

8th November 2004

THE LAST KING OF SCOTLAND

Written by
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Based on the novel
By Giles Foden

To be directed by
Kevin Macdonald

*Whilst some of the characters and situations in the
screenplay are based on real people and historical
events, this is a work of fiction - inspired by the life
of IDI AMIN - and is not an attempt to document
historical fact.*

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FADE UP TO:

EXT. AFRICAN JUNGLE - NIGHT.

With a jolt, we are suddenly gliding through slabs of impossibly thick vegetation. Bleeding in over the buzz of insects, the sound of drunken cheering, louder and louder. Clearing the undergrowth, we reach a circle of open ground ringed by BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS. Behind them, forming a kind of shadow-ring, stand UGANDAN SOLDIERS, some hanging from trees, others craning to see. At their centre, a boxing ring, overhung by a single, insect-infested lightbulb. Beneath the bulb, two AFRICANS, bodies sheened with sweat, box each other with barely controlled ferocity. Completing this bizarre son-et-lumiere, we twist to take in the wall of roaring OFFICERS, their bulb-lit faces all mouth and money as the bets slam down.

SUPERIMPOSE

UGANDA. BRITISH ARMY BASE. 1948.

The fight grows more fevered. We close in on one of the FIGHTERS. A young Goliath of a man, well over six feet tall. SLAP! SLAP! He lands two enormous punches, sending his rival crumpling back. He towers there a moment, half smiling, waiting for his opponent to recover; a giant toying with his prey. For a split-second, we hold on his eyes. That frightening intent, both playful and vicious. Jaw set, he closes in. Sensing the end, the crowd grows delirious. The young Goliath lands a series of ferocious punches to his opponent's head. Blood and sweat fly skyward as his rival drops to the floor.

TWO OFFICERS dip under the ropes and raise the YOUNG GOLIATH's arms. Over the wall of roaring voices, a coloured party-paper crown is thrown into the ring. An OFFICER picks it up and stuffs it, skewiff, onto the YOUNG GOLIATH's head. He stands there, arms aloft, the paper crown still angled *faux-galant* over his grinning face. Suddenly, brushing the OFFICERS off, the YOUNG GOLIATH begins stalking the ring, his great chest absurdly puffed up, at once the 'performing monkey' and unalloyed king of his one-bulb world.

THE WHOLE FOREST ROARING
IDI! IDI! IDI! IDI! IDI! IDI! IDI! IDI!

SLAM TO:

EXT. SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY - DAY.

A great, grey sweep of sky hangs pendulously over pretentious turrets. We are high and wide over the dour, rainswept grounds of a provincial, Scottish university.

SUPERIMPOSE

DUNDEE. SCOTLAND. 1971.

Crouched in a rough line along the grass, like so many sprinters before the gun, are about twenty GRADUATES. All wear black-tacky graduation robes hired out for the day. A few have even gone to the expense of mortar-boards stuffed over their grim, 70's feather-cuts. Some grip half-drunk bottles of "Champagne".

NICHOLAS (FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWD)
Marks! Set!...Go!

The GRADUATES roar off, Braveheart-style, tripping, slipping and stripping as they run. Reaching the bank of a small river, they let out a cry of triumph and leap into the water, like so many black-winged angels on day-release.

EXT. SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY - RIVERBANK - DAY.

Hitting the ice-cold water, all twenty GRADUATES perform versions of the cartoon character overrunning the cliff-edge.

GRADUATES (ALL AT ONCE...)
JESUS-FUCK! OH FUCK-MY-BOLLOCKS!
MUMMEEEEE! I'M HAVING A MYOCARDIAL
INFARCTION! THIS WAS YOUR IDEA,
GARRIGAN! FUCK YOU, NICK!

Arms and legs spinning like Catherine Wheels, they thrash to the riverbank with gravity defying speed.

All except one.

Sucking air through gritted teeth, the 24 year old NICHOLAS GARRIGAN treads water from the middle of the river. The GRADUATES turn from the bank, stunned.

GRADUATES (CONT'D)
Nick, get the fuck out of there before you freeze to death! Nick! Nick! Get out!

CLOSE-UP ON NICHOLAS. Body shaking, teeth hammering, each breath a mad pant...and yet something, some un-mined willfulness, holds him there. Singled out. The one.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRIGAN HOUSE - DUNDEE - FRONT TITLES - DAY.

The tick-tick of suburbia. We are in the living-dining room of a modest middle class home, full of upright drear. Pictures of NICHOLAS, from birth to present day, adorn every available surface; the adored and only child.

At a carefully laid table, sit MOTHER, FATHER and NICHOLAS. Leaning up against the salt and pepper shakers are two medical diplomas, to father and son. MOTHER serves supper.

MOTHER
Stew, Dr Garrigan?

She turns to NICHOLAS, her favorite little joke.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
And you, Dr Garrigan?

NICHOLAS stares at his stew, slipping glutinously towards its rim. FATHER uncorks a half-empty bottle of sherry and pours three half-measures. One. Two. Three.

FATHER
I thought...seeing as you're now joining the 'family firm', we might have a wee drop of something.

NICHOLAS
(shit)
Sherry. Great.

FATHER
Your mother and I are very proud of you Nicholas.

MOTHER
Very proud.

FATHER
(a warm smile)
Not *quite* as good a degree as mine, but a fine one nevertheless. So. If you'll both please raise your glasses...a toast. To Doctors Garrigan and Garrigan. May their future together be a long and steady road.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CENTRE - DAY.

A GP'S practice in a provincial Scottish town. Above the door, in aged copper-plate, the name DOCTOR DOUGLAS

GARRIGAN. Beneath it, still shiny new, the name DOCTOR NICHOLAS GARRIGAN.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - WAITING ROOM - DAY.

Seated in the dull-lit waiting room, a crowd of pasty-faced, self-absorbed LOCALS line the walls, steam rising gently from their rain-soaked Paca-Macs.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - NICHOLAS'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY.

A smiling NICHOLAS - doing his best to sieze the day - stands opposite a gimlet-eyed OLD LADY.

NICHOLAS

Hello. I'm Nicholas. What can I do for you?

OLD LADY

My bunions are *not* for junior doctors.

To NICHOLAS's surprise, the OLD LADY promptly storms out.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - NICHOLAS'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY.

A fractionally more tentative NICHOLAS sits opposite TEN ENORMOUS FAMILY MEMBERS. All stare straight ahead in furious silence. NICHOLAS, tentatively...

NICHOLAS

So...someone in the family has mental health issues? Is that...who would that be?

(long pause)

Anyone want to give me a clue?

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - NICHOLAS'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY.

A po-faced MOTHER peels away the bandages from her SON'S FINGER. A wearier NICHOLAS stares at the invisibly minor cut, while the SON winces like a dying soldier. Pause.

NICHOLAS

This is the 'wound'?

MOTHER

(nodding sadly)

Aye. That's the wound.

NICHOLAS'S FACE. Is she serious?

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - NICHOLAS'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY.

An OLD MAN lies out on an examination table, bare arse skyward. Behind him, NICHOLAS gingerly slips on a pair of latex gloves.

OLD MAN

Be careful where you put that finger, son.
I've piles the size of grapes.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - NICHOLAS'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY.

Now thoroughly disenchanted, NICHOLAS flicks through a great sheath of notes. Opposite him sits a frail OLD LADY.

NICHOLAS

(sighing)

You've inoperable liver cancer and secondaries of the lymph system. To be honest, Mrs McAll, any further intervention would be a bit of a waste of money.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - FATHER'S ROOM - DAY.

FATHER stares ponderously at NICHOLAS from across the room.

FATHER

Mrs McAll was distraught at your diagnosis.

NICHOLAS

I simply told her the truth.

FATHER

Accuracy is one thing, Nicholas, insensitivity quite another. Steady the ship. You've years ahead of you yet.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRIGAN HOUSE - DUNDEE - NICHOLAS'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Darkness. NICHOLAS lies on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Around him, all the left-over detritus of adolescence, side-by-side with unpacked university clutter. Old football stars alongside medical journals, sports kit, books - the whole insubstantial sum of his life.

Without warning, he bellows at the ceiling.

Galvanized by this outburst, he sits up, grabs one of the medical journals and starts leafing madly through. Finally, he finds what he's looking for and rips out the page. It's an advertisement for "Medical Services Overseas." He slaps the page on the bed and grabs an old plastic globe lying next to a lava lamp. Screwing his eyes shut, he spins the globe.

NICHOLAS

(with whispered intensity)

First place you land on, you go.

He rams his finger into the globe and stops at...

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
(changing his mind instantly)
Canada? Fuck that. Dull.

He spins again. Eyes open this time. The whole world flashing before him, until...in goes the finger on...Uganda. NICHOLAS stares. Uganda. The first hint of a smile curls his lips.

SLAM TO:

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVAL'S HALL - DAY.

High and wide over the awesome crush and chaos of the arrivals hall at Entebbe Airport, Uganda. An intoxicating hot-house of TAXI DRIVERS, HAWKERS, PORTERS, AIRLINE OFFICIALS, FAMILIES IN AFRICAN ROBES and all the crazy human satellites that cling to the fringes of these jam-jar portals.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT TERMINAL - CUSTOMS - DAY.

THUMP. NICHOLAS'S passport is stamped by a smiling UGANDAN CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, positively vibrating with bonhomie.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Welcome to Uganda!

NICHOLAS
Thank you.

NICHOLAS takes his passport and strides bravely on into...

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVAL'S HALL - DAY.

WE'RE NOW AT EYE-LEVEL WITH NICHOLAS, TAKING IN THE SHEER HIT AND HEAT OF THE AIRPORT TERMINAL AFTER GREY, GRIM Fossemuir. Moving slowly through the crush, NICHOLAS beams from ear to ear. This is it. This is what he came for. He reaches into his bag and pulls out a raffish sun-hat. Checking his reflection in a shop window, he sets it at a jaunty angle.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVAL'S HALL - DAY.

NICHOLAS reaches the end of the arrival's hall and looks about. Up ahead, he spots a white man, mid 40's, wearing a linen suit and holding up a sign saying "GARRIGAN". NICHOLAS gestures his PORTER to follow. Seeing him approach, the man in the suit quickly bins the sign - no taxi driver, he.

STONE
Doctor Garrigan? Nigel Stone, British
Embassy. Welcome to Kampala.

NICHOLAS
Thanks for coming.

STONE
Vice-versa.

Bristling with energy, NICHOLAS shakes STONE's hand with a hearty grip. STONE takes the measure of his man; that cane hat.

STONE (CONT'D)
Someone from the Ministry of Health was
supposed to meet you too, but I'm afraid
things are a trifle...

That thought drifts into Anglo-Saxon silence. He leads them off through the crowd. NICHOLAS looks about him all the time, eyes on stalks.

STONE (CONT'D)
So, you've come to join Dr Merrit at the
mission in Mbarara.

NICHOLAS
Uha.

STONE
This your first time working abroad?

NICHOLAS
Yup.

STONE
Any reason for choosing Uganda?

NICHOLAS
(grinning at a gorgeously robed woman)
I've always had an interest in Africa.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY.

STONE leads NICHOLAS into a caldron of midday heat. The same chaos of TAXIS, TRADERS, FAMILIES and noise. Visible amongst them, NICHOLAS spots crowds of SOLDIERS and ARMORED VEHICLES. On nearby walls, posters of MILTON OBOTE, viciously defaced.

NICHOLAS
Why the soldiers?

STONE

There's been a spot of unrest. I'm afraid the current President, Mr Obote, is about as popular as amoebic dysentery.

NICHOLAS

Why? What's happened?

STONE

To be honest, he's made a pretty awful hash of things, but, this being Africa, any governmental change is always accompanied by a bit of spear throwing.

NICHOLAS spots posters of MILTON OBOTE, some already defaced.

NICHOLAS

Who's the new guy?

STONE

The "new guy" is a chap called Idi Amin.

NICHOLAS notes the faintly patronising echo of his words.

STONE (CONT'D)

More of a people's hero than a professional. Used to be the East African boxing champion in fact. Can't read or write - but he does have solid ties with Britain. He served in the Kings African rifles before independence. One time East African boxing champion. Can't read or write - but he does solid ties to Britain - loyal soldier in the Kings African rifles before independence. He was a sergeant in the Kings' African rifles before independence.

NICHOLAS

You like him?

STONE

(smiling indulgently)

I'm not sure I'd use the word "like", but he's definitely one of ours. You'll probably pass his tanks on the way out.

They reach the bus station.

STONE (CONT'D)

Okeydoke - this is you. Sorry about the bus. Embassy car's been double-booked. Tickets.

He rummages in his pocket and hands NICHOLAS an envelope. Silence. Already, both men dislike each other. STONE smiles.

STONE (CONT'D)

Anything else we can do for you, let us know.

They shake hands once more - barely any pressure this time.

STONE (CONT'D)

Good luck. I'm sure you'll be a great success.

He turns and walks away.

NICHOLAS

Fuck you, too.

NICHOLAS spots the PORTER starting to load his suitcases into the bus.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Hang on a minute!

(turning to the driver)

Does this bus go every day?

The DRIVER nods. NICHOLAS smiles.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GARRIGAN HOUSE - DUNDEE - NICHOLAS'S ROOM - DAY.

MOTHER and FATHER stand in the messy bedroom. MOTHER holds the just-read note, while FATHER scans the room in silent fury.

FATHER

(disparaging in his deep hurt)

"I need to *find* myself as a *person* and a practitioner"? Stuff and nonsense.

SLAM BACK TO:

EXT. KAMPALA - HOTEL POOL BAR - DAY.

A three-piece band play Rhumba. NICHOLAS is sitting by a hotel pool bar, pale chest exposed to the sun, grinning from ear to ear. He's drinking an absurdly colourful cocktail, complete with a mini-flag of Uganda embedded in pineapple chunks. In the background, SOLDIERS mill about amid the usual BUSINESSMEN.

INT. KAMPALA - HOTEL DISCO - NIGHT.

The throb of ear-burstingly loud music. NICHOLAS smokes and drinks, already pissed, chatting up a couple of young UGANDAN WOMEN. Both laugh at his joke like true professionals.

INT. KAMPALA - HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS is on his back, being fucked by one of the UGANDAN WOMEN. Stretching out his arms, he starts to come. As he comes, he shouts out, laughing at the sheer fuck-it-all of it all.

NICHOLAS

I'm a Medical Officer Overseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees!

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY.

A packed bus. FIFTY BODIES crammed into a space designed for thirty, along with the usual goats and chickens. Squashed into a window seat, buried by his own luggage, NICHOLAS rests his head against the window, nursing an almighty hangover.

INT. BUS - DAY.

The bus snakes out of the suburbs and into open country. Against his little pane of glass, NICHOLAS has been joggled to sleep. Dribble slips from his mouth. Suddenly, a cry goes up from the men and women on the bus.

PASSENGERS

Amin!

A roar of cheers and applause. NICHOLAS jerks awake. Before he can right himself, ALL FIFTY PASSENGERS tumble over to his side, to get a better view of their hero, turning the whole bus into a tip-tank.

PASSENGERS (CONT'D)

(pointing and cheering)

Amin! Amin! Amin!

The bus driver blasts his horn. For a split-second, NICHOLAS catches a glimpse of A VAST MAN in military uniform, standing atop a tank. Then, the sheer weight of BODIES sinks him beneath the window-line and he disappears into a gap between the seats. Crouched beside his suitcase, he listens to a rousing chorus of pro-Amin songs, bursting out all around him.

PASSENGERS (cont'd)
(singing)
Amin! He is a lion! Amin!...etc.

EXT. MBARARA VILLAGE - NIGHT.

The bus pulls into Mbarara - a tiny dustbowl village, cut through by a single track. Waiting at the bus stop, along with UGANDAN FAMILIES, stands an attractive white woman in her early 30's, SARAH MERRIT.

INT. BUS - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS is shaken awake. He gets to his feet, thanks those that woke him, staggers out of the bus and...

EXT. MBARARA VILLAGE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS comes down the steps to meet SARAH.

SARAH
Dr. Garrigan?

NICHOLAS
(slightly taken aback)
Dr. Merrit?

SARAH
No, I'm Sarah, David's wife. David was called out on an emergency.
(indicates an old landrover)
Hop in.

INT. LANDROVER - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS dumps his luggage in the back and sits beside SARAH. They drive off.

SARAH
Actually, we expected you yesterday. We were getting a bit worried about you.

NICHOLAS
(beat)
My flight was delayed.

SARAH
We thought you might've got caught up in the coup.

NICHOLAS
We passed a few tanks on the way out.

SARAH

It's now official. Obote's out. The radio's full of it.

(dryly)

You picked a busy time.

NICHOLAS

Whatever I can do to help.

Something about his cheery delivery makes her glance across. NICHOLAS flashes her that smile.

EXT. MBARARA MISSION - NIGHT.

The landrover sweeps into a large Mission in the middle of the bush. AFRICAN NUNS and one or two WHITE MISSIONARY PRIESTS drift between the buildings.

INT. MERRIT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

A simple bungalow, part of the Mission. A doctor in his early 40's, DAVID MERRIT, is washing his hands and listening intently to the radio. SARAH walks NICHOLAS in.

SARAH

Boy or girl?

MERRIT

Boy. Six pounds four ounces.

MERRIT dries his hands, offers one to NICHOLAS.

MERRIT (cont'd)

Dr Garrigan, welcome to Mbarara.

(shaking hands)

Glad you got out before the madness.

NICHOLAS nods, sensing the depth of the other man's earnestness.

NICHOLAS

Yeh, right...pretty crazy in Kampala.

MERRIT

Obote's a stubborn sod. He'll fight back. These things always end up being bloody.

SARAH promptly switches off the radio.

SARAH

(a tiny edge)

Darling, don't drown him in doom. He's just spent forty eight hours getting here.

MERRIT

(genuinely embarrassed)

Oh I'm sorry. You must be exhausted.
Dinner and bed?

NICHOLAS

Just bed I think

MERRIT

Okay. Bonny here will show you to your
quarters and I'll give you the grand
tour in the morning.

MERRIT places an arm affectionately over NICHOLAS'S
shoulder.

MERRIT (CONT'D)

(with sweet sincerity)

I can't tell you how pleased we are to
have you here. You've come to a
wonderful country. Delightful people,
beautiful land. Not for nothing is she
called the Pearl of Africa.

NICHOLAS smiles back, faintly bewildered by such a flood of
goodwill.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS is led across the compound by a jovial Ugandan,
BONNY, the Nightwatchman. As they walk, they pass a
gathering of some twenty UGANDAN VILLAGERS sitting around a
flickering, black and white television.

ON THE TELEVISION: archive news footage of IDI AMIN taking
power, (where the real IDI AMIN has been digitally replaced
by our actor).

NICHOLAS

Anywhere you can get a cigarette round here?

BONNY digs in his pocket and flicks open a packet of
Malboro.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Cheers.

NICHOLAS takes one and BONNY lights him up. Brothers,
bonded.

BONNY

(nodding at the TV)

New President. General Amin.

NICHOLAS

Good?

BONNY

(nodding animatedly, big smile)

Very good.

NICHOLAS looks at the VILLAGERS who are cheering in delight, singing the pro-Amin song, then hissing in anger at the images of the shifty, accountant-like MILTON OBOTE. Pure panto.

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT.

BONNY shows NICHOLAS into his bungalow. A Spartan room. Single light-bulb, mosquito net, a crucifix on the wall.

NICHOLAS

(heart sinking all the while)

Right. Thanks.

INT. MISSION HOSPITAL - SURGERY - DAY.

Next morning, NICHOLAS stands in the surgery. Bleary eyed and bitten to bits, he stares in disbelief at the paucity of equipment and supplies. MERRIT marches in with the same earnest bonhomie.

MERRIT

Morning! How did you sleep?

NICHOLAS

Fine.

MERRIT

Good.

SARAH steps in behind. MERRIT gestures the room proudly.

MERRIT (CONT'D)

So. What do you think?

NICHOLAS

It's...pretty basic.

MERRIT

You should have seen this place when we started. Sarah and I have pretty much built her up from scratch. Bureaucracy's a nightmare, of course. Everything takes ten times as long, but the rewards..well, you can imagine. Next

month, we hope to get our first x-ray machine.

NICHOLAS catches SARAH give a little blink of frustration. Having clocked that, he glances through the window at the corrugated iron shack that passes for a waiting room; already packed with at least SIXTY UGANDAN PATIENTS. The harsh reality of African poverty. Screaming children, every kind of infection, and all of it ridden with flies.

NICHOLAS

What are the most common problems?

MERRIT

Intestinal parasites. Infantile polio. Tick typhus. You name it. We do field trips too. Vaccination, spraying, advising on hygiene. Interesting thing is...eighty percent of the locals still prefer the Witch Doctor to us.

(sliding his hand through the air)

Really, we skim the surface of an ocean. The deep is where only *they* go.

MERRIT turns to SARAH who's been packing a case with equipment.

MERRIT (cont'd)

Right? Ready?

A BRIEF MONTAGE

#1 NICHOLAS works in the surgery beside SARAH and DR MERRIT. All three are vaccinating screaming children. Throughout, SARAH quietly gives NICHOLAS tips and translates SWAHILI.

#2 NICHOLAS performs a difficult operation on an infected child's eye. There is no pain relief. Terrified, the CHILD howls in pain. With DR MERRIT's help, NICHOLAS persists.

#3 NICHOLAS and SARAH deliver a baby in a complicated birth. The WOMAN screams in agony.

#4 MERRIT, SARAH and NICHOLAS move through a village, all wearing surgical masks and carrying tanks of disinfectant on their backs. MERRIT is off, working fast. SARAH chaperones NICHOLAS. She gestures him to follow her into a darkened hut.

SARAH

Good morning.

(pigeon English)

Doc-tor...

(indicating tank on her back)

Okay if I spray?

An OLD MAN nods. SARAH begins spraying. She indicates NICHOLAS to go to the neighbouring hut. NICHOLAS ducks inside the next shack. The light is a dark murk. He peers ahead.

NICHOLAS

Good morning..

(pigeon English)

Doc-tor..

NICHOLAS freezes. Strapped to an upright bed, arms and legs tied akimbo, is a YOUNG AFRICAN BOY. Around him sit the rest of his FAMILY, waiting patiently. The BOY's head jerks steadily from side to side, pain-crazed. Protruding from his bare chest, clinging to the suppurating wound, is something creature-shaped. Matted with crusted blood and earth, it appears to wriggle slightly, as if alive.

NICHOLAS stares at this unthinkable image, then hurries out.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT.

Night. The landrover pulls into the compound. MERRIT, SARAH and NICHOLAS climb out. BONNY hurries up to meet them.

BONNY

Doctor Merrit.

He hands MERRIT a scrap of paper. MERRIT's face drops.

SARAH

What?

MERRIT

Complications with the baby. Back in a bit.

SARAH

David...

Without listening, MERRIT pecks his wife on the cheek, grabs his medical bag and heads off with BONNY. Silence. SARAH and NICHOLAS stand there, alone. She remains in profile to him, avoiding his eye. To NICHOLAS, this makes her more alluring.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind me asking,
but...what made you choose this kind of
work?

NICHOLAS

I want to make a difference.

SARAH
You sound like my husband.

NICHOLAS
(not wanting to sound like her husband)
Well, I want to have fun too. Adventure.
Something different. You know...

SARAH
(smiles)
That's a lot of things.

NICHOLAS
Is it?

Finally, SARAH turns and glances quizzically at him. A moment, then...

SARAH
Goodnight.

NICHOLAS
Night.

She steps inside. NICHOLAS listens to the "slap" of the door.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

Showing IDI AMIN being rapturously received in London by the Queen, the Prime Minister, Golda Meir in Tel Aviv, the Pope in Rome. The red carpet is rolled all over the world by Heads of State. (N.B. In each case, the real IDI AMIN is digitally replaced by our actor).

INT. MISSION HOSPITAL - SURGERY - DAY.

A month later. Close-up on AN X-RAY IMAGE. NICHOLAS examines the picture, then scribbles a note. His hair has grown and his complexion has taken on the sticky pallor of exhaustion. From outside, he hears shouting. Curious, he looks up.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY.

NICHOLAS steps out of the surgery to find BONNY and some AFRICAN BOYS playing football. In the distance, some VILLAGERS dance and sing spontaneously. NICHOLAS joins in the game, easy and relaxed with them all.

NICHOLAS
Billy Bremner takes the ball...he passes
Bobby Charlton...straight through

Moore's legs and...what a beuuuuuty! One
nil to Scotland!!

He whisks one of the AFRICAN BOYS into a class-A football
hug. BONNY and the others love it.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
What's up with the dancing, Bonny?

BONNY
Idi Amin. He comes to stadium to speak. Big deal.

BONNY offers him a swig of something in a brown paper bag.
NICHOLAS takes a long pull. He stares at the dancing
VILLAGERS.

NICHOLAS
Where's Merrit?

BONNY
Kampala for stores. Not back 'til
morning.

INT. MISSION HOSPITAL - SURGERY - DAY.

NICHOLAS faces SARAH. She's unloading medical supplies.

NICHOLAS
(smiling blithely)
I just thought you might be curious to see your
new boss.

SARAH
I don't work for Amin.

NICHOLAS
All the same. Could be a laugh.

SARAH looks up. Beat. NICHOLAS expects the brush-off,
when...

SARAH
Okay.

EXT. LANDROVER - DAY.

NICHOLAS sits in the driver's seat, engine running. He
watches SARAH step out of the Merrit's house and lock the
door. As she sits in beside him, he notices she's brushed
her hair. On her lips, a subtle pink. Eyes front, they drive
off.

EXT. LANDROVER - AFRICAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.

NICHOLAS drives SARAH through stunning countryside. Dust kicks up on their wake, blanking all behind. Feeling the lightness of this, SARAH lets her head drop back. She smiles.

NICHOLAS
You're smiling.

SARAH
I was just thinking...it's my first day off in two years.

NICHOLAS
Are you serious?! That's ridiculous.

SARAH
Why?

NICHOLAS
They're not paying you to be a saint.

SARAH
It's not about that. It's just...when you see what you see, you can't stop.

NICHOLAS
(beat, back-tracking)
Right, sure...all the same...

An awkward beat. Both wanting that missed cue gone.

SARAH
Let's not talk about work.

She smiles again, this time directly into his eyes.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY.

A packed stadium, bunting everywhere. TENS OF THOUSANDS OF UGANDANS. Suddenly a tremendous roar, a huge surge in the crowd and there is IDI AMIN, stepping onto the stage. Dressed in the uniform of a General, he instantly dominates the space; the same exotic, stalking-walk from the boxing ring.

SARAH and NICHOLAS push forward through the crowd, hoping for a better view. He takes her hand. She tightens her grip. They press on.

IDI
Greetings, people of Mbarara!

A HUGE ROAR goes up.

IDI (cont'd)
 Are you happy now that the State of
 Emergency has been lifted?
 (gestures)
 No more Obote! No more curfew!

IDI tears a poster of MILTON OBOTE in half. Another HUGE ROAR, followed by wave of ululations, as if the air itself is alive.

Back in the crowd, NICHOLAS and SARAH stop, hands still held tight. They are now as near to the front as they can get, a few thousand back from the stage. From their point of view below, AMIN appears giant, statuesque; a figure made Greco-heroic by the roaring amphitheatre of sound.

IDI (cont'd)
 (brandishing his fist with each promise)
 I want to promise you! This will be a government of action not of words! We will build new hospitals and schools! We will build new roads! We will build new houses! There will be free and fair elections for everyone! And as from today, all prisoners locked up by the previous administration will be released!!

On the word "released", another CACOPHONY OF CHEERS AND ULULATIONS. SARAH winces at the sheer volume, but NICHOLAS is transfixed.

IDI (cont'd)
 I may wear the uniform of a General, but in my heart, I am a simple man like you! I know who you are and everything that you are! I am you! Ask my soldiers! All my life, I NEVER EAT FOOD UNTIL MY SOLDIERS HAVE EATEN FIRST! It will be like this in Uganda now! Together, we will make this country better!!
 (a roar)
 And stronger!!
 (riding the crescendo)
 And free!!

DEAFENING ROARS OF DELIGHT AND CELEBRATION. Spontaneous drumming and dancing break out. WOMEN IN TRIBAL COSTUME run onto the stage and place a garland of flowers round IDI's neck. Someone hands him a spear. In a few moments, IDI is brandishing the spear and dancing in wild, infectious style to the cacophonous beat of the drums.

SARAH turns to NICHOLAS, wincing with the noise.

SARAH
Have you seen enough?!

NICHOLAS
Hang on!

NICHOLAS turns back to the stage, body swaying infectiously to the sheer rock-n-roll of this extravaganza. Wanting out, SARAH lets her hand slip out of his, but NICHOLAS ignores her, caught up in the moment.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY.

Later, AMIN bids farewell to the CROWD, waving extravagantly, before being ushered out by myriad SECURITY GUARDS.

SARAH
Can we please go now?

NICHOLAS
Sure.

NICHOLAS follows SARAH through the crowd, still in his own world.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
That was amazing. I've never seen anyone so loved.

SARAH
(dryly)
They sang just like that for Obote, 'til they realized he'd turned their economy into a personal bank account.

NICHOLAS
Give the guy a chance.

SARAH doesn't answer. They press on.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY.

NICHOLAS and SARAH reach the Land Rover. Suddenly the sound of a commotion. A jeep pulls up. Half-a-dozen SUDANESE GUARDS begin frantically talking to the LOCALS.

NICHOLAS notices everyone is pointing at them, talking urgently.

NICHOLAS
What's going on?

SARAH
They're looking for a doctor.

SARAH listens to the GUARDS.

SARAH (cont'd)
 (translating)
 Apparently the President's been hurt. In
 an accident.

NICHOLAS
 (immediately excited)
 We must go.
 (gesturing to the guards)
 We come! We follow! Go!

The SUDANESE GUARDS leap back into their jeep as NICHOLAS
 and SARAH follow in the landrover.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY.

The accident site. A country road, a few miles out of town.
 A cow lies half-dead in the middle of the road, bleating
 horribly from a wound in it's side. A distraught AFRICAN
 FARMER and his WIFE try frantically to stem the precious
 animal's bleeding.

Beyond the cow, lying upturned in a ditch is a luxurious
 SALOON car, its engine hissing. A CROWD OF PEASANT
 BYSTANDERS is trying to pull the car out of the ditch,
 without success.

AMIN stands nearby, incandescent with fury and pain. Like a
 wounded bear, he holds out his hurt hand and swears at it in
 Swahili. A prescient contrast to the grand spectre on stage.

NICHOLAS and SARAH pull up behind the GUARD's jeep. Before
 SARAH can even make to follow, NICHOLAS has leapt out and is
 racing up.

IDI
 (in Swahili)
 My hand is broken! Shit hand! My hand is broken!
 (spinning suddenly on his
 guards)
 GET THAT FARMER OUT OF MY SIGHT!

NICHOLAS races up. Still high on adrenaline, he cuts straight in.

NICHOLAS
 I'm a doctor. Hold out your hand. I
 won't hurt you. I need to examine it.

IDI stops swearing and glares at NICHOLAS. NICHOLAS stares
 back, breathing hard. A moment on just the two of them,
 facing each other for the first time, then...

IDI slowly brings down his hand and lays it, ceremoniously,
 in NICHOLAS's palm.

Immediately, NICHOLAS begins triage. While he turns and works the hand, IDI winces slightly. Otherwise, nothing.

From the side of the road - now forgotten - SARAH watches them.

Finally...

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

It's not broken. It's sprained. I need to make a sling.

IDI

What...?

NICHOLAS is about to explain again, but the agonized bleating of the cow is too much. He can barely hear himself think.

NICHOLAS

(turning to Sarah, irritated)

Can somebody do something about that cow?

SARAH'S FACE. A tiny look, then she heads off to the FARMER and his WIFE and begins gently talking to them in Swahili.

Meanwhile, NICHOLAS rips off his white shirt, revealing a Scottish Tourist board T-shirt underneath. He tears up the white shirt, quickly improvising a sling. IDI watches curiously.

Across the ditch, the SOLDIERS are frantically try to start the engine, arguing among themselves. Meanwhile the maimed COW continues to bleat horribly. Shouts, braying, more chaos.

Still working frantically on the sling, NICHOLAS yells across at SARAH who is trying to pull the distraught FARMER off the cow.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Will somebody put that animal out of its misery!

SARAH

I'm trying to explain to them!

Distracted by his car, IDI now adds to the brouhaha by yelling instructions in Swahili at his men. NICHOLAS has had enough.

NICHOLAS

(losing patience)

Oh, for God's sake..

Without even thinking, NICHOLAS reaches down, unclips the revolver from AMIN's holster, walks over to the COW and...

'BANG', 'BANG', 'BANG', 'BANG'. The cow flops still. SOLDIERS spin round, guns cocked. EVERYONE is staring at NICHOLAS. Singled out. The one.

SARAH blinks at him in shock. After a second of glorious isolation, NICHOLAS glances down at the smoking gun, almost as startled as SARAH is. A beat.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I couldn't hear myself think.

IDI

(incredulous)

You took my gun?

NICHOLAS

Yes - I'm sorry.

NICHOLAS holds out the gun to IDI. Instantly, every cocked gun swivels to meet him. IDI holds up his hand. EVERYONE waits.

IDI

Who are you?

NICHOLAS

Dr. Garrigan. I work at the medical compound in Mbarara.

IDI stares at NICHOLAS. He glances down at the T-shirt..

IDI

Scottish?

NICHOLAS

Yes.

IDI's face breaks out in a huge grin.

IDI

Why didn't you say so? I fought alongside the Scots against the Mau Mau. Great soldiers.

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

IDI

And good people. If I could be anything other than a Ugandan, I would be a Scot.

NICHOLAS

Really..?

IDI

Except for the red hair, which I am sure is attractive to your women, but which Africans find quite disgusting.

NICHOLAS tries not to smile. IDI looks down at his new sling.

IDI (cont'd)

Thank you. An excellent job.

AMIN reaches into his pocket and produces a thick wad of banknotes.

NICHOLAS

No, really..it's fine.

IDI

I insist. A man should be rewarded for his gifts.

NICHOLAS

Then give it to the farmer. You killed his cow.

IDI's eyes widen.

IDI

He takes my gun! And now he gives me orders, too!

(after a thought)

But you are right! I was driving too fast!

Without hesitation, IDI takes a huge wad of cash, and stuffs it into the bewildered hands of the FARMER and his WIFE. The FARMER stares at the great slab of cash; more than he's seen in his entire life.

IDI (cont'd)

Would you at least consider trading the T-shirt? My son Campbell would love it.

NICHOLAS

Your son is called Campbell?

IDI

Perhaps you'll take my shirt in exchange.

IDI begins unbuttoning his vast, General's military shirt. NICHOLAS shrugs, takes off his Scottish Devolution T-shirt. They swap.

SARAH watches in amazement from the other side of the road.

IDI (cont'd)

Hah! See, Doctor Garrigan, you are now a general! Salute, please!

NICHOLAS almost disappears in IDI's medal-covered shirt, as IDI salutes him. A roar of laughter from the SOLDIERS. Then, the game over, IDI resumes the role of leader.

IDI (cont'd)

We thank you Dr Garrigan. Now I must leave.

Still wearing the Scottish Devoluton T-shirt, AMIN marches to a waiting truck, flanked by SOLDIERS. One regal wave, then he's into his seat and driven off in a cloud of dust.

Left behind in the dust-burst stand NICHOLAS in the enormous General's jacket, the newly-rich FARMER, the dead cow, the upturned car and...

NICHOLAS turns to see SARAH watching him with amused disbelief. Suddenly remembering his first intentions, he flashes her a smile.

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Later, SARAH stands in the bungalow, staring at the giant General's jacket which Nicholas has hung off the wall in place of a tatty African print. Everything about her is now tensed with expectation and uncertainty. Suddenly, she shuts her eyes, turns for the door, then immediately turns back again.

NICHOLAS breezes in, freshly showered, wearing clean clothes, ready to resume where they left off.

NICHOLAS

(grins at the jacket)

Bet that's worth a few bob. Drink?

SARAH

I'm okay.

He finds a beer, drinks; contented, full of expectation.

NICHOLAS

What a day.

He smiles, takes another pull on the beer. After struggling in silence, SARAH suddenly blurts out...

SARAH

I should go.

NICHOLAS
Don't. Please. Stay.

Confident, he steps up and takes her hand. She lets him hold it. She wants him to hold her. And yet...

SARAH
Sorry, I can't do this.

NICHOLAS
Sarah?

SARAH
(one stumble, then no going back)
My husband's a good man. *Christ*, that sounds ridiculous! Look - what I'm trying to say is...you need to understand why I'm here-

NICHOLAS
It's okay, I do understand-

SARAH
No, you don't!
(beat, trying to get through)
Sorry, it's just - sometimes...being married to a such a very *good* man can make you feel - David is a wonderful person and a dedicated doctor-

NICHOLAS
I know what you're talking about. My dad's the same. It's bloody hell living with an angel.

SARAH
Yes, it is.
(quickly)
But it's *not* his fault. It's just that sometimes...I'd like to be noticed for me.

NICHOLAS
I noticed you the moment I saw you.

Again SARAH wavers, lips almost touching. One last word and...

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
(softly)
We're a match. Two ports in a storm.

SARAH
(pulling back)
Don't-

NICHOLAS
What?

SARAH
You keep doing that.

NICHOLAS
What?

SARAH
Saying the right thing like that.

NICHOLAS
What do you mean?

SARAH
You sound so - like you don't find this situation difficult.

NICHOLAS
Of course I do. But I can't help my feelings.

SARAH
There! You've done it again!

NICHOLAS
(genuinely perplexed)
What?!!

SARAH steps back.

SARAH
I'm sorry. I - I have to go.

NICHOLAS
Sarah, wait.

SARAH
Please, don't. Don't.

That was absolute. NICHOLAS steps back. SARAH reaches the door, then turns again, *trying* to figure this out. A pause.

SARAH (CONT'D)
The thing is. When I meet someone for the first time, I can always tell where they're coming from. With you, I've truly no idea.

She turns to go. NICHOLAS blinks, then calls out after her.

NICHOLAS
You won't tell David, will you.

SARAH stops. She stares at him; a little astonished shake of the head, then she's gone. NICHOLAS is alone again, beer in hand, Amin's jacket looming over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. MBARARA - COMPOUND - DAY.

A large Cadillac, with darkened windows, roars into the compound, flanked by two military JEEPS. A smartly dressed Ugandan in his 40's emerges from the back of the Cadillac. This is JONAH WASSWA, one of Idi's top aides. He is immediately surrounded by SOLDIERS, a moving cordon-sanitaire.

INT. NICHOLAS'S BEDROOM - DAY.

NICHOLAS is fast asleep. The door opens and MERRIT enters.

MERRIT

Nicholas? There are some people here to see you.

NICHOLAS sits bolt upright in panic, expecting to find SARAH in his bed. Then he remembers. Deep breath, steady the voice and...

MERRIT (CONT'D)

'Be right there.

EXT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS stumbles out of his bungalow, half-dressed and still blearily with sleep. He is confronted immediately by WASSWA and his delegation of GUARDS.

WASSWA

Dr Garrigan, my name is Jonah Wasswa, Minister of Health here in Uganda. I have been sent by His Excellency, President Amin. There is something he would like to ask you...in person.

(a beat)

Please pack a bag. He is expecting you in Kampala.

NICHOLAS

Excuse me...?

(a quizzical look)

Are you serious?

WASSWA and the SOLDIERS stare back. Their expressions suggest they have never been more serious in their lives.

A crowd of awestruck VILLAGERS has gathered to watch. BONNY gawks. Further back, SARAH and MERRIT wait for the outcome.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Five minutes.

INT. MERRIT HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS enters the Merrit's bungalow, showered, changed and carrying a suitcase. SARAH works alone at a desk.

NICHOLAS
Tell David to re-arrange the field trip
for Friday. I'll be back as soon as I
can.

No reply. A beat.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Probably wants me to tighten his sling.

SARAH forces a smile, but her unease is apparent. NICHOLAS is about to say something else when he realises he hasn't any more to say. A beat. He picks up his suitcase and walks out.

EXT. AFRICAN COUNTRYSIDE/VILLAGES - DAY.

The convoy of vehicles carrying NICHOLAS speeds through the African countryside.

INT. SALOON CAR - DAY.

NICHOLAS makes himself comfortable in the luxury of the limousine. He looks out through darkened windows to see VILLAGERS stop and stare. MOTHERS washing clothes in rivers point excitedly at the car shoots past.

EXT. KAMPALA - DAY.

The car drives through Kampala. KIDS on bicycles shriek with laughter, trying to keep up with the sleek limousine.

Seeing them wave, NICHOLAS waves back. It's a friendly gesture, which, out of light-heartedness, he turns into a regal wave.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAY.

A colonial style building, located in the suburbs of Kampala. Surrounded state house are all the major ministerial buildings.

INT. BUNGALOW - STATE HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS is shown into a pristine, modern doctor's surgery. He stares in awe at the chrome fittings, black leather swivel chair, instruments neatly laid out. A far cry from Mbarara.

WASSWA

Please, take a seat. His Excellency will be with you in a moment.

NICHOLAS looks around. Even the bookshelves are neatly stacked with back issues of the Lancet. He spots two framed photographs of a bespectacled MAN AND HIS FAMILY on the desk.

NICHOLAS

Who's that?

WASSWA

Doctor Njonjo.

WASSWA discreetly removes the photographs.

WASSWA (cont'd)

He was the previous incumbent.

NICHOLAS

Of what..?

Suddenly, from behind NICHOLAS, a voice booms out.

IDI

Of the post of "Personal Physician to the President."

NICHOLAS turns to see IDI standing in the doorway, instantly dominating the room. WASSWA jumps to attention.

IDI (cont'd)

(a playful gesture)

Hold onto your guns everyone!! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Good to see you again, Dr Garrigan!

IDI playfully checks his gun is still there.

IDI (cont'd)

Imagine, Jonah. This man took the gun from my holster! Tell him who I am.

WASSWA
The President of Uganda, sir.

IDI
(irritated by wrong answer)
No no, what else..?

IDI assumes a boxer's stance...huge clue.

WASSWA
The heavyweight boxing champion.

IDI
Correct! Heavyweight boxing champion!
Plus I have killed many people with my
bare hands, in three different wars.
Plus I am surrounded by armed guards 24
hours a day. But he still took the gun
out of my holster!
(an approving smile)
I like that!

IDI slaps a bewildered NICHOLAS on the back, letting his
huge hand rest on his shoulder.

IDI (cont'd)
And I've been thinking about the farmer
too. How you made me give him the money.
You were right. This Government must
look after it's farmers. So I have put
aside two million dollars in subsidies
for the farmers. All because of you.

IDI turns NICHOLAS to face WASSWA; someone displaying a
trophy.

IDI (cont'd)
See, Jonah? *This* is the sort of man a
President needs around him. Someone who
is not afraid to speak his mind.

He pirouettes NICHOLAS to face him again.

IDI (cont'd)
So, what do you say Nicholas? Will you
take the job?

NICHOLAS
Sorry...are you-?
(trying to comprehend)
You want me to be your physician?

IDI

A modern President in a modern democracy
needs a modern Doctor.

NICHOLAS

I already have a job Mr. President. At
the Mission clinic.

IDI

(flicking his hand
dismissively)

There are a thousand doctors who could
do that job in Mbarara. However, it is
not so easy to find someone with the
correct qualities to fill *this* position.

IDI grasps both NICHOLAS's shoulders, surveying him, eye to
eye.

IDI (CONT'D)

Do you want to be of service to Uganda,
Dr. Garrigan?

NICHOLAS

(pinned there by his eyes)

Yes, I do.

IDI

Then what better way than to look after
the health of it's President? And let me
tell you it won't be a hard job because
I am a man in *perfect* physical
condition. Also, I know precisely when I
will die. It came to me in a dream. So
you do not have to worry about making a
mistake!

NICHOLAS

Thank you. It's a very generous offer,
but-

IDI suddenly changes tack again. He slips an arm over
NICHOLAS's shoulder, smiling with genuine admiration.

IDI

What you did for me the other day, I
have *never* seen before Nicholas. You
alone, you took control! You have a *lion*
heart! My country needs men like you.

NICHOLAS

Thank you. It's just, I'm not really-

IDI

(closer)

Nicholas, listen. Now this is very important. You don't just work for me. Here in Kampala, you will have a hand in creating a new health service for this country - a project that will help *millions* of people - far more than you could ever hope to cure in a small place like Mbarara.

IDI smiles. NICHOLAS can *feel* that smile, warming him, cradling him. But just as he's falling, he comes out of the dive and...

NICHOLAS

I'm sorry, I really have to say 'no'.
I'd be letting everyone at the clinic
down terribly.

IDI's smile fades. WASSWA braces himself for an explosion. But instead...

IDI

(putting two and two together)
It's the woman! Isn't it?! The one I saw
you with in Mbarara! You want to get back
to be with her?

NICHOLAS

Well, not entirely...

IDI

Ha! Ha! I knew it! It's the woman!
(laughing heartily)
Why don't you tell her to come and join you?

NICHOLAS

It's not that simple.

IDI

Why? Is she's married?

NICHOLAS

Yes.

IDI

She IS! Ha! Ha! Doctor, that makes you
even more interesting!

IDI slaps him on the back.

IDI (CONT'D)

Well, I can't say I blame you! Married women
are always the most passionate! They're so
grateful! They are fed up with their husbands!

IDI walks towards the door.

IDI (cont'd)
Please forgive me for wasting your time.
My car will take you back first thing in
the morning.

He reaches the door and stops. Turns. Full height.

IDI (cont'd)
In the meantime, I am having a dinner
for a few friends at State House
tonight. Why don't you join us?

NICHOLAS
Um...thanks.

IDI
(cutting straight on)
Excellent! Eight o'clock.
(a quizzical look)
You have a suit? A dark suit?

NICHOLAS
No.

IDI barks something at WASSWA in Swahili, then sweeps out.
After a beat, NICHOLAS turns to WASSWA.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
What did he say?

EXT. KAMPALA CITY CENTRE - DAY.

A row of street ASIAN TAILORS. Push-pedal Singer machines,
rolls of cloth stacked up on the roadside. NICHOLAS is being
fitted for a suit. All around him, other ASIAN TAILORS
measure customers, cut cloth, sew buttons. NICHOLAS notices
signed photographs of IDI AMIN wearing various outfits and
uniforms made by the tailors..

NICHOLAS
(producing wallet)
How much..?

ASIAN TAILOR
It's okay. On President's account.

The ASIAN TAILOR indicates WASSWA, who nods affirmative.

NICHOLAS
What? Oh. Thank you.

NICHOLAS shakes hands. He's about to go when he spots a minor commotion across the street. He looks up to see...

ACROSS THE STREET:

A PEUGEOT screams to a halt outside a run-down block of flats. FOUR ARMY OFFICERS burst out, brandishing weapons. A MAN standing in the crowd suddenly turns and races down an alleyway. The OFFICERS race after him, screaming in Swahili.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
(turning to the tailor)
What's that about?

ASIAN TAILOR
Obote's people. They are everywhere.
Very dangerous. Try to kill the
President.

The ASIAN TAILOR's family nod earnestly. NICHOLAS glances back at the parked Peugeot. All four doors are flung open wide. An awed CROWD has formed around the vehicle. No-one goes near.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - (TO ESTABLISH) - NIGHT.

A marabou stork picks its way through the rubbish. Vervet monkeys play in the trees. Sliding past, come sleek limousines, ferrying AMBASSADORS, BUSINESSMEN and MINISTERS to the State House party.

INT. STATE HOUSE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS walks up the main staircase, smartly-dressed in his new dark linen suit. He joins a long queue of people waiting for a handshake from the President. IDI is wearing a dark blue uniform, (Air Force), with gold trim, epaulets and the usual generous display of medals. As soon as he sees NICHOLAS, his face lights up. He brushes others aside and approaches him, beaming excitedly.

IDI
Nicholas! I'm so glad you came! Come, this way!

IDI takes NICHOLAS under his huge arm, pushing AMBASSADORS and BUSINESSMEN aside as he guides him across the hall and up to two large WOMEN in traditional African dress.

IDI (cont'd)
I'd like you to meet my wives, Malyamu, Nora...

The two WOMEN smile politely, eyes wearily uninterested. IDI turns and gestures at another woman with her back to him.

IDI (cont'd)

And Kay.

The third WOMAN turns. KAY AMIN is younger and prettier than the other wives. NICHOLAS is struck immediately by her beauty. An instant, physical attraction.

IDI (CONT'D)

Please meet Doctor Nicholas Garrigan. He saved my life.

NICHOLAS

(blushing furiously)

I only...his hand...

NICHOLAS doesn't know what to say. KAY comes to his rescue.

KAY

I believe it's you I have to thank for the T-shirt.

NICHOLAS

Oh right, you're Campbell's mother?

KAY

Yes.

NICHOLAS

Pleased to meet you.

KAY

And you.

For a split-second they hold each other's gaze and we sense that, for KAY too, the unspoken attraction is mutual. Impossible, but mutual.

IDI

Ambassador Perkins! Meet my good friend Doctor Garrigan!

IDI barrels NICHOLAS up to another top-shelf Brit' abroad, AMBASSADOR PERKINS. More hand-shaking etcetera.

IDI (cont'd)

And Mr. Stone.

STONE

We've met already.

NICHOLAS and STONE exchange a tight little smile. No love lost.

STONE (CONT'D)

I gather the President has been unable to persuade you to stay.

NICHOLAS

No.

STONE

Pity. Always good to have another Englishman around.

NICHOLAS

(correcting, determined)

Scot.

'Ha!' IDI laughs approvingly, slaps NICHOLAS on the back, 'Quite right!'. Feeling a little rush of power, NICHOLAS flashes STONE a defiant smile. But STONE only watches him curiously, an unsettling disengagement.

GONG! The GUESTS are summoned through the ebony-panelled door into the great hall. A flicker behind STONE's eyes as he watches NICHOLAS go.

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT.

A long mahogany table where fifty or more GUESTS sit under chandeliers. POLITICIANS, DIPLOMATS, WEALTHY ASIAN BUSINESSMEN, ARMY OFFICERS, AFRICAN TRIBAL CHIEFS. French wine, silver cutlery. SERVANTS in starched uniforms. Whirring ceiling fans.

A MAJOR DOMO enters in grey uniform.

MAJOR DOMO

His Excellency, President Amin has requested that you begin eating after he has made a few introductory remarks concerning domestic and international affairs...

IDI enters, and stands at the head of the table. He draws to himself up to his full, impressive height. From the outset, his infectious speaking-style is apparent. There's something about his directness, unpretentious, direct and suddenly surprising, that couples with his physical presence to make him uniquely compelling.

IDI

Friends, I am speaking to you now because if I leave it until later, you will be too drunk to hear my words.

AMBASSADOR PERKINS almost chokes on his champagne.

IDI (cont'd)

Tonight, we will eat a sumptuous meal. But there have been many years where Ugandans had little food. Which is why I am happy to tell you that if you go to the countryside today, you will see we have plenty. In fact we are growing crops for export and helping other countries weaker than us with their food problems.

Enthusiastic applause among the AFRICAN GUESTS. The other GUESTS politely follow suit.

IDI (cont'd)

Since I have taken over, I am happy to say, Uganda is being treated with more and more respect on the world stage. Recently I was in London where I had dinner with Prime Minister Heath who agreed to sell me Air Force Jets, and other military hardware.

More applause from the AFRICAN GUESTS. NICHOLAS meets KAY's eye across the table. Another jolt of attraction, then...

IDI (cont'd)

In Scotland I visited Holyrood, seat of the old Kings - and they flew the Ugandan flag over Edinburgh Castle for me - a simple villager who was born in a hut. This was a very proud moment in my life. In the middle-East, I met with Israeli and Palestinian leaders to help them with the peace process.

NICHOLAS watches IDI. Despite himself, he's moved. IDI is so direct, his pleasure so apparent; it's hard not to share it.

IDI (cont'd)

I was also received by the Pope at the Vatican, who told me that Uganda has the greatest number of modern-day Saints of anywhere in the world. So, you see, we are not controlled by any superpower, or Empire. We are an independent African nation - living in peace and prosperity.

(a beat)

Just like all you people said would never be possible.

AMIN points his finger at the AMBASSADOR PERKINS and other BUSINESSMEN. A frisson of tension, then he bursts out laughing.

NICHOLAS loves it. The look on their faces. KAY and the AFRICAN GUESTS applaud loudly. NICHOLAS finds himself joining in.

IDI (cont'd)

So welcome to Kampala - enjoy the meal.
The food tonight - some of the ingredients may look unfamiliar to you, but be assured - it is all local delicacies.

(a beat)

And none of it is human flesh.

(smiles)

Thank you.

IDI brings his hands together and all the AFRICAN GUESTS instantly burst into applause. Some even stand. Meanwhile, faltering and shell-shocked, the other GUESTS join in.

IDI makes a point of smiling at NICHOLAS, as if seeking his personal approval. NICHOLAS raises his hands a fraction, showing him his applause.

In a final act of theatricality, IDI clicks his fingers and SERVANTS swoop down with the most bizarre-looking food you've ever seen. You'd have to be made of stone not to enjoy the gag.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - NIGHT.

Darkness. All is quiet. The Night Watchman patrols. Suddenly the silence is pierced by a MALE VOICE crying out in agony.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Several pairs of BOOTS march urgently down a corridor towards NICHOLAS's room.

INT. STATE HOUSE - NICHOLAS'S ROOM - NIGHT.

CRASH. NICHOLAS's door flies open. His light is switched on. In his bed, NICHOLAS bolts awake, tries to get his bearings.

SERVANT

Dr Garrigan? Come quickly! It's the President!!

NICHOLAS rips back his sheets.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Dressing as he goes, NICHOLAS rushes along the corridor towards AMIN's bedroom. Growing louder, the sound of AMIN's voice crying out. WASSWA, the HEALTH MINISTER, holds open the door.

WASSWA
(visibly panicked)
Quick! He has acute stomach pain!

INT. STATE HOUSE - AMIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS races into the bedroom: more like a teenager's den than the room of a President. Pornographic magazines, boxing gloves, Tom and Jerry comics, balls, records and a huge flickering TV away in the corner.

IDI is curled up in pain, rolling about his vast waterbed. Bizarrely, a framed picture of KING GEORGE VI, in a kilt, hangs above the bed-head.

WASSWA leads NICHOLAS over.

WASSWA
Mr President...

IDI jerks round, brandishing a silver .45 pistol.

IDI
(terrified)
Get away from me!!!

WASSWA
(hopping deftly to one side)
Excellency, it's the Scottish Doctor.

IDI stares at them, trembling like a frightened child. He drops the gun.

IDI
Ah, Nicholas! I have been poisoned!
Someone has tried to assassinate me!

WASSWA backs away into the shadows. With nowhere to go but forward, NICHOLAS steps up and starts examining IDI. He holds up his hands, gently, tentatively.

NICHOLAS
I need to...check your stomach?

With absolute trust, IDI pulls up his shirt. NICHOLAS begins palpating his stomach.

IDI
(quieter now, one to one)
Obote's people are everywhere. They want me dead, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS
I just need to...

NICHOLAS begins palpitating harder.

IDI
(suddenly writhing in death throes)
Aaaarrrrggghhh!

NICHOLAS
And this?

IDI
(thrashing in pain)
Aaaaarrggghhh!

NICHOLAS stops. He notices bottles of beer and prescription drugs on the bedside table.

NICHOLAS
I think I know what it is.

NICHOLAS looks round the room. He spots a baseball bat. He picks it up.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
Sit on that chair, please.

With great difficulty, IDI heaves himself onto the chair. NICHOLAS steps up behind, reaches round IDI's huge frame and locks the baseball bat under his belly.

IDI
What are you doing?!?

GUARDS cock their guns, ready to defend their President. WASSWA raises his hands. Wait.

NICHOLAS
Lean forward for me.

NICHOLAS pulls the baseball bat up towards him, thereby trapping and squeezing AMIN's belly.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
Now...stand up!

IDI
What?

NICHOLAS pulls as hard as he can as IDI straightens to his full height. Leaping back, NICHOLAS braces himself for the blast.

'FFFFAAAAARRRRRRRTTTTT'. AMIN unzips the loudest, most spectacular and shocking flatus. The Titanic of farts.

IDI (cont'd)
(visibly shocked)
Oh, my Gaaaaaooooooooodddd!!!

IDI's eyes widen. NICHOLAS's eyes widen. JONAH WASSWA's eyes widen.

Still visibly shocked, AMIN turns on NICHOLAS. For a moment it looks like he's going to grab the bat and let fly at him. Then, just as the fear takes hold, he bursts out laughing.

IDI (cont'd)
Thank you! I feel much better!

NICHOLAS
In future, remember not to mix aspirin with beer.

IDI
Really? That was the cause?

IDI's expression changes. Suddenly vulnerable.

IDI (cont'd)
I am ashamed you saw me like that. I was frightened. A man who shows fear is weak. He is a slave.

NICHOLAS
On the contrary. If you're frightened of death, it shows you have a life worth keeping.

IDI
(delighted)
You see? A doctor and a philosopher!
It's true, Nicholas - I do have a good life now. But it was not always so. My father never even owned a coat. My mother could not afford to feed me. The British Army was my home. They took me as a cleaner in the kitchens, cleaning pots. They used to beat me. "Amin!" they say, "build this wall! Dig that latrine!"
(beat)
And now, here I am, President.

NICHOLAS
(smiles with him, genuinely moved)
That's such a great story.

IDI grins infectiously, all his attention on NICHOLAS. Beat.

IDI

And you? What is your story?

NICHOLAS

Mine?

(little shrug of apology)

Dead dull.

IDI

(playing hurt)

Tonight was dull?

NICHOLAS

(back-tracking madly)

No, no, never!

IDI

And the other day? When you shot the cow and saved my life? *That* day was dull?

In the beat before he answers, NICHOLAS suddenly gets it; without ever once realising he's been led there.

NICHOLAS

No.

(beat)

No, it was never dull.

A beat.

IDI

I think maybe your story is just beginning.

With real affection, IDI smiles into NICHOLAS's eyes.

IDI (cont'd)

Good night, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Good night, sir.

They shake hands warmly. NICHOLAS steps out past WASSWA and the others, but like a lover newly seduced, he doesn't even notice WASSWA open and shut the door. Click.

INT. STATE HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY.

Next morning.

NICHOLAS is finishing a sumptuous breakfast in State House when he glances through the window to see IDI marshalling a troop of SERVANTS around a limousine into which Nicholas's suitcase is being packed. Alongside his luggage, the

SERVANTS add an abundance of treats and surprises - African masks, crates of whisky, huge hams, pineapples, some wood carvings.

Flabbergasted at this over-generosity, NICHOLAS can't help himself smiling. All this. For him.

A SERVANT steps up and re-fills his tea. At first, NICHOLAS raises his hand over the cup, motioning 'no more'. Then, his eyes on IDI, hand hovering in the air, he slowly lets it fall.

NICHOLAS

Thanks.

Carefully, the SERVANT pours his tea.

INTERCUT. STATE HOUSE - NICHOLAS'S ROOM/MERRIT'S HOUSE - DAY

NICHOLAS stands by his bed, on the phone. It rings a couple of times, then SARAH picks up.

SARAH

Hello?

NICHOLAS

Sarah, hi, it's Nicholas.

SARAH

Where are you?

NICHOLAS

Still in Kampala.

SARAH

I thought you'd be back by now. You okay?

NICHOLAS

Fine. My car's just outside. I was, um...

He takes a deep breath.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

I've been thinking.

(beat)

I feel badly about what happened the other night.

SARAH

(genuine)

Forget it. It was my fault for staying.

NICHOLAS

All the same. I was thinking it might be easier if...

He hesitates.

SARAH

What?

NICHOLAS

You know...if I wasn't in your way the whole time.

SARAH

(chuckling in disbelief)

Nicholas, nothing *happened*.

NICHOLAS

I mean, in case something did.

SARAH

Well that would be my choice as well as yours.

NICHOLAS

Sure, but given that you didn't want it to...

He lets that hang. SARAH stares ahead, suddenly more hurt than she'd expected. The groundwork laid, NICHOLAS gets to the point.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

You see, they've offered me a job here. Normally I'd never have considered it, but under the circumstances I thought it might be the best thing.

SARAH

I see.

NICHOLAS

The President's willing to send a replacement. And of course I'd be in a good position to lobby for more equipment and funds for the clinic.

SARAH

Of course.

(beat)

David will be disappointed.

NICHOLAS

I'll write to him, of course.

SARAH

Of course.

A pause. NICHOLAS winces, feeling awkward now that it's done. He glances round the empty room.

NICHOLAS

Someone's calling me. I'd better go.

SARAH

Sure.

NICHOLAS

Bye then.

SARAH

Bye.

NICHOLAS

(beat)

I'll be in touch.

He hangs up. Without looking back, he hurries out.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS walks across the lawn to where IDI and his SERVANTS are waiting to wave him off. From a distance, we see NICHOLAS explaining his decision to IDI. The big man listens for a moment, then breaks into a huge smile, jumping up and down with delight, slapping a bewildered and happy NICHOLAS on the back.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - KAMPALA - (TO ESTABLISH) - DAY.

Mulago, Kampala's main hospital. An airy, beautifully designed modern building of courtyards and wide corridors; an expression of Uganda's post-independence optimism.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

WASSWA is showing NICHOLAS round. Everywhere DOCTORS, NURSES and ORDERLIES jump to attention.

WASSWA

When you are not treating the President or his family, the hospital could use your expertise here.

He opens a door.

WASSWA (CONT'D)

Our new emergency room.

NICHOLAS looks inside, impressed.

WASSWA (cont'd)

Further down the corridor will be the operating theatres, which the President has paid for himself.

A tall, charismatic DOCTOR walks by. His face is vaguely familiar from the framed photos in the surgery. Seeing NICHOLAS he pauses; a hint of an ironical smile as he surveys the white man.

NJONJO

Welcome to Mulago, Dr....

NICHOLAS

Garrigan.

NJONJO holds out his hand. They shake.

NJONJO

Dr Njonjo. I work here at the hospital.

NICHOLAS

Pleased to meet you doctor.

NJONJO smiles.

NJONJO

I hope you do not find your work here too burdensome.

He walks off. Odd man. NICHOLAS stares quizzically after him.

NICHOLAS

Who was that?

WASSWA

Your predecessor.
(dismissive gesture)
Don't worry about him.

WASSWA's attention is taken by two SOLDIERS who indicate towards a COUPLE OF MEN in suits waiting further down the corridor. They seem out of place here. Smart-suited, like diplomats.

WASSWA (cont'd)

(to NICHOLAS)

Excuse me a moment..

NICHOLAS watches as WASSWA goes into an impromptu 'huddle' with these two out-of-place men.

Suddenly a voice calls out, breaking the spell..

STONE

Dr Garrigan?

NICHOLAS turns to see STONE, the British Embassy official. He steps up, smiling, clearly making an effort at friendliness.

STONE (cont'd)

Just topping up on quinine.

(shakes a pill bottle,
brightly)

So, I hear you've decided to stay.

NICHOLAS

(guarded)

Yup.

STONE

Excellent, excellent.

(awkward little pause)

Well, as I said...if there's anything we can do for you, please don't hesitate.

NICHOLAS

No more bus rides would be nice.

STONE gives a tortured little laugh. NICHOLAS turns back to WASSWA, wanting this arsehole gone. But WASSWA is still busy and STONE still hangs there, voice suddenly steadier.

STONE

Do keep in contact.

NICHOLAS

Why?

STONE

(answering and not answering)

The British Ambassador asked me, in particular, to point out how aware we are of your very unique position as personal physician to President Amin. Should you ever find that you need to clarify your status, regarding the details of this relationship, we would of course welcome any clarification that you felt the need to share.

NICHOLAS

(chuckling softly)

Do you learn to talk that bollocks at a special school?

STONE holds fire, smiling tightly. A beat, then he walks away. NICHOLAS shakes his head in disbelief and turns to see WASSWA beckoning him over with a smile.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

Worldwide protests continue against the Vietnam War.

Bobby Fischer and Boris Spasky shake hands at the beginning of their chess tournament in Iceland.

Richard Nixon re-elected as President of the United States.

Rise of PLO terrorism in Middle East.

IDI AMIN, (digitally replaced by our actor), on prime-time chat shows in New York and London, getting cheers of support for his policies against Israel and South Africa.

INT. NICHOLAS'S SURGERY - SATE HOUSE - DAY.

IDI AMIN stands in NICHOLAS's surgery, naked from the waist down, staring down at his unseen crotch, frowning.

IDI

And...?

NICHOLAS rises into frame, removes gloves and washes his hands. Without answering the President, he returns to his desk and scribbles some notes in a book. IDI watches him impatiently.

NICHOLAS

(still writing)

You can pull up your trousers now.

IDI

(losing patience)

Well?!

NICHOLAS

You're in excellent health Mr President, but you have a touch of syphilis.

NICHOLAS opens a drawer and pulls out a bottle of tablets.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

Take these, as directed, and no more action in...

(pointing at his groin)

...that department for at least three weeks.

IDI

What? How long?!?

(an incredulous look)

Nicholas, I have three wives and six mistresses!
It is my duty to keep them happy!

NICHOLAS

I suspect a brief rest would keep them
happier than a dose of this.

IDI

You really think that?

IDI can't help laughing.

IDI (cont'd)

You white men! You make me laugh!

IDI turns, about to leave, when he suddenly remembers...

IDI (cont'd)

Oh, before I forget. I need to ask a
favour. I will be in Libya next week and
I need you to attend a meeting in my
place.

NICHOLAS

(taken aback)

What kind of meeting?

IDI

A simple matter of taste and common
sense.

(an enigmatic smile)

I can't think of anyone better than you.

Without further explanation, IDI walks out.

INT. NICHOLAS'S APARTMENT - STATE HOUSE - DAY.

Some days later, NICHOLAS stands in front of his bedroom
mirror, in shirt and pants, tying his tie. Satisfied with
his appearance, he checks down the line of three recently
made suits then picks the one he wants.

NICHOLAS

(rehearsing as he dresses)

Good afternoon, gentlemen. The President
sends his apologies.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY.

NICHOLAS, wearing the suit and tie, and looking very
ministerial, walks along a corridor. He reaches the door to

the conference room. The GUARD nods. NICHOLAS takes a deep breath, composes himself, then knocks and enters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY.

A smart conference room. A long oak table, at which every seat is taken by serious-looking middle-aged WHITE MEN and MINISTERS.

NICHOLAS enters. EVERYONE jumps to attention.

NICHOLAS
(slightly awkward at first)
Please, don't get up.

NICHOLAS sits. Promptly, they all sit. He coughs. Sips some water.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
The President sends his apologies. He's
been called away at short notice and has
asked me to take his place.

He smiles politely. An AUSTRIAN MINISTER leans forward.

AUSTRIAN MINISTER
And you are...?

NICHOLAS
Nicholas Garrigan.
(a beat)
His doctor.

AUSTRIAN MINISTER
(thrown)
His Doctor?

NICHOLAS
(not to be outdone)
Yes. And you are...?

MINISTER
I am the Austrian Foreign Secretary.
This is Dr Ramm1, one of our leading
architects, and Dr. Brunner from the
Institute of Civil Engineering. Together
we are the first bid.

NICHOLAS
Bid. Right.

NICHOLAS smiles, embarrassed.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
For what precisely?

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAY.

AMIN arrives back from his trip to Libya, now wearing traditional Moslem clothes. He waves to the crowd, and assembled TELEVISION CAMERAS, 'Salam!', 'Salam!'...

CUT TO:

A LARGE CONFERENCE CENTRE - KAMPALA SKYLINE - DAY.

A vast CONFERENCE CENTRE of modern offices dominates the Kampala Skyline. Suddenly, like a surreal apparition, FOUR HUGE EYEBALLS APPEAR.

Pulling back, we reveal the CONFERENCE CENTRE as a scale model. NICHOLAS and IDI (still wearing Muslim clothes), lean over their latest prize, each smoking fat cigars in celebration.

IDI

I love it.

NICHOLAS

(anxious to please)

Really? You do?

IDI

Absolutely! Good choice! Modern, elegant, a symbol of Uganda's future! Here is where we will have the next Pan-African Congress. Who's bid was it?

NICHOLAS

The French.

IDI

Good, as long as it wasn't the Israelis. First I fight their wars for them and now they refuse me aid.

(spits in contempt)

Fine, so I go to the Arabs. True Africans.

(suddenly back smiling)

Good Nicholas. Good work.

NICHOLAS coughs out a huge cloud of smoke, still unsteady from such sudden elevation.

NICHOLAS

You did get a few raised eyebrows.

IDI

(glares)

Why?

NICHOLAS

Well, you know...your doctor, judging a a multi-million dollar engineering contract...

IDI

(suddenly snapping)

What business is that of theirs?

NICHOLAS reacts with surprise to this outburst.

NICHOLAS

It's not, it's just - you know, they might think it was a bit...odd.

IDI glares a moment longer, then instantly softens.

IDI

What do *I* know about architecture? Mm? I'm a *soldier*. A simple man who once sold sweets on the roadside.

(gesturing through the window)

Now, I am running the country. Every day, I have many difficult decisions to make. I need help to make these decisions. I trust very few people to help me. You, Nicholas, are someone I trust.

A pause. IDI stares at NICHOLAS, as if considering.

IDI (CONT'D)

I have to ask you something.

NICHOLAS

Of course.

IDI

I have enemies everywhere. Obote is only across the border in Tanzania, waiting to return. He has many spies here, in Kampala.

IDI frowns - suddenly vulnerable. The first glint of the paranoia.

IDI (CONT'D)

What do you think of Jonah Wasswa?

NICHOLAS

Jonah Wasswa? The Health Minister? I don't know...

IDI

I have a feeling about him. He looks so serious.

(darts him a look)

Do you think there's something about him?

NICHOLAS
How do you mean?

IDI
When he looks at me sometimes. I cannot be precise.

NICHOLAS
Can't say I've noticed. He seems fine to me.

IDI nods, a little drop of the shoulders.

IDI
No, you're right. I'm sure it's nothing.

NICHOLAS stares back at IDI, still faintly distracted.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

Several weeks later.

We begin on NICHOLAS'S FACE. Short-haired. Slick. Confident. He is working in Mulago hospital, examining a chest x-ray with the ASIAN RADIOGRAPHER. All of a sudden... 'BOOOM', a dull blast is heard in the distance. A distant bomb going off.

NICHOLAS turns to the RADIOGRAPHER

NICHOLAS
What was that?

The ASIAN RADIOGRAPHER furrows his brow, alarmed.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
Excuse me a moment.

NICHOLAS hurries out.

INT. KAMPALA HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - DAY.

NICHOLAS skips up the stairs, heading for the roof.

EXT. KAMPALA HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - DAY.

NICHOLAS bursts out through doors, onto the roof of the hospital. He looks out over the Kampala skyline.

In the distance, about a mile away, plumes of smoke spiral into the sky. The unmistakable sound of gun fire. Small explosions.

DR. NJONJO arrives behind him.

NJONJO
Makindye Prison. Where Obote's people
are being held.

NICHOLAS
Can you hear that?

The two of them listen. Machine-gun fire. NICHOLAS's
expression changes as he realises...

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
We'd better get this place ready.

He hurries back down.

But DR. NJONJO makes no move to follow. Instead, he remains
behind, eyes fixed implacably on that distant plume of
smoke.

INT. KAMPALA HOSPITAL - DAY.

A SERIES OF ANGLES ON...NICHOLAS marshalling the HOSPITAL
STAFF to prepare for the arrival of large numbers of
casualties.

Unused HOSPITAL WARDS are opened.

NURSES hastily make up the beds.

BLOOD SUPPLIES are brought from the freezers.

STERILISED SURGICAL EQUIPMENT packs are ripped open.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - DAY.

Teams of ASIAN SURGEONS and ANAESTHETISTS stand in operating
theatres, waiting.

INT. EMERGENCY WARD - DAY.

TEAMS OF NURSES stand in the Emergency Room, dressed in
white, everyone waiting.

INT. HOSPITAL - AN HOUR LATER.

NICHOLAS stands in the lobby. He checks his watch and
frowns. What is going on?

Still, no one comes.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE HOUSE - WAITING AREA/IDI'S OFFICE - DAY.

The next day, NICHOLAS sits outside Idi's office, reading a Ugandan newspaper. The HEADLINES read:

OBOTE'S FORCES ATTACK PRISON

Presently, the door opens and a SERVANT comes out.

SERVANT

President Amin will see you now.

NICHOLAS picks up a file and heads inside.

INT. STATE HOUSE - IDI'S OFFICE - DAY.

IDI is seated at his desk, writing. He turns to see NICHOLAS enter with the file. A tiny, quizzical frown.

NICHOLAS

You wanted my recommendations...for
Mulago Hospital?

IDI

(pre-occupied with writing)
On the desk.

NICHOLAS drops the file on the desk, among a thick pile of others. He watches IDI struggling, with painful slowness, to scratch out the letters of a rudimentary note. Hesitating...

NICHOLAS

I could read it to you myself, if you like.

IDI shoots him a look, uncertain whether or not he is being mocked. Realising that NICHOLAS is genuine, he gives a little nod.

IDI

Later.

NICHOLAS

Fine.

A beat.

IDI

(suddenly vulnerable)
Normally, my secretary reads them to me.
But...I would like it if you would read
sometimes.

NICHOLAS

Of course.

(beat)

You know that, as your doctor,
everything about our relationship has
confidentiality. I've taken an oath.

IDI smiles, genuinely touched.

IDI

Thank you, Nicholas.

A moment on the two of them. A beat. Feeling confident of
their trust, NICHOLAS opens his heart.

NICHOLAS

I see Obote's men attacked Makindye Prison.
We heard gunfire from the hospital.

IDI

(low key)

Yes. My soldiers held them off.

NICHOLAS

I thought we'd be flooded with
casualties. No-one showed up.

IDI

They were looked after by the military.

NICHOLAS

Oh. Right.

A pause.

IDI

You may go.

IDI smiles serenely, the President once more. NICHOLAS
returns the smile and walks out.

EXT. ASIAN TAILORS' SHOP - KAMPALA STREETS - WEEKS LATER.

NICHOLAS is at the ASIAN TAILORS being fitted for a suit.
He's laughing with the TAILORS and flirting with their
DAUGHTER, when something across the street draws his
attention.

Through the traffic, NICHOLAS notices JONAH WASSWA arrive at
a cafe, to be greeted by a GROUP OF MEN; some black, some
white. They huddle together, deep in conversation. As the
traffic sweeps past, the figure of WASSWA keeps appearing
and disappearing, as if, at any moment, he might vanish into
thin air.

Suddenly, a voice calls out from the other direction.

KAY AMIN'S SERVANT (OS)
Doctor Garrigan?

NICHOLAS turns to see KAY AMIN'S SERVANT racing towards him.

KAY AMIN'S SERVANT (CONT'D)
(visibly agitated)
Dr Garrigan? It's the President's son.
Please come quickly!

INT. KAY AMIN'S HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS races into the house to find the an eight year old BOY, lying on the floor, fitting badly; body in spasm, mouth foaming.

His mother KAY kneels over her child, shaking with panic, yet still switched into maternal instinct - shushing and soothing as best she can.

KAY
Alright baby, alright my
darling...alright...mumma's here...

NICHOLAS kneels beside her, straight into action.

NICHOLAS
Turn him on his side.
(gently turning him)
This is Campbell?

KAY
McKenzie. Campbell's brother.

NICHOLAS
(McKenzie?)
McKenzie. Right.
(softly into the boy's ear)
Can you hear me McKenzie? I'm a doctor.
My name's Nicholas. I'm going to get you
into hospital.

KAY looks up sharply.

KAY
We can't. The President won't allow it.

NICHOLAS
This child needs to be in hospital.

KAY
You must do what you can, here.

NICHOLAS

I really think-

KAY
(growing desperate)
Please...

KAY holds his gaze, eyes pleading. Seeing her desperation, NICHOLAS grabs his bag, sets up a syringe and administers a tranquilizer. Almost immediately, MCKENZIE's condition stabilizes.

The moment he recovers, KAY bends over her child, stroking his cheeks and hair in a flood of affection and relief.

KAY (CONT'D)
Okay...okay now...good boy...you
sleep...
(pulls back, tears coming)
I thought he was dying.

NICHOLAS
He's fine. I will need to examine him properly.

KAY nods, crying. She rummages for something to dry her eyes. NICHOLAS hands her a tissue.

KAY
Thanks...sorry...

NICHOLAS
It's okay.

Instinctively, NICHOLAS puts a hand to her arm. The feel of her skin against his sends an instant charge. Both are suddenly aware of how close they are to each other. Slowly, NICHOLAS removes his hand. KAY glances up. She smiles, covering her own confusion.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
(awkward)
So, um...this where you live?

KAY
Yes.

NICHOLAS
Why not State House with his other wives?

KAY
Since I had McKenzie, my husband...
(hesitates, choosing her
words)
...prefers us to be somewhere more
private.

KAY sees NICHOLAS's uncomprehending look.

KAY (cont'd)

You must understand, doctor, witchcraft still plays a big role in Uganda. When my son was born he was sick. Sickness is still thought of as a curse from your enemies.

NICHOLAS

That's why you were moved out?

KAY

(embarrassed)

Yes.

NICHOLAS

That's ridiculous. Your son's got epilepsy. It's a perfectly treatable condition.

NICHOLAS looks up for someone to reprimand. Only the usual STATE GUARDS stand sentinel, eyes front, faces like masks. He turns back to KAY.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

So, the President visits you here?

KAY

Not me. I'm a bad omen.

(gesturing at an inner door)

But he visits *Campbell*.

NICHOLAS spots the ten year old CAMPBELL AMIN standing in a far doorway. He's a handsome, strong, healthy boy, wearing the Scottish Tourist Board T-shirt.

KAY (cont'd)

Come here, baby.

KAY beckons CAMPBELL over. He steps up shyly behind his mother.

KAY (cont'd)

Say hello to Doctor Garrigan. He's the man who gave you the T-shirt.

CAMPBELL

Hello.

(blushes/awkward)

Thank you.

NICHOLAS

My pleasure.

KAT pats CAMPBELL gently on the back and he trots off. She looks round, smiling. NICHOLAS smiles back. A deep silence. They hold each other's gaze. Alone with the sleeping MCKENZIE and the invisible GUARDS, they allow this moment to register an intense sexuality, before KAY suddenly remembers herself and pulls back.

KAY

I will tell the President how helpful you were.

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

Mind racing, NICHOLAS hurriedly packs his bag and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW/BEDROOM - DAWN.

NICHOLAS IS FAST ASLEEP. PRESENTLY, FROM OUTSIDE, THE SOUND OF A CAR HORN, 'BEEEEEP'. He snaps bolt upright, suddenly nervous. Coming-to, his breathing steadies. He shuts his eyes, hands to his face, remembering the moment with Kay. 'BEEEEEP'. There it is again. He clambers out of bed.

EXT. GARRIGAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS steps out of his bungalow and stops. Parked in his driveway is a car full of SECURITY GUARDS. In front of them, like some early morning Impresario in full Air Force Uniform, stands IDI AMIN, hooting the horn of a small white van.

NICHOLAS'S FACE. A tiny moment of fear as he first sees IDI, quickly buried behind the old casual smile.

IDI

Good morning, Nicholas! I could not go without thanking you for helping my son!

NICHOLAS

(still half-asleep)

Um...don't mention it.

IDI

And to bring you a small gift!

IDI indicates the van.

NICHOLAS

What...? For me...?

IDI

No doctor should be without his
ambulance! Ha, ha, ha!

Suddenly, IDI throws NICHOLAS the keys. NICHOLAS catches
them against his chest. Thump.

IDI (CONT'D)
(clapping with delight)
Come!

NICHOLAS steps up for a closer look. IDI stalks him,
expectant, nervous.

IDI (cont'd)
Well? What do you think?

NICHOLAS spots a small 'Ganesh' figurine on the dashboard. A
Hindu Elephant-God. NICHOLAS stares quizzically at it. The
figurine stares back.

IDI (CONT'D)
(growing impatient)
Well...?

NICHOLAS
It's a wonderful gift. I'm honoured.

IDI
Excellent!
(clapping with delight)
Come! Let's try it out! You can take me
to the airport. I have to fly to Libya
on business.

NICHOLAS
(startled)
I need to get dressed.

IDI
No time for dressing! In, in, in!

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLAS'S VAN - DAY.

NICHOLAS drives, dressed in pyjamas. Beside him, in his
medal bedecked uniform, sits IDI AMIN; all six feet six of
the man, squashed into the passenger seat. They look like
Abbot and Costello on a day-trip.

IDI
I expect you disapprove of the way I
treat my son.

NICHOLAS

Yes. I do.

NICHOLAS watches in the rear mirror as the black Cadillac packed with GUARDS follows at a discreet distance.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

Hiding him away like that. It's ruining his life.

IDI

That boy has everything he wants.

NICHOLAS

Except the treatment that could save his life.

IDI

He has comfort and luxury.

NICHOLAS

Money's no substitute for anything.

IDI

Then, Nicholas, you have never been poor.

NICHOLAS is silenced. Finally, as a concession...

IDI (cont'd)

But I am touched by your concern. I will give it some thought.

They drive on in silence.

IDI (cont'd)

You know, I value these conversations completely. I respect your opinion and your honesty. I don't allow anyone else to speak to me like that!

NICHOLAS glances at IDI. IDI's expression changes.

IDI (cont'd)

Look out!

NICHOLAS swerves wildly to avoid an on-coming TRUCK.

NICHOLAS

Bloody hell! That was close!

NICHOLAS looks in his mirror to see the TRUCK screech to a halt behind them, blocking the path of the CADILLAC.

Suddenly, it's doors fly open and half-a-dozen HOODED MEN jump out. In the flash of an eye...

'BANG, BANG, BANG', the HOODED MEN spray semi-automatic machine-gun fire at the CADILLAC, shattering the windows. AMIN'S GUARDS try desperately to clamber out, but are mown down by bullets. In their scramble to get away, the HOODED MEN reverse their TRUCK over one of the wounded GUARDS. The wheels bounce sickeningly over the body - back, then forward.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

Oh my God.

NICHOLAS screeches to a halt and grabs his bag. IDI's huge hand clamps onto his arm.

IDI

What are you doing?

NICHOLAS

I'm a doctor. I should go back.

IDI

Are you mad! They were trying to kill me! Go! Get out of here!

(screaming right into his face)

DRIVE!!!!!!!

Blown-away by panic, NICHOLAS spins back to the wheel and roars the van on.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAY.

A plane waits outside on the tarmac. IDI is surrounded by a small army of SOLDIERS AND SECURITY GUARDS. He finishes a conversation on a powerful military radio, signs off, then walks back to where NICHOLAS is waiting.

In IDI's eyes, NICHOLAS spots that look of suppressed rage bordering on paranoia - only glimpsed until now.

IDI

(prowling as he speaks)

We just heard. The truck was stopped and the men were arrested. Obote's men, I'm sure of it.

IDI cannot stop moving, rocking, shaking out his hands.

IDI (CONT'D)

If I had not been in your van...
(reassuring himself)

It's in my dream. They cannot kill me.
It's in my dream.

(suddenly shouting at his men)
Where is Jonah Wasswa?! I want my
minister!

GUARDS scuttle to their military phones, frantically making
calls. NICHOLAS watches IDI pacing about - trying to read
his mind.

NICHOLAS

It's not Wasswa.

IDI

(snaps round, utterly wired)
What?

NICHOLAS

(stumbling in shock)
I mean...if you were thinking it was
Jonah Wasswa...

IDI

You think it's him?

NICHOLAS

No, I mean - no - I don't think
anything...

IDI

Then why is he not here?! I have been
calling him for one hour and still he is
not here!

NICHOLAS

He's probably busy.

IDI

Too busy to be with his President?!

NICHOLAS

I don't know. It's hard to reach
people here sometimes..

IDI

That man is always in meetings. Who is he
meeting? I did not ask him to have meetings.
(back suddenly to Nicholas)
Have you seen him doing anything suspicious?

NICHOLAS

You can't assume-

IDI

You've seen him, haven't you!

NICHOLAS

I've seen him, sure - he was meeting some guys on the street, but it's probably nothing.

Absolute silence.

IDI's expression changes. He stares at NICHOLAS, very still. Aware of what he has just volunteered, NICHOLAS quickly qualifies.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's nothing. Why don't you have a talk with him?

IDI

I will. Thank you, Nicholas.

(eyes fixed on him)

You did the right thing.

Before NICHOLAS can reply, IDI turns and calls out.

IDI (CONT'D)

Captain Marella!

Across the tarmac, one of the soldiers turns. For the first time, NICHOLAS comes face to face with CAPTAIN MARELLA, a dark Nubian from the 'one-eleven' Kakwa tribe with the three vertical cheek scars.

IDI (cont'd)

I'd like you to meet Dr Garrigan.

Nicholas, this is Captain Marella who fought with me against the Mau Mau.

(beat)

He will be looking after security matters from now on.

NICHOLAS meets MARELLA's eye. He sees only contempt.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

The REV. JESSE JACKSON, STOKELY CARMICHAEL, REV. AL SHARPTON, and other U.S. BLACK RIGHT'S ACTIVISTS on U.S. television chat shows, praising Idi Amin. Welcoming him as an assertive, uncompromising black leader, supporting his hard line on Israel, his solidarity with Palestine and his hostility to South Africa.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT.

Another state function, filled with DIPLOMATS, BUSINESSMEN, AFRICAN LUMINARIES. Enthroned at its centre sits IDI AMIN, dressed in gorgeous African robes. His CABINET is arranged around him in order of significance. NICHOLAS, the lone white face, stands in pride of place at his immediate right hand.

They are listening to an AFRICAN CHOIR rendering a bizarre and hauntingly beautiful version of the Scottish Ballad, *Ae Fond Kiss*, complete with bagpipes and drums.

Gliding through the hall, we pick out...STONE and AMBASSADOR PERKINS tight-arsed with distaste...IDI'S WIVES, standing in the usual bored line...and KAY AMIN. She looks up and...

NICHOLAS meets her eye. The same charged longing, held for a moment, then IDI touches NICHOLAS's arm and smiles indulgently. NICHOLAS quickly re-forms his face and smiles back.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

A SERIES OF ANGLES ON:

EXT. ASIAN TAILOR'S - DAY.

NICHOLAS is being measured for more suits by the ASIAN TAILORS.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CABINET OFFICE - DAY.

IDI and his MINISTERS sit around a huge oval table. NICHOLAS is at his master's side, dressed in the new suit. IDI shows him a piece of paper and whispers something in his ear. NICHOLAS smiles politely at his master's private joke. The CABINET wait in offended silence. Only CAPTAIN MARELLA watches, unmoved.

EXT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - DAY.

IDI, NICHOLAS and his MINISTERS are lined up at the side of a hotel pool, in only their swimming trunks. Crowds of MILITARY and ASSORTED GUESTS watch gleefully. An AMERICAN TOURIST holds up a pistol, grinning.

AMERICAN TOURIST
Five, four, three, two...

IDI hurls himself into the water.

AMERICAN TOURIST (CONT'D)
One!

The AMERICAN TOURIST fires the pistol. Dutifully, the MINISTERS and NICHOLAS dive in after IDI. Heads bobbing up to make sure they never overtake their leader, they plough through the water, while IDI thrashes in a curve across their path, touching the far corner of the opposite side and throwing up his hands to receive the adulation of the crowd.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - KAMPALA - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS and IDI are at a restaurant/nightclub, surrounded by GIRLS and RICH BUSINESSMEN pouring champagne. IDI sits one of the GIRLS on his knee. NICHOLAS catches the eye of another GIRL and flashes her a flirtatious grin.

INT. KAMPALA SKYLINE - DAY.

NICHOLAS and IDI are being shown round a huge construction site by the CHIEF ENGINEER. They consult a large drawing of the building which we recognize as the conference centre Nicholas commissioned.

EXT. FOOTBALL GROUND - DAY.

Watched by NICHOLAS, IDI spars playfully with some GHETTO KIDS. A line of PHOTOGRAPHERS capture the moment, flash-flash. IDI beckons NICHOLAS to have a go. Dutifully, NICHOLAS joins him. To cheers from the GHETTO KIDS, IDI and NICHOLAS shadow box. More flashlights pop. The headline story.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY GROUND - DAY.

With brutal abruptness, a ROAR OF ECSTATIC APPLAUSE cuts off the ballad.

IDI sweeps past a HUGE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS, carried on a throne by FOUR WHITE BUSINESSMAN. From among the crowd, we see AMBASSADOR PERKINS watching, disgusted. CAPTAIN MARELLA and his elite GUARDS march in formation behind the throne. We notice them properly for the first time - a distinct group of very young soldiers, dressed in a patch-work of Khaki uniforms, fatigues and denim. Just recognisably a military unit.

IDI spots NICHOLAS saluting jokingly from the crowd. They exchange a look, then burst laughing. Their laughter dissipates into the soft squealing of...

EXT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY.

The CHILDREN OF THE ELITE playing, pool-side.

Looking every inch the sun-god, complete with deep tan, NICHOLAS walks into the hotel pool area. PEOPLE lie about on sun-loungers, like Romans at a feast. EVERYONE greets NICHOLAS warmly. He accepts their deference with the casual ease of a practiced power-broker.

Reaching the pool-side, he scans the bathers. He hesitates.

At the far end, playing in the shallows with her eldest boy, CAMPBELL, stands KAY AMIN in a bikini. NICHOLAS cannot take his eyes off her. After a moment, she spots him watching her. She smiles self-consciously, raising her hand in greeting. NICHOLAS smiles back.

STONE (OS)

Dr Garrigan?

He starts round. STONE is standing there, pale as the newspaper he's holding, wearing his best attempt at 'bathers'.

STONE (CONT'D)

Day-dreaming?

NICHOLAS

(recovering quickly)

Looking at you, I certainly hope so.

STONE takes the insult with forced good-nature.

STONE

I wasn't expecting to see you here. I thought you'd be with the President on his trip to London.

NICHOLAS

I'm needed here.

Wanting away, NICHOLAS moves off. STONE calls him back.

STONE

Oh Dr Garrigan?

NICHOLAS

(turns, impatient)

What?

STONE

I was wondering...

(little cough)

About our little agreement.

NICHOLAS

We don't *have* a little agreement.

STONE
(completely ignoring that)
There was an article in yesterday's
Times. I don't know whether you've seen
it yet.

NICHOLAS
It's my day off.

STONE
I have it here if you like.

STONE holds up the folded newspaper. Stubbornly, NICHOLAS
refuses to take the bait. This man is beneath him. A beat.

STONE (CONT'D)
It's just that...Jonah Wasswa, the
Minister of Health, has been missing for
five days.

The blood drains from NICHOLAS's face.

STONE (CONT'D)
You didn't know?

NICHOLAS
(forcing his voice level)
He's probably out of the country on
ministry business.

STONE
I'm afraid not. No-one's seen him since
last Friday.

NICHOLAS
I'm sure there's a logical explanation.

STONE
Perhaps. It's just...the other day, a
High Court Judge who ruled against the
regime also disappeared. We've been
getting reports of the same thing, up
and down the country-

Cornered, NICHOLAS bristles.

NICHOLAS
Look, if you're accusing the President,
why don't you just come out and say it.

STONE
I was hoping you might be able to
clarif-

NICHOLAS

Fuck your 'clarifications' Stone!
 (shaking his head in disgust)
 You people amaze me. The first sign of
 an African nation actually *achieving*
 something and you spit your dummy, 'coz
 you can't bear the idea that our man is
 making it happen! Have you looked at the
 figures lately? *More* schools, *more*
 hospitals, *employment up!* And all you
 can say is 'fuck me, an African upstart
 who doesn't need us?' You know damn well
 Obote's guerillas are out to destabilize
 this country, every chance they get. You
 don't believe me? You spend a week on
 the border, see if you're still there!

STONE lets this fiercely eloquent tirade wash over him, his
 expression utterly unaltered. A pause.

STONE

Then perhaps you'd be kind enough to
 explain the whereabouts of your Health
 Minister.

NICHOLAS glares back, unable to back down.

NICHOLAS

Sure. I will.

STONE

Good.

(smiles)

I'm having drinks tomorrow night with the
 correspondent who wrote this piece. You might
 want to drop in on us...six o'clock-ish?

NICHOLAS

Fine.

STONE

(handing him his card)

My address.

STONE walks away. Checkmate.

INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH - DAY.

NICHOLAS storms up some stairs and down a corridor in the
 Ministry of Health. CLACK, CLACK, CLACK go his shoes on the
 stone floor. He reaches the office belonging to the minister
 and barges in.

NICHOLAS

Would you tell the Minister Dr Garrigan is here. I need to speak to him urgently.

SECRETARY

I'll see if she's free.

NICHOLAS

She..?.

NICHOLAS double-takes in horror as the door opens and he catches sight of the NEW MINISTER OF HEALTH sitting behind her desk. CAPTAIN MARELLA stands beside her, consulting over some papers.

For a split-second, MARELLA meets NICHOLAS's eye. The faintest of smiles is all it takes, before...

NICHOLAS turns and hurries out.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLAS'S CAR - EVENING.

NICHOLAS sits in his car outside an elegant, gated house. Deathly pale. Visibly shaken. Smoking a cigarette.

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - EVENING.

NICHOLAS stands opposite STONE and HUGH ROKEBY-JOHNSON, the East Africa correspondent to the London Times. A HOUSESERVANT hands out drinks. Despite being shaken, NICHOLAS holds it together, his lie carefully prepared.

ROKEBY-JOHNSON

You're right. It seems the Health Minister has gone missing.

ROKEBY-JOHNSON (CONT'D)

What? Jonah Wasswa?

NICHOLAS

Yes, it appears he's embezzled several million dollars from the Ministry. Some people are even saying he's joined up with Obote's exiles.

ROKEBY-JOHNSON

I find that very hard to believe.

NICHOLAS

It's true.

A pause. ROKEBY-JOHNSON stares at him.

ROKEBY-JOHNSON
You can confirm this?

NICHOLAS
Yes - yes I can.

ROKEBY-JOHNSON
So I can quote you? In the paper?

NICHOLAS
(stunned)
Quote me?

ROKEBY-JOHNSON
Not directly, of course. As a Government
spokesman.

NICHOLAS goes deathly-pale. STONE looks on.

NICHOLAS
(softly)
As a government spokesman?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL. DAY.

NICHOLAS floats on his back in the middle of the pool,
staring up at the empty sky.

INT. KAY AMIN'S HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS and KAY stand near the front door, talking quietly.
Nearby, the usual mask-like STATE GUARDS.

NICHOLAS
I have to go home for a while.

KAY
Is everything alright?

NICHOLAS
Some family matters - my father's been
unwell.

KAY
I'm sorry.

NICHOLAS only nods. KAY senses the lie, but lets it go. He
scrabbles in his pocket and brings out a small packet.

NICHOLAS
(handing it to her)

These are for McKenzie. You're to give him one every time he starts a fit. When you run out, go to Doctor Njonjo. He's okay.

KAY

Thank you.

Silence. KAY looks at him. Both poised there, not wanting it to end.

NICHOLAS

I should...

MCKENZIE (OS)

Mummy?

NICHOLAS starts back. MCKENZIE is standing across the hall, blinking sleepily into the room.

KAY

It's okay darling, mummy's here.

She looks round, the moment gone. A beat.

NICHOLAS

Bye.

KAY

Bye.

NICHOLAS walks out.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY.

NICHOLAS walks determinedly down the state house corridor.

INT. IDI'S QUARTERS - DAY.

NICHOLAS enters to find IDI standing by the window, his back to the room. He takes a deep breath and launches in.

NICHOLAS

Mr President?

(beat)

I've come to say goodbye. I'm going home.

Having delivered his much-rehearsed line, NICHOLAS waits for a reaction. Nothing. Silence.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Mr President...?

He takes a step nearer. Suddenly, like a marionette, the huge figure turns, revealing a huge, grinning AFRICAN wearing precisely the right uniform, but emphatically not Idi.

NICHOLAS doubles-back, seized by this nightmare vision.

Before he can recover himself, a bellow of laughter sends him spinning to his side.

IDI emerges from the shadows with his some of MARELLA'S YOUNG GUARDS, laughing fit to bust. The boy soldiers giggle like children. A few wear striped, 'club' ties over their uniforms.

IDI

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Got you!

(beat)

Nicholas, meet my body double, Wzenga!!

IDI is beside himself with childish glee. He slaps his thigh, the walls, people's backs, laughing and laughing.

NICHOLAS watches, pinned there, surrounded by laughing faces.

IDI (cont'd)

Look at him! Everything the same except...*what* do you say Nicholas? Is he as handsome as me?! *Is* he?!

NICHOLAS

(flatly, obediently)

No.

IDI

You see! Nicholas agrees! You are *much* more ugly than me, Wzenga!

WZENGA laughs, ho, ho, ho. IDI grabs NICHOLAS's arm, spinning him to face a screen.

IDI (CONT'D)

Look, Nicholas, I have others too!

He claps loudly and two new 'IDI-ALIKES' appear from behind the screen, each wearing IDI-STYLE uniforms and clothes.

IDI (cont'd)

All part of Captain Marella's strategy for my security. Clever!

This time, NICHOLAS cannot even bring himself to answer. IDI's eyes narrow at this silence. With a flick of the hand, he

dismisses everyone else in the room. They flurry out like giant ballerinas, tripping over themselves to obey.

Alone again, IDI turns to NICHOLAS. He plants himself deliberately in front of him, smiling like a parent teasing a sulky child.

IDI (cont'd)
 Nicholas...? Nicholas...?
 (beat)
 What is all this about you going home?
 (beat)
 Talk to me.

IDI stares, his eyebrows raised in theatrical expectation. The weight of his presence is intense, eyes fixed, watching.

NICHOLAS
 When I came to Uganda...
 (falters)
 You once told me, you respected me
 because I wasn't afraid to speak my
 mind.

IDI
 Speak!

NICHOLAS
 (stumbling again)
 I - I want to - I - that's what I want to do.

IDI opens his arms wide, inviting and commanding all at once. Without knowing exactly when or how, NICHOLAS feels the moment hijacked. He bites his jaw, determined to regain the upper hand.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
 This business with Wasswa. It fucking stinks.
 Even when I tell myself it wasn't you. That it
 was people acting without your knowledge or
 consent. Whichever way I look at it, I keep
 coming back to that moment, at the airport,
 when I told you to talk to him.

IDI stares back, unreadable. Under his unblinking gaze NICHOLAS slowly shrinks inside; a creeping, all-pervasive sense of fear.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
 Please...I need to go home.

A cryptic pause.

IDI
 (part-threat, part-plea)

You can't.

NICHOLAS

Why not?

IDI

Your work is not finished here yet.

NICHOLAS

What work?

IDI

You pledged to me that you would help to build a new Uganda. You swore an oath.

NICHOLAS

(frantically scrambling)

No no, the oath wasn't - that was the oath of confidentiality. All doctor's sign that oath. That's got *nothing* to do with Uganda.

IDI

Nothing?

(breath deepening)

Nothing comes from nothing.

IDI's breathing turns guttural. He leans his huge bulk closer still. Face right up to NICHOLAS.

IDI (CONT'D)

You *have* a conscience. I know you do. That is why you came here in the first place. Or are you like all the other British? Just here for what you can fuck and take away? Mm? Is that all you came for, Nicholas? To fuck and take away?

IDI is staring at him so intensely. NICHOLAS feels stripped, every secret known. His hands start shaking uncontrollably.

NICHOLAS

No, I - no. No.

IDI

No.

(beat)

Why else would I trust you with my family?

He holds NICHOLAS's panicked gaze. Suddenly, he smiles.

IDI (CONT'D)

You think I would let just *anyone* behave to me as you do? You are like my own son.

NICHOLAS

(breathing fast, almost to himself)
I'm Nicholas Garrigan. I live in Scotland. That's my home. I want to go home.

IDI

Your home is here.

NICHOLAS

Please - just - *please*. *Let me go*.

IDI

(softly)

Don't be a silly boy. If you go now, what will they think about you and Jonah Wasswa? After all, you had the most to gain by his removal.

NICHOLAS feels a stab of terror, recovers.

NICHOLAS

What are you talking about?

IDI

You were the one who told me about him.

NICHOLAS

I said it could have been anything.

IDI

But you did it! You told me! You said you saw Wasswa across the street, talking with those people! Why did you do that?!

NICHOLAS has frozen. IDI beams triumphantly into his face.

IDI (CONT'D)

You did because you love me.

Silence. NICHOLAS stares back, utterly twisted.

NICHOLAS

I don't understand...

IDI

(beat, crisply finishing it)

You see, Nicholas, I am a man who relies entirely upon the word of my advisers.

NICHOLAS stares back, rendered speechless by this coup-de-grace. A long pause. IDI smiles, drawing NICHOLAS to him.

IDI (CONT'D)

You have stepped deep into the heart of my country.

(beat)

Uganda embraces you.

IDI encircles NICHOLAS's hands in his, squeezing tight.

C

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS hurries into his quarters and stops-dead.

The room is in chaos. Drawers are open. Books lie scattered on the floor. A robbery? He scans the room...radio, the keys to his car, some money on the desk...all still there. He moves to his filing cabinet. He begins leafing through it. He stops at one of the files, checking quickly through its contents. Visa papers. Letters from the Embassy. Something is missing. His passport. He hurries to the bookcase and starts yanking books off the shelf, turning the whole place up side down. Nothing.

In his next sweep of the room, he notices an envelope resting on his desk. He picks it up and slits back the flap. He pulls out a Ugandan passport. He opens it. Staring back at him, under the words "UGANDAN CITIZEN", is a picture of himself.

SARAH (OS)

Have I come at a bad time?

NICHOLAS lurches round to see SARAH standing in the open doorway. He quickly hides the passport and smooths down his clothes, forgetting that the whole room looks shell-shocked.

NICHOLAS

(smiles)

Hi.

SARAH

You look like you've been burgled.

NICHOLAS

No, no, it's fine. I-

(scrambling madly for a lie)

Some stupid cat went crazy.

SARAH raises her eyebrows, not believing him for one second. NICHOLAS knows it, and yet, from where he's standing right now, even the absurd makes sense. A beat.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

So...what brings you here?

SARAH

I came to say goodbye. I'm going back to London. David's joining me in a couple of weeks. He just has to close down the compound.

NICHOLAS nods politely, not really hearing. All he can think about is his stolen passport.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What about you?

NICHOLAS

Sorry-? Me...I'm fine.

SARAH

(a little disbelieving breath)

Are you serious?

NICHOLAS

Why not?

SARAH

Everybody's leaving. NGO's, MSO's, even government officers. It's like Armageddon out there.

NICHOLAS

You shouldn't believe everything you read.

A beat. SARAH watches him steadily. Can he really *think* that?

SARAH

You remember Bonnie? He's gone missing.

NICHOLAS

Probably on a bender. He was always a heavy drinker, Bonnie.

SARAH

It's not just him. Others too. You only have to say someone's for Obote and they're gone.

NICHOLAS

(little shrug)
Well...maybe they are for Obote.

SARAH
Nicholas-

NICHOLAS
(cutting in quickly)
It's tribalism. It's happening everywhere. The government's doing what it can, but you can't change people over night.

SARAH stares at him with utter incredulity. Softly...

SARAH
What's happened to you?

At last, with nothing left to say, she turns and walks out. NICHOLAS tries calling after her, but no words come out. Instead, he catches sight of his own reflection in the mirror, staring back at him.

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAY.

A small private jet waits on the tarmac.

Numbly, NICHOLAS plods across the tarmac, suitcase in hand. Waiting to meet him is IDI. At his side stand two beautiful AFRICAN WOMEN in their 20's.

IDI
Nicholas, I'd like you to meet Medina!

MEDINA is a Ugandan go-go dancer. Thirty years younger than AMIN, she links arms with the President, smiles sexily. NICHOLAS barely notices.

IDI (cont'd)
And this is her sister, Joy.
(turning to the girls)
Nicholas is my personal physician. He is like a brother to me, but he works too hard. I have decided to give him on a holiday!

JOY leans forward and gives NICHOLAS a lingering kiss on the lips. NICHOLAS blinks back, trapped.

IDI (cont'd)
Joy is going to look after you this weekend.

JOY smiles flirtatiously. NICHOLAS stares back numbly.

IDI (cont'd)
 Okay, let's go. It's a beautiful day..
 (leading the way towards aeroplane)
 I thought I would fly myself.

Silence. Everyone gulps in terror.

IDI (cont'd)
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Look at your faces!
 (slapping his thigh in
 delight)
 Don't worry. Here come our real pilots.

A uniformed AIR FORCE PILOT and CO-PILOT walk briskly towards the plane. Crisply, they salute.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY.

The plane takes off into the evening sun.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT.

Music plays. A nighttime party is in progress. Strings of coloured lights and Gothic torches adorn the vast, luxurious property, fringing the shores of Lake Victoria. White arches, terracotta tiles, manicured lawns and peacocks. Camp David meets the Playboy Mansion.

Under a huge arc-light, like some bloated film star, IDI sits on a horse, playing with a lasso.

TV CREWS and PHOTOGRAPHERS follow his every move. All the BUSINESSMEN, MINISTERS and GUESTS laugh nervously, pretending to enjoy IDI's antics. Behind the smiles, they are visibly fearful.

Mingling among the crowd, AK47's across their shoulders, are MARELLA'S GUARDS. Some wear red and blond 'fright wigs'. They have now added new decorations to the club ties - bright jackets, bits of lace. Yet the more feminine they look, the more machismo they exude. The whole effect is to make them seem terrifyingly pantomimic, like a paranoid's version of war.

Presently IDI lassos one MINISTER, tightening the rope around his neck and pulling him in.

IDI
 The Finance Minister!

The MINISTER tries to laugh, but the rope restricts his breathing.

SUDANESE GUARDS unrope the MINISTER and put boxing gloves on him. IDI descends from his horse.

IDI (cont'd)

Let us see if you are fit and ready for
the economic war that lies ahead.

IDI puts on boxing gloves of his own. Delighted cheers from MARELLA and his MEN. IDI smiles for the TV CAMERAS and removes his shirt, ready for the fight.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT.

Elsewhere in the grounds, a morose NICHOLAS wanders through the torchlit garden, drinking heavily. JOY follows him, like a pneumatic night-fly, calling sing-song-sweet.

JOY

Nicky? Nickeeeeeee?

Darting into the main house, NICHOLAS gives her the slip.

INT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS steps up to the bar and orders a drink. He knocks it back in one and orders another. As the BARMAN turns away, a voice calls softly from his side.

KAY (OS)

Nicholas?

NICHOLAS turns to see KAY AMIN standing a few yards off.

KAY (CONT'D)

I didn't think I'd see you again.

NICHOLAS

Jesus fucking Christ. You look so
lovely.

KAY glances up, nervous. One of Marella's BOY SOLDIERS is sitting at the far end of the bar, blond-wig, gun on the counter, watching.

KAY

Walk with me.

KAY turns to the door. A little unsteadily, NICHOLAS follows.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT.

KAY and NICHOLAS walk down a torchlit path towards a cluster of guest houses near the lake. In the background, the sound of the party growing wilder. NICHOLAS stumbles. KAY takes his arm.

KAY
You shouldn't drink so much.

NICHOLAS
(drunk logic)
I'm fucking doomed. He's got go-go dancers after me now.

KAY frowns at this incomprehensible non-sequitor. NICHOLAS grins in apology, then both start chuckling softly. The relief of it draws them closer. Arms linked tight now, walking further and further from the main house. As the silence stretches, so does the sense of this moment as something illicit.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

KAY
I don't know.

Another pause. They continue down meandering paths, past fewer and fewer lights. They pass one of the guest houses. In the distance, they hear JOY.

JOY (OS FAINT)
Nicky...!

NICHOLAS
Shit, the go-go dancer.

KAY
In here.

They dart inside one of the guest houses.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT.

KAY leads NICHOLAS into a luxurious living room. Huge glass doors look out on the grounds and the lake beyond. A framed painting of coloured lights, torches and wildly dancing figures.

Protected by the dark, KAY and NICHOLAS stand in the middle of the room, staring through the windows. Instinctively - the fear still real - KAY lets go of his hand.

NICHOLAS
(whispering)

Fuck it.

Almost roughly, NICHOLAS grabs KAY's face and kisses her. The instant they let go, they are utterly abandoned. Kissing fiercely, hands clutching, tearing at each other's clothes. KAY's back thumps up against the wall. NICHOLAS pushes her legs apart, yanking her dress above her thighs. She pulls him into her, both fucking wildly where they stand.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT.

Down by the lakeside, under coloured lights, a crazy assortment of BOY SOLDIERS, MINISTERS, MILITARY, PARA-MILITARY and assorted HANGERS-ON dance and lie about, drunk on Waragi. At their centre is IDI, dressed in a kilt, seated on a tartan covered throne, playing the accordion and singing a Swahili song. It's a surprisingly deft, tender rendition.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS and KAY lie curled together on the floor, backs against the sofa, staring through the window at the party beyond. They can see IDI on his throne. His voice, like his presence, bleeds back softly through the glass, returning them to their fears.

NICHOLAS

Listen to him. He's changed hasn't he.

KAY

No, he's always been like this. He just chose not to show you until now.

NICHOLAS blinks. A pause.

NICHOLAS

He won't let me go. He says my "work's" not finished yet.

KAY looks at him, serious.

KAY

Nicholas, this place is dangerous. Everybody around him is in danger. You must find a way to go.

NICHOLAS

(stroking her lovely shoulder)
I'll wait 'til things get really bad.

KAY

They are really bad.

A pause. NICHOLAS starts chuckling to himself.

KAY (CONT'D)
(smiling quizzically)
What...?

NICHOLAS
I just had this crazy image of you and me, sitting at my parents table for dinner. I thought...maybe if I could smuggle you across the border into Tanzania, you could get up to Scotland and we could live happily ever after.

KAY
I've got my children.

NICHOLAS
Bring them with you.

KAY
And my parents, my aunties, my cousins?
(beat)
Do you know what he'd do to them if I left?

They stare at each other in silence.

KAY (CONT'D)
(softly, clearly)
You've got to go.

Her smile is telling him gently to 'get real'.

NICHOLAS
Right.

Suddenly 'THUMP' 'THUMP' on the door.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Jesus.

SOLDIER (OS)
To the lake! President's orders!

NICHOLAS and KAY leap to their feet, scrambling madly for their clothes. KAY is too terrified to speak. NICHOLAS takes control.

NICHOLAS
The French windows. I'll take the door.

Grateful, she nods. NICHOLAS slides open the glass windows and bundles KAY into the dark. Only then does he hear other voices, calling out across the garden, 'Everyone to the lake! President's orders!'.
.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - LAKESIDE - DAWN.

Bedraggled GUESTS gather at the lakeside, some still clutching drinks, girls on their arms. The lake itself is now fringed with the first grey streaks of dawn.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAWN.

NICHOLAS walks stiffly down one of the pathways, towards the lake. Around him, MARELLA'S GUARDS, all drunk, are still corralling the GUESTS towards the shore, barking out their orders like mad matriarchs, "To the lake! Everyone to the lake!".

As NICHOLAS turns a corner, he comes face to face with IDI and his entourage heading down to the lake. The President is now dressed in full Air Force uniform, medals jangling.

IDI

Nicholas! Where have you been?

A split-second of panic, then...

NICHOLAS

I was with Joy.

IDI stares. Slowly - almost theatrically - his face breaks into a huge grin. He slaps NICHOLAS on the back.

IDI

So. Now we are truly "Hole Brothers".

NICHOLAS

Sorry-?

IDI

It is the name the Kakwa people give, when two friends have slept with the same woman.

NICHOLAS

(terrified)

I don't -

IDI

With Joy!

NICHOLAS

(realising)

You slept with Joy...

IDI

Oh yes! And with the mother too!

(arm round Nicholas)

She was the best of them all!

Gripping NICHOLAS in a furious embrace, IDI marches him towards the glistening lake.

EXT. AMIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - DAWN.

The bedraggled and be-wigged GUESTS stand round the lakeside, waiting pensively for what will happen next. Tiny, frightened glances, itching with barely concealed panic.

Suddenly, IDI appears on a raised stage, looming dramatically above the crowd. He holds up his arms for quiet.

IDI
My friends!

EVERYONE gathers round, including NICHOLAS. He glimpses KAY in the crowd. A moment, eye to eye, then each looks away.

PRESS AND TELEVISION CAMERAS close in on IDI. Silence falls.

IDI (cont'd)
I was once heavyweight champion of Uganda. So I know how to give a knock-out punch. One day soon, I promise I will give this knock-out punch to the Zionists in Jerusalem and the racists in Cape Town!

Enthusiastic whistles and applause from his GUESTS. IDI smiles for the cameras, then turns to the lake.

IDI (cont'd)
Imagine the island out there is Cape Town.

IDI indicates a small island with white target flags on it, sitting in the middle of LAKE VICTORIA. He nods to a uniformed AIR FORCE COMMANDER, who gives a command.

Presently, the sound of approaching jet fighters. A deafening roar. JETS scream overhead, dropping bombs which explode dramatically in the lake. 'BOOM', 'BOOM', 'BOOM', 'BOOM'. It's loud and it's impressive. But as the smoke clears...

IDI stares at the island. The bombs have completely missed their target. He glares at the AIR FORCE COMMANDER who nervously barks more orders into a large walkie-talkie.

IDI (cont'd)
Again!

Another deafening roar, scream of jets, more bombs. 'BOOM', 'BOOM', 'BOOM', 'BOOM'. EVERYONE cranes to look. Missed again.

IDI glares at the lake as if it's the water's fault, then he turns on the TELEVISION CREWS.

IDI (CONT'D)
(screaming at the top of his voice)
STOP FILMING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NICHOLAS gives a little jolt of shock. The TELEVISION CREWS scramble away. A few GUESTS applaud uselessly.

IDI's mood remains ominously dark. He barks an order in Swahili. A phalanx of SECURITY GUARDS grab hold of the terrified AIR FORCE COMMANDER and begin dragging him, kicking and screaming, towards a waiting van.

CLOSE-UP ON NICHOLAS, staring in horror. The sound of the other man's squealing terror, roaring into NICHOLAS's face. The van door slams shut.

SLAM ONTO:

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS's car pulls up outside Stone's house. Climbing out, he stands there a moment, staring at the darkened windows. His palms are damp with sweat. He wipes them down his side.

NICHOLAS
(cringing at this prospect)
Shit.

Straightening up, he walks to the front door and knocks. A light comes on upstairs. Presently, the door opens on STONE. He's still pulling on his dressing-gown, groggy with sleep.

STONE
(peers into the dark)
Dr Garrigan?

STONE checks his watch.

STONE (cont'd)
It's four in the morning.

NICHOLAS
Could I have a word with you?

STONE stares at NICHOLAS's pathetic, dishevelled figure. A beat.

STONE
You'd better come in.

INT. STONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

STONE leads NICHOLAS into the sitting-room. He pours him a stiff drink and dumps it in his hand, all pretence at civility gone. He holds the power now and his bluntness accords.

STONE
Well?

NICHOLAS
They've taken my passport.
(no response)
You said if there was anything you could do...
(blanches, trying to sound polite)
I need to get out of here while I still can. I was hoping you could get me a new passport please.

STONE
'Please'. Nice touch.

NICHOLAS takes it on the chin. He has no choice. STONE sighs.

STONE (CONT'D)
Have you any idea what's been going on in this country, Dr. Garrigan?

NICHOLAS
Some.

STONE goes to the wall and opens a safe. He pulls out a series of files and plops some of them on NICHOLAS's lap.

STONE
In the countryside, they're not even bothering with graves any more. They're feeding them to crocodiles.

NICHOLAS starts leafing through the files. Grainy, black and white PHOTOGRAPHS, each one a horror-show.

STONE (cont'd)
Here in Kampala. Right under our noses, he's wiped out the entire political opposition...the head of national television, members of his own cabinet...

FLASH CUT TO:

'BANG', 'BANG', 'BANG', a series of 'Godfather' style assassinations of various UGANDAN MINISTERS, JUDGES, DOCTORS and other CITIZENS. We see BONNIE and the AFRICAN CHILDREN who played football with Nicholas being marched into the jungle and shot, point-blank. And now we see the Health Minister WASSWA, kneeling before he's executed.

STONE (VO) (CONT'D)
The Health Minister, Jonah Wasswa.

AND BACK TO:

STONE peels a PHOTOGRAPH out of another file.

STONE (CONT'D)
We found his dismembered body on a rubbish heap outside the city. Idi always gets it wrong. Turns out Wasswa was negotiating a deal for cheap penicillin. Couldn't have been more loyal.

He drops it in front of NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS
(gagging involuntarily)
Oh God...

NICHOLAS snaps his eyes shut.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Get me out of here.

STONE
You earn your passage first.

NICHOLAS
What do you mean?

STONE
(suddenly, apropos of nothing)
You know what they're calling you? His "white monkey".

NICHOLAS'S FACE. A little shudder of self-loathing.

STONE (CONT'D)
You see, we don't just hand out passports to chimps like you, Garrigan. Especially chimps with blood on their hands.

NICHOLAS
(frightened, stalling)

I'm a citizen. I have rights.

STONE

Fuck your 'rights'. You deal with me or you don't get out.

NICHOLAS knocks back the last of his drink. The final dreg.

NICHOLAS

(quiet)

Fine.

STONE

Good.

STONE moves swiftly on; quick and business-like.

STONE (CONT'D)

You remember that day when you drove Amin to the airport and his car was attacked?

NICHOLAS

Sure...

STONE

That was us. Unfortunately, he chose to ride in your bloody ice-cream van. Now his security's so tight, he's impossible to reach. That's where you come in.

NICHOLAS

Me?

STONE

You're his doctor. You have the best possible access. Obviously, we'd help you with anything you needed. After all, we pretty much put him in power. Our mistake.

NICHOLAS

Wait a minute...

(beat)

You want me to *kill* him? That's impossible.

STONE

Why?

NICHOLAS

I'm a doctor.

STONE

(chuckling in disbelief)
I'm a *doctor*? Is *that* your defence?

NICHOLAS
(hanging grimly on)
Whatever you say he's done, he's still my patient. I swore the Hippocratic oath -

STONE
(cutting in hard)
Let's just be clear about something shall we, Nick? From the day you stepped into State House, you've been his cover for every conceivable corruption known to man. Either you're a complete fool, or something much worse. Frankly, I don't care to know.
(beat)
You do as you're told.

NICHOLAS snaps to his feet, panic rising uncontrollably.

NICHOLAS
I shouldn't have come here.

STONE
They'll know already. They've had you followed for ages. They follow all of us.

NICHOLAS
Fuck you! You're as bad as they are! I'm not doing it! I can't! You - Jesus...

NICHOLAS storms to the door and slams out. STONE stares after him, unmoved.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

IDI AMIN in London, shaking hands with EDWARD HEATH, the British P.M. outside 10 Downing Street.

CUT TO:

BROADCASTER (ON TV)
It was all smiles for the two leaders outside number 10. But behind closed doors, the atmosphere was anything but friendly, as the Prime Minister cancelled all military aid to Uganda.

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS sits watching IDI on television.

IDI (ON TV)

The British Government has insulted Uganda by refusing to help us defend ourselves against internal and external threats to our security. We have therefore decided, with immediate effect, to expel all Asians from this country. The British brought them here to build the railway - well the railway is long finished and these people are just leeches on our country. They have ninety days to leave.

NICHOLAS hardly reacts. Inured, he merely raises his whiskey glass to his lips again and takes a giant swig.

EXT. KAMPALA STREETS - DAY.

A SERIES OF ANGLES ON:

ASIANS closing shops and businesses, packing together their belongings.

Others clamber into cars and hurry for the airport.

SIKHS have their turbans kicked off their heads by SOLDIERS. They play football with them, laughing uproariously.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS enters the hospital and straight into a commotion. Up ahead, DR. NJONJO is remonstrating with MARELLA and his GUARDS. The boy soldiers barely even resemble soldiers now. Their costumes are all their own, from the wigs to the strange track-suits, stained with blood.

NJONJO

Take your hands off them! How dare you!

The GUARDS are dragging away ASIAN PATIENTS. DR. NJONO tries to intervene when 'WHACK', he is brutally struck to the ground. The ASIAN TAILOR races over to NICHOLAS, gabbling in panic.

ASIAN TAILOR

Dr. Garrigan! Thank God you are here! Please help us! The President's soldiers! They are taking away our family members too sick to leave!

NICHOLAS

What-?

NICHOLAS looks up to see the ASIAN TAILOR'S GRANDFATHER and other ELDERLY ASIAN PATIENTS being dragged from their beds by armed SOLDIERS. Without pausing, he marches up to MARELLA.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing? This is a hospital. You get your soldiers out of here right now. I'm complaining personally to the President.

He slams MARELLA off one of the ASIANS. MARELLA thumps against the wall. A moment on the Nuban's face. Cold eyes, ready to strike. But this is not the moment. He barks an order in Kakwa and his GUARDS back off.

NICHOLAS turns to find the ASIANS applauding him as a hero. Their echoes resound around him, momentarily lifting his conscience.

INT. STATE HOUSE - AMIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

IDI stares at NICHOLAS from behind his big desk.

NICHOLAS

This thing with the Asians has got to stop. You're destroying this nation, and your reputation abroad.

IDI stares a second, then explodes, incandescent with rage.

IDI

IS THAT ALL YOU CAME FOR?! TO PLEAD FOR YOUR FUCKING ASIAN TAILOR?! THESE THINGS DO NOT CONCERN YOU! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A DOCTOR! YOU'RE A NOBODY! GET OUT! OUT!!!!

As if through solid-air, NICHOLAS turns and walks numbly out.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE:

Showing Mulago hospital in a state of near collapse. Rubbish overflowing, filthy corridors, patients queuing in endless lines. Through all this, NICHOLAS plods down the corridor, coat on, doctor's bag, like some bizarre anachronism of 'normality'.

Night. NICHOLAS's car pulls up by the edge of a forest. Nearby, stands KAY's car. NICHOLAS climbs into the passenger seat beside her. They start to kiss.

NICHOLAS and NJONJO perform an operation in the denuded theatre. Picking up a scalpel, NICHOLAS examines the blunted blade, shuts his eyes in brief despair, then wipes the blade on his jacket and carries on. As he and NJONJO work alongside each other...

NICHOLAS

How do you cope?

NJONJO

Anger.

NICHOLAS looks at him. NJONJO carries on.

NICHOLAS walks home from the hospital down chaotic streets. ASIANS are being bundled into trucks at the side of the road. MARELLA'S GUARDS snatch rings, ear-rings, cases, anything of value. NICHOLAS plods on, head down, never once looking up.

INTERCUT THE ABOVE WITH:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

Television news bulletins featuring HENRY KISSINGER and ALEXANDER HAIG denouncing AMIN's regime in Uganda in response to the expulsion of ASIANS.

The SECRETARY-GENERAL of the UNITED NATIONS adds his voice.

In Kampala, signs outside DOCTOR's and DENTIST's surgeries tell us they are 'CLOSED'. Banks are closed. A sign reads POSITIONS VACANT'. Queues form everywhere.

FINALLY DISSOLVING INTO:

EXT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS is watching Ugandan state television reporting on the expulsion of the Asians, a gin and tonic in his hand. Presently, the telephone rings. NICHOLAS picks up.

NICHOLAS

Hello...?

At the other end, KAY's terrified voice.

KAY (OS)

Oh God, what have we done?!

NICHOLAS
Who is this...? Kay...?

KAY
He's going to kill us!

NICHOLAS
Kay, calm down. Where are you?

KAY
I'm in the house...Nicholas-!

NICHOLAS
Not on the phone!
(pause, levelling his voice)
The usual place.

EXT. A REMOTE SPOT OUTSIDE KAMPALA - DAY.

KAY and NICHOLAS sit alone on a remote hillside overlooking Kampala, their cars parked to one side. KAY literally vibrates with terror, hands pressing against her belly.

KAY
(breathing fast)
I've got to get it out of me. He'll kill me. I have to get it out...

NICHOLAS
Wait. Are you absolutely sure?

KAY
(nods)
I'm sure.

NICHOLAS grips her hand. KAY barely notices. Inconsolable.

KAY (CONT'D)
What are we going to do? Nicholas...?
(seeing him hesitate, fast)
I have to get this baby out. You have to do it. You're a doctor. You can do it.

NICHOLAS
Wait...

KAY
What?!

NICHOLAS
Well...apart from the fact that it's mine...it's not a straight-forward procedure.

KAY

(utter panic)
 Nicholas, if we don't do something now,
 I'll have to go to one of the villages!!

NICHOLAS
 No! No, don't do that!
 (steadying himself)
 Whatever you do, *don't* do that.

KAY goes still. NICHOLAS scrambles for his next move.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
 Stay in the house. I'll sort something out.

KAY
 Promise me this is going to be alright.

NICHOLAS
 I promise.

INT. CORRIDOR - MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS hurries down the corridor. He reaches a door and
 knocks. The sound of footsteps, then it opens on DR. NJONJO.

NJONJO
 (surprised)
 Doctor Garrigan?

NICHOLAS
 I have to talk to you. It's an
 emergency.

Registering NICHOLAS's agitation, NJONJO opens the door.

INT. NJONJO'S SURGERY - MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

NJONJO and NICHOLAS are in his surgery.

NJONJO
 Kay A-min?!
 (holding head in horror)
 The President's wife?!

NJONJO mutters to himself in Swahili, 'never'.

NJONJO (cont'd)
 No, no, no. We couldn't do that here.
 Not at Mulago.

NICHOLAS
 Why not?

NJONJO

It's the President's hospital! He's bound to find out!

NICHOLAS
We could do it discreetly.

NJONJO
No, no, no. He'd kill her, and us. It's too much to risk.

NICHOLAS
What choice does she have? Some back street job under non-clinical conditions? C'mon, Thomas! You know what that's like!

NJONJO stares back, furious.

NJONJO
It's the only choice you've left her.

NICHOLAS reels. Suddenly, in a flash of fervor so far kept secret, NJONO fires off.

NJONJO (CONT'D)
But I don't expect it crossed your mind to wonder. A white man with a black woman? What does *she* need with such things?

SLAM TO:

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS charges through the operating theatre, hurling things into a bag - surgical tools, gloves, anaesthetic, towels, anything he thinks he might need.

'SMACK'. MARELLA and his terrifying young GUARDS suddenly burst in. NICHOLAS spins round, bag in hand.

MARELLA
There you are! The President wants to see you!

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY.

NICHOLAS hurries after MARELLA, SOLDIERS flanking him on all sides. As he marches, NICHOLAS manages, discreetly, to close the bag.

INT. STATE HOUSE - IDI'S QUARTERS - DAY.

IDI turns as NICHOLAS enters. He holds his head, livid and lethal, like a wounded Rhino.

IDI

My head is exploding! I can't sleep! I need something for the pain! Look at this!!

IDI stabs an accusing finger at a pile of foreign newspapers lying onto the table in front of him.

IDI (cont'd)

The British newspapers call me a 'Madman'! The New York Times says I am a 'Cannibal'!

He lets off a torrent of abuse in Swahili, then...

IDI (cont'd)

I should throw them out, these journalists! They tell lies about me! "He is a Cannibal?!" Stuff and nonsense! Get rid of them for good! Only Ugandan Press from now!

NICHOLAS rummages in his bag. He can barely stand to look at Amin.

NICHOLAS

So what would you like? Something for the headache?

IDI

No!

NICHOLAS

Something to help you sleep?

IDI

No, no!

(like it's obvious)

I want you to tell me *what to do?*!

NICHOLAS stops. He looks up, thrown.

NICHOLAS

(repeating carefully)

You want me to tell you what to do?

IDI

Yes. You are the only one I can trust.

(suddenly accusing again)

You should have *told* me not to throw the Asians out in the first place, then none of this would have happened.

NICHOLAS

I did.

IDI

You did not *persuade* me, Nicholas! You cannot give up, just because I say no! (a little huff then, quieter)
Tell me what to do.

NICHOLAS looks into his eyes for the first time in the scene.

NICHOLAS

Then don't throw the journalists out.

IDI

No?

NICHOLAS

(flatly)

They'd only write more lies about you. Invite them to meet you, face to face. Show them what sort of man you are.

IDI

You think I can do that?

Pause. NICHOLAS looks at him.

NICHOLAS

(hating himself)

That's the Amin they need to see.

IDI sweeps NICHOLAS into his arms, beaming like a child.

IDI

Thank you my friend! Thank you! What would I do without my Nicholas?!

IDI hugs him like a bear, beaming, happy-sad.

IDI (CONT'D)

What's happened to us? Mm? We used to eat roasted goat together! We had such larks, you and me! We must do the same again!

NICHOLAS stares ahead, pinned there in his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAY.

Hordes of FOREIGN PRESS, TV JOURNALISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and CAMERAMEN arrive at State House.

INT. STATE HOUSE - DAY.

A packed room. IDI AMIN sits at a table wearing a powder blue safari suit and a large Stetson. The table is covered in microphones from news organizations around the world. Behind that, an intimidating pack of about eighty hostile JOURNALISTS sit in rows of chairs.

Catching sight of NICHOLAS across the crowd, IDI gives him a nervous little salute, like the old Nazi half-heel. NICHOLAS smiles tightly and nods. A few JOURNALISTS look round, scribbling his name in their notebooks. A flashlight pops. Someone has taken his picture.

IDI shuffles blank sheets of paper, his forehead beading sweat. He looks up. MARELLA indicates they are ready to begin and IDI gesture to the pack. Instantly, a FRENCH JOURNALIST bobs up.

FRENCH JOURNALIST

General Amin, how do you respond to stories in overseas newspapers about people disappearing in Uganda?

IDI

These stories are *absolutely* untrue.

Another JOURNALIST gets to his feet.

ITALIAN JOURNALIST

We hear also that the PLO has offices in Kampala. Would you like to comment on that?

IDI

Who have you been talking to? The English? Go! Look around my country! For terrorists! Or missing people! Go anywhere you please!

FRENCH JOURNALIST

So, why would the British spread these rumours?

IDI

Because they *hate* me! Because while they are starving with no food and electricity, with strikes and protests, the people of Uganda are eating steak and driving big cars!

Applause from AFRICAN PRESS.

IDI (cont'd)

They also hate me because I refuse to recognise South Africa, a racist regime they actively support. But *they* do not call the British Prime Minister a murdering racist, they call me a murdering racist.

More spontaneous applause from AFRICAN and ARABIC JOURNALISTS. Throughout the following, we keep cutting back to NICHOLAS, enduring his own success.

IDI (cont'd)

Please, this is very important! If you want to know what kind of people the English are, they would hit me on the head with a hammer when I played rugby for the English Army. To make me angry so I would play better. "It's all right", they said, "It won't hurt Amin. Nothing but bone in that head". Well, now this bonehead is President, and he is coming to their rescue!

Scattered laughter among the JOURNALISTS. IDI beams.

IDI (cont'd)

The Ugandan People have got together and saved three tons of food and vegetables for their friends in England, because they are having economic difficulties. I have asked Mr. Heath to send planes to pick up the aid, but so far he has refused.

More laughter among the JOURNALISTS. The questions shift.

GERMAN JOURNALIST

Is it true you have been speaking to NASA about being the first black astronaut?

IDI

Yes. And they are very keen. But the main problem is finding a space suit big enough.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST

And is it also true that you challenged Mohammed Ali to a fight?

IDI

Yes. And he refused! He's heard I punch harder than George Foreman!

More laughter.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST

And is it also true you've crowned
yourself Last King Of Scotland?

IDI

Indeed! My good friends the Scottish
People have seen how I have defeated the
English here, and now they want me to do
the same for them.

The biggest laugh so far. IDI points at NICHOLAS.

IDI (CONT'D)

I even have a Scottish doctor, to get
them ready for the fight!

The pack of JOURNALIST turn to NICHOLAS. He forces his face
into a pallid smile.

ITALIAN JOURNALIST

Is it true, also, that you wrote to the Queen
of England offering yourself as a lover!

IDI

What I actually said was that her
husband, Mr. Philip, was very weak. And
if ever she wanted to experience a real
man she should come to Kampala!

Gales of laughter among the JOURNALISTS, frantically
scribbling down the quotes. IDI has successfully charmed
everyone in the room. He beams proudly at NICHOLAS.

EXT. KAY'S HOUSE - DAY.

NICHOLAS's car pulls up, fast. He jumps out, carrying his
doctor's bag. Racing to the front door, he knocks three
times. Nothing.

NICHOLAS

Kay, it's me...

NICHOLAS tails off as a SERVANT opens the door. In he
background, other SERVANTS huddle in corners, crying.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

Where is she?

SERVANT

They got her...

NICHOLAS

What-?

Over the SERVANT's shoulder, NICHOLAS can see MCKENZIE and CAMPBELL being comforted by MAIDS and SERVANTS.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
Oh, God...what?

But the SERVANT seems unable to speak. His expression communicates what has happened.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
No.

SERVANT
(bursting into tears)
She was on her way to her village. They got her...
SLAM IN ON NICHOLAS'S FACE. The smack of it shattering into him, from skin to soul. In. In. In.

INT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT.

A TELEVISION SCREEN, full-frame, distorted cathode-lines, barely receiving.

REPORTER (ON TV)
The official cause of death is not yet established. Kay Kiwanaku was President Amin's third wife. They married in 1966 when she was just nineteen. She was the daughter of a clergyman and came from the same village as Idi Amin...

NICHOLAS sits on the edge of his sofa, staring dead-eyed at the screen. At his feet lie his clothes, strewn chaotically around an open suitcase, as if he has tried packing and given up.

The telephone rings. He stares ahead. The ringing continues. Like an automaton, his hand reaches out and he picks it up.

NICHOLAS
Hello?

INT. AMIN'S QUARTERS - STATE HOUSE - (SIMULTANEOUS).

CAPTAIN MARELLA is on the phone.

MARELLA
Dr Garrigan? The President wants to show you something.

NICHOLAS
What?

MARELLA

A little reminder. Of what happens...if
you betray him.

EXT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS's car pulls up. He climbs out. As if in a trance,
he walks towards the hospital.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS enters the lobby. He walks to a bank of elevators
and hits the 'call' button. Then he hears it.

The sound he'd been dreading. A commotion. The confirmation.

NICHOLAS walks down the corridor in the direction of the
noise.

'PING'. Behind him his elevator arrives, but he ignores it.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY.

NICHOLAS walks down a corridor. The screaming gets louder.

He reaches a staircase. Pandemonium everywhere. Traumatized
people, eyes bulging in horror, some crying, all running up
the stairs, trying to escape whatever they have just seen.

NICHOLAS walks down the stairs passing underneath a sign
which reads, 'MORGUE'.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - DAY.

NICHOLAS continues down the stairs, walking against the flow
of screaming people running up.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - MORGUE - DAY.

NICHOLAS arrives in the doorway of the HOSPITAL MORGUE. An
open coffin in the corner.

NICHOLAS pushes through the crowds, past AMIN's other WIVES,
and CHILDREN who are wailing in terror, until he reaches...

...the coffin. NICHOLAS inches closer until he reaches the
edge. He peers inside and instantly his body spasms in
shock, retching wildly.

INSIDE THE COFFIN lies the dismembered dead body of Kay. Her
arms and legs have been removed and sewn on in the wrong
places. She looks like a grotesque, giant beetle.

NICHOLAS is momentarily transfixed with horror. A few beats of frozen time, then he's pushing back through the doors and...

INT. NICHOLAS'S CAR - DAY.

A weird, humming silence - the sound of pure shock.

NICHOLAS drives away from the hospital, hands on the wheel, staring straight ahead. The nightmarish quality of this moment is heightened by the closed windows of the car, encasing him.

His car drifts past some AFRICANS standing in a line at a check-point, manned by three GUARDS. As they reach the front, the AFRICANS show their identity cards. Some are dismissed, some are sent into another line. Those in the other line wait patiently until they reach the front, where they are casually macheted to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY.

NICHOLAS's car pulls up outside the Embassy. REMOVALS TRUCKS and MEN everywhere.

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY.

STONE is in his office, his belongings being packed into crates by EMBASSY STAFF. NICHOLAS pushes in, eyes blazing.

NICHOLAS

What do you want me to do?

STONE

(unpacking his desk)

Too late.

NICHOLAS

What-?

STONE

This place is going up in flames. Nobody cares about Amin anymore. There's not enough of the country left worth salvaging.

STONE looks at NICHOLAS. A flicker of sympathy.

STONE (CONT'D)

Forget what I said. We're all in the same boat now. Meet me at the airport

and we'll make sure you get out of the country.

NICHOLAS

I can't.

STONE

Don't be stupid. It's over.

NICHOLAS

Not for me.

STONE stares at him. His sympathy goes only so far. A beat.

STONE

You're on your own.

NICHOLAS hesitates, then turns and walks out.

EXT. NICHOLAS'S BUNGALOW - DAY.

NICHOLAS loads his bags into the back of his car.

INT./EXT. CAR. STREETS OF KAMPALA - DAY.

NICHOLAS drives fast toward Mulago hospital.

INT. CORRIDOR - MULAGO HOSPITAL - DAY.

Hurrying down a corridor, NICHOLAS reaches a door marked PHARMACY. He pushes in.

INT. MULAGO HOSPITAL - NICHOLAS'S OFFICE - DAY.

NICHOLAS pours a handful of pill-bottles onto his desk. He unscrews the lids and tips the contents into a pestle and mortar. Working with furious intent, he starts grinding the pills together.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS walks down a corridor, carrying a bottle containing distinctive red pills. He reaches the door and knocks. It opens on a SECURITY GUARD. NICHOLAS is beckoned inside.

INT. IDI'S ROOM - STATE HOUSE - NIGHT.

The room is dark, blinds drawn. In the half-light, we glimpse the detritus of Idi's private life - porno mags, beer, children's toys, records strewn about the floor. Projected against a wall, the flickering images of a pornographic film; Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat*. IDI stares at it, transfixed.

IDI

They say she has a clitoris half way down her throat. That performing oral sex with well-endowed men is the only way she can achieve orgasm.

(eyes widening in disbelief)

Is that possible? Medically?

NICHOLAS notices that IDI is wearing Moslem clothes. Pictures of YASSER ARAFAT and GADAFI now hang on his walls.

NICHOLAS

Almost all aberrations of nature are possible. I've learned that recently.

IDI shoots him a look. NICHOLAS bites back his rage. Only one job to do now.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I've brought you some pills.

IDI

Did I ask for them?

NICHOLAS

They're for your headaches.

IDI

My head is fine.

NICHOLAS

They'll help you sleep.

IDI

Good.

(hand out)

Anything else?

NICHOLAS

No.

IDI

Then go. I am busy.

IDI indicates the pornographic movie where Linda Lovelace is noisily climaxing. NICHOLAS stares coldly at his back.

NICHOLAS

Goodbye.

CAPTAIN MARELLA watches NICHOLAS go. Why did he say "goodbye"? The telephone rings. MARELLA picks it up.

MARELLA

Yes?

INT. STATE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS closes and starts down the corridor.

INT. IDI'S ROOM - NIGHT.

IDI roars with laughter at the pornographic film. He opens a beer, discussing the actress with his FRIENDS in Swahili.

In his hand, he plays with the bottle of pills.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS walks out of State House and crosses to his car.

EXT. GARRIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS opens the car door and climbs in. He starts the engine. Drives off.

INT. IDI'S ROOM - STATE HOUSE - SAME TIME.

CAPTAIN MARELLA stares intently at the bottle of pills in IDI's hand.

EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT.

NICHOLAS approaches the main gate to the State House compound.

Recognising the driver, the SECURITY GUARDS are about to raise the barrier and wave him through, when...

'RRRRRIIINNNGGG'. The telephone clatters in the guardhouse. One of the GUARDS heads back to answer it.

NICHOLAS drums impatiently on the steering-wheel.

NICHOLAS

C'mon, c'mon...

He can see the GUARD speaking on the phone. The man's expression slowly changes. He turns to look at NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

Shit...

NICHOLAS is about to slam his foot down and drive into the barrier, when SECURITY GUARDS rush out of the hut and surround the car, gesturing frantically.

SECURITY GUARD

The President wants to see you! Now!

NICHOLAS's closes his eyes. Fearing the worst.

INT. IDI'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Escorted by the SECURITY GUARDS, NICHOLAS walks in on a scene of utter pandemonium. IDI is hysterical, shouting at SERVANTS as they struggle to dress him in his most glamorous, medal-drenched uniform.

IDI

Ah, Nicholas! There you are! I need you at the airport, right away! You must help me with the hostages.

NICHOLAS, having expected death, double-takes.

NICHOLAS

Hostages?

IDI

An Air France aeroplane has been hijacked by Palestinian freedom fighters. They are landed here at Entebbe.

IDI surveys himself in the mirror. He is absurdly overdressed. A Field Marshal dripping in medals.

IDI (cont'd)

(straightens)

The eyes of the world are on Uganda now!

IDI sweeps the bottle of pills off the table and clatters out into the corridor.

IDI (cont'd)

Come, Nicholas! To work!

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAWN.

An AIR FRANCE airbus stands on the Entebbe Airport runway.

EXT. KAMPALA STREETS - EARLY MORNING.

A convoy of MINISTERIAL CARS roars past at high speed.

INT. MINISTERIAL SALOON CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Inside the lead car, NICHOLAS watches as IDI continues to play with the bottle of pills. Beside NICHOLAS sits MARELLA talking urgently into a military telephone. Up front, IDI barks into one of his own.

IDI

How many passengers? Two hundred and fifty? How many of them are Zionists? And television? Plenty of television cameras?

(sweating profusely)

Good. And photographers? Good.

NICHOLAS continue to stare in horror as IDI plays with the bottle of pills.

Unseen by NICHOLAS, MARELLA clocks the way he stares at that bottle of pills.

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY.

Two hundred and fifty disoriented and terrified HOSTAGES are marched across the runway by armed UGANDAN SOLDIERS. They head towards the old terminal building.

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

Half a dozen Kampala-based PALESTINIAN TERRORISTS stand outside the old terminal, wiring explosives to each exit.

They look up to see their P.F.L.P COLLEAGUES from the plane walking towards them, exhausted. They hail their comrades. Victorious slaps, hugs, handshakes.

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAY.

IDI's car sweeps into the airport. Flashlights pop. UGANDAN TV CAMERAS crowd the car. IDI preens like a peacock, offering them his biggest Presidential smile. As he hauls himself out, he lets the bottle of pills fall back on the seat, forgotten.

Without thinking, NICHOLAS swoops to pick them up, but MARELLA beats him to it. Their eyes meet.

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - ENTEBBE - DAY.

IDI is perspiring profusely, desperate to impress. He poses for photographs, working the line of UGANDAN PRESS like a movie-star.

IDI

I realise the eyes of the world are on Uganda today, and I want to reassure you that the hostages will have the best medical care. My own personal physician has been made available. As for the negotiations, I, Field Marshal Amin, will be dealing with the Israeli Government *in person!*

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS enters the Old Terminal. He surveys the scene. Hundreds of HOSTAGES, frightened, dehydrated, exhausted. CHILDREN are being comforted by terrified PARENTS. Old and infirm PASSENGERS try to make themselves comfortable.

Also present is DR. NJONJO and one or two other DOCTORS and NURSES from Mulago Hospital. NICHOLAS steps up.

NICHOLAS
What do you think?

NJONJO
We've one woman with a heart condition. She's already gone to hospital. A few cases of shock. We're going to need drinking water and malaria pills for everyone.

NICHOLAS stops listening. His eyes drift to where CAPTAIN MARELLA is scrutinising the bottle of pills.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE:

From news organizations around the world, reporting the hijacking of the plane and outlining the hijacker's demands.

INT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS and NJONJO are working side by side, treating a long line of HOSTAGES. NICHOLAS cranes his neck, looking for MARELLA.

NICHOLAS
(to one of the hostages)
It's all right. It's just quinine.

NJONJO
(reassuring another hostage)
For malaria. And water.

NICHOLAS locates MARELLA walk out of the terminal. He disappears from view.

NICHOLAS
I'll be right back.

NICHOLAS follows MARELLA. Reaches the exit, he looks in horror to see...

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

MARELLA calls out to a group of his SOLDIERS. The SOLDIERS turn. MARELLA picks one at random. No more than seventeen.

MARELLA
(in Swahili)
Hey, you! Come here!

MARELLA unscrews the bottle of pills and takes one out. He hands it to the bewildered SOLDIER, forcing him to take it.

NICHOLAS watches in horror as the SOLDIER puts it in his mouth. He's about to swallow, when NICHOLAS bursts out, yelling.

NICHOLAS
Wait! Don't!

NICHOLAS sprints up to the SOLDIER and forces him to spit the pill out. When he looks up, MARELLA is staring straight at him, smiling. This time it's over.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DAY.

Boots march along a corridor. Shouting voices. Half-a-dozen SOLDIERS argue among themselves in Sudanese as they drag a lifeless prisoner along a corridor.

The prisoner they are dragging is NICHOLAS. His face is battered and blooded, lips and eyes swollen. He stares up at the ceiling lights flashing overhead.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DUTY FREE SHOP - DAY.

MARELLA and his GUARDS reach a brightly lit duty free shop and dump NICHOLAS on the floor. He slams against a poster advertising some jauntily angled bottle of spirits, set against an exotic African location, with the words "MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!" Through swollen eyes, NICHOLAS looks about. He is surrounded by shelf after shelf of lushly lit bottles, interspersed with more lurid posters: a black waiter serving a white couple on a verandah, people inexplicably skiing, a businessman 'MAKING THAT IMPORTANT CALL' while cupping a bottle of gin.

The GUARDS open an identical bottle and pass it round. MARELLA talks into a crackling walkie-talkie.

Finally, 'pinging' through the security x-ray machine comes IDI. His medals set off an alarm. He stops, smiles, arms up in a "what me?" gesture. MARELLA walks over and smashes the alarm with the butt of his AK47. Silence.

Slipping into the shadows, almost unseen, comes NJONJO.

Surprisingly, IDI has waited patiently while MARELLA destroys the alarm. He now walks on to where NICHOLAS is crouched. Dropping to his haunches, he settles next to him.

IDI

(childishly excited)

Guess what I just saw? You will never guess. I just saw a Zionist claiming to be a Gentile!

(laughing too loudly)

Ha! Ha! Ha!

The GUARDS laugh. IDI stops. He stares curiously at one of the bottles of liqueur. He picks it off the shelf, unscrews the lid and sniffs suspiciously. Making a childish "yuck" face, he offers some to NICHOLAS. NICHOLAS does not move.

IDI puts down the bottle and stares at him. A sad pause.

IDI (CONT'D)

(more in sorrow than anger)

Look at you. Is there *one* thing you have done that's good?

NICHOLAS keeps his head down, willing his death to be quick. IDI inches closer. Voice soft, almost a whisper.

IDI (CONT'D)

Nicholas...Nicholas...why did you try to kill me? I told you. I know exactly when I will die. It came to me in a dream.

(beat)

My death is not today.

Silence. IDI examines NICHOLAS's face, as if trying to read some secret sign there. An intense stare. Colder.

IDI (CONT'D)

Did you think this was all a game? Mm? "I will go to Africa and play the white man with the natives?" Is that what you thought?

(beat)

We are not a game, Nicholas. We are real. This room is real. In fact, I think, maybe, your death will be the first real thing that has happened to you.

(beat)

Listen to me now, Nicholas. This is very important.

With absolutely no warning, IDI suddenly sweeps an arm across one of the shelves, sending bottles flying through

the air. They smash to the ground, spewing glass and liqueur everywhere. NICHOLAS cowers. The GUARDS jump back in shock. IDI's breathing deepens, guttural, harsh.

IDI (CONT'D)

I know about you and Kay.

(a brittle shake of the head)

How could you do that to me? I was your closest friend. I loved you like a son.

NICHOLAS

(refusing to buckle)

I'm not sorry. Kay was the best thing that ever happened to me.

IDI

(suddenly, weirdly Presidential)

I am the Father of this nation, Nicholas! You have most grossly offended your Father!

NICHOLAS

You're a child. That's what makes you so fucking scary.

IDI blinks, uncomprehending. NICHOLAS glances down, waiting for the blow. But IDI isn't finished yet. He puffs out his chest, 'dignified'.

IDI

You British. You are always so sorry for yourselves. But *you* are the worst betrayers of all. If I had relied upon you or your British friends for protection, I would be dead in a ditch. Is that not so, Nicholas?

A beat. NICHOLAS looks him straight in the eye.

NICHOLAS

I thought you knew when you'd die? IDI snaps out a hand and grinds it into the spewed glass and liqueur on the floor. Two cuts run blood. He holds up the bleeding hand, calmly certain of his own logic.

IDI

See? I do not die. I do not die.

He barks something in Swahili. MARELLA hands him one of the GUARD's club ties. IDI fastens it around NICHOLAS's eyes, pulling it tight. Once he has him blindfolded, he presses

his mouth close to NICHOLAS's ear, almost kissing the lobes with his lips.

IDI (CONT'D)

In my village, if you steal the wife of an Elder, they take you to a tree and they hang you by your skin. Each time you scream, the evil comes out of you. Sometimes, it can take three days for all your evil to be spent.

MARELLA loops two hooks over a roof-beam above their heads. NJONO watches, horrified. MARELLA then rips opens NICHOLAS's shirt, exposing his torso. Taking the first hook, he gouges under NICHOLAS's skin.

To IDI's great shock, NICHOLAS's scream is silent. The agony is there, etched on his face. But with a supreme effort of will - born in the ridiculous, freezing waters of his university town - NICHOLAS holds in the sound. Again, with the second hook. His face contorts with horror. No sound comes out.

NJONJO watches this moment of raw courage.

IDI (CONT'D)

(furious)

Pull him up.

MARELLA and his HENCHMEN start pulling on the ropes. NICHOLAS pants, fast breaths beating out, then he feints.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. OLD TERMINAL - FOLLOWING MORNING.

IDI stands on the old terminal, flanked by GUARDS. UGANDAN TV follows his every move, FLASHLIGHTS pop. But, close-up, the perspiration and distress is visible beneath the smile.

IDI

Good morning. I have good news! The Israeli Government has started negotiations, so, in a gesture of good faith, all non-Israeli hostages will be released!

Spontaneous applause among the NON-ISREALIS.

IDI (cont'd)

A plane has been sent by the French Authorities to collect you.

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY.

A second AIR FRANCE AIRBUS lands on the runway. The plane that will take away the released GENTILE HOSTAGES.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY.

MARELLA and his GUARDS come out of duty-free shop for a break. MARELLA gestures at NJONJO.

MARELLA

We start again in an hour.

(indicating room)

Keep him alive.

NJONJO approaches the bright-lit store.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DUTY FREE SHOP - DAY.

NICHOLAS IS UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR, HIS TORSO appallingly gashed, the hooks stained with fresh blood.

NJONJO steps up. Kneeling at NICHOLAS's side, he administers an injection. NICHOLAS stirs.

NJONJO

For the pain.

As the drug hits, NICHOLAS lets out a deep sigh.

NJONJO (CONT'D)

Can you turn?

Carefully, NJONJO turns NICHOLAS so that he can dress the wounds. He works quickly and efficiently, face impassive.

NJONJO (CONT'D)

A second plane is coming. They are releasing some of the hostages. If you go now, you will reach them before they leave.

He finishes dressing the wounds, pulls off his coat and lays it over NICHOLAS's shoulders.

NJONJO (CONT'D)

Here. Put this on.

NICHOLAS glances up, uncomprehending.

NICHOLAS

Why are you doing this?

NJONJO

Frankly, I despise you. You deserve to die. But dead you can do nothing. Alive,

you might just have a chance to redeem yourself.

NICHOLAS
I don't understand.

NJONJO begins doing up the buttons of the coat he has thrown over NICHOLAS's shoulders - hiding all evidence of assault.

NJONJO
(flatly, as he works)
I'm tired of hatred Dr Garrigan. This country is drowning in it. We deserve better.
(job done, looks up)
Go home. Tell the world the truth about Amin.

NICHOLAS
Why me?

NJONJO
(smiling dryly)
You are a white man. They will believe you.

A moment between them. NJONJO moves quickly on.

NJONJO (cont'd)
Can you walk?

He lifts NICHOLAS to his feet. NICHOLAS muffles a cry of pain, recovers.

NICHOLAS
What about you?

NJONJO
My fate is in God's hands.

NJONJO opens a rear door.

NJONJO (cont'd)
Go. I will distract the guards as long as I can.

NICHOLAS and NJONJO's eyes meet.

NICHOLAS
Thank you.

NJONJO
Here.

NJONJO throws his coat over him, covering NICHOLAS's wounds. Without another word, he turns away.

INT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

The HIJACKERS tell all the NON-ISRAELI HOSTAGES to line up by the door, ready to go. Huge excitement. Massive activity in the old terminal.

The ISRAELI HOSTAGES look on, helplessly.

EXT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY.

Escorted by UGANDAN SOLDIERS and in the glare of UGANDAN TV and PHOTOGRAPHERS, the released NON-ISRAELI HOSTAGES walk out of the old terminal, their hands being shaken by IDI AMIN.

IDI
(smiling for the
PHOTOGRAPHERS)
Good bye...good bye.

CUT TO:

In another part of the terminal, NICHOLAS makes his way across the tarmac and directly into the path of the FRENCH HOSTAGES. Hidden in the crush of terrified humanity, NICHOLAS buries his head; just another anonymous escapee.

NICHOLAS reaches the staircase to the airbus.

As he climbs the stairs, NICHOLAS looks back. He spots NJONJO, watching from across the tarmac. For a brief moment their eyes meet, then NICHOLAS turns and walks into the plane.

INT. AIR FRANCE AIRBUS - DAY.

NICHOLAS takes his seat by a window. He puts on his safety-belt. Heart racing. Daren't look out of the window.

INT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

Inside the terminal, MARELLA and his MEN finish lunch and stroll back to the torture room.

INT. ENTEBBE AIRPORT - DUTY FREE SHOP - DAY.

MARELLA enters the room to find NJONJO alone.

MARELLA
(in Swahili)
Where is Garrigan?

NJONJO looks around. Feigns ignorance.

NJONJO
(in Swahili)
What...? I don't know..?

INT. AIR FRANCE PLANE - DAY.

The CAPTAIN starts up the engines. NICHOLAS is sitting next to a MOTHER and small CHILD. He finally dares to look out of the window. The plane begins to taxi along the runway.

INT. OLD TERMINAL - TOILETS - DAY.

'CRASH'. MARELLA and his GUARDS search everywhere. Smash doors. No sign of Garrigan. They shout at NJONJO, 'Where is he?'

The deafening roar of jets preparing for take-off.

NJONJO denies all knowledge, but his eyes flick inadvertently go to the runway where the Air France plane is about to take-off.

MARELLA's face falls.

Thunk. Point blank. MARELLA shoots NJONJO in the head.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY.

The AIR FRANCE CAPTAIN asks permission to take off. The voice from the control tower crackles through. Permission granted.

The CAPTAIN puts his engines on full thrust.

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

IDI AMIN is giving an interview to a TELEVISION CREW. While speaking, MARELLA races up to him. He whispers something in his ear. IDI's expression changes.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY.

The AIR FRANCE plane begins to accelerate down the runway.

EXT. OLD TERMINAL - DAY.

MARELLA and his MEN jump in a jeep.

Surrounded by a melee of frantic, running men, IDI stands tall and still, watching the aeroplane speed up. In his expression we see a look of wistful regret, almost of puzzlement. How could his Nicholas be running away from him?

INT. AIR FRANCE PLANE - DAY.

NICHOLAS glances out of the window as it continues to accelerate. At last, NICHOLAS allows himself a private sigh of relief, when...

Suddenly MARELLA'S JEEP draws level. Screams break out among other HOSTAGES who can see this. MARELLA looks wild, shouting profanities. He draws a gun, about to fire at the plane. Then, just as it looks like they might succeed in aborting the take-off...

The plane pulls up into the sky. The HOSTAGES cheer in delight.

NICHOLAS stares out of the window. Gradually, Entebbe becomes smaller and smaller, until it is finally no more than a speck in the distance.

INT. LONDON AIRPORT - DOCTOR'S SUITE - DAY.

Bruised and exhausted, NICHOLAS is attended by a DOCTOR.

INT. LONDON AIRPORT - DAY - PRESS CONFERENCE.

Aided by two POLICE OFFICERS, NICHOLAS walks unsteadily through some swing doors. Facing him are about SIXTY JOURNALISTS crammed in a small room. A burst of flashlights and shouted questions.

JOURNALIST #1

Doctor Garrigan?! How does it feel to be a hero?!

NICHOLAS

(blinking, bewildered)

A hero...?

JOURNALIST #2

You stayed behind when the rest of the British contingent left! How bloody was it in Kampala at the end?!

NICHOLAS

I'm sorry-

JOURNALIST #1

Is it true you attempted to assassinate Amin single-handedly?!

NICHOLAS

Well..ye-es..

Applause and flashlights from the JOURNALISTS.

JOURNALIST #1

The doctors say you were tortured! Can you tell us how that felt?!

NICHOLAS

(flatly, stating the facts)

I'm not a hero. The real heroes are the ordinary Ugandans who, under impossible circumstances, try to resist the horror's of Amin's regime. Make no mistake. Amin may look like a clown, he may make you all laugh, but the man is a monster, and it is our responsibility to remove him from power.

The JOURNALISTS are momentarily nonplussed. This wasn't the kind of quote-lite appraisal of Amin that they were looking for. But it only takes a moment for the frenzy to regain its energy.

At the back of the room, NICHOLAS catches sight of his FATHER.

His FATHER stares at NICHOLAS. NICHOLAS stares back. An emotional moment. All around him, the JOURNALISTS continue to call out.

JOURNALIST #1

So what's Amin really like? Did he eat the flesh of his victims?

JOURNALIST #2

Is it true he has five wives?

JOURNALIST #3

Does he sleep with them all at once?

But NICHOLAS has not heard. He pushes through the crowds until he fall into a deep embrace of reunion with his FATHER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON BRIDGE - DAY.

Some years later. A snake of COMMUTERS crosses the bridge. Among the faces, we pick out NICHOLAS. Older, wiser, his appearance changed, he walks to the rhythm of the crowd.

SUPERIMPOSE:

LONDON. 1979.

INT. INNER CITY HOSPITAL - A&E - DAY.

A run-down, unglamorous hospital. Badly equipped, under-funded, over crowded. NICHOLAS works as a lowly doctor in Accident and Emergency. We see him move among the PATIENTS, head down, getting on with the job.

INT. INNER CITY HOSPITAL - DAY.

NICHOLAS sits in a grotty staff-room, among other JUNIOR DOCTORS, grabbing a coffee and listening to Capital Radio, circa 1979. A ROCK-NEWSREADER runs through the headlines - a lightening brief account of the "long anticipated" overthrow of Uganda's dictator, Idi Amin, now thought to have sought refuge in Saudi Arabia". That done, "moooooore music!"

NICHOLAS says nothing. Everybody carries on doing what they were doing. An HSO pops her head in.

FEMALE HSO

Anyone fancy taking my shift?

NICHOLAS

Okay.

FEMALE HSO

Cheers, Nick.

Job done, she's gone.

INT. INNER CITY HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY.

Another day. A coat over his grubby whites, NICHOLAS leaves the hospital. Crossing the lobby, he stops dead.

Standing beside a heavily PREGNANT FRIEND is SARAH. She catches sight of NICHOLAS and gives a little smile of surprise. An awkward beat, both staring. SARAH makes her excuses to her PREGNANT FRIEND who hurries off towards the lifts. A beat.

SARAH

Hi.

NICHOLAS

Hi.

NICHOLAS's stomach lurches; that stabbing feeling again.

SARAH

Last time I saw you, I'd given you up as dead.

NICHOLAS smiles, nods. A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So...is this where you work?

NICHOLAS

I'm a Junior in Accident and Emergency.

SARAH

(smiles dryly)

You, a humble Junior? Don't they know who they're dealing with?

NICHOLAS

No.

SARAH is impressed. His self-containment is quite new.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

He still calls from time to time.

SARAH

(incredulous)

What...? Amin...?

NICHOLAS

Tracked my number down. Leaves long messages on my answer-machine. About the joys of scuba diving and reading the Koran.

SARAH's pregnant FRIEND calls out in distress. SARAH indicates she is coming.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)

And you...?

SARAH

I'm working in Paediatrics.

NICHOLAS

David...?

SARAH starts walking to the lifts.

SARAH

The last I heard he'd gone back to Uganda. There have been reports of people dying out there from some new disease the locals are calling 'slims'.

(shrugs)

He'll never come back.

'Ping', an elevator arrives. SARAH steps in.

SARAH (cont'd)

It's nice seeing you.

NICHOLAS

Nice seeing you, too.

The elevator doors close. NICHOLAS stares at the doors, 'Bye'. Presently, 'ping', the doors open again. SARAH holds out a piece of paper.

SARAH
My number. Call me.

NICHOLAS
I will.

NICHOLAS takes the paper. Smiles. SARAH turns back into the elevator, where her FRIEND has started screaming profanities as a contraction kicks in.

INT. NICHOLAS'S FLAT - DAY.

A small, inner-city one-bed flat in an attic. Railway line close by. NICHOLAS enters the room, struggling under the weight of several TESCO's shopping bags. He walks into his tiny kitchen and begins unpacking the bags when the TELEPHONE rings.

NICHOLAS calmly continues unpacking the bags, without going to the phone. Presently, 'Click', the answer machine cuts it. The sound of NICHOLAS's message.

NICHOLAS VOICE
You have reached the home of Nicholas Garrigan.
Please leave a message, after the beep.

NICHOLAS pulls out several cans of food and lights the gas flame on his cooker as that unmistakable voice crackles at the other end.

IDI (V.O.)
Hello, Nicholas? Good news!

NICHOLAS calmly continues cooking. Bakes beans and bacon.

IDI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Remember I told you my car had broken down? Well, the King here has finally agreed to buy me a new one.

NICHOLAS opens some bills that lie on the kitchen table.

IDI (CONT'D)
It's a Chevy Caprice - in white - with electric windows and air conditioning. So now I can go to the beach whenever I want.

INT. NICHOLAS'S FLAT - DAY.

NICHOLAS continues to cook, pouring the food onto a plate. He goes into his sitting room and puts on the television.

IDI (V.O.)

Bad news about the Scottish Devolution vote. You've been robbed again. I tell you, when I heard, I put on my kilt and prayed for revolution. Nicholas, I miss you. Perhaps one day you will come and visit me here in Jeddah. I have other doctors here, but no one cures flatulence like you.

IDI AMIN's voice carries on, but NICHOLAS is not listening. He is watching television, eating his supper. Our CAMERA slowly pulls back, out of the window.....and out into the rooftops above London's streets, where the lights of his apartment are merely one among thirty in his block, among a thousand in his street, among a hundred thousand in the city.

FADE TO BLACK:

CAPTION #1:

During Idi Amin's brutal eight year regime, a quarter of a million Ugandan men, women and children lost their lives.

CAPTION #2:

After his overthrow, he spent the rest of his life in exile in Saudi Arabia, a 'devoted Muslim'.

CAPTION #3:

He finally died in Jeddah, in August 2003, of syphilis and multiple organ failure.

THE END