don't they end in Nairobi?

BLUHM

Not until March.

JUSTIN

Then why go all the way up to
Loki?

Tessa exchanges a flicker of a glance with Bluhm.

TESSA

We want to hear Grace Makanga
speak. She won't be in Nairobi,
will she, Arnold?

BLUHM

No, she is going to New York.

JUSTIN - a reluctant sigh of acceptance.

TESSA

(to Justin)

Don't wait to see us off,
darling. It could be ages yet.

JUSTIN

Well, if you're sure....

TESSA

(kissing him)

I'm sure.

He wraps his arms around her. She hugs him back, burying
her face in his chest, lingering over the parting.

Justin stands watching as the two of them enter the
terminal building, Bluhm taking her luggage from her. Tessa
turns in the doorway to blow a last kiss.

JUSTIN

See you in a week, then.

She waves. Then is gone.

27

EXT. THE WOODROWS' HOUSE. DAWN

27

A SLOW TRAVELLING SHOT takes us through the crash gates,
past the wire-topped security fence and across the neat
lawns of a large stone house with leaded mock-Tudor windows
in the smart hilltop suburb favoured by Nairobi's
diplomats.

From the house we hear a TELEPHONE RINGING, growing louder
as we approach. At that hour when a phone call stops the
heart.

28

INT. WOODROWS' BEDROOM. DAWN

28

Gloria covers her head with a pillow. Sandy reaches for the
phone.

SANDY

Woodrow.

As he listens, his face begins to register that degree of shock and distress we reserve for the worst of news.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Are they sure it's her?

(listens)

Tell no-one. Do nothing till I get there.

He puts down the phone and swings himself out of bed. Alerted by the activity, Gloria removes the pillow from her face.

GLORIA

What is it? What's happened?

No answer.

29

EXT. LAKE TURKANA. DAWN

29

Here at the southern tip of Lake Turkana a mist hangs low over the unrippled waters. Nothing moves on the lake; no wildlife is visible, not even a bird. The reason...

A POLICE LAND ROVER, parked behind an overturned four-track; the four-track lying on its side, doors closed, one window slightly open. TWO COVERED BODIES are being loaded into the back of the police vehicle by KENYAN CONSTABLES. ONE PLAIN-CLOTHES KENYAN DETECTIVE is photographing the scene; ANOTHER is using a stick to pick up an empty Whitecap beer bottle.

30

INT. HIGH COMMISSION - JUSTIN'S OFFICE. MORNING

30

Perfectly groomed as always and wearing a tailored tropical suit, Justin is watering his window plants. Unaware as yet.

The door opens behind him and Sandy enters. He doesn't come all the way into the room but closes the door and stands with his back to it. Justin turns to see who it is.

JUSTIN

Hi, Sandy. Caught me skiving, I'm afraid. Gloria well?

He returns to watering his plants.

SANDY

Gloria's fine.

(clears his throat)

You haven't heard from Tessa, I suppose?

JUSTIN

She's up north with Arnold Bluhm.

SANDY

Look, old man, do you think you
could stop doing that a moment?

Justin stops watering and turns, alerted by both the
request and its tone.

JUSTIN

Something wrong, Sandy?

SANDY

Did she say anything about
returning by road?

JUSTIN

From Loki? Wouldn't surprise me,
knowing Tessa. I hope not. That's
dangerous...

(beginning to get it)
...country. Sandy, what is this?

SANDY

We're getting reports of a white
woman and a black driver...found
early this morning, southern end
of Lake Turkana.

(pause)
Dead. Killed, it seems.

Justin does not sag or crumple. His expression hardly
changes. He merely smooths back his hair with his free
hand, then turns again to the window box to continue his
task, his emotions under the tightest of reins.

JUSTIN

And you think it might be Tessa.

SANDY

It's not looking good, old man.
Seems they hired a car and driver
at Loki, then headed east. They
spent the night at Lodwar....

(a beat)
They shared a room, Justin.
(another beat)

The dead black isn't Bluhm.
(a beat)

I'm most terribly sorry.

CLOSE ANGLE - JUSTIN

as the watertight doors of his emotions close inside him,
containing the pain. This place is not private enough.

JUSTIN

Good of you to tell me, Sandy.
Can't have been pleasant.

(CONTINUED)

Having completed his watering, Justin now sets down the can and commences - equally methodically - to pack up the contents of his desk.

SANDY

You don't have to do this now,
you know, old chap.

JUSTIN

(turns off his computer)
End of term, I think.

Placing a sympathetic hand on Justin's shoulder, Sandy leads him out. The wood-panelled door clicks shut behind them.

THE DOOR THAT NOW CREAKS OPEN IS OF STEEL, LEPROUS WITH RUST.

WIDEN TO:

INT. MORTUARY. DAY

SANDY, JUSTIN, a KENYAN POLICE INSPECTOR and an ASIAN DOCTOR in a black suit are waiting in a weeping concrete corridor lined with overflowing dustbins.

As the door opens wider, pulled by two AFRICAN ORDERLIES, we glimpse a vision of hell: a dormitory of the AIDS-dead. Emaciated corpses two-a-bed, more cadavers on the floor between them: some dressed, some naked. Flies snore over their heads in a swaying, muddy mist.

All four men enter slowly and in single file.

At the centre of the room stands an ironing board on wheels; on it a mass of winding sheet from beneath which protrude two grotesquely distended human feet. One dead arm dangles over the board's edge, its sausage fingers coated in congealed black blood, the fingertips an unnatural aquamarine blue.

The doctor beckons to Justin, who steps forward, Sandy shadowing him. The doctor rolls back the sheet, revealing the body beneath. What Justin sees we, mercifully, do not.

JUSTIN'S REACTION - other than a sharp intake of breath he makes no sound.

SANDY

Dear God....

POLICE INSPECTOR

(to Justin)
You know this lady, sir?

JUSTIN
(slowly, controlled)
Yes, I do, thank you. It's my
wife. Tessa Quayle.

Suddenly Sandy breaks away, barely making it in time to a cracked handbasin, where he vomits.

Justin crosses to him, and puts a comforting arm around Sandy's shoulder; as though Sandy, not he, were the bereaved.

32 EXT. NAIROBI STREET/VAN. DAY

32

A BLACK VOLKSWAGEN VAN with tinted windows and CD plates is making its way through heavy city traffic.

It passes a street hoarding: three yellow-and-black bees flying in arrow formation on a sky-blue ground; the legend:

"THREEBEEES BUZZY FOR YOUR HEALTH".

It passes a bar...

33 INT. BAR. DAY

33

Inside, Justin's houseboy MUSTAFA is having a drink with friends, tearfully watching a black-and-white TV news item, in Kiswahili, on the murders. The dead African driver features among library shots of the victims. Bluhm's image appears last - over it the Kiswahili word for "Missing".

34 INT. THE WOODROWS' KITCHEN. NIGHT

34

Here, by contrast, Gloria's kitchen TV plays the news item from an English language station, sans African driver. Here it's shots of the crime scene, a view of the bedroom at Lodwar (coily captioned "the bedroom at Lodwar"), then a library shot of the murdered British diplomat's wife, and finally, an image of the black doctor "sought by police".

DISCOVER JOMO in the kitchen doorway, looking sulky.

REVEAL GLORIA AND SANDY at the sink: Gloria, rubber-gloved for washing up, is sluicing a carving knife. Sandy drying.

GLORIA
Jomo, I've told you twice - we're
doing it ourselves tonight.

Jomo disappears, no happier than he was before.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Wretched boy.

Gloria holds the carving knife out in front of her and stares at it, as though she has never seen one before. With a little shudder she passes it to Sandy for drying.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

What were they doing wandering
about in the middle of nowhere?

SANDY

They weren't wandering. They were
on their way home.

GLORIA

Loki to Nairobi? Via Turkana?

SANDY

I expect they wanted to see the
lake. It's a famous beauty spot.

GLORIA

(sarcastic)

How romantic of them.

Sandy makes no comment.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Odd touch, cutting their throats,
then locking the bodies in the
car. If I were a bandit I'd leave
my victims to the jackals.

SANDY

I'm sure you would, my dear.

Clearly the cutting of Tessa's throat is a subject Sandy
prefers not to dwell on. He sets the knife down half dried.
Gloria picks it up and inspects it, then takes the dish
cloth from his hand and sets about finishing the job
herself.

GLORIA

For a soldier's son you're really
quite squeamish, aren't you,
Sandy? Has anyone told Justin?

SANDY

Told him what?

GLORIA

How she was killed. That she was
raped first.

SANDY

He wanted the gory details. He
was given them.

GLORIA

I think he's taking it rather
well.

SANDY

If you mean showing no emotion,
I'd say he's taking it remarkably
well. Something of a cold fish,
our house guest.

GLORIA

What would you prefer? Girlish
hysterics?

A polite cough behind them freezes the action.

REVEAL JUSTIN, dressed for outdoors.

JUSTIN

Not an inconvenient moment, I
hope.

GLORIA

Perfect timing. Just finished.

SANDY

I wish you'd let me go for you,
old man.

GLORIA

Yes, let Sandy go, Justin.
(her most alluring
smile)
Stay here with me.

JUSTIN

You're both very kind. This is
something I have to do myself.

35

EXT. THE QUAYLES' HOUSE. NIGHT

35

The PRESS are camped outside in force, and not only the
press. A couple of opportunistic AFRICAN VENDORS in Uncle
Sam pants and top hats have opened a tea stand; others are
cooking maize on a charcoal brazier. Lacklustre POLICEMEN
can be seen hanging around a beaten-up patrol car like
sluggish flies, yawning and smoking cigarettes.

THE HIGH COMMISSION'S VOLKSWAGEN VAN passes the house and
stops. One black servant driving; another riding shotgun.
In the back: Justin and Sandy.

The pressmen show little interest. Until the van suddenly
reverses at speed and swings into the gateway, just as the
gates are opened from inside. Before the newsmen have time
to crowd through, the van is inside and the gates have
shut.

The journos' shouts can be heard as the house door opens
and Sandy and Justin become inaccessible to them.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST JOURNALIST
Reckon Bluhm topped her, Mr
Quayle?

SECOND JOURNALIST
Hey, Justin, my proprietor's
offering mega-bucks...

36

INT. THE QUAYLES' HOUSE. NIGHT

36

Weeping profusely, MUSTAFA has run to Justin in the darkened hall. Justin draws the African close and pats his back comfortingly while an embarrassed Sandy looks away.

ANGLE - OTHER SERVANTS WAITING THEIR TURN IN THE SHADOWS

They include ESMERELDA, a Sudanese teenager. Only Esmerelda among the servants is not weeping.

The moment Justin releases his hold on Mustafa, Esmerelda steps forward for attention. Justin clasps both her hands. She lays her braided forehead against his in silent grief.

JUSTIN
(to Sandy)
Tessa's collection.

SANDY
Half East Africa's unemployables
by the look of it.

A one-armed UGANDAN BOY is next. Justin fondles his cheek.

MUSTAFA
(to Justin)
Police come, *bwana*. Take away
Mama Tessa things.

SANDY
(sharply)
When was this?

MUSTAFA
Come yesterday.

SANDY
(to Justin)
Better make a list of what's
missing. I'll look into it.

With a nod, Justin starts upstairs. Sandy waits until he has disappeared from view before making for the drawing room.

37 **INT. THE QUAYLES' DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT** 37

Sandy snaps on the light and looks around. Spotting the inlaid Italian table, he crosses to it, opens the drawer and begins to rummage inside....

38 **INT. TESSA'S "DEN". NIGHT** 38

A bare desk and chair, drawers wide open, shelves empty; books and excavated box files strewn over the floor. A clean rectangle on the desk indicates where Tessa's computer used to be. Justin closes the door on the mess.

39 **INT. DRAWING ROOM** 39

Sandy, meanwhile, is urgently sifting through the drawer's contents: old Christmas cards; defunct invitations; a get-well card from Ghita, a condolence note signed "LOVE, ARNOLD"...

40 **INT. THE QUAYLES' BEDROOM** 40

This is more her room than his: again the same careful, refined taste. Tessa's cosmetics, her creams and lotions etc. are still on the dressing table as she left them.

Justin opens Tessa's wardrobe - her clothes still hanging on the rail, her shoes neatly ranged on the floor.

He draws the folds of a dress briefly to his face - Tessa's scent still on it - before turning his attention to a pile of bedding stacked lumpily on a shelf above. Reaching up, he runs his hand behind the bedding, feels his way along the shelf until he finds a small LACQUERED JEWEL BOX. He lifts this down, sets it on the bed, opens it.

Inside are items of jewellery; insurance policies, a will; a photo of Tessa and Justin taken at their wedding on Elba; a snapshot of a young woman (BIRGIT) holding the hand of a blond toddler (KARL)...and a flattened-out cardboard container bearing the ThreeBees logo. The box is labelled: "12 AMPULES DYPRAXA" and over stamped in red: "NOT FOR RESALE". A date has been added in Tessa's hand and the words: "WANZA KILULU".

But Justin's attention is taken by a folded sheet of blue HM Stationery Office notepaper. He unfolds it. What Sandy has been seeking, Justin has found.

As Justin scans the text, we hear:

SANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Darling Tessa, whom I love beyond
all others, you have hurt me more
than you know.

(MORE)

40

CONTINUED:

40

SANDY'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Trusting you to be honourable, I
afforded you, against all the
rules, an opportunity which you
have abused in the worst way...

41

INT. DRAWING ROOM

41

Sandy desperately ransacking the shelves, pulling down
books and bound reports, among which we see: "FACTORS
INFLUENCING DONOR EFFECTIVENESS IN KENYA-BASED AID
AGENCIES", its author "J. QUAYLE". Justin's claim to
usefulness.

SANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)
...I beg you - before you leave
for Loki - to return what you
took for the sake of my career.
If you will not, then at least
save what is left of me by
chucking in your ridiculous sham
of a marriage - as I will mine...

42

INT. BEDROOM

42

Justin finishes reading the letter, his teeth clenched.

SANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)
...and bolting with me to the end
of the earth. I love you, I love
you and I love you. Sandy.

43

INT. DRAWING ROOM

43

Sandy starts guiltily, caught in mid-rummage as Justin
enters, carrying the lacquered jewel box.

JUSTIN
Sorry to have been so long,
Sandy.

SANDY
I was...tidying up. They've been
in here too. Anything missing
upstairs?

JUSTIN
Her computer. Her disks. All her
files. It's quite a shambles.

SANDY
(indicating box)
What's in that?

JUSTIN
Her will. It seems she wanted to
be buried in Africa.

CUT TO:

A LINE OF AFRICAN WOMEN, identically dressed, winding their solemn way up the hill from Kibera towards

EXT. LANGATA CEMETERY. DAY

WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE the lush grassy hill of Langata with its flowering ornamental trees and below it, in the near distance, the smoky-brown smear of Kibera. Here the dead live better than the living.

Like the bullseye of a target, Tessa's gravesite is surrounded by concentric horseshoes of mourners and witnesses while a GRIZZLED OLD BLACK PRIEST intones the burial service.

The open grave lies beneath a jacaranda tree beside a smaller grave marked with a temporary wooden cross bearing the name "Garth Quayle" and the single date of his birth and death. At its edge only JUSTIN and the priest are standing.

The inner horseshoe comprises the High Commission crowd and their wives: THE WOODROWS, THE COLERIDGES; THE DONOHUES; GHITA PEARSON; JUNIOR STAFF including MILDREN and MIRIAM.

Behind them is a broken ring of KENYAN POLICEMEN and PHOTO-JOURNALISTS, jockeying with one another for good positions. Standing with the Kenyan police is a tall, lean white man, later to be identified as DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR DEASEY.

The outermost horseshoe will consist of the AFRICAN WOMEN'S CHOIR - now arriving - and, already there, the servants: ESMERELDA, MUSTAFA, the one-armed UGANDAN BOY, JOMO and several others.

Last of all, behind them and standing quite alone, is the small figure of KIOKO. He's clutching something to his chest, both spindly arms curled protectively around it.

The priest concludes his prayer. FOUR AFRICAN PALLBEARERS step forward to lift the coffin by its webbing straps. As they commence to lower it the photographers burst past the police and fire off their camera shots.

Justin swings around to confront them. But before he can address the photographers he's distracted by-

TWO RAGGED KENYANS trundling a wheelbarrow of wet concrete towards the grave. Its tyre is flat and the concrete is slopping over the sides.

JUSTIN

What are they doing? Will someone please explain what they're doing?

GHITA

It's concrete, Justin. To keep
out grave robbers.

JUSTIN

(angrily)

She expressed a wish to lie in
African soil, not in bloody
concrete. Nothing can grow in
concrete. Kindly tell them to go,
please, Ghita.

Ghita relays this to the contractors, who shrug, turn their
barrow around and leave. The press seize upon the dismissal
as another photo-opportunity.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(to press photographers)

You too, please, gentlemen. It
was kind of you to come. Thank
you.

Surprisingly, the journalists pack up and leave like lambs.
Never before been asked to fuck off with such politeness.

The lowering of the coffin resumes. And for the first time
since Tessa's death we see Justin sag. Ghita and Gloria
come immediately to his side and take an arm each.

The Kibera women, having configured themselves as a choir,
begin to sing:

WOMEN'S CHOIR

Kwa heri, Mama Tessa...
Little Mama, goodbye...
Kwa heri, Tessa...
Tessa our friend, goodbye...
You came to us, Mama Tessa,
Little Mama, you gave us your
heart...
Kwa heri, Tessa, goodbye from all
our hearts....

As the coffin strikes bottom Justin winces. And again as
the first shovel-load of earth clatters hollowly on to its
lid.

The High Commission crowd begins to disperse. Though Ghita
tries to pull Justin away with them, he stands his ground.

ANGLE ON KIOKO - who has come forward to the graveside.
Justin recognises him immediately.

Revealing at last the treasure he has been clutching to his
breast, Kioko stoops and lays it upon the grave.

The gift is a fan-shaped segment of cardboard fashioned from a carton: the same piece Kioko used in Uhuru to cool his dying sister's face. On its blank reverse side he has written in felt-tipped capitals: "SLEAP WITH WANZA".

Justin reaches for the boy's hand, but having delivered what he walked ten hours to deliver, Kioko runs off.

Justin bends to look more closely at the plaque. He picks it up. Turns it over.

On the face side we see again the two bees against their pale blue background and, close to the torn right-hand edge, the black lettering: "48 AMP", overprinted with a red "NOT". But now it makes sense.

JUSTIN
(to himself)
Forty-eight ampules Dypraxa. Not
for resale.

CU 3-BEES LOGO

WIDENING TO:

45

EXT. THE QUAYLES' GARDEN. DAY

45

The logo now on the "KILPEST" packet in Justin's hand as he contemplates it. It prompts a memory.

JUSTIN
(anguished)
A marriage of convenience. Is
that how you saw us?

He raises his eyes and looks in his pain across the garden.

REVEAL TESSA seated on the verandah, her back to him. She swings around-

-and we REPRISE THE EXPRESSION ON TESSA'S FACE from that earlier garden scene: shock at finding Justin within earshot, followed by a look of disgust and loathing: an image burned indelibly into Justin's psyche, re-created here by him...

CUT TO:

46

INT. CAFE - CENTRAL NAIROBI. LATE DAY

46

PANNING THE MANY BLACK FACES in this busy downtown cafe frequented exclusively by junior Kenyan office workers.

DISCOVER JUSTIN AND GHITA at a table for two, having tea: the only non-Africans in the place.

GHITA
Why are we here?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Look around you. Recognize anyone?

Ghita scans the black faces around them. Shakes her head.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

That's why we're here.

GHITA

Very Tim Donohue. And what mustn't we be seen talking about?

JUSTIN

Arnold Bluhm.

Ghita stiffens defensively.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ghita, what were Tessa and Arnold up to? What were they doing at Turkana?

GHITA

What do you think they were doing?

JUSTIN

I don't know. It's why I'm asking.

(a beat)

You were his friend. It would help me very much to talk to him.

GHITA

He didn't kill Tessa. You should be ashamed even to be thinking it. He loved her and she him.

JUSTIN

God knows, they spent enough time together to give the impression...

He runs his hand through his hair. Can't say the word.

GHITA

Are you asking if they were lovers?

JUSTIN

Everyone's so ready to assume it was a crime of passion. I don't mean the tabloids...

GHITA

You know what this place is like.
If you can't have sex you have
other people's sex. Real or
imagined.

A beat, then Ghita opens her handbag and removes her purse.
She rummages inside it until she finds what she wants: a
snapshot. She hands it wordlessly to Justin.

INSERT PHOTO - GHITA WITH BLUHM AND ANOTHER YOUNG MAN

Ghita has an arm around Bluhm, who has an arm around the
man.

GHITA (CONT'D)

Claude - Arnold's lover. Arnold's
gay as a butterfly, Justin.

Justin shakes his head. Had no idea. The revelation has
cleared Tessa of one count of adultery at least.

GHITA (CONT'D)

It's illegal here. You don't
shout about it.

JUSTIN

She could have told me.

GHITA

Perhaps she didn't think you
needed to know.

47 **EXT. HAILE SELASSIE AVENUE. DAY**

47

Justin's car is heading back through afternoon traffic
towards the High Commission.

48 **INT. JUSTIN'S CAR. DAY**

48

Silence as Justin drives Ghita back. Then suddenly:

JUSTIN

Does the name "Dypraxa" mean
anything to you?

Ghita tenses.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's a drug. I don't know what it
treats but Tessa was interested
in it. The girl who died in her
ward was taking it.

GHITA

They never included me in that.

JUSTIN
(glancing at her)
Then you know about it?

GHITA
I know it's an experimental TB
drug. ThreeBees are testing it.

JUSTIN
What was Tessa's interest?

A pause. Then, grudgingly:

GHITA
There might have been some
deaths.

JUSTIN
Might have been?

GHITA
The impression I got. Arnold's
been chasing around for months
collecting data.
(pause)
When Tessa came out of hospital
she started helping him -
pestering ThreeBees, doorstepping
Kenny Curtiss. You should be
asking Tim Donohue this, not me.
He's pretty thick with Curtiss.
They play golf together.

JUSTIN
Would he tell me?

GHITA
If you pull out his fingernails.
(a beat)
There's a report - or was. On the
testing. They wrote it together -
Tessa and Arnold.

JUSTIN
I don't have her files. They've
gone missing.

GHITA
She took a copy to the High
Commission.

JUSTIN REACTS

JUSTIN
Then it'll be in Registry.

Ghita smiles at his naivety.

GHITA

Not if it's shredded. ThreeBees is a British company, Justin. When British commercial interests are threatened the gloves come off.

JUSTIN

Officially submitted documents have to be recorded-

GHITA

She didn't submit it officially.
(beat)
She gave it to Sandy.

This causes Justin to take his eyes off the road - long enough to veer out of his lane into the path of oncoming traffic. HORNS BLARE as he swings back barely in time to avoid a collision.

JUSTIN

Why him? Why not Porter?

GHITA

Sandy was a compromise. Arnold wanted to go public with it, Tessa wouldn't.

JUSTIN

Why not?

GHITA

She wanted to do it your way, through proper channels.

JUSTIN

She could have brought it to me.

GHITA

She didn't want you involved. This was her work, Justin. You're not equipped for it.

JUSTIN

Poor cuckolded old Quayle, friend to embassy gardens.

(pause)

Why didn't she want me involved?

GHITA

(quietly)

Because it's dangerous.

JUSTIN'S REACTION - of all the reasons Tessa might have had for excluding him, it never occurred to him that she was protecting him.

49

INT. UHURU HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR/WARD. DAY

49

TRACK ALONG CORRIDOR WITH JUSTIN AND A BLACK HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR (about 50, dark suit; consulting a clipboard).

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

Tessa Quayle...no Wanza Kilulu.
Are you sure it is the right
name?

They enter the ward where Tessa lost her baby and where Wanza died. Another PATIENT now occupies Wanza's bed but Tessa's remains empty, covered by a perished sheet of red rubber.

JUSTIN stares at the empty bed, his emotions under tight control.

JUSTIN

There was a white doctor
attending her. Big chap, blond
hair. Perhaps he conducted the
post mortem.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

If there is no patient record how
can there be a post mortem
record?

(a beat)

We have no European doctors here.

CUT TO:

JUSTIN'S CAR, picking its way over an unsurfaced road, swerving every few yards to avoid a major pot-hole.

50

EXT. MILURI VILLAGE. DAY

50

The car comes to a halt at an improvised road block, set up on the edge of the village by a GROUP OF EMACIATED KENYAN BOYS. They swarm to the car window.

BOY

Good day, bwana. This a toll
road. You pay for keep up this
fine road. Fifty shilling.

Justin smiles as he hands the boy a 50-shilling note through the window. The boy dances away in triumph, waving the note in the air. The barrier is removed. Justin drives on.

51

INT. MUD HUT. DAY

51

Inside the hut - earth floor, furnished with oil drums, cast-off mattresses and tea chests - KIOKO'S MOTHER hands him baby BARAKA. We follow him out.

52

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS. DAY

52

A brief MONTAGE as JUSTIN questions some of the VILLAGERS to discover where Kioko lives. He's an anomaly here: a lone white man in a large black settlement.

ANGLE ON A TOYOTA LANDCRUISER IN THREEBEES LIVERY, parked with its tailgate open. The truck bed loaded with medical equipment. Mobile clinic.

KIOKO joins a line of MOTHERS AND CHILDREN which has formed to receive child inoculations. The NURSES administering the vaccines are black, as is the DOCTOR supervising.

Here - on foot, having parked his car - Justin finds him.

JUSTIN

Hello, Kioko. I've been looking for you.

KIOKO

Don't want no trouble, bwana.

Inside the Landcruiser one of the nurses is making a call on a mobile phone.

JUSTIN

You're not in trouble. I just want to talk to you.

(indicating mobile clinic)

Is this where Wanza was treated? Before she went to hospital?

No answer.

NURSE

(in KiSwahili)

Next.

A YOUNG MOTHER, two or three places ahead in the line and coughing painfully, presents her baby. The attending nurse holds out her hand for a medical card. There isn't one.

ANGLE - THE NURSE ON THE PHONE in the Landcruiser.

53

INT. NAIROBI OFFICE. DAY

53

where a WHITE-COATED EUROPEAN MAN has taken the call. He hangs up and dials a number...

BACK TO SCENE

Protesting tearfully, the cardless mother is led out of the line by the nurse, to be displaced by another.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
(to doctor)
Why was she turned away?

DOCTOR
She refuses treatment.

JUSTIN
She seemed keen enough.

DOCTOR
This woman is a TB patient. She
has discontinued her treatment.
Her card was cancelled.

JUSTIN
All the more reason to inoculate
the child, I'd have thought.

DOCTOR
This is diphtheria vaccine. What
is your interest, please?

Kioko is tugging fearfully at Justin's sleeve.

JUSTIN
My name is Quayle. I'm from the
British High Commission.

DOCTOR
Do you see any of your countrymen
here, Mr Quayle?

54 INT. CAR (TRAVELLING). DAY

54

CRICK is taking the call from the Nairobi office on his car
phone. He nods, disconnects, dials...

BACK TO SCENE

JUSTIN
Do you have a card, Kioko?

Kioko shows Justin his medical card. Justin examines it.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
This is in Wanza's name.
(indicating card)
What does "IC" mean?

DOCTOR
Informed Consent. Means she
consented to treatment. They have
family medical entitlement.

JUSTIN
What treatment?

Silence.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Dypraxa?

DOCTOR

Yes.

JUSTIN

And if they don't consent? They
lose the right to medical care?

DOCTOR

I do not make the rules.

Before Justin can question him further a police car,
summoned in response to the chain of phone calls, draws up
alongside.

Kioko shrinks back in alarm.

POLICE DRIVER

Mr Quayle?

JUSTIN

Yes.

POLICE DRIVER

You will come with us, please.

As Justin climbs into the police car he glances back. Sees-
-KIOKO being questioned by a SECOND POLICEMAN.

55

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

55

In a windowless concrete-walled room illuminated by an
unshaded bulb Justin is being interrogated by the two cops.
He is sitting on a hard straight-backed chair. One
policeman is leaning against a wall, the other perched on
the edge of a table, tapping a stick against his own knee.
To a Kenyan it would be a threatening gesture.

On the table there's a folded newspaper and an electric
fan. The fan whirs slowly, fluttering the pages of the
newspaper, stirring the air without cooling it.

POLICEMAN # 1 (SEATED)

Why did you come to talk to this
boy?

JUSTIN

He attended my wife's funeral. I
came to thank him.

POLICEMAN # 2

You drove eighty kilometres for
this?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

He'd walked it.

POLICEMAN # 1

We know about your wife, Mr
Quayle.

He picks up the newspaper, displays it.

There's a photograph of the funeral, two smaller pictures
inset - one of Tessa, one of Bluhm - and the headline:
"BELGIAN DOCTOR SOUGHT IN MURDER OF DIPLOMAT'S WIFE".

JUSTIN

Thank you. I've seen it.

POLICEMAN # 1

(a smirk)

He was her lover, this Bluhm?

JUSTIN

So people are pleased to tell me.

POLICEMAN # 1

These men you hired to kill them -
they rape and kill her, they let
him go. Where did you find them?

JUSTIN

Perhaps I asked a policeman.

POLICEMAN # 2

(a grim smile)

White men, Mr Quayle...

56

EXT. GENERAL STORE, MARSABIT. DAY

56

An image, as the policeman speaks, of what was seen: A
GREEN LONG WHEELBASE SAFARI TRUCK parked on a dusty road in
glaring sunshine. AN ATHLETIC, UNSHAVEN FAIR-HAIRED MAN
returning to the truck from the store, bottles of Whitecap
in a box under his arm. As he climbs into the truck we
glimpse the driver: a SQUAT, HARD-LOOKING BASTARD WITH A
SHAVEN HEAD. They drive off, squirting dust.

POLICEMAN # 2 (V.O.)

...two of them, seen at Marsabit
in a green safari truck. They
bought Whitecap beer. They had a
picnic where they killed your
wife. They left the bottles.

BACK TO SCENE

JUSTIN

I know nothing of that.

POLICEMAN # 2

What did you ask this boy?

JUSTIN

His sister was being treated with
Dypraxa.

He waits for a reaction but there isn't one.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I expressed the hope it had done
her some good.

POLICEMAN # 1

For a British diplomat you are
not a very good liar.

JUSTIN

I haven't risen very high.

As though on cue, the door flies open and SANDY strides in,
accompanied by D.I. DEASEY. The seated policeman rises.

SANDY

My name is Woodrow. Acting Head
of Mission for Her Majesty's
Government. This is Detective-
Inspector Deasey of Scotland
Yard. Mr Deasey will be enquiring
into the death of Mr Quayle's
wife. If you have questions, ask
them of him.

(to Justin)

Have you been mistreated?

Justin shakes his head.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Good. Then we'll go.

JUSTIN

(to Kenyan cop)

Where's Kioko?

(to Sandy)

The Kenyan boy I came to see.

(to cop)

What have you done with him?

POLICEMAN # 1

He ran away.

JUSTIN

Let's hope nothing happens to
him. I'll be back to check.

Leaving Deasey with the Kenyans, Sandy exits with Justin.

57

EXT. POLICE STATION YARD. DAY

57

as Sandy and Justin emerge. Sandy's van is parked in the yard. Justin's car has been moved next to it.

JUSTIN

"Acting Head of Mission", Sandy?

SANDY

Porter's been recalled - for "consultation".

JUSTIN

What's he done?

SANDY

Nothing. The point, I think.

JUSTIN

I always liked Porter.

SANDY

Everyone likes chaps who do nothing. They make no enemies.

(a beat)

I'm flying the flag pro tem. Deasey's here to make sure Kenya's finest don't sweep anything under the carpet. Bluhm is one of theirs, after all.

JUSTIN

He's Belgian.

SANDY

Don't be obtuse, Justin. You know what I mean.

JUSTIN

Is that the official thinking? That Arnold did it?

SANDY

I'm afraid it's looking likely.

JUSTIN

Do you think he was her lover?

SANDY

I'm afraid that looks likely too.

JUSTIN

What were they doing at Lake Turkana?

SANDY

Romantic setting, old man. Sorry to have to say it.

JUSTIN

But there could have been others?

SANDY

Others?

JUSTIN

Other lovers. If she was an unfaithful wife why stop at Arnold?

Sandy shifts uncomfortably. This is too close to home.

SANDY

You shouldn't listen to rumour.
Unless you've some...evidence....

JUSTIN

Yes, evidence is the problem.
You're discounting the two Europeans seen at Marsabit?

SANDY

Circumstantial. Be a good chap and leave this to us, Justin. There are proper channels for these things.

He climbs into his van.

JUSTIN

Will Deasey want to interview me?

Sandy starts his engine.

SANDY

Shouldn't think so.

He drives off.

58 **EXT. MUTHAIGA CLUB GOLF COURSE. DAY**

58

Game over, Kenny, Donohue and Crick (caddying) are heading for the 19th hole.

59 **INT. MUTHAIGA CLUBHOUSE. DAY**

59

As they enter the clubhouse:

CURTISS

I don't give a shit. Get your secret fucking service to pull strings. What you do, isn't it?

DONOHUE

Is it? I'm never quite sure what it is we do.

REVEAL JUSTIN crossing purposefully towards them. Knew they were playing today. Been waiting to ambush them.

JUSTIN

Hello, Tim.

DONOHUE

Justin! Didn't realize you were a member here.

He waves airily at Curtiss.

DONOHUE (CONT'D)

You know Kenny, don't you?

Curtiss and Justin stare coldly at one another.

JUSTIN

I believe you knew my wife.

CURTISS

I might've met her. One of your parties.

JUSTIN

She came to see you at your offices a few weeks ago. About Dypraxa.

DONOHUE

Kenny's in a hurry, Justin.

JUSTIN

(to Curtiss)

I hope you didn't find her too troublesome. She could be a terrier when she had a scent.

CURTISS

Sounds like you're describing a bitch.

Justin works hard to keep his face from showing a reaction. Realizing he's gone too far, Curtiss pulls back a little.

CURTISS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your loss. I don't remember her coming to the office.

JUSTIN

It was in her diary.

CURTISS

Then you know more than I do. Excuse me. I'm late.

He leaves. Donohue signals for the barman's attention.

DONOHUE
(conversationally)
I didn't know Tessa kept a diary.

JUSTIN
Seems Tessa was right.
(a beat)
You don't know everything.

DONOHUE
(a smile)
Oh I know where you're going
tomorrow.
(off Justin's look)
Back home.

60

INT. LONDON AIRPORT PASSPORT CONTROL. EARLY MORNING

60

DISCOVER JUSTIN in the "EU PASSPORTS" line, among arriving
EUROPEANS going through on the nod.

In the "OTHER PASSPORTS" queue, BLACK KENYANS are being
subjected to a far more rigorous scrutiny.

Justin scarcely breaks stride as he flashes his passport at
the MIDDLE-AGED OFFICIAL on duty, expecting to be waved on.
But the official takes the passport from him and examines
it.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Welcome home, sir. Sorry about
the weather.

JUSTIN
Hardly your fault.

The official is holding Justin's passport up to the light.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
A while since you used this, is
it?

JUSTIN
About two years.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Only we've had some forgeries on
the diplomatics. Been a recall
out since October. I'm going to
have to keep this, I'm afraid,
sir. FCO'll issue you a new one.

Justin doesn't buy this explanation for a second.

JUSTIN
And if I want to travel?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

(a smile)

Only be a few days, sir.

61

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB, LONDON. DAY

61

Justin has returned to a London winter, a foreign land of chill drizzle and steamy car windows, like those on the taxi delivering him now to a gentleman's club in St James's. The cab door is opened by a liveried CLUB DOORMAN. Justin pays the CABBIE and crosses the pavement to where

PELLEGRIN, smiling a compassionate, welcoming smile, is waiting by the porticoed entrance with a CLUB SERVANT. Pellegrin clasps Justin's hand in both his own. The servant takes Justin's bag.

PELLEGRIN

My dear fellow! What a dreadful time you've had. Welcome home.

JUSTIN

Thank you, Bernard.
(to club servant)
I'd prefer to keep that with me.

PELLEGRIN

Club rule, Justin. No luggage in the dining room.

Arm around Justin's shoulders, Pellegrin propels him inside.

The servant moves off with the bag towards a side entrance.

62

INT. CLUB DINING ROOM. DAY

62

"Home" for Pellegrin is a granite-pillared dining room; grey-suited WHITEHALL MANDARINS dining under a painted heaven of cherubs posturing in a sky-blue ceiling. His preferred corner table is sheltered by a dracaena palm.

A WEST INDIAN WAITER in a mauve dinner jacket provides menus, then glides silently away.

PELLEGRIN

Must feel good to be back in civilization. Any plans yet or is it too soon?

JUSTIN

Plans?

PELLEGRIN

Holidays, visiting friends,
million things you've always
wanted to do in the garden.
You're on indefinite sick leave.

(MORE)

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Enjoy it. I hear the snow's good
at Chamonix.

(studies menu)

JUSTIN

I don't have a passport, Bernard.
They took mine at the airport.

PELLEGRIN

(eyes still down)

Of course. You missed the recall.
The sole meunière's not bad here,
if you like sole. Otherwise have
it grilled.

JUSTIN

Meunière would be fine.

PELLEGRIN

No starters, I think.

Pellegrin ticks two boxes on an order pad with his name
printed at the top. He slides it under the salt cellar.

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

You're cleared, by the way.
Thought we'd get that bit of
unpleasantness dealt with first.

JUSTIN

Cleared for what?

PELLEGRIN

Of what. Murder most foul. Seems
you didn't hire contract killers
in some den of vice after all.
Deasey seems satisfied it was a
crime of passion by our dark
medical horse. Good evidence for
it. Just a question of finding
Bluhm. Speaking of blooms, how's
the gardening out there? Promised
Céline I'd ask.

The waiter glides partially INTO SHOT, takes the order and
glides OUT OF SHOT.

JUSTIN

That's official, is it? Arnold
Bluhm raped and murdered Tessa.

PELLEGRIN

Afraid so.

(a long beat)

Do you no good to go poking
around under rocks, Justin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

Understandable instinct, but some nasty things live under rocks, especially in foreign gardens. Advice of a friend.

JUSTIN

Arnold Bluhm is gay, Bernard. Gay men don't rape their women friends.

PELLEGRIN

I've known one or two very savage queens in my time. Don't underestimate. By the way, young David Quayle any relation? We've just signed him up.

JUSTIN

What is it I'm not to look into?

PELLEGRIN

Quayles have always made reliable Foreign Service men. Shouldn't be surprised if there was a small Head of Mission still in your knapsack. Not many of our sort left, more's the pity.

JUSTIN

Isn't Porter Coleridge one of our sort?

PELLEGRIN

Ah, you're wondering why we brought him home. Heading a new development aid department. Challenging post.

JUSTIN

More challenging than dealing with Kenny Curtiss?

PELLEGRIN

You know Kenny? Crude sort of chap, but he flies the flag for us. Got up dear Tessa's nose, I fear.

JUSTIN

Yes, she wrote a report about it.

PELLEGRIN

About Kenny?

JUSTIN

Dypraxa.

PELLEGRIN

Ah. That.

JUSTIN

She expected some action to be taken. None was, was it?

PELLEGRIN

She tell you about the letter? Or did you find it among her things? Tucked into her diary, perhaps.

JUSTIN

Which letter was that, Bernard?

PELLEGRIN

Ramblings of an ageing fart. Senility setting in early, alas. Naughty of her to take it. Very naughty indeed.

JUSTIN

Yes, I found that.

PELLEGRIN

Be grateful to have it back. Written under stress, you understand. Regrettable things said. Wouldn't want it falling into the wrong hands.

A flash of puzzlement crosses Justin's face. The only compromising letter he knows of is Sandy's declaration of love for Tessa, and his own hands are the worst possible for that to have fallen into.

JUSTIN

Sorry, Bernard, are we talking about the same letter?

PELLEGRIN

What's yours about?

JUSTIN

Undying love.

PELLEGRIN

Ah.

The waiter lays a sole meunière before Pellegrin and a grilled sole in front of Justin.

JUSTIN

Why, what's yours?

PELLEGRIN

They're not so good grilled. You should have had the meunière.

63

EXT. CHANCERY LANE TUBE STATION. DAY

63

Carrying his bag, Justin emerges from the tube to be met and violently hugged by a pink-faced cuddly man with twinkly eyes, bundled up in a voluminous brown overcoat. He is ARTHUR LUIGI HAMMOND (HAM), Tessa's first cousin (mid-30's). Tears are coursing down Ham's face. The crowd divides to flow around them like a river around a boulder.

JUSTIN

(with feeling)

Good to see you again, Ham.

HAM

Sorry about the blubbing. It's those bloody Latin genes.

JUSTIN

Same old Ham.

HAM

Oh no. Not any more.

They start to walk towards Ham's offices, Justin constantly scanning the lunchtime crowds for signs of surveillance.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON UNOBTUSIVE PASSERS-BY, POSSIBLE WATCHERS - could be anyone - in a car, on a bike, on foot....

JUSTIN

How have you been?

HAM

Miserable. Desperate. You know how close I was to Tess.

JUSTIN

Yes, I do know.

HAM

First cousins can be closer than siblings. Still don't understand why I let you talk me out of going to the funeral. Doesn't sit right.

JUSTIN

Wrong crowd for you, Ham. We'll have a private memorial service here. You can blub all the way through it.

HAM

Don't think I won't. Hire the Abbey. You can afford it now.

JUSTIN
(distracted, watching)
Can I?

HAM
Tess left you bloody well off.
Want to know what you're worth?

JUSTIN
Not particularly.

HAM
I haven't sold the Chelsea house.
Thought you might want to stay
there while you're in London-

JUSTIN
No.

HAM
Well, it's yours anyway - that
and her African women's charity.
Said it'd get you out of the
garden.

JUSTIN
When did she say that?

HAM
Two weeks before she died.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Justin reflecting on this as Ham turns off into a side
street, taking Justin with him.

HAM (CONT'D)
There's quite a decent take-away
along here. Have you had lunch?

JUSTIN
Yes, a very civilized lunch with
Bernard Pellegrin. At which he
expressed interest in Tessa's
diary.

HAM
Tess never kept a diary. Hated
the things.

JUSTIN
You and I know that. Pellegrin
must have been disinformed.

ANGLE as they reach a CHINESE TAKE-AWAY.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ham...Do you still represent that
dodgy client in Amsterdam?

64

INT. HAMMOND MANZINI OFFICES, ELY PLACE. DAY

64

These are not the most prepossessing law offices in the land, being situated on two wormy upper floors, their panelled walls hung with fading images of the illustrious dead and a single enlarged photograph in a silver frame, showing a 16 YEAR-OLD HAM and a 7 YEAR-OLD TESSA with their AUNT CLAUDIA (50) in an identifiably Roman setting.

Ham is seated at an ancient desk, lunching on Chinese take-away: tinfoil cartons and waxed lids strewn over the surface.

Justin is looking out of the window.

Through the open door of an adjacent room ELECTRONIC BEEPS and CRASHES can be heard. Someone playing a computer game.

HAM

How do you tell if you're being
followed?

JUSTIN

In a civilized country you can't.
It's done with a confiscated
passport, a club servant going
through your bag while you lunch.

HAM

Not my game, thank God. Sooner
play billiards.

(indicating next-door)

Or whatever that is Guido's
doing.

(calling)

Come and have some lunch.

(to Justin)

I warned Tess about it. Didn't
stop her e-mailing twice a day.
More enquiries than Google. Got
behind in my work answering them
all. Act of love, you see. I
loved her rotten.

JUSTIN

And she loved you rotten.
Enquiries about what?

A plump, pink 12 year-old boy now enters the room - GUIDO,
Ham's son. He makes straight for the Chinese dishes and
unceremoniously helps himself, competing with his father
for the noodles.

HAM

Look at him. Boy's two-thirds machine. Mind of a computer, appetite of a waste disposal.

(to Guido)

Aren't you?

Guido grins, stuffing his face regardless.

JUSTIN

What's the other third?

HAM

Manzini. Unquestionably.

(to Guido)

Those e-mails from Tess.

(to Justin)

Guido helped me with them.

GUIDO

Company stuff. Bo-ring.

HAM

Ownership, partnership, franchises, that sort of thing. Trying to find out who brokered the marriage.

JUSTIN

What marriage?

HAM

KVE and ThreeBees. KVE make Dypraxa, ThreeBees test it. It's a marriage of convenience, of course, both in it for what they can take out of it.

JUSTIN REACTS - jolted by the phrase.

JUSTIN

Her phrase or yours?

HAM

Oh, hers.

ON JUSTIN - visibly relieved. Not a reference to him and Tessa after all.

JUSTIN

Producing dead offspring.

Justin is now at the computer Guido was using; Guido, standing beside him, is unloading the game, readying the machine for serious use.

JUSTIN

How do I access what Tessa sent you?

GUIDO

Tess folder.

JUSTIN

Could we get at her inbox for any new stuff?

GUIDO

Sure. Log on to her server.

As Justin starts to do it-

JUSTIN

Then?

GUIDO

Enter her address and password.

JUSTIN

I don't know her password.

Guido stares at him in bewilderment: adult mentality passing all understanding.

GUIDO

Duh. Five letters, Juss. Three guesses.

Justin shakes his head.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

My name, yeah? I designed it. Use a One for the "I", zero for the "O".

He leans over and types in: "G-U-I-D-O" (sic)...

...and Tessa's inbox pops onto the screen. Crammed with messages.

Justin clicks on the top one - from "birgit@hippo.org.de"...

...at which point the screen immediately fragments and the computer crashes dramatically. A quite different message appears, flashing in bold red capitals: "FATAL ERROR! YOUR COMPUTER HAS PERFORMED AN ILLEGAL OPERATION. TOXIC MATERIAL DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH HAS BEEN CLEANSSED"

GUIDO (CONT'D)

Wow! We're toast. Virus. In through the mailbox, took out the hard disk.

JUSTIN

Does that happen a lot?

GUIDO

You kidding? Tailormade one, that is. Targeted attack.

JUSTIN

What have we lost?

GUIDO

Everything. Operating system, stored data, the lot.

(grin)

No probs. We got all the old stuff backed up.

CU ANOTHER COMPUTER SCREEN

66

INT. HAM'S OFFICE. DAY

66

The lunch detritus has been swept aside and Justin is now ensconced at Ham's desk - Ham kibitzing on one side, Guido accessing the sites for him on the other, his fingers flying over the keyboard like a concert pianist's.

With a series of clicks we jolt into Tessa's world, via the public markers to her private passions: BUKO, Pharma Watch, WHO, Hippo etc.: a rush to the head - a verbal, aural, pictorial flow of superhighway information that flashes past like cars in a rally, faster than his mind can absorb.

IMAGES OF RESEARCH LABS, WHITE-COATED TECHNICIANS; HEADLINE SNIPPETS OF PHARMA-FACT, DISEASE SPREAD STATISTICS, RESEARCH SPENDING, BIG PHARMA DONATIONS TO HOSPITALS ("BUYING ENDORSEMENT"); but also, mixed with these, we glimpse some personal Webcam messages from Tessa to Ham and Guido: Tessa singing "Happy Birthday" to Guido in Italian; Tessa "gurning" to Guido and Ham; Guido and Ham pulling grotesque faces back, etc.

HAM

Give him a chance to read it.

GUIDO

Lightning tour. Show him what we got.

JUSTIN

Go back. Page before last...

Guido skips back to:

A NET MESSENGER CONVERSATION between TESSA and BIRGIT, seen via WEBCAM IMAGES

(CONTINUED)

TESSA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Sorry, Birgit. Me again. Quote:
"The House of ThreeBees Nairobi
will take up a quarter of the 400
million dollar research and
development costs of Dypraxa, in
exchange for all-Africa sale and
distribution rights." Explain,
please.

BIRGIT'S VOICE (V.O.)

(German accent)

Tessa, you have to understand the
scale of this. There is a TB
epidemic coming. The entire world
will be devastated. So Big Pharma
smells big money. America - that
is their market, not Africa.
America means billions of
dollars.

TESSA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Why test in Africa?

BIRGIT'S VOICE (V.O.)

New drugs have to be tried
somewhere, Tessa. They go where
they can buy patients for
pennies.

TESSA'S VOICE

Why ThreeBees, though? A British
firm.

BIRGIT'S VOICE

We wonder this too. Maybe if the
costs of the trials bankrupt the
bees, KVH will get all the honey.

TESSA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Thanks, Liebchen. Kiss Karl for
me. Ciao.

BIRGIT'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ciao, Tessa.

WIDEN TO JUSTIN ALONE AT THE COMPUTER

Up now comes GRACE MAKANGA's website, including her
PHOTOGRAPH and a MAP OF KENYA showing the tour itinerary,
with dates, of her "Women for Life" crusade. The tour goes
from Mombasa, west and north to Lodwar and Loki, then back
south and east around the southern tip of Lake Turkana to
Marsabit, before returning to Nairobi.

THE KVH HOME PAGE: a revolving banner graphic of molecular
structures, happy patients, Third World treatment centres;

a site map with buttons for: "ABOUT KVH", "CONTACT US", "PRODUCTS IN DEVELOPMENT", "ACHIEVEMENTS", "KVH WORLDWIDE".

Inset is a picture, taken at the opening of a KVH's newest UK manufacturing plant at Port Talbot. Topping the plant we see the trademark KVH steeple (a towering stainless steel sculpture representing a hypodermic needle). Below, several tiny human figures at a ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Justin leans over to peer more closely at the image.

He enlarges the image with a series of zooms. Thus we identify PHIL McEVOY at the UK HEALTH MINISTER's elbow as the latter cuts the ribbon. McEvoy's name and title appear below the picture: "PHIL McEVOY, KVH CHAIRMAN".

Behind McEvoy is another figure, too small to be identified. As Justin zooms in, a fuzzy but recognisable face appears:

SIR BERNARD PELLEGRIN

JUSTIN REACTS

67

INT. HAMMOND MAXINI CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

67

The long, polished conference table is covered with printouts from the websites, hard copies of e-mails, extracts from scientific journals etc: a mass of material which Justin is sorting under Ham's eye. Somewhere in this morass of fact and speculation, question and answer, Tessa has caught her death.

BLEEPS through the wall inform us that Guido, not being of the paper generation, has returned to his electronic games.

HAM

I'm quite proud of him, you know. He's got the full fifteen-second attention span. None of his friends get beyond ten.

Justin smiles.

JUSTIN

He's a pocket edition of you, Ham.

HAM

Is he? Another fat lawyer in the bud, d'you think? I suppose he could do Internet Law. Bleep-bleep. No books.

But Justin is no longer listening. One of the e-mails has caught his eye. He has picked it up and is reading it.

HAM (CONT'D)

Wondered when you'd find that.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly Justin sets down the printout. Whatever was in it has shaken him.

JUSTIN

I failed her, Ham. I lost my faith in her. Now it's too late.

HAM

She forgives you. She loved you rotten too, you know.

He gestures at the pile of e-mails.

HAM (CONT'D)

Suppose I posited that all this is co-incidental. Tess killed by bandits, pure and simple, and that you're being as paranoid as she was. Any credence in that for you?

Justin reaches into his pocket, from which he extracts a folded sheet of paper. He unfolds it, lays it on the desk.

INSERT DEATH THREAT

Typewritten in thick black capitals: "KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS OR YOU'LL GET WHAT YOUR WIFE GOT"

Ham shrugs. Tried.

EXT. TESSA'S CHELSEA HOUSE. DUSK

Tessa's Chelsea house has changed since we saw it last: the front garden now run wild, the house closed up.

DISCOVER JUSTIN peering in through a ground-floor window.

HIS POV: AN ABANDONED ROOM, its furniture shrouded in dust sheets. Couldn't stay there, couldn't stay away.

As he moves away from the house towards its overgrown back garden, security lights come on, tripped by his presence.

ANGLE ON BACK GARDEN - harshly lit by the security lights. Flowers dead on the stalk, long weed-choked grass. To the gardener in Justin it's a distressing sight - a fostered child visited by a long-absent parent and found in rags.

Again we see the single mature oak, the remains of Tessa's childhood tree house: part of her life Justin never shared.

Settling himself beneath the oak, Justin pulls from his pocket the e-mail he was reading in Ham's office; and now we learn its contents.

TESSA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Moral dilemma, Ham, and the
 person I most want to tell can't
 be told. Had a creepy love letter
 today, from a five-star creep
 I've cold-bloodedly led on. I
 stole something from him and -
 worse - made him a vile promise
 I've no intention of keeping...

Instinctively Justin reaches out to dead-head a rose.
 Probably unaware he's doing it. He crumples its brittle
 petals in his fist.

TESSA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I hate to think how it would hurt
 Justin if he knew. I've violated
 his code, Ham, in the most
 cynical way. And the end that
 justifies my means? I need said
 creep to help me blackmail HMG
 into doing the right thing. Tell
 me I'm not a ruthless bitch. Tell
 me Justin would understand. Wrong
 answer from you and I'll push you
 into the Tiber as I did when you
 were sixteen. Ciao, darling.

JUSTIN

Forgive me...

He rests his head between his hands.

He has come, at last, to that private place he has been
 seeking. And here this final vindication of Tessa bursts
 the dam. The weight of Justin's grief, so long held back by
 suspicion and doubt, now floods through the breach with
 astonishing violence, racking every muscle of his body. He
 sobs as though vomiting up his pain: a poison of which the
 body must purge itself before action....

INT. LONDON RAIL TERMINUS. MORNING

The train is about to depart. Doors are slammed, a GUARD
 checks his watch, whistle poised in his mouth.

DISCOVER JUSTIN on the platform, bag in hand. But he can't
 board yet; he's waiting for something, someone....

...HAM tearing through the barrier, the tails of his
 overcoat flapping; puffing mightily as he propels his bulk
 half the platform's length to a Justin much relieved to see
 him.

Red-faced and with hardly breath enough left for speech,
 Ham thrusts a small manila envelope into Justin's hand.

HAM

(breathless)

Sorry...only just got it....

(breath)

Directions for use - no air travel, no credit cards...never say your name on the phone or the computers'll kick in....

(breath)

Dodgy Client adds: "Welcome to my world."

JUSTIN

I don't want his world.

HAM

Afraid you've got it, old chum. Look, I'm getting a bit paranoid too. I've put an address inside. Aunt Claudia, the old bat in Rome. If you need to contact me on your travels you'd better do it through her.

Now Ham reaches under his voluminous coat and pulls out a larger envelope, this one padded and weighty.

HAM (CONT'D)

Dodgy client sent this along, no extra charge. Thanks you might need it. So do I.

Justin takes the Jiffy bag and hefts it. Not hard to guess from its weight and size that it's a gun. With a shake of his head, Justin hands it back.

JUSTIN

I've never believed in violence, Ham. Neither did Tessa.

HAM

Self-defence, Justin. It's different.

JUSTIN

Does the bullet know the difference?

The guard BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. The train jolts into motion.

With another great bear-hug Ham and Justin part, Ham once again unashamedly free with his tears as Justin boards.

STAY ON HAM still clutching the gun in its Jiffy bag as the train bears Justin out of sight.

70

INT. HIGH COMMISSION, NAIROBI. DAY

70

Sandy Woodrow is addressing a plenary staff meeting.

SANDY

It seems our erstwhile colleague
Justin Quayle has disappeared....

FAVOURING GHITA AND DONOHUE, seated next to one another.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Four days ago he lunched in
London with the Pellegrin, who
describes him as overwrought,
after which he visited his wife's
lawyer, then went off our
radar....

Murmurings from the audience.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Our concern is for his mental
state. The poor man has convinced
himself there was a conspiracy
against Tessa, in which...all of
us were complicit....

DONOHUE

Those whom the Gods would destroy
they first make mad.

Said softly to himself, but wanting Ghita to hear.

SANDY

If he has left the U.K. he did so
without a passport. The
implications are obvious.
Therefore, any contact from
Justin must be reported to me
immediately, in his own best
interest.

In the general babble of conversation that follows:

DONOHUE

No point asking if you've heard
from him, I suppose?

GHITA

No, Tim, none at all.

Donohue smiles appreciatively. Axiom of his trade: better
an honest adversary than a mendacious ally.

CUT TO:

A GERMAN POLICE CAR parked outside a turreted five-storey
corner house.

71 *EXT. HIPPO HQ, BIELEFELD. MORNING*

71

The exterior of the house is decorated with bright murals of Third World children. A green hippo is painted on the front door, which stands ajar; above it the words "PHARMA WATCH INTERNATIONAL".

72 *INT. HIPPO OFFICE. MORNING*

72

Displayed on the walls are posters warning of the duplicity and cynicism of Big Pharma, most of them in English. We might see, for example:

A CARTOON depicting a white-coated figure wearing a stethoscope and devil's horns, his top pocket bulging with dollars as he injects a child. Caption: "DOCTORS ARE NOT SAINTS! MEDICAL OPINION CAN BE BOUGHT!"

Another cartoon - set in a circus ring - has a figure in spangled tights labelled "U.S. PHARMACEUTICAL" balancing on the shoulders of Uncle Sam, who is balancing in turn on a tiny, crushed dark-skinned figure labelled "GENERIC DRUGS". Captioned: "THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHILANTHROPIST ACT".

Entering, Justin finds a familiar chaos: shelves and filing cabinets emptied, contents dumped on the floor; desks bearing tell-tale clean rectangles where once stood computers.

A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN is taking a statement from a distraught young SECRETARY. Nobody else is in the office.

SECRETARY

(to Justin, in German)

I'm sorry, we're closed.

JUSTIN

I'm looking for Birgit.

SECRETARY

We have had a burglary. Nobody is here. Come back tomorrow.

JUSTIN

I really would like to see her today if at all possible.

SECRETARY

(suspicious)

I cannot give out a home address.

POLICEMAN

You are?

JUSTIN
 Steven Grainger.
 (to secretary, hoping
 she'll catch on)
 Tessa's husband.

The policeman holds out his hand. Into it Justin places his passport. To the secretary he offers the Birgit-Karl photograph.

The policeman briefly checks the passport then hands it back, satisfied that the name matches the face - his only concern.

The secretary, by contrast, returns the Birgit-Karl photo with a smile. The suspicion has left her face.

SECRETARY
 She collects Karl at three. From
 the kindergarten in
 Bahnhofstrasse.

73

EXT. KINDERGARTEN. DAY

73

The kindergarten is situated on one side of a wide street; cars containing waiting MOTHERS parked on both sides. In front of the building, which has its own outdoor play area, is a pedestrian crossing, patrolled by a CROSSING GUARD. Opposite there is a grassy area on which THREE YOUTHS are kicking a football about, shouting raucously.

SOUND OVER: SIXTY LITTLE VOICES SINGING A CHILD'S ECOLOGICAL PROTEST SONG (about destruction of unrecoverable resources?).

74

INT. KINDERGARTEN ANTE-ROOM. DAY

74

The singing comes to us through a glass wall from an adjacent playroom, but the room we're seeing should reflect the "alternative" character of the kindergarten (this being where Hippo's staff send their kids). Thus: a frieze of "Children of the World", a collage of endangered natural resources - cut-outs of trees, whales, etc - but arranged in rows like markers in a graveyard.

WITH A SUDDEN RUSH OF SOUND AND MOVEMENT the doors to the adjoining room burst open and SIXTY UNDER-FIVES pour in.

Simultaneously as many MOTHERS, FATHERS, AUNTS, NANNIES, GRANNIES and BIG SISTERS - among them JUSTIN - surge into the ante-room from the street.

ANGLE ON BIRGIT as she finds KARL among the outpouring kids.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN approaching her through the throng. He shows the photograph.

JUSTIN

You sent this to my wife.

BIRGIT'S REACTION is cautious, more fearful than welcoming.

BIRGIT

Justin?

JUSTIN

I need to talk to you.

Birgit shakes her head.

BIRGIT

Our computers were stolen last night. They have never gone this far before. I can't be seen with you. I have Karl to think of.

JUSTIN

Where would be a safe place?

BIRGIT

Nowhere. Nowhere is safe.

She glances around her at the dozens of mothers and under-fives heading in an untidy stream for the door.

BIRGIT (CONT'D)

(sudden realisation)

Here. Now, with these people.

Taking Karl by the hand, she joins the throng moving towards the street. Justin goes with her, not quite understanding.

BIRGIT (CONT'D)

In this crowd we can talk. My bicycle is across the street. Ask your questions before we get to it.

THE EMERGING CROWD - FAVOURING BIRGIT, JUSTIN, KARL as they move through the outdoor play area to the crossing, where the crossing guard is bunching the group, holding them until there are enough to take across.

ANGLE - A BLACK BMW 760i with dark-tinted windows, parked on the opposite kerb.

Justin realises that Birgit is not exaggerating the threat: they are almost certainly under surveillance, perhaps even in immediate danger. And he has about half a minute in which to pump Birgit's mind. A lesser man might freeze. Justin's mind is working overtime - what to ask? In what order?

JUSTIN
Is Dypraxa a scam?

BIRGIT
Scam?

JUSTIN
Does it cure TB?

The crossing guard has been holding up traffic. Now she waves the group across. Holding Karl's hand, Birgit steps into the roadway. Justin takes the little boy's free hand. Karl looks up at him and smiles.

BIRGIT
Yes, it cures. It also kills.
(off his questioning
look)
Toxicity - they haven't the
formula right yet. To go back to
the lab would cost time and
money. Next?

JUSTIN'S POV - THE parked BMW, growing slowly nearer as they start across the road.

JUSTIN
You said in the e-mails the
Kenyan government approved the
trials...

BIRGIT
You live there, you know how it
works. Lorbeer bribed them. For
\$50,000 the Kenyan Health
Minister will let you test
battery acid as skin lotion...

She breaks off. A motor cycle with a pillion passenger is roaring towards the crossing...

Instinctively Birgit pulls Karl to her, breaking him free of Justin's hand. The crossing guard stops, waves her sign angrily at the motor bike, mothers and children bunching up behind her, some showing signs of panic...

...and as the bike flashes through the gap, the pillion passenger raises a hand - something clutched in it, something gleaming, pointing--

-Justin pushing himself in front of Birgit and Karl to shield them-

-the pillion rider squeezing the bulb of what turns out to be an old-fashioned motor horn.

BEEP, BEEP

Some of the children laugh.

BIRGIT - white-faced as the crossing continues.

BIRGIT (CONT'D)

You see what I live with?

Across the street the BMW is nudging forward a foot or two, very slowly nosing to within a yard of the crossing. This, too, annoys the crossing guard. She waves her sign at it.

BIRGIT (CONT'D)

Be quick. We haven't much time.

JUSTIN

The clinical trial deaths - how do they hide the bodies?

BIRGIT

In Kenya? Who cares? Next?

More than half-way across now. Time is running out.

JUSTIN

Who is Lorbeer?

BIRGIT

A white coat. He invented Dypraxa. With Lara Emrich.

THE BMW - its impenetrable windows hiding God-knows-what, and they're getting closer and closer...

JUSTIN

Where can I find him?

Birgit shakes her head.

BIRGIT

Disappeared.

JUSTIN

Murdered?

BIRGIT

Disappeared.

JUSTIN

And Emrich?

BIRGIT

KVH has her. Quarantined, like a disease.

They're almost to the far side now. And the driver's door of the BMW is slowly opening, a man's foot protruding as the driver begins to step out...

JUSTIN
(urgently)
Where?

No answer. Birgit has turned off the tap.

At the kerb the crowd is dispersing rapidly - some going right, some left, others ahead into the park.

A BIG MAN in a dark suit is climbing out of the BMW...

Birgit veers off to her bicycle, almost dragging Karl, who is trying to wave goodbye to Justin.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(calling; desperate)
Where is she?

Birgit doesn't respond. She's frantically strapping Karl into his bike harness. Completing the task, she mounts. As she rides away, she passes Justin...

...leans over and whispers-

BIRGIT
Where they make Dypraxa.

The BMW's CHAUFFEUR has stopped in the roadway to look at Justin, who is standing at the kerb staring at him, tensed for action, ready for fight or flight.

Then, with a shake of his head, the man opens the BMW's rear door...and into the car climbs a MOTHER AND CHILD who have crossed with Justin's crowd. The chauffeur gets back behind the wheel. The car glides off.

Justin continues straight ahead - through the grassy area where the three youths are still noisily playing football.

76

INT. HALLWAY/JUSTIN'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY

76

As Justin unlocks and pushes open the door to his hotel room the SOUND of ANGRY CONVERSATION IN GERMAN, audible in the hallway, becomes suddenly loud.

He hesitates. The room is gloomy, the curtains drawn. Something isn't right here.

But as he takes a step inside he realizes, with some relief, that the voices are emanating from his television. Justin crosses to turn it off---

---and is jumped - so fast, so violently that for moments in the half-light we're not sure how many attackers there are.

Knees, fists, boots thud into Justin's soft places - the only live sound in the room his groans and his assailants' effort-laden breathing. The soap opera continues as background.

REVEAL THE FOOTBALL-PLAYING YOUTHS

The flurry of blows and kicks has left Justin curled up on the carpet, vomiting. One of the three now crouches by him, wadding up a wash cloth he has taken from the bathroom.

YOUTH # 1

Fertig?

No response. He flicks Justin's face with his fingernail.

YOUTH # 1 (CONT'D)

Finished?

Justin nods. The youth wipes his mouth with the cloth - a curiously attentive gesture - then stuffs the cloth into his mouth and binds it in place with cord from a dressing gown.

Another youth is tying Justin's hands behind his back. The last attacker lowers the volume on the TV, unfolds a scrap of lined yellow paper, torn from a legal pad.

YOUTH # 2

(reading)

"To Justin Quayle, travelling as Steven Grainger. Stop or you join your wife. Last warning."

He thrusts the yellow note in Justin's face.

YOUTH # 2 (CONT'D)

Next time the red card, ja?

The other footballers appreciate the joke. One of them kicks Justin in the groin. As he doubles up, the other two hug the "goal scorer" and dance around the room in mock-celebration, chanting the victory chant of German football fans. The chanting stops at the door. They leave in silence.

Justin is left writhing on the floor, fighting the spasms of nausea rippling through his body. With no outlet through the gag, if he throws up he will aspirate his own vomit and die.

He lapses into semi-consciousness for a moment. When he opens his eyes...

ANGLE ON THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR

through the doorway comes a wet hand, jiggling sexily. Tessa's hand - the moment from Scene 14. Justin struggles to speak but with the gag in place he cannot.

Driven by this need, he crawls to the radiator, where, hooking the gag on a projecting thermostat, he succeeds in wrenching it off.

THE BATHROOM DOORWAY

Tessa's form is glimpsed, never quite seen, moving between the washbasin and the towel rail.

JUSTIN

(anguished)

Why didn't you tell me? I could have helped... I could have protected you.

THE DOORWAY

Nothing there. Never was.

77

INT. HIGH COMMISSION, NAIROBI. DAY

77

SANDY

It is my sad duty to inform you that Dr Bluhm has been found....

A susurrus of response.

78

EXT. A REMOTE DESERT SPOT, TURKANA. DAY

78

The remains of ARNOLD BLUEHM, ravaged in life by the cruellest tortures and post mortem by wild beasts, are being taken down by KENYAN POLICEMEN from the cross on which he was crucified.

SANDY (V.O.)

I'll spare you the details. Suffice it to say the poor fellow appears to have been tortured to death on the same day Tessa was killed....

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY (CONT'D)

Which would seem to exonerate him...

GHITA

(sarcastic)

Only seem, Sandy? What's the new theory? Tortured himself to death? Save you looking for anyone else?

SANDY
(ignoring her)
Moving on....

EXT. VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY

DISCOVER JUSTIN in a line of arriving PASSENGERS

His appearance has changed dramatically: a disguise of unkempt hair, stubble, more casual style of dress etc.

He hands his passport to a CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER, who checks it against his list of undesirables.

INSERT LIST - among others we see the name "STEVEN GRAINGER", the notation: "A.K.A. JUSTIN QUAYLE - WANTED FOR IDENTITY FRAUD - INFORM UK AUTHORITIES"

INSERT JUSTIN'S PASSPORT

The name on it is "PETER ATKINSON".

The immigration officer returns the passport and waves Justin through to the vastness of Canada.

THROUGH A SCREEN OF WHIRLING SNOWFLAKES

EXT. KVV TOWER - DAWES, SASKATCHEWAN. DAY

we're seeing the only high-rise building in a low-rise prairie town, set in a thousand-mile snowfield: a gleaming WHITE STONE MEGALITH with windows of coppered glass opaque to the world, an unsullied frontage declaring power through purity, domination through wealth.

Behind the building rise two clean white chimneys, each with "KVV" lettered in gold down its length, and again that trademark hypodermic steel spire jammed into the cold sky.

ANGLE ON BUILDING ENTRANCE

where a FLOWER DELIVERY VAN has pulled up. The DRIVER emerges carrying a large bouquet.

INT. KVV BUILDING - LABORATORY. DAY

DR LARA EMRICH - a tall, handsome woman in her forties, wearing a lab coat - is adding tiny, measured amounts of liquid to a flask with a pipette. Standing at her shoulder is DR FOUCHARD, her superior.

DR FOUCHARD
You're drowning it.

LARA
(Russian accent)
So the hand cream will have one
part more of lanolin per million.

The PHONE RINGS. Lara answers.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Sorry if this spoils your Nobel Prize.
 (to phone)
 Emrich.
 (listens)
 And leave my vitally important work for humanity?

INT. KVH BUILDING - LOBBY. DAY

The flower delivery driver is waiting at the front desk with his bouquet and clipboard as Lara arrives.

DRIVER
 Dr Emrich?
 (off her nod)
 Sign here.

He passes the clipboard; she signs; he hands her the flowers - all to the amusement of the SECURITY MAN behind the desk.

SECURITY MAN
 See, doc? Somebody loves you.

Lara is looking at the card attached to the bouquet. It reads: "UNTIL WE MEET". There's no signature.

REVEAL JUSTIN across the lobby, watching this. He's standing in front of a TV screen, ostensibly watching a KVH promotional video (see Appendix).

As the film ends - and before it resumes - we hear the KVH ID tones and another voice announcing:

KVH VOICE (V.O.)
 Karel Vita Hudson - the world is our clinic.

JUSTIN'S POV - A PUZZLED LARA EMRICH

No idea who sent the flowers or why she had to sign for them.

The reason is Justin: now he knows what she looks like.

EXT. KVH PARKING LOT/STREET. LATE DAY

It's still snowing as Lara's twelve year-old Volvo slithers out of the parking lot and into the street, chains on all four wheels. As she reaches the roadway-

LARA'S POV - JUSTIN standing in the roadway, blocking her path. Kitted out for a Saskatchewan winter.

She stops the car, rolls down the window.

LARA

I do my job, I don't talk to the press. Why can't you people leave me alone?

JUSTIN

I'm not from the press or KVH.
I'm on your side.

LARA

I don't have a side.

She makes to drive on but Justin steps in front of the vehicle, blocking her way.

JUSTIN

I'll be here again tomorrow. And the next day. And the next.

LARA

I have nothing to say to you.

JUSTIN

Then I won't take much of your time.

She stares at him: her quick mind calculating, deciding....

INT. LARA'S CAR (TRAVELLING). DUSK

JUSTIN in the front passenger seat as Lara heads the car out of town. A long silence between them until-

JUSTIN

I understand your fear. They've threatened me too.

(a beat)

They killed my wife.

LARA

If you are looking for her killers, you will never find them.

JUSTIN

I'm not. I just...want to complete her work.

LARA

Then they will find you. KVH have already murdered me. A year ago I was Head of Research. Now I need permission to throw away a broken test tube.

JUSTIN

Where are we going?

LARA

Nowhere. Sometimes after work I visit a friend. They know this, they won't follow. Ask your questions. If I don't like them I will throw you out in the snow.

Justin smiles. An amusing image.

EXT ANGLE - a Mack truck swishing past in the opposite direction, its headlights briefly blinding.

JUSTIN

Why were you demoted?

LARA

Because I trusted KVH. After we sold Dypraxa to them - Markus and I - we started testing...

JUSTIN

Markus is Lorbeer?

LARA

Yes. We conducted the trials in Kenya. For ThreeBees - they had the franchise.

JUSTIN

Why ThreeBees?

She shrugs. Doesn't know, doesn't care.

LARA

Whenever we got a side effect - bleeding, blindness, liver problems - they made us change the rules to exclude these patients. It became very soon the test that could not be failed. When the patients started to die Markus jumped clear. Or was pushed. He is finished with KVH. He is lucky.

JUSTIN

How many patients died?

LARA

None. If someone died their name was removed, the body was removed.

JUSTIN

And in reality?

LARA

When I left, forty-one.

JUSTIN

And nobody ever protested?

LARA

I protested. So they come to me - KVH comes - and they offer me a gift for my silence - a clinical trial of my own - a new protocol, more safeguards, strong, well-fed male patients - here, in Dawes, Saskatchewan. All monitored by TPD. Not Third World, Mr Quayle. Canada. Land of singing mounted policemen. A civilized country.

She switches on her windscreen wipers. Snow has started falling - in thick, wind-driven flakes that soon blanket the road ahead in the gathering darkness. In a few moments it will become a blizzard.

Another long-distance rig passes in a blaze of lights.

LARA (CONT'D)

The multinationals decide what is civilized.

JUSTIN

And?

LARA

Same results. No deaths but still too much toxicity. My results were rubbished.

JUSTIN

Who by?

LARA

KVH, the medical press, anyone who takes their dollar. They scream I have broken my confidentiality agreement, I am a third-rate scientist whose work with the great Markus Lorbeer was to polish his microscope.

JUSTIN

I presume he didn't back you.

LARA

(grim laugh)

Where is Judas when you need him?

JUSTIN

I think you know where he is.

LARA

If I did, why would I tell you?
There have been enough killings.

JUSTIN

I came a long way to see you,
Lara. I haven't time to be
polite. I need more.

LARA

Always everyone needs more. One
last squeeze of the tube - before
they throw you away.

JUSTIN

I'm not Lorbeer.
(pause)
What does he look like?

She laughs. Odd question.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I think I may have seen him.

LARA

Markus is an ugly fat man with
orange hair all over his body.
And bad teeth. Now you will ask
how could a woman love such a
thing?

JUSTIN

That I wouldn't presume to
question. What I question is your
loyalty to him.

Silence.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I won't harm him. You have my
word.

LARA

It will make no difference to
expose these people. They are
immune. Is it worth dying for?

JUSTIN

My wife thought so. You fought
them - once.

LARA

Yes, I lost. I am not married to
a British diplomat. I cannot get
questions asked in Parliament.

Silence.

JUSTIN

Where is Markus Lorbeer, Lara?

LARA

Be careful what you wish for. Markus is married to his Christian conscience but he cheats on her. He betrays, he repents, he is cleansed to sin again. If you find him he will betray you too.

(pause)

Ten days ago he writes me about a report someone has given him - on the Kenya trials. "Dear Lara, I have betrayed everyone. Now I do my penance in the wilderness. This with half the Bible to support it."

JUSTIN

Who gave him the report?

LARA

He didn't say.

JUSTIN

Was the letter postmarked?

Lara reaches across Justin to open the glove compartment. She removes a DHL envelope, drops it in his lap.

Attached to the envelope is a waybill.

INSERT WAYBILL: "ORIGIN OF CONSIGNMENT: LOKI, KENYA"
"SENDER: R.G. MITCHELL"

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Loki.

LARA

It's in the north of Kenya, near the Sudan border.

JUSTIN

Yes, I know where it is.

Another dazzle of headlights reflects blindingly from the snow as yet another long-distance truck approaches on the highway.

Suddenly, without apparent cause, the truck swerves across the road and slams into Lara's car, staving in the wing, shattering the windscreen, shunting the car sideways into a telegraph pole.

85

CONTINUED:

85

The truck straightens up and continues on its way to Dawes.

86

INT. CAR. NIGHT

86

The BLIZZARD HOWLING through the shattered windscreen is the only sound.

ANGLE ON LARA

slumped in her seat, her head through the windshield. A line of blood encircles her throat like a necklace. Dead.

REVEAL JUSTIN - dazed but not seriously hurt.

HIS FACE as he realizes Lara is dead and that indirectly it's his fault: a mask of anguish and guilt.

SOUND OVER: A PHONE RINGING

87

EXT. SNOWFIELD. NIGHT

87

Justin limping painfully back towards Dawes through the blizzard, trying to thumb a lift...

CANADIAN MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Shit happens. How the hell do I know what you do now?

Click of disconnection... dialling sounds.

POLISHED BRITISH VOICE (V.O.)

Sorry to bother you so early, George. That company I was interested in? I'm told they're considered unsound....

88

EXT. THE WOODROWS' GARDEN, NAIROBI. NIGHT

88

ANGLE ON CURTISS striding angrily across the garden, seeking Sandy-

FIRST TRADER'S VOICE (V.O.)

ThreeBees going under water.

SECOND TRADER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Cut your position.

The party is being held outdoors on a hot equatorial night. The Union Flag flies alone from the lawn's flagpole and a marquee provides cover for the buffet. GUESTS IN EVENING DRESS are going to and fro with supper plates; others are dancing to jazzy African rhythms provided by a NATIVE BAND. Again white-jacketed KENYAN WAITERS circulate with trays.

89 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

89

MUSTAFA hands a note to JOMO with a few explanatory words in Kiswahili and a nod towards the garden. Jomo adds the note to his drinks tray and exits.

90 EXT. GARDEN

90

Angling towards SANDY as he moves - the good host - among his guests, CURTISS AND CRICK cut him off.

CURTISS

Supposed to congratulate you, am I, Woodrow?

SANDY

Entirely up to you, old man.

CURTISS

You're throwing promotion parties and that fucker you work for's not even returning my calls. Don't think I feel very congratulatory.

SANDY

Bernard's a busy man.

CURTISS

Bollocks. The word's out on me and I know who put it out. Tell your Pellegrin if I'm going to the wall, I want a trophy to put on it. What you lot do, innit? Heads on walls? Think I'll have Head of Africa Desk on mine. If I can't I'll settle for Head of fucking Mission.

SANDY

We're aware of your difficulties, Kenny. We never promised to protect you commercially.... I am authorised to say some sort of compensation is being considered...

CURTISS

(mock-posh accent)

"Be a good fellow, Woodrow, pay off the yob. KVH'll walk off with his pharma division. After that it's not a British interest any longer so why worry? Can't be responsible for what foreign companies do, can one?"

SANDY

You should work on that accent.
You might need it for the Upper
House.

CURTISS

That my pay-off? Lord fucking
Curtiss of fucking Kenya?
(laughs)
Just see me in ermine. Next to
Bernie Pellegrin in the Lords.

No response from Sandy. Curtiss wags a finger in his face.

CURTISS (CONT'D)

Don't say you weren't fucking
warned.

Curtiss walks away. Crick stays where he is.

CRICK

You've upset him, Mr Woodrow.

SANDY

Does he know you spy for KVB,
Crick?

CRICK

I don't spy. Not what I do at
all.

SANDY

(with deep loathing)
You people think loyalty's a
bloody football scarf.

CRICK

Don't come that ruling class
cobblers with me, grammar school
boy. Takes one to know one.

He follows Curtiss towards the thick of the party.

Jomo now arrives with the note, which he delivers to Sandy.
Sandy scans it.

JOMO

I show you, bwana.

ANGLE ON DONOHUE watching.

DONOHUE'S POV as Jomo leads Sandy into the garden.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON GARDEN

Mustafa waits in a shadowed, quiet area near the perimeter
fence.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (2)

90

There is a service gate here, on the street side of which a small group of AFRICANS has gathered, including several children. They're peering through the chain-link mesh expectantly, themselves waiting for something.

Jomo registers their presence as he delivers Sandy to Mustafa. Then he returns to the light and noise of the party.

Mustafa leads Sandy on a little way past the Africans to where the fence is overgrown with shrubbery. It's here that he stops, points, leaves in his turn.

91

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE/SHRUBBERY. NIGHT

91

Though the band can still be heard faintly, we seem a world away from the party. The Africans are still IN SHOT.

SANDY'S POV: AN UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS

seen from behind, snapping dead growth from a hibiscus.

SANDY

Whoever you are, I don't take
kindly to being blackmailed...

The figure turns...

REVEAL JUSTIN

SANDY (CONT'D)

(taken aback)

Christ! How did you get here?

JUSTIN

Canadian safari tour. Via Paris.

SANDY

Hunting me, are you? You're the
one on the run.

Justin flourishes the letter. Sandy recognises the blue HMSO stationery, his trademark.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I loved her. I'm not ashamed of
it.

JUSTIN

Nor should you be. If it were
true.

SANDY

(bridling)

Not for you to say how I felt.
If you've read that you'll know I
let her see...something she
shouldn't.

JUSTIN

A letter. Written by Pellegrin.
What was in it?

Sandy shakes his head. Sooner have Gloria see his love letter than reveal to Justin the contents of Pellegrin's.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Tessa brought you her report. She trusted you. You ignored it.

SANDY

I didn't ignore it, I sent it on in the pouch. London ignored it.
(indicating the letter)
What do you want for that?

JUSTIN

I want to know why Pellegrin suppressed Tessa's report. Was him, wasn't it?

SANDY

Don't try and play detective, Justin. It doesn't suit you.

JUSTIN

ThreeBees - KVH - Dypraxa. What's the story on that axis of evil?

Sandy makes no answer.

During the silence we'll see Jomo returning with his tray. On it this time he has party leftovers. While the scene continues f.g. he'll be visible in the b.g. distributing food scraps to the waiting Africans, who are having an alternative party outside the fence.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

KVH is Swiss-Canadian, Dypraxa was invented by a South African and a Russian. Why are we involved?

SANDY

Because Kenny Curtiss is one of us. He's British.

(outburst)

Christ, Justin, stop bleeding for bloody Africa and show some loyalty. Those patients were going to die anyway. Would you rather a Swiss firm had done the testing? Or a French one? What difference would it make to them?

JUSTIN

None if they'd understood the risks. But they didn't, did they? What did Tessa want from you?

SANDY

Put pressure on Kenny. Stop the tests, re-design the drug...

JUSTIN

Or?

Sandy shakes his head. Suddenly he starts to cry. Justin waits as he pulls out a handkerchief and blows his nose.

SANDY

We betrayed her. We all did. You did it by growing flowers....

JUSTIN

How did you betray her?

SANDY

They wanted to know what she was up to....I'm the one told them she was going up to Loki....

He breaks into tears again.

JUSTIN

Who did you tell?

SANDY

Pellegrin.
(a beat, headshake)
God knows who he told.

Justin steps forward. For an instant it seems he is about to strike Sandy, but instead he tucks the folded letter into Sandy's pocket.

Sandy turns and stumbles back towards the party, hunched over like the victim of a whipping.

EXT. MUTHAIGA STREET. NIGHT

GHITA'S CAR is waiting at the kerb, engine running, Ghita at the wheel...

...as Justin appears through the service gate in the boundary fence. He's about to climb into the car when his attention is taken by--

--A BLACK LIMO kerb-crawling towards him....

Having already got Lara Emrich killed, Justin isn't about to risk Ghita's life. He bangs on the roof of her car-

JUSTIN

Go! Go now!

A moment's hesitation, then Ghita responds. Grinds the car into gear and takes off.

The limo glides alongside Justin. The tinted front passenger window slides down

REVEALING KENNY CURTISS beside an AFRICAN DRIVER.

CURTISS

Get in.

Justin remains where he is, calculating his escape options.

CURTISS (CONT'D)

If I wanted you dead I'd have Crick with me. Get in. I want to show you something.

JUSTIN

Show me from there.

CURTISS

Don't mess me about, Quayle. I'm doing you a favour.

Justin hesitates. It's a risk, but something in Kenny's tone tells him it's a risk worth taking. He opens the door and climbs into the limo's back seat.

93

INT. CURTISS'S LIMO. NIGHT

93

We see that Crick is indeed absent. Just Kenny and his driver in front, Justin alone in the back. The car moves off.

CURTISS

I hear you've been giving the bastards a run for their money.

JUSTIN

Which bastards might they be?

CURTISS

Whoever's after you. Not me.

Justin says nothing. The limo glides on, heading south towards Nairobi.

94

EXT. NAIROBI RIVERSIDE AREA. NIGHT

94

A desolate stretch of river margin south of the city, near Kibera: a muddy acre too marshy even to support shanties.

The car stops. Curtiss's tinted window slides open. He directs a flashlight beam out at the swampy ground.

(CONTINUED)

CURTISS

You wanted to know about Wanza Kilulu. She's under there, covered in quicklime. Her and sixty-two others.

JUSTIN

The Dypraxa deaths.

Curtiss nods.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Is that where I'm going?

CURTISS

Not on my agenda.

JUSTIN

Why are you showing me this?

CURTISS

Your Old School pals are dumping me. They've already dumped you. Let's say Camberwell wants to put a dent in Eton on the way down.

(gesturing)

Remember where it is. And I'm not taking questions.

He gestures to the driver, who sets the car in motion.

95

EXT. COUNTRY NORTH OF NAIROBI. EARLY MORNING

95

OVERHEAD ANGLE - GHITA'S CAR laying a trail of dust on the lonely road north through the Rift Valley. Justin is driving. He's alone in the car.

96

INT. GHITA'S CAR/MIRROR SHOT.

96

Checking his mirror, Justin sees that there is a single vehicle some way behind him, closing fast, HONKING its HORN. It is discernible through the dust shroud as a Land Rover, colour indeterminate, two indistinguishable figures inside.

He speeds up. But the Land Rover continues to gain on him.

97

EXT. THE CHASE

97

For miles in either direction there is nothing on the road but the car and the Land Rover, their separate dust plumes swirling like smoke into the deep blue early-morning sky as Justin attempts to outrun his pursuers.

It's a hopelessly one-sided contest. Ghita's car is old and underpowered. The Land Rover is built for such country.

The distance between the vehicles soon dwindles, until with a spurt the Land Rover pulls alongside and nudges the car into the verge, forcing it to a halt.

INT. CAR - JUSTIN'S POV

Justin rests his head on the steering wheel in weary resignation. Nowhere left to run.

The car's door opens. Justin looks up into the face of his putative assassin...

REVEAL TIM DONOHUE

JUSTIN'S REACTION - surprise and confusion. Was Tim Donohue one of the two white men seen buying beer at Kolowa?

DONOHUE

Who did you think it was?

EXT. KENYAN ROADSIDE - RIFT VALLEY. EARLY MORNING

Donohue's AFRICAN DRIVER is still sitting in the Land Rover, sucking an orange and listening to the radio. Donohue and Justin are talking by the side of the road.

DONOHUE

That Ghita's car?

JUSTIN

You know it is.

DONOHUE

Wondered who you were staying with.

JUSTIN

She's my only friend here.

DONOHUE

You've another. Believe it or not.

(gesturing)

Heading for Loki, are you?

Justin makes no response. Donohue smiles.

DONOHUE (CONT'D)

What you're looking for isn't at Loki. Let's be honest with one another, shall we?

JUSTIN

Late career change for you, Tim.

DONOHUE

We've something in common. We'll both be dead by Christmas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONOHUE (CONT'D)

There's a contract out on you - same people that did Tessa, I shouldn't wonder. Mine's cancer. Difference is, my pain will be controllable.

JUSTIN

I knew you were ill, I didn't... I'm truly sorry.

DONOHUE

Booked my retirement cruise on the Titanic.

(a beat)

I hear someone already gave you a taster. Pain, that is.

JUSTIN

Someone did.

DONOHUE

Local talent. Cash in an envelope job.

JUSTIN

You'd know more about that than I.

DONOHUE

We'll get to what I know in a minute. Sandy tell you he fingered Tessa?

JUSTIN

He told me he made a phone call.

DONOHUE

He didn't know they'd kill her. Silly sod was besotted with her. But that's how it works with corporate murder...

MONTAGE: CLOSE-UPS OF HANDS, RECEIVERS, BACKS OF HEADS ETC as a CHAIN OF PHONE CALLS ILLUSTRATES:

DONOHUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Boss calls in his head of security, he talks to someone, who talks to a friend of someone. Ends up with an answering machine in a rented office, a couple of mercenaries in a green safari truck. You'll never know who ordered the hit.

JUSTIN

Was it Pellegrin?

DONOHUE

Pellegrin!

(laughs)

He'd sooner order his lunch at McDonalds.

JUSTIN

Act of God, Tim? Like cancer?

DONOHUE

(earnestly)

I can get you out of Kenya. That's one of the things we still do well. Go home and live your threescore and ten, or whatever that is inflation-adjusted. I'd give a lot for the option.

JUSTIN

I don't have a home. Tessa was my home.

DONOHUE

Then I'll see to it you're buried with her at Langata.

There's a pause.

DONOHUE (CONT'D)

Know about Bluhm?

JUSTIN

Only that he's dead.

DONOHUE

You want pain, let me tell you what you're looking at. They dragged him out into the desert, cut out his tongue, chopped off his manly apparatus, stuffed it where the tongue had been. Then they crucified the poor bugger. Pathologist's opinion is he was conscious when they nailed him up.

JUSTIN

I've finished observing other people's pain, Tim.

DONOHUE

You might get lucky. Could be in their interest to make yours look like suicide - which it is. Balance of the mind disturbed. No enquiry, no scandal. Less messy all round.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Thank you for warning me. You've been very kind.

DONOHUE

That's what I was afraid you'd say.

He reaches inside his shirt and pulls from his waistband a 9mm automatic pistol. For the briefest of moments we might think, with Justin, that Donohue has come to kill him after all. But he hands the pistol to Justin, butt first.

DONOHUE (CONT'D)

In case you meet any bandits.

This time Justin accepts the gun.

100

EXT. KENYA-SUDAN BORDERLANDS- AERIAL SHOT. DAY

100

We're looking down from a BUFFALO AIRCRAFT at 6,000 feet: at the divide where the dun-coloured wastes of Northern Kenya merge with the emerald swamplands of south-eastern Sudan, these misted by heat and pierced with jigsaw-shaped black holes of water. Inhospitable bandit country.

101

INT. BUFFALO. DAY

101

The POV is JUSTIN'S. A headset over his ears, he is watching the landscape from a Victorian armchair clamped to the floor in the nose of the aircraft, just behind the open cockpit. The courier envelope sent to Lara is in his hand: "SENDER: R.G. MITCHELL, LOKI".

The Buffalo's captain is DICK ("MITCH") MITCHELL: a burly AFRICAN-AMERICAN ex-serviceman in his late forties.

JUSTIN

Thank you for agreeing to take me, Captain Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Mitch. Hey, I do the dinner run from Loki three, maybe four times a day. Largest relief operation in East Africa. But like I told your wife, Sudan won't let you in without a visa. Maybe I can swing it if you give 'em that newsman bullshit, maybe not.

(jokingly)

If not, they'll shoot you.

JUSTIN

In which case, thank you for trying.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Ain't doing it for you, Justin.
Doing it for her.

Tessa appears beside Justin, sitting on an oil drum. As she turns her head to look down at the landscape, we should see her from JUSTIN'S POV - an angle that echoes Scene 21, when she turned to look back at Kioko and his mother.

Justin reaches out as though to touch her but draws back his hand, knowing she isn't corporeal.

JUSTIN

(to Tessa, softly)
Your last journey.

MITCHELL'S VOICE (V.O.)

What?

JUSTIN

Why don't they take the food in
by road? More efficient, surely.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

(a chuckle)
Not if it's hi-jacked. South
Sudan is black Africa writ small,
buddy. These are the world's gold
medal victims. Take a look down
there.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW as the plane begins its descent.

JUSTIN'S POV - THE PLANE'S REFLECTION, which appears golden
above the marshes. The ground colours merge into mist.

Now the swamp turns brown and single trees appear, green
like cauliflowers in the bright anti-shadow of the sunlit
plane.

A SCATTERED GROUP OF MOUNTED TRIBESMAN can be seen, riding
hard. They look up at the aircraft as it passes over.

MITCHELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Those guys'd kill you for your
socks.

JUSTIN

Who are they?

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Tribesmen. You gotta know how
this country works. It's crazy as
a shit-house rat. The
government's Moslem and they're
way up north in Khartoum.

(MORE)

MITCHELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

They're trying real hard to wipe out the Christians and animists here in the south. Which is okay by the British and French oil companies down here - the less villages the better - so they pay Khartoum, Khartoum uses their money to buy bombs to drop on the villages. Okay, now the UN's also paying Khartoum - for the right to drop food aid - as well as paying off the local warlord to protect the drops. He uses their money to buy guns so he can go on fighting Khartoum. Factor in your tribesmen, raiding the aid camps, stealing the food - which they don't eat, they sell to buy more guns - and what have you got?

Below us now a PACK OF HYENAS can be seen feeding on the intestines of a DEAD GAZELLE.

JUSTIN

You tell me.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

African parasite ecology. Brandt calls it "the riddle that puzzles God".

JUSTIN

Brandt?

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Food monitor at Camp Seven, where we're going. He's kind of a holy-roller, so don't wind his clock. But if there's a crash-dive you better do what he tells you. This is a war zone, pal. The only people that don't have guns are the aid workers.

Justin buckles his seat belt. Items of cargo shift as the aircraft banks steeply and a cluster of conical rush-roofed huts bursts into view beyond its wing tip. We glimpse a reception committee: LOCAL DIGNITARIES, - AID WORKERS, CHILDREN, DINKA PORTERS - all waiting in the intense heat.

The airstrip is surfaced with red dust and partly overgrown. Clouds of dust flame into the air as the ancient Buffalo lands, shuddering, its engines screaming. Finally it comes to rest; the engines die, the dust slowly subsides...

...and like a vision generated out of dust particles and heat shimmer, a wraith in khaki shorts and a brown Homburg resolves itself slowly into flesh at the runway's edge...

...MARKUS LORBEER

JUSTIN REACTS. The "doctor" he saw attending Wanza Kilulu.

EXT. AIRSTRIP/FOOD CAMP. DAY

"Brandt" (LORBEER) is walking Justin from the airstrip to the compound, a BLACK CHILD clinging to each of Lorbeer's hands. Lorbeer has not yet recognized Justin as the man he once saw half-turned away on Tessa's bed in Uhuru.

Another Buffalo can be heard overhead. It releases a white shower of food bags. Some burst on impact but most remain intact.

LORBEER

Manna from heaven, Peter. Even the bags are currency. Every second kiddie's shirt and woman's dress started life as a grain sack.

DINKA WOMEN are already collecting the food sacks. Some are bare-breasted, others sheathed in copper-coloured cloth or white synthetic sacking. Hoisting the bags onto their heads, they begin the return to their village, elegant as models on a catwalk.

CLOSE ON LORBEER - tears in his eyes.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

Adam was God's first draft. He got it right with Eve. We only give food to the women. They make the homes. The men are bums. All they make is wars and hooch. Write that down for your readers.

JUSTIN

No need to. It's a philosophy I learned from my wife.

Lorbeer looks at him. A hint of recognition? Something...

LORBEER

Cherish her, man. She is God's finest work.

He moves forward again with the children. Justin follows.

104

EXT. CAMP MEDICAL AREA. DAY

104

A line of rectangular sheds marks the hospital area. To each shed is attached an enclosure crammed with the desperately sick: STOOPED WOMEN hunched over in silent torment; fly-laden BABIES too sick to cry; OLD MEN comatose with vomiting and diarrhoea. Battle-weary PARAMEDICS and AID AGENCY DOCTORS move among them, mustering them into an order for treatment. The markings on everything are "UN" or "WHO". There is no drug testing going on here.

LORBEER

Our treatment centre. Crude, hey?

JUSTIN

I've seen hospitals little better.

(a beat)

In Nairobi.

LORBEER

So have I. Now I'll show you our other enemy.

He takes Justin around the side of the hut to where an AFRICAN DISPENSARY ASSISTANT is dumping armfuls of boxed medicines into an incinerator fashioned from an oil drum.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

Ex-factory medicines. Past their use-by so the drug companies donate them. It's a tax break for them - disposable drugs for disposable patients. Dissolve two in the milk of human kindness, take with food if you have any. Why am I destroying them?

Justin shakes his head. No idea.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

They're poison.

He takes the packet from the assistant's hand. Shows Justin the label: "VALPROAZINE".

LORBEER (CONT'D)

KVH's anti-epileptic. Properly stored, a 5-year shelf life. Out here, five weeks. After that it degrades and attacks the brain. It's the Devil's trade. Peter. The pharmaceutical companies are right up there with the arms dealers. This is how the world fucks Africa.

JUSTIN

Blood on their hands, Brandt?

LORBEER

(a broad gesture)

This is how they expiate their guilt, my friend. Big Pharma, the aid agencies, G7, everybody. This machine is driven by guilt.

He puts his arm around Justin's shoulder.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

Now you sample our goat stew, hey?

105

INT. LORBEER'S TUKUL. DAY

105

The spartan interior contains a table made of wooden pallets, beer cases for seats, a single hard chair, a stove, a field radio beneath a bookmaker's umbrella and, on the floor, a monitor's emergency backpack with portable radio and protruding beacon. Lorbeer occupies the chair, Justin a crate. Both are eating stew from large enamel mugs.

LORBEER

Do you believe an individual can expiate his guilt by good acts?

JUSTIN

Yes.

LORBEER

Maybe the evil has to remain inside us. Where our struggle is. Redemption is in the struggle. God has your head, the Devil has your balls, yes? This way, that way. It hurts, man.

JUSTIN

Yes, it hurts.

LORBEER

You take the Devil's money, you get bloody hands.

JUSTIN

Which particular devil bloodied your hands?

LORBEER

You don't want to know about that. What's your paper interested in?

JUSTIN

The pharmaceutical multitis.
African guinea pigs. Cheap
clinical trials for unsound
drugs. Uninformed consent
extorted with threats against
children. Pay-offs. Cover-ups.
Unmarked graves. Murder.

Lorbeer has begun to sweat heavily. Rising from his chair,
he commences to prowl the tukul: a hunted man confronted by
a chasm.

LORBEER

Who are you?

JUSTIN

Don't you know?

Lorbeer has pressed his body to the wall, as though bracing
himself for torture. He raises his head to Heaven.

LORBEER

God Christ, you were at the
hospital. I knew I'd seen you
somewhere. You're the husband.

JUSTIN

And you are Markus Lorbeer.

106

EXT. FOOD CAMP. DAY

106

Something out here is disturbing the food station's
tranquillity. People and cattle are on the move - not yet
in panic but heading out of the station into the bush.

107

INT. LORBEER'S TUKUL. DAY

107

Lorbeer's radio is crackling a warning.

RADIO VOICE

...Not sure how many but they're
heading towards Akuem. Recommend
security level three, over.

LORBEER

(to Justin)

Get ready to move out.

He collects his backpack and straps it on.

JUSTIN

Not until you've told me what I
want to know. Why did my wife
come here?

Lorbeer makes a half-hearted attempt to push past Justin, but Justin has become a rock. There's no way past him in this mood and Lorbeer knows it.

LORBEER

They had this report they'd written. Her and Bluhm. Sixteen pages of inspired guesswork. I was supposed to provide the missing clinical data, testify into a tape recorder.

JUSTIN

Did you?

LORBEER

She was a persuasive woman, your wife. I don't have the tape. They took it with them.

JUSTIN

But you kept the report.

LORBEER

You're welcome to it.

He rummages in a corner, finds and hands Justin a typed document held together by a staple: "CLINICAL TESTING OF DYPRAXA IN KENYA".

Justin scans it hungrily. What he's been seeking.

From outside we hear RUNNING FOOTSTEPS and SHOUTS. The situation is hotting up.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

Look, man, I gotta go. I've got responsibilities...

JUSTIN

You said sixteen pages. I count fifteen.

RADIO VOICE

OLS Security reports thirty plus mounted bandits within two kilometres of Camp Seven. This is now a Level Four emergency. Over.

Lorbeer makes another attempt to barge past Justin. Justin holds his ground like a tree.

LORBEER

For Christ's sake! I've got to get everyone out of here!

JUSTIN

Where's the other page?

(CONTINUED)

LORBEER

That wasn't part of the report.
It was a letter. She took it with
her.

JUSTIN

I don't believe you.

Distant GUNSHOTS are now audible.

The two men stand confronting one another a long moment.
Then Justin stands aside, giving way not to Lorbeer but to
the urgency of his need.

Activating the beacon that will alert OLS Security and
bring in the rescue planes, Lorbeer swings the pack onto
his back and hurries out to

108

EXT. FOOD CAMP. DAY

108

where the entire camp is on the move - MEN, WOMEN,
CHILDREN, CATTLE - surging along their designated escape
route to the marshes.

Justin watches as Lorbeer positions himself at the centre
of this swirl of bodies. Like Moses calming the Children of
Israel, he suppresses panic and supervises an orderly
exodus.

ANGLE - MOUNTED TRIBESMEN already at the fringes of the
camp. Some collecting the recently dropped food supplies,
others firing into the air from their Kalashnikovs.

ANGLE ON LORBEER ushering the stragglers into the marsh...

ANGLE ON A HORSEMAN, shooting off his rifle wildly---

---as JUSTIN dives on Lorbeer, pulling him to the ground.

The bullet which misses Lorbeer strikes a VILLAGE WOMAN.
She falls without a sound.

JUSTIN'S REACTION: aware that if he hadn't cleared the
bullet's path by saving Lorbeer the villager would not have
been hit.

109

EXT. MARSH AREA. DAY

109

VILLAGERS, CAMP WORKERS and CATTLE inhabit the marsh like
ghosts, moving silently into its steaming depths.

Lorbeer stops for breath. He hunkers down, mops his face
with a kerchief.

LORBEER

Thank you for what you did.

JUSTIN

I won't take your thanks, but
I'll take what I came for.

He holds out his hand.

Lorbeer hesitates, then unstraps a pocket in his backpack and pulls out a Bible. From inside it he withdraws a folded letter. Hands it to Justin.

LORBEER

Life is simple here. Death or survival. We don't fret about whose flag gets spattered when the shit hits the fan.

110

EXT. CAMP SEVEN AIRSTRIP. DAY

110

Mitchell's Buffalo is winding up for take-off. Justin is preparing to board; Lorbeer seeing him off.

At the foot of the steps Justin turns to face Lorbeer.

JUSTIN

How did they know where to find her?

A pause. Lorbeer braces himself for another confession.

LORBEER

She would have made that tape public. With my voice on it. Don't mistake me. I don't care about my life. That's nothing. But they would have stopped my work. The work is what matters.

JUSTIN

What did you do?

LORBEER

Radioed Nairobi. KVH security guy, name of Crick.

Justin nods.

LORBEER (CONT'D)

They were talking about taking the whole rotten package to Grace Makanga. She was going to New York, she would have put it in front of the UN, but they missed her in Loki. That's why they rented a car, catch up with her at Marsabit. Christ, man, I didn't know they'd be murdered. My oath to God.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Justin starts up the steps. Lorbeer calls after him.

LORBEER (CONT'D)
Crick's going to know you were
here. He'll ask where you were
headed. What do I tell him?

Justin stops.

JUSTIN
He'll know where to find me.
He's been there before.

He continues up the steps into the plane.

111 INT. BUFFALO. DAY

111

It's flying back empty, having made its food delivery.
Justin is again in the cockpit, studying the map printed
from the Grace Makanga website.

INSERT MAP

We see clearly that after Loki the "Women for Life"
crusade's next stop was to be Marsabit. Between the two:
Lake Turkana.

OVERHEAD ANGLE FROM AIRCRAFT - LAKE TURKANA and the desert
around it. A brown, arid, empty, desolate wasteland.

JUSTIN
Can you land?

MITCHELL
I can land, but you don't want to
go down there. Nothing down there
but snakes. Let me take you back
to Loki.

JUSTIN
I won't be alone for long.

MITCHELL
Your funeral.

The aircraft makes a wide banking turn and starts to
descend.

JUSTIN
There is something you can do for
me, Mitch, if you wouldn't mind.

Justin hands him an A4 envelope, sealed and addressed but
not stamped.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Would you be so kind as to post
this?

Mitch glances at the address before thrusting the envelope down the side of his seat.

MITCHELL

Lucky lady. What I wouldn't give to be in Rome.

He lowers the landing gear, trims for final approach.

The lake is magical in this light: its colours muted pastels in perfect harmony one with another, its music the call of water fowl. Impossible to believe in such a landscape, in such a light, that any soul on earth might harbour malice.

DISCOVER JUSTIN sitting on a rock, eyes closed, the pistol resting beside him.

As his eyes open...

DISCOVER TESSA next to him. He reaches out, this time less tentatively, but this time he does not withdraw his hand and she does not evaporate. It's as though Justin knows he has come home. He draws Tessa close. She rests her head upon his shoulder.

JUSTIN

Now I know all your secrets.

(pause)

And now, I imagine, you must want me to go home.

(a smile)

I am home.

Longer pause.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What did I ever achieve as the Nairobi By-pass, Tessa? Two decades of pen-pushing that changed nothing, helped nobody, All I served was time and the status quo. Then in two brief years you turned a world upside down. And nobody took any notice of your death. Or Arnold's. Or Wanza's. But they will take notice of mine, I promise you.

(small sad smile)

"Shared pain," you called it.

Yes, I know what they did to Arnold. Don't worry...

(places hand on gun)

They won't be able to do that to me.

113 EXT. LAKESIDE. DUSK

113

Now even Tessa has gone, leaving Justin quite alone. He has waited a long time, seated in perfect stillness on his rock as the shadows have lengthened around him and the lake's margins have softened, water, land and sky merging indistinguishably.

Now we sense, however, that he is no longer alone.

WIDER ANGLE

Around Justin the shadows are moving: formless at first, but slowly resolving into HUMAN FIGURES, men advancing on Justin's solitary position, encircling him; men with weapons in their hands....

114 INT. ITALIAN CHURCH, LONDON. DAY

114

This is not a funeral but a joint memorial service for Justin and Tessa. The attendance: British-based relatives, friends and colleagues. For the most part they are faces we don't recognize. A hymn is ending.

PANNING THE CONGREGATION, CAMERA DISCOVERS

HAM and, two rows behind him, PORTER AND VERONICA COLERIDGE.

INSERT ORDER OF SERVICE

from which we see that Sir Bernard Pellegrin is to deliver the eulogy; to be followed by a reading, given by Arthur Luigi Hammond.

As the hymn ends-

DISCOVER PELLEGRIN at the lectern.

PELLEGRIN

Two years ago and not a mile from here Justin Quayle delivered a lecture. It was an exceedingly dull lecture, for I and not he had written it...

(pauses for a slight murmur of amusement)

...but I'm told the questioning that followed was livelier; Justin's interrogator being dear irrepressible Tessa, whom he subsequently took to wife.

(pause)

If we have lost in Justin and Tessa two valued friends, the diplomatic community has lost a true gentleman - courteous, self-effacing, large of heart.

(MORE)

114 CONTINUED:

114

PELLEGRIN (CONT'D)

That he chose to take his life in the same remote spot where Tessa met her tragic death is a sad reflection of his tormented state of mind....

115 EXT. LAKE TURKANA. DUSK (SC. 113 CONT.)

115

There are more than a dozen men surrounding Justin - mostly AFRICAN YOUTHS hired for shillings, these wielding pangas, rifles, knives; but also the two white killers seen at Kolowa: the SQUAT MAN WITH THE SHAVEN HEAD and the FAIR-HAIRED MAN. These two are armed with pistols.

Justin slowly rises from the rock....

OVERHEAD ANGLE - JUSTIN ENCIRCLED

He turns to look behind him, then back again to face those in front. At last the enemy has a face.

He picks up the 9mm automatic....

116 BACK TO SCENE

116

PELLEGRIN

...but also typical of his discretion. He would not have had us troubled; he would not have had us inconvenienced. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

Pellegrin steps down from the podium. Returning to his seat, he passes HAM, on his way to the lectern carrying a Bible. Pellegrin nods to him. Ham doesn't nod back.

Ham takes his place at the lectern. Opens the Bible.

HAM

I have chosen a text I know Justin and Tessa would have wished me to read today. It's an epistle. Non-canonical.

(pause)

"Dear Sandy, Your naivety is beyond belief...."

PELLEGRIN'S REACTION

ANGLE ON HAM'S BIBLE - inside it, THE HANDWRITTEN LETTER given by Lorbeer to Justin.

HAM (CONT'D)

(still reading)

"...Knowing the delicacy of our arrangements with KVH and ThreeBees, you send me this half-baked report by some bleeding-heart diplomatic wife and her black lover, and you ask me to take action....

PELLEGRIN - his future as readable on his face as an almanac. Damage-limitation measures will be taken in Whitehall. There will be scandal, blame, recrimination, enquiries, articles, documentaries, questions asked in the House. But ultimately Pellegrin alone will carry the can, and he knows it.

HAM (CONT'D)

The only action required, apart from shredding the thing, is to keep a tight rein on your resident harlot. I want to know what she does, where she goes, whom she meets..."

COLERIDGE - enjoying Pellegrin's discomfiture.

HAM (CONT'D)

The issue here is deniability. If nobody told us Dypraxa was causing deaths, we can't be held responsible. That we persuaded Curtiss to pick up the costs of clinical trials as our thank you to KVH for jobs in Wales may redden a few faces. But, my dear, naive Sandy, should it become known that we closed our eyes to the deaths, none of us would survive the scandal.

ANGLE - JOURNALISTS HEADING FOR THE DOOR, mobile phones being pulled from pockets...

HAM (CONT'D)

Get a grip, man. I still have great hopes of you. My love to Gloria. Yours sincerely,
Bernard."

- Ham closes the Bible.

PELLEGRIN, getting to his feet...

HAM (CONT'D)

The author of that letter has told you Justin took his own life....

117 **EXT. KERIO DAM SITE. DUSK (SC. 115 CONT.)**

117

...Justin fires a single round, but not an aimed round. This is not self defence; it's provocation, designed for no other purpose than to ensure himself a clean death.

His attackers respond with a murderous fusillade...

Peppered by rifle and pistol rounds from half a dozen weapons

JUSTIN FALLS.

118 **BACK TO SCENE**

118

HAM (V.O.)

Quite how determined he must have been you may judge from the fact that his body bore no fewer than eight fatal bullet wounds, from five separate guns - none of which was the one found by his body....

PELLEGRIN - making his way along the aisle: starting the longest walk of his life.

HAM (CONT'D)

So who has got away with murder?

As heads turn to follow Pellegrin's ignominious retreat-

HAM (CONT'D)

Not, of course, the British Government. We may be sure none of Her Majesty's servants ordered or incited murder. They merely covered up - as one does - the offensive corpses....

119 **EXT. NAIROBI RIVERSIDE AREA. NIGHT**

119

An open lorry and a car have their headlights trained on the marshy burial area as a bright yellow bulldozer, operated by a BLACK KENYAN wearing a face mask, exhumes the Dypraxa corpses. Shades of Belsen here.

Watching, supervising all of this is CRICK.

His presence tells us the exhumation is not official. The bodies are merely being transferred under cover of darkness to another secret location for re-interment.

HAM'S VOICE (V.O.)

...though not literally. That was done by person or persons unknown. So who has committed murder...?

120

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE. DAY

120

Another mobile clinic in another dusty, unpaved African village street; BLACK AFRICAN medics, wearing the logo of "ZIMBAMED", doling out Dypraxa to a line of emaciated TB sufferers - mostly WOMEN and CHILDREN.

HAM'S VOICE (V.O.)

Not The House of ThreeBees, for that no longer exists... ..nor the highly respectable firm of KVH Pharmaceutical of Basel and Vancouver, which has enjoyed record profits this quarter....

As each child receives its medication, a BLACK NURSE dips into a bucket and issues instant rewards: sweeties and cheap Chinese toys.

HAM'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and has licensed ZimbaMed Services of Harare to continue the testing of Dypraxa in Africa....

121

EXT. MILURI VILLAGE. DAY

121

The mobile clinic is gone. In its place, among the huts, a permanent clinic of concrete block construction is nearing completion. Those working on it are locals: AFRICAN MEN AND BOYS wheeling barrows, mixing plaster, whitewashing walls.

A car arrives and out of it steps GRACE MAKANGA. She lifts from the back seat a brass plaque.

The plaque identifies the building as "THE TESSA QUAYLE CLINIC, MILURI". Paid for with her money. There will be others like it going up elsewhere; almost certainly in Kibera.

Grace Makanga carries the plaque into the building.

HAM'S VOICE (V.O.)

No, there are no murders in Africa. Only regrettable deaths and the monuments we erect to them...

122

EXT. LANGATA CEMETERY. DAY

122

Ghita laying flowers on the graves of Tessa and Justin...

123

INT. MILURI CLINIC. DAY

123

Inside, the walls are still being plastered. Having finished one wall, the PLASTERERS have begun to applying their gypsum skim to the remaining three.

ANGLE ON THE FINISHED WALL - entirely covered with names, scratched, like frescoes, into the fresh pink plaster.

A YOUNG AFRICAN GIRL finishes scratching the name of her dead mother with a trowel. She hands the trowel to KIOKO.

HAM'S VOICE (V.O.)

...and from those deaths we
derive the benefits of
civilization: oil and gas,
minerals and medicines - benefits
we can easily afford because
those lives were bought so
cheaply.

Watched by Ham, Kioko scratches a name into the wet plaster:

"WANZA KILULU"

Roll of the Dypraxa dead.

TRACK WITH CAMERA from the wall to the back door and out through it into

EXT. MILURI CLINIC GARDEN. DAY

The ground has been cleared. An OLD AFRICAN MAN, using a broken shovel, is digging a hole in the raw earth. His small GRANDSON, kneeling beside him, hands him a tuber which he places in the hole, patting earth around it.

Planting a garden.

FADE TO BLACK

APPENDIX

KVH PROMOTIONAL FILM

SOUND ONLY.

SONOROUS VOICE

A plague is sweeping the world...
...and it is not AIDS...

(beat)

In the fourteenth century the
Black Death killed one in three
of Europe's population. In the
twenty-first century TB will kill
one in three throughout the
world...

(beat)

No known drug can cure it..

(beat)

Nobody will be immune. Nobody
will be safe...

(beat)

In the fourteenth century people
feared that God had turned His
back on humanity...

(beat)

In the twenty-first they will
know that Science has not....

A SUCCESSION OF IMAGES:

A laboratory. A team of good-looking young dedicated
scientists labouring over test tubes...

A clean, bright modern hospital in Africa.

A ward of smiling black children sitting up between freshly
laundered sheets. A black nurse in a crisply starched white
uniform administering vaccine to them.

SONOROUS VOICE (CONT'D)

For there will be a cure. KVH is
even now providing it. We call it
Dypraxa...

(beat)

You will call it life.