

THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Screenplay by  
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From the novel by C. J. Koch

Using additional material  
from:

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This script is  
the property of  
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1 EXT. AIRPORT, JAKARTA - NIGHT (CREDIT SEQUENCE) 1

The stucco terminal building is grimy and run down. Soldiers in battle dress with sub-machine guns are posted by its doors, and stand in groups about the tarmac. On the edges of the field anti-aircraft guns point at the sky. The soldiers stare in the direction of a KLM 707 which has just landed.

At the foot of the gangway, two more soldiers with sten guns watch the passengers as they descend the steps, and the Europeans blink back at them with some uneasiness. The faint menacing tempo of Indonesian gamelan music drifts through the heavy night air.

GUY HAMILTON moves down the gangway, a tape recorder slung over his shoulder. Unlike most of his fellow passengers he is clearly not intimidated by the guards. Most of the passengers head for the transit lounge, only HAMILTON and two or three INDONESIANS move towards Passport Control.

2 INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - NIGHT 2

Passport Control is a long, low, ugly, nicotine-coloured room crowded with small, brown-helmeted soldiers and throbbing with aimless malignant noise. From the walls, various slogans scream out: "Down with British and U.S. Imperialism", "U.N. Go to Hell", etc. A giant poster of the Indonesian President Sukarno - dominates the room.

HAMILTON moves up to the vacated OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL

Where did you get visa?

The words already accusatory.

HAMILTON

Sydney.

A SECOND OFFICIAL joins the first and they confer.

3      INT. ARRIVAL LOUNGE - NIGHT

3

On the other side of the wire mesh, a number of people are standing. We come in CLOSE on one of these: a young Indonesian in his mid-twenties, KUMAR. Handsome, intelligent and alert.

4      INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - NIGHT

4

The FIRST OFFICIAL stamps the passport and passes it back with a smile.

5      INT. ARRIVAL AREA - NIGHT

5

HAMILTON comes through the gate and immediately KUMAR approaches him.

KUMAR

Mr. Hamilton?

HAMILTON

Yes?

KUMAR

Welcome to Indonesia.

HAMILTON

Thank you. You're.....?

KUMAR

Kumar. From Jakarta office. Follow me please.

He takes HAMILTON'S suitcase and they move off toward the exit.

HAMILTON

Where's Potter?

KUMAR

Mr Potter has gone.

HAMILTON stops, stunned at this news.

HAMILTON

Gone where?

KUMAR

Back to Australia. He left you this.

He smiles at HAMILTON as if to reassure him, and hands him an envelope. HAMILTON looks anything but reassured.

INT. ABS CAR - NIGHT

They are driving into Jakarta along a crowded highway. The car is driven by HORTONO, the ABS driver.

KUMAR sits in the front seat. HAMILTON in the back reading the note from Potter. KUMAR studies him in the rear vision mirror.

HAMILTON

(Stuffing the letter angrily in pocket) Bloody hopeless. He was supposed to stay on for two weeks and introduce me to his contacts personally!

KUMAR

He said he was sorry. His wife was sick.

HAMILTON

Of What?

KUMAR

Of Jakarta, Mr Hamilton.

7 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

7

The car speeds along the highway toward Jakarta, its horn blaring as it swerves to avoid a lumbering ox-drawn cart. It continues on past a jumble of betjaks, the tricycle-rickshaws of Java. In the distance a red neon sign floats high above the surrounding shanties announcing "Hotel Indonesia".

(Scenes 8-13 deleted)

14 INT. CAR HOTEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

14

KUMAR turns to HAMILTON.

KUMAR

Our first modern hotel. Here Americans and Europeans pay to be kept cold.

HAMILTON

(Smiling)  
Come in and have a beer.

KUMAR

Thank you, but no.

14a EXT. CAR HOTEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

14a

KUMAR gets out of the car, disperses a waiting crowd of beggars with a few terse words and hands HAMILTON his luggage. Although KUMAR'S face is almost expressionless, HAMILTON feels slightly uneasy, almost as if he is under surveillance.

HAMILTON

Thanks for coming to get me.

KUMAR

It's my job, "Boss".

HAMILTON reacts to the use of this word and its clear outlining of their relationship.

KUMAR

I'm sorry.

HAMILTON turns back to him.

About Mr Potter.

He turns and moves to the car as a monsoonal downpour begins. Beyond, in the car park, betjak drivers and beggars begin to move for shelter as the rain roars down. HAMILTON looks back through the bead curtain of rain, smiles in sheer delight at the place in which he finds himself.

INT. WAYANG BAR, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

A long, classic room with stools along the bar and banquettes opposite, lit red and black from a row of lights on the walls, each one masked by the elaborate cut out shape of a Wayang puppet figure. A single barman, ALI, attends to a knot of Europeans at the far end of the bar.

There are four of them; WALLY O'SULLIVAN is the most prominent, about three hundred pounds of him is perched on a stool like a vast gnome, PENE CURTIS is a lean, blue-chinned, nasal Canadian, KEVIN CONDON, tall, balding and a blinker. Finally, BILLY KWAN whose height at just under 5' blurs the distinction between "short" and "dwarf" disturbingly. BILLY'S face is alert and oddly striking. It is neither Chinese nor European but a mixture of both.

They are grouped around CONDON, looking at something he is showing them.

CLOSE on a photograph of a beautiful Indonesian girl bending over, bare breasted, as she washes herself in a canal.

CONDON

I used a 200mm lens for this one  
.... they've got a natural elegance,  
haven't they?

CURTIS

(Dryly)  
Condon.

CONDON

Yes?

CURTIS

Cut the crap!

CONDON

They have!

CURTIS

You keep talking elegance, but all  
you photograph is boobs! Hundreds  
of 'em. Stop trying to pretend  
you're a photographer and admit  
you're a perv.

CONDON turns to BILLY KWAN

CONDON

Billy - you're a professional. Is  
that pornography or art?

BILLY

If they're in focus it's pornography,  
if they're out of focus it's art.

WALLY

Definitely art.

They laugh. WALLY takes a great handful of peanuts  
and munches them. He takes the photo.

CURTIS

(To CONDON)  
Why photograph it when you can have the  
real thing for a couple of bucks a  
night.

15 CONT'D

15

CONDON

(Scornfully)  
Whores!

CURTIS

What else is there in this place?  
The local girls won't look at you.

WALLY

(Looking at photo)  
They really are exquisite creatures,  
Hmmm? Lithe, supple, brown. Would  
you believe I was like that once?

CURTIS

No.

WALLY

You're quite right. I wasn't. So  
slim. How do they do it?

KWAN

Starvation. It's an old Asian custom.

WALLY

No lectures tonight Billy. We come  
to this bar to be frivolous and to  
forget. Hmmm?

HAMILTON stands at the entrance to the bar looking  
about. KWAN sees him and his eyes grow alert and  
focused.

CURTIS

Who's this?

CONDON

C.I.A.

CURTIS

Nah. Embassy office boy.



15 CONT'D

15

KWAN

You're both wrong, it's the new  
A.B.S. man.

He hops off his stool and moves towards HAMILTON.

WALLY

Now, how did our diminutive friend  
know that?

CURTIS

That little bugger knows every bloody  
thing.

ANGLE on KWAN and HAMILTON.

HAMILTON looks down at the little man in a lurid  
Hawaiian shirt, and can't quite suppress a look of  
surprise. KWAN holds out his hand.

KWAN

It's GUY HAMILTON isn't it?  
BILLY KWAN. I shot a lot of  
film for Potter.

The journalists wait as KWAN and HAMILTON approach.

KWAN

Gentlemen, Guy Hamilton, Australian  
Broadcasting Services. Meet Pete Curtis,  
Washington Post, Kevin Condon, Photo  
Journo for THETA and Wally O'Sullivan,  
otherwise known as "Great Wally" of the  
Sydney Herald.

HAMILTON

(To Wally)  
I've read your stuff, impressive.

WALLY

Mere trifles, dear boy. Pleasant flight?

HAMILTON

(Shrugs)  
O.K.

CURTIS

First overseas posting?

HAMILTON

Yes it is.

CONDON

Pity about Potter taking off. It's hard here without contacts.

HAMILTON

Yeah, he was supposed to stay and brief me. Hope he dies.

WALLY

I got the impression he was a little piqued at being replaced by someone half his age, ~~hmm~~?

HAMILTON

I didn't expect a welcome kiss, but, you know, professionalism.

The old hands exchange glances.

CURTIS

Did you put in for this posting?

HAMILTON

It was on my list.

CURTIS

You should have left it off. Saigon is where the stories are.

HAMILTON

So why are you here?

The smile fades from Curtis' face.

CURTIS

I'll be there before you file your first decent story out of this crap heap, buddy boy.

KWAN

(To HAMILTON)  
You're in the right place. This is more interesting than Saigon.

CURTIS

Would you mind telling me why?

KWAN

When a great poet writes about his country, he actually gives it a soul it didn't have before. Sukarno's done the same thing in his speeches. He's created this country.

CURTIS

"Sukarno the Poet", yeah, like Hitler was an artist.

CONDON

(Indicating ALI, THE BARMAN)  
Keep your voice down.

KWAN

Say what you like about him. He's a genius.

WALLY

(To HAMILTON)  
Billy is one of those irritating people who refuses to be cynical. He even thinks the local beer is wonderful.

15 CONT'D

15

KWAN

(To HAMILTON)  
Try some.

KWAN pushes his own bottle of Indonesian beer across to HAMILTON with a glass.

CONDON

Don't. It's poison.

CONDON pushes a bottle of imported beer across to HAMILTON. HAMILTON considers for a moment and picks up KWAN'S.

HAMILTON

I didn't come all this way to drink Fosters.

KWAN smiles, pleased at this response. CURTIS scowls.

WALLY

Spoken like a true international.

Laughter from the group. WALLY smiles, raises his glass.

Welcome to the "Wayang Club".

16 INT. GLASS DOORS, ENTRANCE TO KITCHEN OFF BAR - NIGHT 16

Several Indonesian kitchen staff are pressed up against the glass of the door, peering in, watching the European newsmen.

17 INT. WAYANG BAR - NIGHT 17

HAMILTON

Do you always draw an audience?

17 CONT'D

17

WALLY

(To HAMILTON)

Yes, but never a benevolent one.  
Think of yourself as a grub in an  
apple and you'll get some idea of how  
they feel about you out there.

As the INDONESIAN BARTENDER approaches,

CURTIS

This is Ali, a government spook.  
What we say tonight will be on  
Sukarno's desk by morning.

WALLY

And don't wear shorts. The Dutch  
wore shorts.

CONDON

Never walk. Go everywhere by car,  
especially after dark.

CONDON makes a dramatic throat cutting gesture.  
HAMILTON, pretending to be awestruck mimics the  
movement himself. CONDON nods knowingly. KWAN  
smiles to himself.

WALLY

And don't go out after curfew or  
the military will shoot on sight.

HAMILTON

Does Sukarno still hold his press  
conference?

WALLY

Indeed. We watch him eat breakfast  
for an hour then he tells us he's  
got nothing to tell us.

KWAN

You're being cynical again Wally.

WALLY

Me? Heaven forbid. No one knows better than I do that he's a God.

KWAN

To his people he is. When he arrives in a village in his white helicopter he's the God Vishnu descending from heaven. They believe that.

WALLY

So do I. I've learned off all his names as my act of faith.

CURTIS/CONDON

Give 'em to us Wally! The names, Wally! Come on!

WALLY

Great Leader of the Revolution;  
Mouthpiece of the Indonesian People;  
Main Bearer of the People's Suffering;

KWAN

But he is Wally, he's ....

WALLY

(overlapping)  
Supreme Shepherd of the Women's  
Revolutionary Movement;  
Father of the Farmers;

KWAN

Mock him all you like but....

WALLY

Supreme Commander of the Mental  
Revolution.

KWAN

(shouts)  
Who else could hold this bloody  
country together?

WALLY turns, stares at KWAN.

WALLY

No one, but the Supreme Leader of  
the National Association of Football  
Clubs. The Supreme Boy Scout.

Laughter from all but KWAN.

CURTIS

You made the last two up, Wally,  
admit it.

WALLY

Not so. Sukarno has claimed all these  
titles, just as he has re-written the  
times in which we live. Do you know  
the name he has given to this year that  
we call nineteen sixty five Anno Domini...

HAMILTON shakes his head.

The Year of Living Dangerously.

HAMILTON

"Living Dangerously".

HAMILTON raises his glass, looks at the others.

That's why we're all here. Isn't it?

He gets no response, drains his glass, bids them  
good evening and turns away. They watch him leave.

17. CONT'D

17

WALLY

(To CURTIS)  
What's your diagnosis? ~~Hummm?~~

CURTIS

Pulitzer fever. You can smell it.

Kwan

(Grinning)  
Pity you didn't catch a dose  
yourselves.

He hops down off his stool and hurries after HAMILTON.

CURTIS

The thing I can't stand about dwarfs  
is you're not allowed to hit 'em.

WALLY

(Watching KWAN)  
I think our Billy has found himself  
a hero.

18 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

18

KWAN catches up with HAMILTON. They make an odd pair, little KWAN hopping along, trying to keep up with HAMILTON'S long strides.

KWAN

Not many locals around you notice.

HAMILTON

Too expensive?

KWAN

Right. And of course the beggars  
are barred.



They approach the Reception Desk.

KWAN

You should get yourself a bungalow.  
Get out amongst the people.

HAMILTON

I'm a journalist, Billy, not a  
social worker.

(To CLERK)  
719 please.

He gets his key and they move away.

KWAN

I suppose you're going to turn in.

HAMILTON

(Thought)  
I might take a stroll.

KWAN

Better let me come with you, old  
man. The others won't go anywhere  
on foot but it's not as bad as all  
that if (you know where to go/you  
know what you're doing).

They pass through the doors to the Hotel driveway.

18A EXT. CARPARK, OPPOSITE HOTEL - NIGHT

18A

The carpark is full of beggars and betjaks, and all observe with great interest any members of that forbidden world of luxury who descend among them. All eyes now are fixed on KWAN and HAMILTON as they move through the shadows toward them. In the background the brilliantly lit arcade and hotel glow like a stage set.

Seated in a small number of betjaks set apart from the rest are the BANSHEES, the beautiful boy-girls of Jakarta. As they see the two men approach they set up a low voiced howl, winking and smiling at HAMILTON.

18A CONT'D

18A

KWAN

We call them Banshees.

HAMILTON

What's your background?

KWAN

Trained as a cameraman with A.B.S.

HAMILTON

Ah.

KWAN

You mean how come I look Chinese?

HAMILTON

(Shrugs)  
Yeah.

KWAN

Because my father was. What about you? You don't sound Australian.

HAMILTON

Don't I? Well . . . my father was a yank. Perhaps that explains it.

KWAN

We're both hybrids then?

HAMILTON

Both what?

KWAN

(Smiling)  
Part of two cultures but belonging to neither.

As they leave the carpark three of the regular betjak drivers pedal after them.

18B

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

18B

Behind HAMILTON and KWAN, on the footpath, a ragged procession of BEGGARS and CHILDREN are following, and behind them the silhouettes of the three betjaks. Ahead, a menacing group of YOUNG MEN in old army combat gear, berets and sunglasses. Seeing HAMILTON they begin jeering and pointing at him.

One YOUTH spits on him as he passes. HAMILTON looks about for KWAN. For just a moment he thinks he's been deserted - then he spots him a little further ahead. KWAN smiles, almost as if enjoying HAMILTON'S unease. With a set face HAMILTON pushes through the crowd to join KWAN.

KWAN

You'll get used to it.

HAMILTON

I doubt it.

KWAN

(Smiling)

They just wanted to show you they're patriotic.

A small man in white trousers moves up beside them.

MAN

House of Joy, Gentlemen?

KWAN

Get lost! Hope your tastes don't lie in that direction, old man.

He points to some distant lights across the highway to a field where the dim outline of a shanty town can be discerned.

KWAN

It's a market for the poor. Game to take a look?

HAMILTON

O.K.

They cross the highway.

18C EXT. PASAAR - NIGHT

18C

HAMILTON and KWAN walk near a bazaar located on a stretch of waste ground, beside a canal. Beyond can be glimpsed a shanty town made of packing cases and bamboo.

KWAN

Put your watch in your pocket.  
They've got a special hook for getting  
it off.

They walk past the stalls. KWAN watches as HAMILTON becomes absorbed in the passing scene. Rediscovering childhood's opposite intensities: the gimrack and the queer mixed with the grim; laughter and misery; carnal nakedness and threadbare nakedness; fear and joy.

KWAN

What then must we do?

HAMILTON

Eh?

KWAN

"What then must we do?" Tolstoy. He wrote a book with that title. He got so upset about the poverty in Moscow that he went to the poorest section one night and gave all his money away. You could do that now. 5 American dollars, it'd keep one of these people for a month. Why don't you? You can afford it.

HAMILTON

Wouldn't do any good. It'd just be  
a drop in the ocean.

18C CONT'D

18C

KWAN

That's the same conclusion Tolstoy came to. I happen to disagree.

HAMILTON

And what's your solution?

KWAN

If everyone did something about the misery they saw in front of their faces, the world'd be a lot better place.

HAMILTON smiles.

KWAN

You think that's naive?

HAMILTON begins to deny it.

KWAN

Most journalists do.

HAMILTON

We can't afford to get involved.

KWAN

Typical journo's answer.

HAMILTON

You're being a bit hard on the profession, aren't you?

KWAN suddenly stops, stares at HAMILTON.

KWAN

Christ, you're in trouble -- you realize that?

HAMILTON

Eh?

18C CONT'D

18C

KWAN

Potter's sabotaged you.

HAMILTON

I can't believe it's as desperate as that. He's left me some names.

KWAN

Useless. Without personal contacts you're dead.

HAMILTON

Cheer me up some more, why don't you?

KWAN

I think I can help.

HAMILTON looks at him.

By tomorrow night I might have something for you. Do you read poetry?

HAMILTON

Poetry?

KWAN hands across a slip of paper.

KWAN

A favourite poet of mine. The Chinese poet, Po Chu-I. He writes about friendship.

HAMILTON bemusedly puts it in his pocket. KWAN looks at his watch.

KWAN

Go home and get some sleep.

KWAN moves towards the betjaks labelled "Tengah Malam". He clambers up and turns.

18C CONT'D

18C

KWAN

By the way, your hotel room's bugged.  
Radio receiver under the window.

HAMILTON watches as KWAN moves off.

(Scenes '19 and 20 deleted.)

21

INT. A.B.S. CAR, ROAD TO PALACE - DAY

21

HORTONO, hand on the car horn, blasts his way through the traffic. As the vehicle approaches the entrance to the Palace, KUMAR turns to HAMILTON.

KUMAR

Palace of the President. Merdeka.  
Take off your sunglasses when you  
go in, Boss.

HAMILTON

Why?

KUMAR

The PALACE GUARDS say they can tell  
an assassin by his eyes.

The car pulls up at the gates.

21A

EXT. CAR, PALACE - DAY

21A

HAMILTON gets out, slings his tape recorder over his shoulder and approaches the sentry. He removes his sunglasses and the GUARD stares into his eyes for a long stoney moment then, after examining his press pass, he waves HAMILTON through. Inside the gate a SECOND GUARD walks with him toward the whitewashed palace. KUMAR watches from the car.

The FOREIGN PRESS CORPS, essentially the Wayang Club, with a couple of JAPANESE and EASTERN EUROPEAN JOURNALISTS, wait below the terrace on which SUKARNO and his CABINET are now having breakfast. BILLY KWAN is not present. HAMILTON joins them and looks up at the flower-decked terrace.

HAMILTON

Missed anything?

CURTIS

Sukarno had boiled eggs. This is seen by informed sources as a clear indication of hardening attitudes towards the West.

CONDON

I've got a feeling that this morning he's going to make a pronouncement.

CURTIS

(Surly)  
What makes you think that?

CONDON

Just a thought.

CURTIS

(Unimpressed)  
When a thought crosses your mind, it's been on the shortest trip in Jakarta.

CONDON looks crushed. HAMILTON can't stop a grin.

HAMILTON

How do you know when the breakfast's over?

WALLY, who is sitting on a flower urn, flapping a white handkerchief in his face, looks up.

WALLY

He tips the scraps over the balcony for us.



Even a few of the Japanese join in the laughter at this one.

Even before the laughter has receded, however, the big man has picked up a sign that breakfast is over, and he's up and racing for the staircase leading to the terrace. The others, picking his cue, move off behind him, all except the new boy HAMILTON who is still peering up at the balcony trying to get a better view. He is rewarded by the sight of the distinctive figure of SUKARNO rising from the table and looking down into the garden. He sees HAMILTON looking up and gives a jaunty little wave before turning away.

HAMILTON is so surprised and pleased he almost waves back. Then he suddenly realizes the other journalists are gone and hurries to catch them.

23 INT. STAIRWAY/CORRIDOR, PALACE - DAY

23

When HAMILTON reaches the corridor, SUKARNO is nowhere to be seen and each of the other available ministers has a figure in limper-like attendance. WALLY has the FOREIGN MINISTER completely blocked off in an alcove and is into heavy questioning.

HAMILTON now knows what he is up against.

(Scenes 24 and 25 deleted)

26/27 INT/EXT. FOYER HOTEL INDONESIA - DAY

26/27

HAMILTON, drenched in perspiration, enters the foyer from the blazing heat outside. He pauses and breathes in the cool refrigerated air.

Outside we see KUMAR watching from the driveway, standing beside the A.B.S. car.

28 INT. HAMILTON'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

28

Books on Indonesia are scattered around the floor. As the camera pans across them and other personal effects, HAMILTON'S voice is heard in the background. We see his dressing table -- a pair of silver backed brushes, a framed Japanese print, a beer stein. A transistor radio has been placed facing the hotel radio. The transistor blares out pop music, a simple but effective way of "jamming" the bugging device.

## HAMILTON

(V/O. Clearing throat, switching tape on)  
 This is Guy Hamilton, from Jakarta, a city poised on the brink of civil war as Sukarno walks the tightrope between right and left; a city in which there are plenty of questions, but no easy answers. But one thing is certain -- Christ!  
 (Switches tape off.)

CUT to HAMILTON sprawled on the bed, a microphone in his hand and a tape recorder beside him. More books and journals on Indonesia are scattered around him.

## HAMILTON

A touch of the tropics and ten years training goes out the bloody window! This is Guy Hamilton, from Jakarta, poised on the brink and the knife edge and walking the tightrope between trivial nonsense and utter crap!

INT. STUDIO TELECOMMUNICATIONS BUILDING - DAY

HAMILTON sits in a glass booth shouting his first radio piece back to Sydney down antiquated radio equipment. His face is set in a worried frown and he perspires. He's watched by an impassive KUMAR who sits at the panel with an INDONESIAN TECHNICIAN.

## HAMILTON

.... in short, Jakarta is a city where the questions outnumber the answers, but one thing is certain, that Sukarno's tightrope shuffle between the Communist P.K.I. and the Right Wing Military, is looking more precarious as the hours tick by. This is Guy Hamilton in Jakarta for A.B.S. News.

He sits back with the beads of perspiration dripping down his forehead in rivulets. The line to Sydney crackles and hisses. Finally we hear a voice from the other end.

29 CONT'D

29

CREIGHTON

(V/O)  
Is that all?

HAMILTON

What d'you mean, "Is that all?"

CREIGHTON

(V/O)  
You could've written that from back here.

HAMILTON

What about the tightrope image?  
Everyone else thinks Sukarno's in control?

CREIGHTON

(V/O)  
Guy, that wasn't news, it was travelogue  
-- get in there after the meat! Sydney out.

The line goes dead. HAMILTON stubs out his cigarette angrily. KUMAR joins him.

KUMAR

Didn't like it, eh, Boss?

HAMILTON

(Snaps at him)  
Don't keep calling me "Boss".

KUMAR looks hurt.

HAMILTON

Sorry. Have one of these.

He hands KUMAR a cigarette. KUMAR takes one. HAMILTON lights it for him and he savours it.

HAMILTON

He was right. It was terrible. If I don't pull my finger out I'll be back in Sydney.

KUMAR

(Puzzled)  
Pull your finger out?

HAMILTON

Get cracking. (He makes stockwhip motions).  
On the move, on the ball. If I don't I'll  
be back there in the geriatrics ward  
working with deadheads whose most exciting  
moment is mowing their lawn on Sunday!

29A EXT. A.B.S. OFFICE - NIGHT

29A

The A.B.S. car pulls up outside the office and HAMILTON  
gets out. He speaks to KUMAR through the window.

HAMILTON

I want to put in a couple of hours.  
I'll get a cab back to the hotel.

29B INT. A.B.S. BUILDING - NIGHT

29B

HAMILTON climbs the steep stairs to the office.

30 INT. A.B.S. OFFICE - NIGHT

30

HAMILTON walks to his desk in the deserted, spartan  
A.B.S. office and slumps into a chair. An ancient  
fan beats slowly and ineffectually above him. Two  
half-opened louvres leading to a balcony let in a  
faint breeze.

ANGLE from the balcony to HAMILTON at his desk.

Back to HAMILTON. He hears the sound of someone  
moving on the balcony.

HAMILTON'S P.O.V. -- a silhouetted figure at the  
louvre doors.

HAMILTON reacts. He thinks it's an intruder, then  
KWAN steps into the room.

KWAN

Evening old man.

HAMILTON

What the hell are you doing here?

30 CONT'D

30

KWAN

Waiting for you. Potter let me keep my sound equipment here. He gave me a key.

HAMILTON

Jesus, thought I was going to be mugged.

KWAN

Sorry old man, didn't hear you come in. (Offers him the key.) Want it back?

HAMILTON

No, that's fine.

KWAN sits, stares at HAMILTON.

KWAN

Problems?

HAMILTON

It's early days yet.

KWAN

I suppose you tried to interview Subandrio today. Did you get an appointment?

HAMILTON

You know damn well I didn't.

KWAN

I told you. Personal contacts only. All the top doors are shut to Western journalists these days.

HAMILTON

Curtis got an interview.

KWAN

Curtis and Wally O'Sullivan have got reputations that can't be ignored. Everyone else ...?

30 CONT'D

30

KWAN makes a throat cutting motion.

HAMILTON

The other night you hinted you had something to offer?

KWAN

Suppose you could get any interview you wanted -- short of a personal one with Sukarno -- what are the questions you'd like answers to?

HAMILTON

I'd like to know whether Sukarno's still running the country or whether the communists in his cabinet are calling the shots.

KWAN

So maybe you'd like to interview the head of the P.K.I.?

HAMILTON

Aidit? Who wouldn't?

KWAN

I can get you to Aidit (pause) tomorrow.

HAMILTON stares.

HAMILTON

How?

KWAN

Aidit's a friend of mine, and I've already spoken to him about you. Don't ask me any more than that, but if you want it, you're on.

HAMILTON stares at him, incredulous.

KWAN

It should make quite a stir - internationally.

30 CONT'D

30

HAMILTON

Billy, if this works out I'll make a deal with you. If you give me first crack at your contacts, you can have all the film work you can handle -- and there's no reason why you shouldn't shoot film for me on your own initiative.

KWAN

That's great old man! It's what I've always wanted. A real partnership.

HAMILTON

Why the break to me? Why not Potter?

KWAN

I didn't like Potter. We'll make a good team old man. You for the words, me for the pictures. I can be your eyes.

31 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE AIDIT'S OFFICE - DAY

31

The interview complete, HAMILTON is moving out of AIDIT'S office, shaking hands with OFFICIALS. KWAN moves past him laden with camera equipment. HAMILTON helps him with the gear. As soon as the door closes behind them they look at each other. HAMILTON grins and lets out an involuntary whoop of joy. He slaps KWAN on the back and the little man beams from ear to ear. As they run down the corridor HAMILTON shouts to KWAN.

HAMILTON

If you shot that out of focus I'll kill you.

KWAN

You worry about the words Hamilton!

32 INT. STUDIO, TELECOMMUNICATIONS BUILDING - DAY

32

HAMILTON sits in the glass booth transmitting a radio version of his scoop back to Sydney.

HAMILTON

Identification: Guy Hamilton in Jakarta.  
Lead in for story: Exclusive interview  
with Leader of the Indonesian Communist  
Party.

HAMILTON winks at KWAN.

INT. WAYANG BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE on banner headline of the SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.

"COMMUNISTS TO GET ARMS". Exclusive  
report from Guy Hamilton. "SUKARNO  
AGREES TO COMMUNIST DEMANDS!"

WIDEN to show WALLY and CURTIS reading it.

CURTIS

It's bullshit!

WALLY

The worrying thing, my friend, is  
that it's well written bullshit. And  
right here in my paper.

CONDON

(Holds up a telegram)  
Thing that bugs me is that my paper's  
demanding a matcher on his story.

CURTIS

Here they come now. Sir Guy and the  
black dwarf.

HAMILTON and KWAN come up to the bar.

WALLY

Congratulations Hamilton. You squeezed  
the test match into two columns.

HAMILTON

Thanks.



33 CONT'D

33

CURTIS

(Indicating newspaper)  
 You don't seriously believe Sukarno is  
 going to let the commies have their own  
 private army?

CONDON

(Indicating the barman, ALI)  
 Keep it down.

HAMILTON

It's possible.

CURTIS

Hamilton, do you realise why Aidit gave  
 this interview to you?

WALLY

Pete ...

CURTIS

(To HAMILTON)  
 Because he knows that someone with a  
 bit more experience wouldn't have swallowed  
 it and sent it out to the world as gospel  
 truth.

WALLY

Brothers, please. No bloodshed in the  
 bar. It was a good piece Hamilton, and  
 even bitter resentment won't prevent me  
 saying so, but Pete has got a point. In  
 this country ....

CURTIS

I'm sorry, but your story's bulshic  
 and when I file I'm going to piss on it  
 from a great height, "mate".

HAMILTON

You do that "buddy". It's about the only  
 way you'll get a story at all.

33 CONT'D

33

CURTIS

You've let yourself be used by the commies.

WALLY

In this country Hamilton, it is sometimes hard to sort out who is the user and who's being used.

KWAN

Unless you can grasp that it's essentially the same thing.

CURTIS

Billy, you're the only grown man I know who remembers his fortune cookies.

HAMILTON

(Suddenly flaring. To CURTIS)  
You're going to have egg all over your face if the story is true, Curtis. What if Sukarno has decided to go with Peking?

CURTIS looks at him, pleased that he has provoked him to the outburst.

CURTIS

(grins)  
Then there'll be one hell of a civil war

CONDON

Then we'll all be lucky to get out alive.

CURTIS picks up an empty glass from the bar and uses it as a "microphone".

CURTIS

This is Guy, Mr Exclusive, Hamilton reporting from Jakarta -- a civil war broke out early this morning but was cancelled by the President on the grounds that it was too damn hot. Be that as it may ....

KWAN, WALLY and CONDON come in with the chorus

ALL

One thing is certain.

They dissolve into laughter, HAMILTON joining in.

INT. MICKEY MOUSE CAFE - EVENING

Cave like. Intense heat. WALLY scoffs down food. BILLY, CURTIS, CONDON and HAMILTON are also there.

CURTIS

Tell me Hamilton, one thing's been bothering me since you arrived. What d'you do for sex? Whenever I make the front page I get a hell of a hard on.

HAMILTON

So what do you do?

CURTIS

What do I do? I take a short ride out to the cemetery.

HAMILTON, reminded of the message scrawled on the back of the poem, glances at KWAN, then back at CURTIS.

HAMILTON

What are you? A necrophiliac?

CURTIS

You've been here two weeks and you haven't heard of the cemetery?

KWAN

That's where the prostitutes parade.

CURTIS

Best value-for-money ass you've ever seen. I'll take you there right now.

34 CONT'D

34

CLOSE on BILLY as HAMILTON deliberates.

HAMILTON

Some other time.

WALLY

Wise choice.

CONDON

Riddled with V.D.

CURTIS

So what. A few jabs of penicillin  
and everything's OK. (To HAMILTON)  
You would not believe these chicks.  
A dollar a night.

KWAN

Starvation makes a great aphrodisiac.

CURTIS

You keep this up Billy and someone's  
going to nail you up on a cross. (To  
HAMILTON, indicating BILLY). He can  
afford to be virtuous. He's squiring  
the most beautiful chick in town.

HAMILTON looks at KWAN with utter surprise.

KWAN

(To CURTIS)  
She's just a friend

CURTIS

I bet.

KWAN

You probably would find it hard to  
understand that sort of relationship.

CURTIS

(To the PROPRIETOR)  
Give me the nails. I'm going to  
hammer the little bastard up right now!

34 CONT'D

34

They laugh. CURTIS spots some BEGGARS starting to creep into the cafe towards them. Something catches his attention and he gets up and moves towards them. We follow him to the pavement where we see an assortment of pathetic BEGGARS and FREAKS, each with their begging bowl. Some moments later CURTIS bursts in the door of the cafe leading a HUNCH BACK MIDGET with close cropped hair and wide set eyes. He is barely three feet high.

CURTIS

Hamilton! I've brought you a present!

The MIDGET rocks instantly to HAMILTON and smiles at him trustingly. CURTIS tries to contain his mirth. The CAFE PROPRIETOR looks at the party uneasily.

CURTIS

He's yours Guy. Ask him to dance.

CURTIS bends and speaks Bahasa in the DWARF'S ear. The DWARF smiles and instantly begins to dance. A grotesque dance on tiny legs. HAMILTON looks anxiously at KWAN whose face remains impassive. WALLY tries to contain his laughter but glances at CONDON and breaks out into stifled giggles.

CURTIS

I've brought him for you Guy.  
Wherever you go, he goes. Forever.

HAMILTON

(Angrily to CURTIS)  
Get him out of here you stupid  
fucking clown!

The anxious PROPRIETOR moves towards them and begins to usher out the DWARF. CONDON moves to avert a scene.

CONDON

(Shelling out money for bill)  
Come on fellas. Let's go.

CONDON ushers out WALLY and CURTIS.

35 EXT. MICKEY MOUSE CAFE - NIGHT 35

CURTIS stands on the pavement protesting to WALLY and CONDON.

CURTIS

Humourless bastard. It was just a joke. I wasn't getting at Billy. It was just a joke.

They usher him away, still protesting about HAMILTON'S lack of humour.

36 INT. MICKEY MOUSE CAFE - NIGHT 36

HAMILTON and KWAN sit at the table, not looking at each other.

37 EXT. KWAN'S GARDEN - NIGHT 37

HAMILTON and KWAN wend their way up to KWAN'S bungalow, through a lush topical garden.

38 INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT 38

A true Javanes bungalow. Tasteful and simple. Just two small rooms. The walls are covered with photos of Jakarta's poor. Graphic shots, well composed. Also on the walls are large drawings of famous historical dwarfs.

HAMILTON

Air conditioning? I thought you were living like the people?

KWAN

I keep a lot of film and equipment here and it's kinder to it.

HAMILTON

Yeah? Kinder to you too.

KWAN

O.K. You can't have a decent consecutive thought in this climate without one. But everything else here is your basic Indonesia.

38 CONT'D

38

HAMILTON looks at the dwarfs on the wall.

KWAN (cont'd)

Clever of Curtis to find an achondroplastic -- normal man whose arms and legs are stunted. A normal man of normal intelligence, capable of having normal children, but whose body is a joke.

KWAN indicates his own body.

HAMILTON

Come on Billy. You're no dwarf.

KWAN

That's what I like about you Guy. You really don't care, or maybe you just don't see. I'm a borderline case perhaps, but I'm still a member of that great race of dwarf fools.

HAMILTON

Race? What is it -- an international brotherhood?

KWAN grins.

A small man's mafia?

KWAN

(Laughs)  
Nearly all the great jesters in the courts of the middle ages were achondroplastics. The one great advantage of being a dwarf is that you can be wiser than other people and nobody envies you. Tea?

HAMILTON

Love some.

KWAN goes into the next room. HAMILTON looks at a large photograph, apparently of Sukarno.

HAMILTON

Sukarno looks a lot like you in this shot.

KWAN (O/S)

It is me. I dressed for the part.

HAMILTON raises his eyebrows. KWAN is a continual source of puzzlement. HAMILTON is examining some of the hundreds of books in BILLY'S library when his eye is caught by a large revolver wedged behind a pile of magazines. KWAN appears from the kitchen carrying a tray which he sets down.

KWAN

Admiring my pictures?

HAMILTON

They're very good.

KWAN

That's the real Jakarta. Scrounging for a few handfuls of rice to keep them alive another day.

HAMILTON looks in the direction of a display of Wayang puppets on the wall.

KWAN

You like my puppets?

He hops up and takes two of the large puppets down. He switches off the main light and turns up a lamp on a side table.

KWAN (cont'd)

To understand Java you have to understand the Wayang -- the sacred shadow-play. The puppet master's a priest.

He raises his chin, proudly posing as the puppet-master.

KWAN

That's why they call Sukarno the great puppet master, balancing the left with the right.

Holding a puppet he casts its shadow on the wall.



KWAN

(Softly)  
Their shadows are souls, and the screen  
is heaven. You must watch the shadows,  
not the puppets.

The right in constant struggle with the  
left: the forces of light and darkness,  
in endless balance.

He indicates one of the puppets in his hand.

KWAN

Prince ARJUNA, He's a hero, but he can  
also be fickle and selfish. Krishna  
says to him -- all is clouded by desire  
Arjuna: as fire by smoke, as a mirror  
by dust. Pretty good stuff, eh?

He indicates the puppet in his other hand.

This is SRIKANDI, the prince Arjuna  
will fall in love with.

He smiles at HAMILTON.

HAMILTON

(Indicates another puppet)  
What about that one?

KWAN takes the puppet down.

KWAN

He's very special -- the dwarf, Semar.

HAMILTON

(Staring now at KWAN)  
And is he left or right?

KWAN holds his gaze.

KWAN

He serves the Prince.

He projects the dwarf puppet's shadow alongside  
that of the Prince.

KWAN (cont'd)

He has great power, and some day his enemies will all bow down before him. The patron saint of all dwarfs.

HAMILTON suddenly comes to a photograph of a very beautiful girl. He is obviously interested. KWAN notes this interest as he comes towards him carrying the tea.

KWAN

She's a secretary at the British Embassy. You'll meet her soon.

He passes HAMILTON his tea and steers him away from the photo without further comment.

EXT. OASIS SWIMMING POOL, REAR OF HOTEL - DAY

This is an olympic sized pool set in a garden, the pool area divided from the street outside by a tall bamboo fence. Indonesians peer through the cracks of the fence to watch the Europeans and rich Asians on the lawn.

HAMILTON and KWAN recline under an umbrella, in swimsuits and shirts. KWAN sits suddenly up in his chair, staring at a European couple in swimsuits who have just entered the pool area. JILL BRYANT, 23, a cool, aloof beauty (seen in the photograph at KWAN'S) and a very fit looking man in his early fifties, COLONEL RALPH HENDERSON.

The male eyes under all the umbrellas are fixed on JILL. The group approaches HAMILTON'S table.

KWAN hurries away to meet her, leaving HAMILTON to study her approach with transparent interest.

KWAN reaches the couple, lunges and picks up JILL around the waist, and as if to prove the power in his thick set shoulders, swings her up and above his head. JILL gives a little shriek. By now, all male eyes are on her.

KWAN, still clasping JILL'S waist, advances with her across the lawn.

39 CONT'D

39

KWAN

Jill, meet Guy Hamilton from A.B.S.  
Guy, my special friend, Jilly Bryant,  
and, Colonel Ralph Henderson.

HAMILTON

(To the COLONEL)  
British Military Attache?

COLONEL

That's right.

They sit down after the normal greetings and handshakes. There is an instant attraction between HAMILTON and JILL, but for their own reasons -- JILL'S suspicion of male motives in this hothouse masculine ghetto, and HAMILTON'S reluctance to let involvement impede his career -- they fight against it.

COLONEL

Been listening to your broadcasts.  
Rather more interesting than your  
predecessor.

HAMILTON

Thanks.

HENDERSON regards him a moment from his straight-backed military vantage, nods slightly as though acknowledging something or agreeing with a previous opinion. Then he looks around.

COLONEL

Let's have a drink.

He signals a WAITER.

COLONEL

(To all of them)  
Gin tonics all round?

HAMILTON

Not for me.

COLONEL

(To WAITER)  
Three.  
(To HAMILTON)  
Staying at the Hotel?

39 CONT'D

39

HAMILTON nods.

COLONEL

You're lucky. It's a delightful spot. We're all at the Ambassador's residence since the local lads knocked down our Embassy.

HAMILTON

They really took it apart didn't they?

COLONEL

They seem to have a lot of fun. It was all quite droll.

JILL

Well, I found it terrifying. Ralph marched up and down playing the bagpipes.

COLONEL

Annoyed the hell out of them.

KWAN

Counting the days, Jill?

JILL

(Nods)  
Three weeks.

HAMILTON

To what?

JILL

London.

HAMILTON

You don't like it here?

The WAITER begins handing round the drinks.

JILL

I've been here too long. You can keep the exotic tropics. I'd swap it all for one breath of cold Norfolk air.

KWAN

(Toasting)  
To England. Coal fires and corner pubs.

JILL

Sheep dogs, autumn light and soft  
misty rain.

COLONEL

Stop it, you'll have me in tears. (He  
takes his drink from the waiter). What's  
this?

WAITER

Gin tonic, sir.

COLONEL

This is gin tonic and ice!

WAITER

Gin tonics always have ice, sir.

COLONEL

Gin tonic does not always have ice.  
Americans always have ice and I am  
not an American. Get me another.

The WAITER nods, but before he can take the COLONEL'S  
drink away HAMILTON pointedly takes it off the tray.

COLONEL

Anyone for a swim?

KWAN

I'm only allowed in the wader's pool.

The COLONEL snorts and takes off his shirt, revealing  
a remarkably fit torso of which he's obviously proud.  
A near fifty year old in a twenty-five year old's body.

COLONEL

What about you Jilly?

JILL

I don't think so.

39 CONT'D

39

COLONEL

(It's become important)  
Come along. Just what you need.

JILL

I'll stay with Billy.

She ruffles KWAN'S hair affectionately. The COLONEL turns, smiles at HAMILTON.

COLONEL

Come on then Hamilton, I'll give you a race.

HAMILTON looks at him in surprise.

COLONEL

You Aussies are supposed to be able to swim.

HAMILTON shrugs and takes off his shirt. JILL watches him.

JILL

(To HAMILTON)  
I hope you're fit. When Ralph says "race" he means it.

COLONEL

No sense being half-hearted.

KWAN

Games are a serious business for the English, right Colonel?

COLONEL

(Picking the mocking undertone)  
They have their place.

HAMILTON looks at JILL, half smiles, and walks to the pool behind the COLONEL. He looks around to find all eyes on the pair of them. He feels self-conscious. The COLONEL turns and executes a perfect dive, legs together, spearing into the water like a poker. HAMILTON grins at the absurdity of it and walks into the water like a cartoon character. JILL smiles. KWAN, watching JILL, notices it.

In the pool HAMILTON and HENDERSON are up at the end, bracing on the wall.

COLONEL

Two laps suit you?

HAMILTON

Better than three.

Another Englishman (MAYNARD) has come to the edge of the pool with the intention of acting as starter. He looks down at HAMILTON, smiles.

MAYNARD

Hello, Hamilton. Maynard. Pleased to meet you. Are you gentlemen ready...?

They nod and get braced.

MAYNARD

(Continuing)

... One to be ready, two to be steady, three to be .... go ...

The COLONEL swims in an absolutely classic text book crawl, all of his action ever so slightly stylised. He's fast and fluid. HAMILTON is a little less stylish but effective nonetheless. He stays with the COLONEL until the turn, but the COLONEL executes a smooth professional turn around that leaves him half a length ahead.

JILL watches intently.

CLOSE on HAMILTON who puts in extra effort and draws ahead. The COLONEL now shows real signs of fatigue. CLOSE on HAMILTON who notices this. He coasts and lets the COLONEL win by a touch, but the relative condition as they stand up in the water leaves no doubt as to who the faster man is.

JILL and KWAN join them at the poolside.

JILL

Bravo Ralph! (To HAMILTON). That's the nearest anyone's come to beating him.

KWAN

Had you worried Colonel.

COLONEL

(Genuine smile at HAMILTON)  
Indeed he did.

JILL stares at HAMILTON before turning back to the table.

41 INT. A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY

41

TIGER LILY, the A.B.S. secretary, hands HAMILTON a cup of coffee.

HAMILTON

Tiger Lily you make the best coffee  
in Jakarta.

She giggles.

HAMILTON

(Indicates KUMAR)  
What's wrong with ....

TIGER LILY

He has some troubles with the  
military.

HAMILTON crosses to KUMAR'S desk.

HAMILTON

What trouble? What do you mean  
"military"? Kumar?

KUMAR

My father has a small shop and every  
week the military make him pay. Now  
he's in such debt I can't help him  
any more.

HAMILTON considers a moment, picks up an airways bag  
from the floor and peels off some notes.

KUMAR

No Boss. I'm not looking for handouts.



HAMILTON

It's nothing. I make more than this each week changing dollars on the black market.

KUMAR

No Boss. I just told you the story to show you our problems.

HAMILTON

Take it, please.

KUMAR

(Nods)

For my father I will play the beggar.

KWAN bursts in the door. HAMILTON looks up in surprise.

KWAN

(Shouts)

U.S. Embassy!

HAMILTON springs up from the desk. KUMAR and TIGER LILY watch with interest.

HAMILTON

Got the sound gear?

KWAN

In the car!

HAMILTON

Bell and Howell loaded?

KWAN

Chock-a-block!

HAMILTON

Any hairs on the lens?

This is part of a ritual they already know by heart.

KWAN/HAMILTON

(In unison)

You worry about the words. I'll get the pictures.

They laugh and charge out the door. KUMAR follows.

42

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

42

A large crowd jams the road solidly from one side to the other. DEMONSTRATORS laugh and jeer at a late model car, which symbolises for them the hated Western affluence.

\* 43

INT. CAR - DAY

43

Old HORTONO, the A.B.S. driver, looks worried as KWAN leans out of the window filming the mob. So does KUMAR.

KUMAR

P.K.I. demand complete break with America.

HAMILTON

Getting pretty confident, aren't they?

KUMAR

They have a lot of support.

HAMILTON

Enough to take over?

KUMAR

Perhaps.

HAMILTON

You don't look worried.

KUMAR

(Shrugs)

At least they would give us discipline.

HAMILTON looks at KUMAR. The obvious thought strikes him. Is KUMAR P.K.I.? (Communist). The thought has already struck KWAN some time ago. They don't like each other. KWAN stops filming and looks at KUMAR.

KWAN

Stalin had good discipline. He wiped out ten million.

KWAN smiles at KUMAR and resumes his filming.

44

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

44

Trucks arrive and dump stones for the crowds to throw at the Embassy. Even SMALL BOYS join in, throwing rocks with great ferocity.

Large and impassive U.S. MARINES stand guard at the gate ignoring the frenzied, jeering mob. YOUTHS try to scale the Embassy walls. The chanting of the CROWD is deafening.

A GROUP of PEOPLE'S YOUTH perform quite good naturedly for KWAN'S camera. They press in on the car, screaming, "take my picture, man". They want the worldwide publicity, KWAN wants the shots. Everything is in control until the CROWD parts to let a truck laden with DEMONSTRATORS through. The truck finds it's way barred by HAMILTON'S car and butts it angrily in the rear. The occupants of the car are thrown around violently.

45

INT. CAR - DAY

45

HORTONO screams at the truck to no effect.

KWAN

What do we do now?

HAMILTON

I think we get out.

KUMAR

Better not Boss!

He opens the door.

46

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

46

The YOUTHS who pour off the blocked truck are a different proposition to the others. For a start, they are frustrated at being blocked and make this clear in sign language. Secondly, they are hard core members of the Pemuda Rakjat. YOUNG P.K.I. THUGS.

HAMILTON tries to reason with them, indicating that their car is blocked by the crush of people, but their LEADER, a youth in sunglasses, brushes him aside and orders his men to confiscate KWAN'S camera which is now taking shots of SIX YEAR OLD BOYS throwing rocks. One of the YOUNG THUGS grabs KWAN roughly.

46 CONT'D

46

HAMILTON dives at the YOUTHS attacking KWAN, scatters one or two and pushes KWAN hastily back into the car, yelling at HORTONO to get moving. One of the youths armed with a wicked looking bush knife takes a lunge at HAMILTON as he dives into the car.

HAMILTON slams the door and HORTONO roars off forging a path through the CROWD who are forced to scatter. Fists, knives and stones thunder on the car body as it moves away.

47 INT. CAR - DAY

47

HAMILTON sighs with relief as the immediate danger is passed. He looks at KWAN and sees him staring at something with a look of alarm on his face. HAMILTON looks down at his leg and realises that the knife has sliced into his calf. He is bleeding profusely.

48 INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

48

KWAN'S bungalow is contrastingly calm. HAMILTON sprawls in a rattan chair, his wounded left leg propped up on a pile of newspapers. BILLY kneels at his feet dressing the wound. HAMILTON stares at several photographs of JILL BRYANT on the wall. KWAN takes his eyeline.

KWAN

What do you think of her?

HAMILTON

Hmm?

KWAN

Jill.

HAMILTON

Not my type.

KWAN

Why's that?

45 CONT'D

48

HAMILTON

Just her manner. The English can be so bloody superior, like the Colonel and his "gin tonic without ice".

KWAN

Jill's not like that.

HAMILTON

Who's that with her in the photo?

KWAN looks.

KWAN

Phillippe - a French journalist. He was working here for a while.

HAMILTON

Were they .... ?

KWAN

Yes they were. Then he got transferred. It's difficult for a woman like Jill here.

HAMILTON

Why? Women are in such short supply they'll get more attention here than they'll ever get.

KWAN

It's the sort of attention Jill hates. Every man she meets wants to get her into bed in the first five minutes.

HAMILTON

And it's your job to keep 'em at bay.

BILLY is hurt.

HAMILTON

Sorry.

48 CONT'D

48

KWAN

(Simply)  
I asked her to marry me, but she turned me down.

HAMILTON averts his gaze.

HAMILTON

What about the Colonel?

KWAN

He wants to marry her too.

HAMILTON

She wouldn't have him would she?  
He's too old.

KWAN

(Shrugs)  
Jill seems very fond of him. Got to watch this sort of thing in the tropics. I'll get you a penicillin tablet in a moment.

KWAN finished the binding. HAMILTON stands up gingerly to test his leg.

HAMILTON

I guess I'll survive.

KWAN scurries off into the adjoining room.

KWAN (O/S)

I'll get the tablet.

HAMILTON'S attention has been caught by a large filing cabinet to one side of the room. He hesitates for a moment before deciding to take a closer look. He glances at the filing cabinet whose top drawer is part open revealing an ordered set of files. Suddenly HAMILTON stiffens and his eyes become alert. He moves closer and we see from his P.O.V. that the label on the first file is: BRYANT, JILL - CODING DEPT., BRITISH EMBASSY. HAMILTON pulls the cabinet drawer open a little further to reveal the second label: DOSSIER H10, HAMILTON, GUY. JOURNALIST, A.B.S.

KWAN appears from the kitchen carrying a bottle of pills and a glass of water. The two men stare each other down. HAMILTON'S patience suddenly snaps.

48 CONT'D

48

HAMILTON

Who are you working for, Billy?

KWAN turns, his face a blank mask.

KWAN

For you.

HAMILTON

The communists, the C.I.A.?

KWAN

Come off it.

HAMILTON

(Intent)

Why do you keep a file on me?

KWAN

I keep files on just about everything.

HAMILTON

Why?

KWAN

That's my business old man.

HAMILTON

Why do you keep a gun here?

KWAN

Belongs to a friend of mine.

HAMILTON

Look, if you're an operative for anyone ....

KWAN

(Cutting in)  
I'm not.

HAMILTON

How do I know that?

48 CONT'D

48

KWAN

You're just going to have to trust me.

There is a pause.

We make a good team you know. We even look alike.

HAMILTON looks startled.

It's true. It's been noticed. We've got the same coloured eyes.

49 EXT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

49

The dull glow of a lamp from inside the bungalow.

50 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

50

KWAN finishes an entry in a dossier and after placing the folder in his filing cabinet he carefully locks it, returning the key to its hiding place. He then hurriedly changes his lurid Hawaiian shirt for a plain black one, such as is worn by the peasants of Indonesia. Grabbing a small bag he crosses to the kitchen area and half fills the bag with plain white rice taken from a large jar.

51 EXT. BRIDGE OVER A CANAL - NIGHT

51

KWAN clambers over the stonework to one side of the bridge and descends by a rickety ladder to the quay below.

52 EXT. KAMPONG, CANAL SIDE - NIGHT

52

KWAN walks through a shanty town of thatch and cardboard built beside the canal. Indonesian pop music drifts and mingles with the laughter of hidden women. A group of men play cards, laughing. KWAN in his disguise passes unnoticed among them.



53

INT. IBU'S HUT - NIGHT

53

IBU, a graceful and striking Indonesian woman in flowing national dress looks up as KWAN enters her tiny, one-roomed hut. She is rocking a primitive cradle and in the candle light her sculptured Hindu features make her look uncannily like a piece of temple sculpture.

She smiles at KWAN. Recognition rather than fear. He has been here before.

IBU takes the BABY from the cradle and shows it to KWAN. He frowns and speaks to her in Bahasa in a tone of concern, taking a wad of rupiahs from his pocket and giving them to her. She thanks him in Bahasa and tucks them away.

He points to the BABY and to IBU'S YOUNG DAUGHTER on the bed and indicates that the money should be spent on them, talking in reasonably fluent Bahasa. She thanks him, puts the BABY back in the cradle and continues rocking it.

KWAN gives her the rice from his small bag. Then he takes a still camera from the bag and takes several shots of mother and child.

54

INT. WAYANG BAR - DAY

54

A champagne bottle passes over a row of empty champagne glasses filling each of them in turn. WIDEN to show that the pourer is WALLY. CONDON, CURTIS, COOK & HAMILTON watch his efforts, lament the inevitable spillage and, finally, on a signal from WALLY, pick up their glasses.

COOK

Now come on Wally, what's this all about?

CURTIS

(Drinking)  
Who cares -- just keep pouring.

WALLY

Gentlemen! I have secured myself a portion of Indonesia.

CURTIS

So have I. She's waiting up in my room.

## WALLY

A beachhead of tranquility, a private domain -- a haven. I have taken a bungalow.

There is stunned silence.

(Scenes 55, 56 and 57 deleted)

58 EXT. JAKARTA STREET - DAY

58

Three betjaks race down a suburban street in New Jakarta, dodging among the traffic. The betjak men, grinning, are running alongside their machines which are pedalled by two of the Wayang Club journalists. CONDON'S passenger is HAMILTON, CURTIS has WALLY, and ~~PETE CURTIS has an attractive Westernised Javanese GIRL in his.~~

We see the strain on CURTIS' face as he sweats under the load of his enormous passenger. Startled pedestrians stare at the curious sight, while several CHILDREN give chase.

CLOSE on half a dozen YOUNG SOLDIERS, who stare at the charade with distaste.

CONDON draws alongside the betjak carrying WALLY.

## WALLY

Magnificent. Where else could one live but this, Hmmm?

## CURTIS

You're as crazy as Billy Kwan.

59 INT. MAIN ROOM, WALLY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

59

WALLY'S housewarming in full swing. 1960's pop music loudly playing. A large main room crowded with 30 or 40 guests -- journalists and embassy staff. Mainly European, the men severely outnumbering the women.

COLONEL HENDERSON and JILL BRYANT are here. A commotion occurs at the door. BILLY KWAN is carried in on the shoulders of PETE CURTIS and KEVIN CONDON. Applause. They set him down. He is wearing a Sukarno cap.

KWAN

I'll say one thing for you, Anglo-Saxons are better in the tropics!

Cheering, delighted laughter. The Wayang Club take this up and begin singing it:

"Anglo-Saxons are better in the tropics!"

KWAN

(Tilting his Sukarno cap)  
Who do I look like?

WALLY

An Australian-Chinese in a pitji cap.

Laughter. The party rolls on. HAMILTON stands by the bookshelves talking idly to CONDON but he's not really interested. His eyes move across the room towards JILL who is dancing with CURTIS. WALLY drinks beer from a vase from which he has removed the flowers; standing next to him an effeminately handsome Indonesian boy, HADJI. The party rolls on.

60 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

60

WALLY stands in his study with HADJI. He pours HADJI a drink and they silently toast one another. WALLY strokes HADJI'S cheek affectionately. KWAN bursts in the door carrying his present. He stops dead as he sees what's happening. WALLY stands stock still. KWAN places his gift on a small table.

KWAN

My housewarming gift.

He turns to leave.

WALLY

Don't go Billy.

WALLY motions to HADJI to leave. He does so, closing the door behind him.

60 CONT'D

60

WALLY

Say something Billy. Get it off  
your chest.

KWAN

I wondered why you moved out of the  
hotel.

WALLY

I was being watched, in the bar. Ali  
was keeping a file, and there's  
nothing they'd like better than to get  
me out on a morals charge. They don't  
like the stories I write (pause). Billy,  
we've known each other since Sydney  
University days, and we've never really  
seen eye to eye on anything -- but don't  
be too quick to judge me over this.

KWAN

What you do in private is your own  
business Wally.

WALLY

I've come to love this bloody country  
you know. I can be myself here.

KWAN

You love this country? That's a  
turnabout. Night after night I sit in  
the Wayang and listen to you ripping the  
place to shreds, and ....

WALLY

We all play out our little charades,  
Humm? It's expected of me.

KWAN

And now because of some perverse  
infatuation you suddenly change your tune.

60 CONT'D

60

WALLY

It's not perverse Billy. The Javanese have everything -- intelligence, subtlety, sense of humour. The truth is I never want to leave. I belong here now.

WALLY sits behind his giant teak desk, staring straight ahead, the trace of a tear forming in his eyes.

61 INT. MAIN ROOM, WALLY'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

61

COLONEL HENDERSON stands near HAMILTON. JILL stands with a group but watches the COLONEL and HAMILTON. She's a distance away.

COLONEL

I've been noting your stuff.  
Interesting.

JILL moves towards them, KWAN appears from WALLY'S study and crosses to them.

HAMILTON

Interesting?

COLONEL

Yes. You're still young enough  
and brave enough to speculate.

HAMILTON

(Tense)  
The Lombok Famine wasn't exactly  
speculation.

KWAN

How did you like what we did with  
that one, Jilly?

JILL

I found it a little ... (searches for  
the word) melodramatic.

KWAN

Starvation is a little bit dramatic.

61 CONT'D

61

JILL

It's only my opinion. My flatmate  
was moved to tears, so there you are?

HAMILTON

What does it take to move you to tears?

The COLONEL notes the tension in HAMILTON'S voice.

COLONEL

That's it I'm afraid. Fifteen minutes  
to curfew.

Groans all round. Watches are checked and everyone  
makes general preparations to leave.

62

INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

62

CLOSE on the Wayang puppets on KWAN'S wall; Arjuna,  
the hero, Srikandi, the princess, and between them,  
Sennah the dwarf. BILLY KWAN reaches up and takes  
down Arjuna and Srikandi, holding one in each hand.

63

INT. A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY

63

HAMILTON sits at his typewriter wrestling with some  
intractable copy that refuses to come out of the  
typewriter correctly. Sheets of typing paper are  
ripped out, screwed into balls and aimed at a distant  
waste paper basket. KUMAR politely places the basket  
closer. HAMILTON tosses the next page at the old  
position and notices that the basket has changed  
position.

HAMILTON

Put it back.

KUMAR

But Boss . . . .

HAMILTON

I like the challenge.

KUMAR shrugs and does what he's told. He looks across at TIGER LILY who grins. The fan beats the hot heavy air sluggishly around the room.

There's a knock at the door.

HAMILTON

Come in.

The door opens and JILL BRYANT comes in. She has on a wide-brimmed hat and a cornflower blue dress. She stands in the doorway, a little uneasy.

JILL

Hello. Is Billy here?

HAMILTON

No, he hasn't been in all day.

JILL

We were going for lunch.

HAMILTON

Perhaps he's on his way.

JILL

Not unless he's later than I am. Sorry, I must have got something mixed up.

HAMILTON

Like a coffee or something?

JILL

No, please. I've interrupted you.

HAMILTON

Glad you did. (He indicates the screwed up paper). This is one of my high wastage days.

JILL

(Retreating)  
If Billy does come, tell him I've gone back to the Embassy.

HAMILTON

Got a car?

JILL

I'll take a cab.

HAMILTON

I'll give you a lift.

JILL

No, please. I'll take a cab.

JILL goes out the door. HAMILTON hesitates a second then goes across to the door.

HAMILTON

(Calling after her)  
Why don't we drive over to Billy's place and wait for him there. I've got to get hold of him myself.

(A pause)

JILL

(V/O)  
O.K.

HAMILTON

I'll just grab my coat.

HAMILTON abandons his urbane pose and dashes back into the office to collect his coat and keys. KUMAR looks knowingly across at TIGER LILY. Suddenly he remembers something.

KUMAR

Boss! Have you forgotten? The circuit to Sydney.

HAMILTON

(Hitting his forehead)  
Right. The Subandrio piece. What time was it booked for?

KUMAR

Two o'clock.



63 CONT'D

63

HAMILTON

It's not important. Cancel it.

KUMAR

What about Priok? You have to be there by three.

HAMILTON

I thought it was four.

KUMAR

(Shakes his head)  
Three, Boss.

HAMILTON

(Irritated)  
O.K. I'll make it. And don't call me Boss!

KUMAR takes HAMILTON'S packet of cigarettes and throws them to him as he goes out the door.

64

INT. THE CAR, JAKARTA STREET - DAY

64

There is an awkward silence between them.

JILL

Sorry if I offended you about your famine story last night.

HAMILTON

Why was it so "melodramatic"?

JILL

I did offend you, didn't I?

HAMILTON

It was a good piece.

JILL

I just thought there was one reference too many to children with gaunt rib cages and dull listless eyes. The rest of it was fine.

64 CONT'D

64

HAMILTON

I was there. I saw the rib cages and the eyes.

JILL

Perhpas you only needed to mention them once.

There is an awkward silence. HAMILTON reaches down to turn on the radio. He accidentally bumps her knee.

HAMILTON

Sorry.

The radio blares on. It's far too loud and the tune is a hideous westernised Indonesian pop song, sung in English. It is "Blue Birds Over the White Cliffs of Dover". JILL can't stop herself from grinning. She glances across at HAMILTON who frowns determinedly but can't stop himself breaking into a grin.

65

EXT./INT. BILLY KWAN'S BUNGALOW AND GARDEN - DAY

65

They open the gate to BILLY'S garden.

JILL

Ralph's quite impressed with you.

HAMILTON

How kind of him.

JILL

Don't be so touchy.

HAMILTON

It sounded patronising.

JILL

It wasn't meant that way.

HAMILTON

I couldn't care less what Ralph thinks.

JILL

Then why did you let him win that race?

HAMILTON

(Shrugs)  
It seemed important to him.

JILL

Are you always that generous?

HAMILTON

I didn't have anything to prove.

JILL

Really?

HAMILTON

He reminded me a little bit of my  
father. What I can remember of him.

JILL

He was killed in the war.

HAMILTON

How did you know that?

JILL

Billy told me.

66 INT. MAIN ROOM, BILLY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

66

JILL opens the door and calls "Billy". There is no response.

JILL and HAMILTON walk in and immediately see photos of themselves placed side by side on the wall. They're embarrassed. HAMILTON moves away.

JILL sees HAMILTON looking at the picture of her with Phillippe, the French journalist.

HAMILTON

Journalist?

JILL.

One of the very best. He's in  
Saigon now.

66 CONT'D

HAMILTON

66

(Smiles)  
Leave any scars?

JILL

No.

HAMILTON looks uncomfortable. He glances at his watch, gets up suddenly and moves to the door.

HAMILTON

Look, I've got a couple of interviews to do at Priok. Want to come? You could keep an eye on the melodrama.

67

EXT. BAR - DAY

67

They sit outside at a small, nondescript bar overlooking the harbour. It is a location quite without charm in any ordinary sense. The water bustles with craft and there is a texture of sound from them and the underlying pulse of the water. Near at hand two Indonesians play dominoes inside the bar, making a sharp rat-tatting on the table. On the horizon large ominous black clouds are banking up and there is the occasional distant rumble of thunder, like gunfire. HAMILTON and JILL are just a little drunk, soft edged in the palpable heat.

JILL

Billy? An agent? Are you joking?

HAMILTON

How come he can get me an interview with the top communist in Indonesia?

JILL

You don't know him very well, do you?

HAMILTON

How did he do it then?

JILL

Sheer bluff. He breezes into every embassy reception whether he's invited or not and nobody can ever pluck up the courage to throw him out.

HAMILTON

What about his files? He's got a file on you, a file on me....

JILL

He's also got a file on Urban Redevelopment. He just likes files.

HAMILTON

I like the little bloke but sometimes I think he's crazy.

JILL

He is a bit. So what? He's still one of the most interesting people I've ever met.

HAMILTON

As interesting as Phillippe?

JILL

Didn't you have an interview?

HAMILTON

(Shrugs)  
What exactly do you do at the Embassy?

JILL

I work with Ralph.

HAMILTON

Are you a spook or something?

JILL

No.

67 CONT'D

67

HAMILTON

You are aren't you?

JILL

If I was I'd scarcely tell you,  
would I?

Large spots of rain fall at their table. The MAN from the bar comes out at that moment with two more drinks. He sets them down without a word. They look at each other.

JILL

Did you order?

HAMILTON

(Shrugs)  
I must have ....

And they laugh on as the rain begins to thicken.

.... Better get in the car.

JILL

What about these?

She points to the drinks.

HAMILTON

Take them with us!

By the time they have reached the car the rain is bouncing off the roof.

68

INT. CAR - DAY

68

Rain is literally falling in bucketsful -- an opaque sheet, blotting out visibility and drumming stridently on the metal.

The door opens and they dive in, both drenched. They look at each other and laugh but their intense proximity snuffs out the mirth as if there was insufficient oxygen for it to burn.

They look at each other. For a long moment there is the electric sense that they might kiss. HAMILTON, not being able to think of anything better to do, raises the glass in a toast. He leans across towards her. JILL nervously forestalls any kiss by raising her glass in a toast.

As quickly as it came, the rain squall eases, visibility returns, and the moment passes.

EXT. STREET OF EMBASSY RESIDENCES - DUSK

The rain has stopped and the last rays of the sun glisten on the roadway. HAMILTON'S car splashes up to the kerb under the watchful gaze of armed soldiers patrolling the street.

INT. CAR - DUSK

HAMILTON switches off the engine. He looks at JILL. Each holds the others' gaze. The silence broken only by the chirping of crickets. They both look away almost at the same moment.

JILL

Look, I ....

HAMILTON

(Speaking simultaneously)  
How long before you go?

JILL

Two weeks.

A silence.

HAMILTON

Dinner tonight?

JILL

(Shaking head)  
Sorry, I can't.

HAMILTON

Tomorrow.

JILL

I'm tied up all week.

HAMILTON looks at her keenly. She becomes uneasy.

JILL

What would be the point of complicating things now?

HAMILTON

I'd like to see you.

JILL

Guy, I want to get on that plane to London without attachments or regrets.

She opens the door, gets out and leans back through the window.

Thank you and goodbye for the second time.

HAMILTON, disappointed, nods.

And the Lombok piece was melodramatic.

She hurries away towards the iron gates of the Ambassador's residence and doesn't look back.

(Scene 71 deleted)

INT. DARK ROOM, KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

BILLY at work, printing up a number of photographs. CLOSE on the developing tray as we see a shot coming to life. It is a long lens photograph of JILL and HAMILTON at Priok. There are others in the tray beneath it.



73 INT. HAMILTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

73

CLOSE on a tape recorder, the spools turning slowly.

HAMILTON

(V/O)

"Identification - Guy Hamilton, Jakarta.  
Lead-in for story: widespread famine  
on the island of Lombok. Piece begins  
in five seconds. End of identification."

A hand spools the tape fast forward. WIDER to see HAMILTON searching for the section of his report JILL called "melodramatic". He finds it and listens for a while, before moving to the telephone.

74 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

74

JILL'S flatmate MOIRA sits at a desk writing an aerogramme by the light of a lamp. The phone rings.

MOIRA

Hello?

HAMILTON

(Voice only)  
Could I speak to Jill Bryant please.

MOIRA

I'm sorry, she's out this evening.  
Any message?

HAMILTON

(Voice only)  
(Pause) I'll call tomorrow.

MOIRA replaces the receiver, then turns around. Cut to JILL sitting on the bed. Their eyes meet.

MOIRA

Sure?

JILL nods "yes".

BILLY is playing a special piece of music on a portable tape machine. HAMILTON sprawled on a divan smoking.

KWAN

(Shouting over the music)  
Now! Listen to this part, Guy!  
Da, Da, Da, De.

HAMILTON watches BILLY conducting the orchestra but his eyes wander over the various shots of JILL on the wall. There seems to be a number of new ones on display.

BILLY is dining with JILL. She too looks preoccupied. BILLY studies her face lit by the light of the table lamp.

KWAN

Ten days to go?

JILL

Yes, ten days.

KWAN

No regrets?

JILL

(Smiling)  
No.

KWAN looks at her closely. He doesn't believe her.

KUMAR brings a pile of cuttings to HAMILTON who is working at his desk. HAMILTON barely glances at them. KUMAR raises his eyebrows at TIGER LILY who is typing. Something is obviously on the Boss' mind. HAMILTON looks up at KWAN who stands on the balcony looking out over the city. KWAN turns and crosses to HAMILTON'S desk. He idly picks up a printed card from the desk and examines it.

CLOSE on the card.

Under the British coat of arms is a printed invitation to a formal cocktail party at the British summer residence at Bogor.

KWAN

I won't be using my place for a few days so if you feel like getting out of the hotel, here's the key.

(Indicates card)  
Are you going?

HAMILTON

To that? You're joking.

KWAN

Jill'll be there.

78

INT. HAMILTON'S ROOM, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

78

HAMILTON sends clothes flying as he searches in his cupboard for a dinner jacket. He drags out a badly crushed coat and tries it on. It looks terrible, but it'll have to do. He puts a bow tie on. It refuses to lie horizontal. He does a quick brush and check in the mirror, is not pleased with what he sees but hasn't the time to do much about it. He grabs his keys and cigarettes and hurries for the door.

79

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, BRITISH RESIDENCE, BOGOR - NIGHT

79

COLONEL HENDERSON in full uniform, marches into the crowded reception room blasting away on his bagpipes. He precedes an Indonesian servant carrying a tray heaped with Sydney rock oysters. The formally dressed guests greet the sight with oohs and aahs and scattered applause.

MAYNARD

(Shouting)  
Music from Henderson. Oysters  
from Qantas!

A servant opens the door to HAMILTON. A British Aide advances on him, a rather disapproving look on his face. HAMILTON offers him a rather crushed looking invitation.

Several people attempt to dance to the jig played by the COLONEL, when an AIDE suddenly claps his hands for attention. The COLONEL wheezes to a halt.

AIDE NO. 2

Ladies and Gentlemen. Thank you.  
Could I remind those of you driving  
back to Jakarta that curfew time  
approaches.

He indicates his watch to the groans of several guests. BILL turns and freezes as she sees HAMILTON across the room. The COLONEL who has not noticed HAMILTON'S arrival strikes up again and the dancing resumes. JILL and HAMILTON remain motionless, while, between them, the dancers swirl about the floor. JILL crosses toward the doors leading onto a dimly lit courtyard. HAMILTON watches then follows.

They move out of the circle of light thrown by the reception room. In the background the skirl of pipes makes an odd contrast with the setting. They stare at each other.

HAMILTON

Let's get out of here.

JILL

I can't. I'm a weekend guest.

HAMILTON

So?

JILL

I'm a weekend guest

HAMILTON

So what?

JILL

Guy, if I left this party with you  
everyone in Jakarta would know by  
Monday.

HAMILTON

Who cares.

JILL

Guy, I'm leaving in less than a week!

COLONEL

(V/O)  
Jill!

The COLONEL can be seen inside the reception room moving amongst the remaining guests. JILL stares at HAMILTON then turns and walks back towards the house. HAMILTON turns on his heel and stalks off. She turns in time to see him disappearing around the side of the house.

83 EXT. BOGOR RESIDENCE - NIGHT

83

HAMILTON heads for his car. His whole figure radiates frustration. He gets to the car, unlocks it, gets in and slams the door.

84 INT. CAR - NIGHT

84

He puts the key in the ignition, turns it. The car coughs unresponsively.

HAMILTON

(Rage and disbelief)  
Christ!

He tries again. Same result.

Start you bastard!

Cowed, it does. He races the engine, the sound filling up, mimicking his mood. He is just about to drive off when he sees JILL materialise, blurry and soft edged at his window. She gets in. Looks at him. It's quite clear she's afraid of what she's about to do. In the half light she looks tremulous, half her age.

JILL

Not the Hotel Indonesia. All right?

85 EXT. BOGOR RESIDENCE - NIGHT

85

The COLONEL emerges and hurries towards the car.

COLONEL

What the hell do you think you're doing! Jill! It's seven minutes to curfew!

HAMILTON guns the car, which speeds towards the gates in a great clamour of exhaust.

86 INT. CAR - NIGHT

86

They rocket down the Bogor Road. JILL over beside HAMILTON, touching him all over, kissing him on the neck. He grins insanely and hurtles the big car on. The radio jangles on some distant station and the night wind blows JILL'S hair, filling the car with its rush. Ahead we see the white spots of the road block. HAMILTON glances at his watch. He looks at JILL.

HAMILTON

Get down!

JILL slides down in the seat as he guns the car and the roadblock comes surging to meet them. A row of oil drums stretches across the road. SOLDIERS run out waving them down. HAMILTON starts blaring the horn. JILL watches the white obstacles come speeding nearer. HAMILTON glances at her. She is calm, almost smiling.

The SOLDIERS leap away, the oil drums go scattering and they are through. JILL doesn't move. HAMILTON glances at her again, impressed by her steel. She begins to laugh and HAMILTON picks it up, the laughter crazy, intoxicating.

87 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

87

Behind the soldiers are firing wildly at the car which weaves slightly as it passes on into the night.

- 88      INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT      88  
HAMILTON and JILL make love with the intensity and passion of their ride.
- 89      EXT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT      89  
KWAN, on his green scooter, comes riding down the deserted street towards his house. He sees the Ford parked outside, slows down and stops to look at it. He notes the long rent of a bullet hole in the trunk, sits a moment, face enigmatic in the shadows, then drives off up the street.
- 90      EXT. IBU'S KAMPONG - NIGHT      90  
KWAN walking through the shanty town of packing cases and cardboard.
- 91      INT. IBU'S HUT - NIGHT      91  
IBU nursing her sick child. KWAN sits on the ground in a corner of the hut.
- 92      INT. WAYANG BAR - MORNING      92  
WALLY, CURTIS, CONDON sits up at the bar. HAMILTON enters and moves towards them. They exchange sly grins, whistle inappropriate tunes, nudge each other, like schoolboys enjoying an imminent practical joke.
- HAMILTON
- What's the big joke?
- CURTIS
- You're looking a bit pale.
- CONDON
- Good luck to you. They're only jealous.
- CURTIS
- Yeah, they say she's a very good lay.

92 CONT'D

92

HAMILTON looks at CURTIS, shoots the palm of his hand up at his chin, heaves and CURTIS goes sprawling. HAMILTON storms out.

WALLY

Oh dear, I think the boy's in love.

93

INT. CORRIDOR, TEMPORARY BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

93

JILL arrives at work and walks the long corridor to her office. She encounters several staff members who either avoid her steady gaze or greet her with exaggerated good humour.

94

INT. JILL'S OFFICE - DAY

94

MOIRA enters the office, smiles in a knowing way at JILL. JILL sighs with relief at the sight of her friend.

JILL

I must be mad.

95

INT. COLONEL HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

95

THE COLONEL stands looking out of his office window to the cool green of the residency garden. JILL watches him.

JILL

I'm sorry.

COLONEL

About what?

JILL

If I've embarrassed you.

COLONEL

Are you in love with him?



95 CONT'D

95

JILL

I'm not sure what I feel, but I'd like to stay.

COLONEL

I'm sorry, it's impossible.

JILL

I'll resign.

COLONEL

I think you'd better read this.

He hands her a document. JILL peruses it, looks at him, then hands it back.

JILL

Can you trust the source?

COLONEL

What do you think?

JILL nods.

COLONEL

Personal issues are irrelevant now Jill. It's a matter of getting as many of my staff out as I can before the killing starts. And there's no question that you'll be on the first plane.

JILL

Just how imminent is it Ralph?

COLONEL

It could be a matter of days, and when it happens we'll only get twenty four hours warning. I'll start planning the evacuation immediately but in the meantime we'll proceed as if everything's normal.

JILL

How bad is it going to be?

COLONEL

It's a fair bet most of us are on the P.K.I. death list.

JILL

Can anyone outside the Embassy be warned?

COLONEL

I'm afraid not. If any of this gets out there'll be wholesale panic and I'll have no hope of getting everyone out (pause). I know what you must be feeling, but I don't think they'll touch the press.

96 EXT. CANAL SIDE, NEAR A.B.S. OFFICE, JAKARTA - DAY 96

Light rain falls as JILL walks past a squatter settlement beside a canal. For her, the routine street life has taken on an ominous almost surreal quality, a man chops up coconuts with a large cane knife; a woman spits blood red beetle nut on the pavement in front of her; children laughing, their voices echoing; soldiers, AK47 rifles on their shoulders, eat brightly coloured ice blocks. JILL walks on oblivious to the rain which has soaked her hair and runs in rivulets down her face.

97 INT. STAIRWAY/LANDING A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY 97

JILL climbs slowly to the A.B.S. Office. She slumps against the wall beside the closed office door.

98 INT. A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY 98

HAMILTON looks up, uncertain if he has heard a faint knocking on the door. KUMAR has heard the sound and moves to open the door. JILL doesn't enter but stands staring at HAMILTON.

99 EXT. LANDING. A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY

HAMILTON, puzzled, joins JILL on the landing. She moves from the doorway before suddenly embracing him.

99A INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

99A

Heavy, soaking rain beats down on KWAN'S bungalow and garden. HAMILTON sits at KWAN'S desk. He wears a bath towel around his waist as he sits bashing at the typewriter, his eyes screwed up against the smoke from his cigarettes. JILL sits back in bed watching him. HAMILTON turns.

HAMILTON

Did I wake you?

She doesn't answer.

HAMILTON

Every time we make love I get a great idea for a story.

She picks up a cigarette from a packet beside the bed, searches around for a match. HAMILTON notices this and calls out from typewriter.

HAMILTON

In my jacket.

JILL reaches for his jacket which lies with the rest of his crumpled clothes on the floor. She feels in the pocket and finds a piece of bright red notepaper (the same piece of paper KWAN gave to HAMILTON on the first night they met). She glances at it.

JILL

Where did you get this?

HAMILTON turns to look.

HAMILTON

It's a poem Billy gave to me.

She looks at him for a moment then begins to read aloud.

JILL

"Suddenly I remembered the early levees  
at Court  
When you and I galloped to the Purple Yard.  
As we walked our horses up Dragon Tail Street  
We turned and gazed at the green of the  
Southern Hills.  
Since we parted, both of us have been growing  
old;  
And our minds have been vexed with many  
anxious cares;  
Yet even now I fancy that my ears are full  
Of the sound of jade tinkling on your bridle  
straps."

She finishes reading. During this HAMILTON has turned away, listening. JILL lights her cigarette. Inhales.

JILL

Guy, I want you and Billy to get out  
of Indonesia as quickly as you can.

HAMILTON

Why? What've you heard?

JILL

I can't tell you, but please go. The  
Embassy's being evacuated almost  
immediately.

HAMILTON

It's on, isn't it?

JILL

A ship left Shanghai a few days ago ...

HAMILTON

Arms for the P.K.I.? Right?

JILL nods.

HAMILTON

They'll probably ship them into a small port somewhere as tennis rackets or toilet seats under a false bill of lading -- something like that.

JILL

Forget the story, Guy. Just get out.

HAMILTON

They won't touch the press.

JILL

You'll be the first to go.

HAMILTON

I can't run away from something like this.

JILL

I told you this to save your life, Guy -- you can't use it.

HAMILTON

I won't source it back to you.

JILL

If you break it there'll be wholesale panic.

HAMILTON

They've got a right to know.

JILL

Water from the moon.

HAMILTON

Meaning?

JILL

(Shrugs)  
An old Javanese saying.

HAMILTON walks into his office looking irritated and exhausted. He turns on the light. BILLY KWAN emerges out of the shadows.

HAMILTON

Billy. What are you doing here at this hour?

KWAN

Waiting for you.

HAMILTON

There should be some more work for you soon, but at the moment I'm just out tracking down some information.

KWAN

About an arms shipment?

HAMILTON

How did you know?

KWAN

Jill's a close friend of mine too.

HAMILTON

(Nods)

I'm getting nowhere on it.

KWAN

You shouldn't even be out there looking.

HAMILTON

Why?

KWAN

Because Jill told you in confidence, the same as she told me. If you break the story they'll know it came from her.

100 CONT'D

100

HAMILTON

I'm not running the story unless I get evidence of my own.

KWAN

That might salve your conscience mate, but everyone'll know where the story came from and you know it.

HAMILTON

It's too big a story to just let lie, Billy. I won't run it until I get independent confirmation. If that's not good enough for you I'm sorry. It's the best I can do.

KWAN

If the communists get the faintest inkling of what you're after then they'll kill you without a second thought.

HAMILTON

When the shipment lands the whole country blows up Billy. If I don't follow something like this up I might as well go and grow watermelons.

101 INT. HAMILTON'S ROOM, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

101

HAMILTON is on the telephone.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(V/O)

Hullo. So sorry. Due to technical problem we are unable to make a connection to the British Residence at this time. You try again later. O.K.?

101 CONT'D

101

HAMILTON

O.K.

He hangs up and pours himself a scotch. Suddenly there is a loud thumping on his wall, accompanied by a muffled shout. He bangs back on the wall, then moves to the door and opens it.

102

INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL - NIGHT

102

The door to the next room opens and an elated CURTIS comes out with a telegram in his hand. He dances up to HAMILTON.

CURTIS

(Singing)

"Be bop a Lulu, she's my baby,  
Be bop a Lulu and I don't mean maybe."

(Speaks)

Saigon! I got the bitch! I got it!  
Oh baby!

103

INT. BAR, JAKARTA - NIGHT

103

A low dive. CURTIS and HAMILTON are putting away scotches. CURTIS raises his hand unsteadily, and toasts HAMILTON.

CURTIS

No hard feelings Guy? I know it's hard for you to squash those pangs of envy when you're in the presence of talent like mine, but look at it this way -- if there weren't peaks like me in the profession you guys would have nothing to aspire to.

HAMILTON

I'm glad you're going to Saigon shichead -

CURTIS

Thank you. You may think your good wishes mean nothing to a man of my eminence, but on the contrary -



HAMILTON

I'm glad you're going to Saigon -

CURTIS

Thank you, but you have said that already -

HAMILTON

Because you are about to miss out on the story of your life.

CURTIS

Like what?

HAMILTON .

Wait and see.

CURTIS

You terrify me. Just as I'm about to file on China entering the war, young HAMILTON will wipe me out with an update on Sukarno's kidneys.

He laughs uproariously.

CURTIS

The one thing I hate about myself is that I'm a bad winner. I am not great at humility. Agreed?

He sticks out his chin and shapes up in an exaggerated fashion.

CURTIS

I am a bad bastard Hamilton. No two ways about it, I am a bad bastard.

HAMILTON chuckles and pushes his fists away.

HAMILTON

You are about to miss out on the story of your life.

HAMILTON chuckles gleefully. CURTIS frowns.

HAMILTON drives. CURTIS rolls a joint.

CURTIS

When we get there baby, remember one thing. Roll up the windows and roll 'em fast or those hookers come right inside.

CURTIS emits a whoop of glee.

The good thing about this inflation is that you can get 'em all night for twelve American cents.

They reach the Kebayoran cemetary area. A single lamp illuminates a wall overhung with frangipani. A GROUP OF WOMEN wearing Western garb. Cheap cotton frocks or tight black skirts and blouses. An army truck is parked nearby. The SOLDIERS lounge around idly with sub-machine guns taking no interest in the GIRLS or the Europeans.

CURTIS

(Gleefully)  
Stop her here!

As the car slows to a halt, the WOMEN begin to run, with shrill cries, directly towards them.

CURTIS

Your window. Get it shut.

HAMILTON winds his window up hastily.

The trick is to get the door open for a second, point to the one you want, get her inside, and shut the door fast.

By now the WOMEN are swarming over every inch of the car, obscuring the windscreen and all the side windows. Their shrill imploring cries can be heard through the glass, and their hands move across it with spidery eagerness. Some throw up their dresses, others contort their faces into grotesque parodies of sensual enticement.

CURTIS is giggling hysterically.

CURTIS

Go ahead Dollink! Pick one.  
There's mine there.

104 CONT'D

104

He points to a VOLUPTUOUS YOUNG GIRL, leans across HAMILTON to open the door and inadvertently sounds the horn. HAMILTON, in an almost reflex action, pushes him back in the seat, lets his foot slowly off the clutch and as soon as he's clear of the WOMEN, picks up speed.

CURTIS

What the hell are you doing?  
Let me out! I'll go after pussy  
on foot if I have to.

CURTIS cools down. HAMILTON is shaky. The scene is trembling on the edge of hallucination. CURTIS sees it in his face. HAMILTON stops the car. The girls see this and begin running toward them.

CURTIS

(continuing)  
.... You alright?

HAMILTON

Yeah.

And they shake hands, suddenly solemn and then CURTIS leaves him. HAMILTON watches him into the shadows to be engulfed suddenly by dozens of whores.

105

EXT. CARPARK. HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

105

HAMILTON walks from the carpark through the beggars chorus as he did on the first night in Jakarta. Now they stare at him with almost open contempt. They are closer to the rim of light than on the first night and one deformed creature is right up near the entrance. He scuttles away as HAMILTON approaches. There is no sign of the usual doorman. The only sounds are the distant throbbing of a gamelan orchestra and the unnaturally loud click of HAMILTON'S shoes on the roadway.

106 INT. WAREHOUSE, PORT BUILDING, PRIOK - DAY

106

An INDONESIAN NAVAL OFFICER sits behind a littered desk. Khaki uniform, tarnished gold braid, cap with broken peak and an impassive unreadable face. He smokes a kretak cigarette and exhibits a deceptively genial manner.

HAMILTON

A shipment that size can't arrive without someone knowing.

OFFICER

Perhaps there is no such shipment.

HAMILTON reaches into a bag, takes out a bundle of rupiahs.

OFFICER

You come back in two days.

HAMILTON turns.

OFFICER

Mr Hamilton? Be careful who you ask about this matter. I am not P.K.I. but I might have been.

106A EXT. WAREHOUSE, DOCK AREA - DAY

106A

HAMILTON emerges from the warehouse, walks along the dock staring up at a large vessel unloading various crates which are stamped "Traktor"

106B EXT. ALLEY, NEAR DOCK AREA - DAY

106B

KUMAR sits behind the wheel of the A.B.S. car. HAMILTON approaches, gets in the car.

106C INT. CAR - DAY

106C

KUMAR looks distinctly uneasy.

HAMILTON

We'll go up country. Check the northern ports.

106D EXT. SMALL REGIONAL PORT AREA - DAY

106D

HAMILTON coming out of the office of a port official, his "money bags" over his shoulder, KUMAR waiting in the car.

107 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 107

The car weaves its way up into the breathtaking hill country of central Java. Beyond the wet rice paddies and the tea estates rise the green cones of terraced hills, and finally the silk-blue cones of the great volcano chain that is Java's spine.

108 INT. CAR - DAY 108

HAMILTON slumped in the passenger seat sleeping off the effects of his booze and dope session with CURTIS. KUMAR driving, glances across at his "Boss".

109 EXT. VILLA, TUGU - DAY 109

The car turns into a driveway of an old crumbling villa. It's a classic example of Dutch colonial architecture and commands a stunning view of steep sided terraces and has an old garden of flowering trees and roses set into the side of the hill. An old servant hurries from the front door followed by TIGER LILY.

110 INT. CAR - DAY 110

HAMILTON

(Waking up from a snooze)  
Why are we stopping here?

KUMAR

It's too hot Boss. We'll have a rest and a swim.

HAMILTON

We've got too much work to do.

KUMAR

(Quietly authoritative)  
Relax.

HAMILTON

What is this place?

111 EXT. VILLA - DAY

111

KUMAR gets out of the car

KUMAR

A government villa. TIGER LILY has a friend. We stay here sometimes.

They move off towards the house, speaking softly to each other. HAMILTON gets out of the car, unsure for the first time about what he's got himself into.

112 EXT. POOL - DAY

112

The aged SERVANT approaches with a tray of drinks which he places at a table where HAMILTON and KUMAR sit by the pool. HAMILTON wearing an old fashioned swimsuit borrowed for the occasion.

TIGER LILY looks startlingly attractive in a one piece swimsuit as she wanders about on the far side of the pool.

The pool itself, though once luxurious, has long been neglected. KUMAR takes a drink in an elegant glass, examines it and his surroundings.

KUMAR

Have you been to Europe?

HAMILTON

Only as a tourist.

KUMAR

Is this how they live?

HAMILTON

Some.

KUMAR

For us this is "Water from the moon".

HAMILTON reacts to the phrase JILL used the last time they were together.

112 CONT'D

112

HAMILTON

What does that mean?

KUMAR

It means something one cannot ever have.

HAMILTON gives KUMAR a cigarette.

KUMAR

Mr Curtis is leaving.

HAMILTON nods.

KUMAR

Soon you will be the only one left.  
We are no longer of interest to the world.

HAMILTON

I think you'll be of great interest to the world very soon, and I think you know it.

KUMAR

I'll see you after siesta.

HAMILTON

Siesta?

KUMAR

You are in old Java now, Boss.

He moves off up the stone steps. HAMILTON turns to find TIGER LILY putting on a bathing cap, then she dives into the pool.

112 CONT'D

112

HAMILTON watches the circle where she disappeared. She does not surface. Silence. HAMILTON, eyes narrowing as he begins to be concerned. He gets up, peers into the dark green murky water, then dives in.

113

UNDERWATER SEQUENCE

113

Thick green water. HAMILTON swimming, head turning from side to side, searching. Rays of light strike down from the surface.

HAMILTON CLOSE-UP, peering ahead at something white.

TIGER LILY floats, her arms and legs limp, apparently unconscious.

HAMILTON swims to her. As he does so, her face rolls over and looks at him. She smiles widely, then coils herself and shoots upwards for the surface.

HAMILTON follows: TIGER LILY'S legs and torso visible above him, provocatively arched.

CLOSE UP on HAMILTON, nearing the surface, when TIGER LILY'S hand reaches down and grips his hair, pushing him under again. We see from his face that he badly needs air.

HAMILTON struggles, her body arched above him, his face growing contorted, alarmed. He reaches up, seizes the wrist above his head and puts a grip on it. Her hand lets go.

114

EXT. POOL - DAY

114

HAMILTON'S head bursts into view, sucking in air; in the background, TIGER LILY is swimming fast up the pool. HAMILTON swims after her.

She watches him come, her arms extended backwards to cling to the ledge. Laughter and the skull-like bathing cap, distort the beauty of her face so that she looks slightly grotesque.

HAMILTON arrives and treads water, looking at her.

TIGER LILY

Don't look so fierce. Just a little joke.



CLOSE on HAMILTON, staring at her.

She hauls herself out of the water and taking her towel she moves off back up the stone steps to the villa.

115 INT. HAMILTON'S BEDROOM, VILLA - DUSK

115

He lies on a narrow bed in a bare functional room. He's clad only in undershorts and is sweating, despite the slow-turning fan. A portable radio murmurs softly on a bedside table. From outside, the loud drilling of cicadas. A sudden creaking noise makes him start. The noise has come from a green lizard clinging to the wall, a gecko.

CLOSE UP on the lizard -- huge bulbous eyes, its throat pumping out a series of strange mechanical clicking sounds.

WIDE ANGLE on the room -- some time has passed and the light in the room is now dim.

CLOSE on HAMILTON, his face running with sweat as he sleeps. He wakes with a start, checks his watch, then stumbles across the half-dark room to the window. The room is stifling and he opens the shutters wide.

116. EXT. TERRACE - DUSK

116

The view from the terrace is West Java at its most superb: in the fading light we see towering volcanoes and a mist moving down into the valley. As the darkness gathers an old servant and a boy in a sarong creep out on to the terrace and stand at attention by the doors. HAMILTON takes out a cigarette; the old man is instantly by his side, giving him a light, setting an ash tray. KUMAR joins him.

HAMILTON

You're P.K.I., aren't you?

KUMAR

(After a pause)

My country is suffering under a great weight of poverty and corruption. Is it wrong to hope for change?

116 CONT'D

116

HAMILTON

When the killing starts are you going to be part of it?

KUMAR

Sometimes there is no other way.

HAMILTON

I want to move off early in the morning Kumar.

KUMAR

I'm sorry Boss, but I must go to Jakarta in the morning. My uncle is sick.

HAMILTON

Then I'll go alone.

KUMAR

You must not ask any more about the ship Boss.

HAMILTON

Do you know when it's arriving?

KUMAR

Perhaps it is already here.

HAMILTON

Thank you, Kumar. That's all I needed to know.

KUMAR

Listen to me. I am unimportant in the party, even Tiger Lily is more highly placed. They have a death list. You are on it. You must leave Jakarta soon.

116 CONT'D

116

HAMILTON stares at him. He sees that KUMAR means it.

117 INT. HAMILTON'S CAR, ROAD - DAY

117

HAMILTON'S car speeds on into the countryside. Mud walls of small villages, and the odd PEDESTRIAN are seen.

118 INT. CAR - DAY

118

HAMILTON rounds a bend and is forced to brake hard as he finds the road packed from one side to the other by a procession of P.K.I. demonstrators. Several of the crowd turn on seeing the car and begin shouting to their comrades.

HAMILTON spins the car round as part of the crowd run towards him. Tyres screaming, he just manages to take off before being surrounded. Some chase after him, shouting and hurling stones after the car.

He travels a hundred or so yards back down the road before braking again, as another column of marchers appear from a dusty side road. They converge on him from both directions. He frantically locks all the doors, his face breaking out into large beads of perspiration.

119 EXT. CAR - DAY

119

The car is surrounded by an angry mob, stark and menacing. They pound on the roof with their fists. We glimpse HAMILTON, white and tense behind the wheel.

120 INT. CAR - DAY

120

HAMILTON sits hunched over the steering wheel, his foot jammed on the clutch, keeping the engine running for a getaway. But he is walled in with bodies. The faces at the window are distorted with rage as they scream in Indonesian and English.

## VOICES

Nekolim! Nekolim pig!

121 EXT. CAR - DAY

121

The crowd, now in its hundreds, begins to rock the car to rhythmic shouts in an obvious attempt to overturn it. The wheels begin to leave the ground.

122 INT. CAR - DAY

122

HAMILTON is sure he's going to die. Trapped in his metal capsule he holds doggedly to the steering wheel, his face unnaturally pale.

The chanting is so loud it blocks out everything. The car sways violently, rising to a steep angle then crashing sickeningly down, then rises again the other way like a boat in a storm.

123 EXT. CAR - DAY

123

A MARCH LEADER with a red scarf around his head, carrying a loud hailer, begins to shout orders, trying to get the march started again. Many of those around the car move off at his command.

124 INT. CAR - DAY

124

The crowd disperses. The rocking motion becomes less acute.

HAMILTON lowers his head on the steering wheel and shakes as the profound emotional tension is released.

125 EXT. IBU'S KAMPONG - DAY

125

KWAN makes his way to IBU'S hut. As he draws near to it he notices several of her neighbours standing about outside the hut. They stare at him as he approaches, he hesitates, sensing that something is wrong. They move aside to let him pass.

126 INT. IBU'S HUT - DAY

126

IBU sits on the bamboo bed, hugging herself, hunched in the immemorial attitude of the grief stricken woman. She rocks, very gently, to and fro, and stares at the floor. Her small daughter crouches in one corner, face awed and stony, not moving.

At IBU'S feet the butter-box cradle is covered with a cloth. KWAN is at the doorway taking all of this in. He moves to her.

CLOSE on KWAN, staring, his face frozen with grief.

127 EXT. WALKWAY - IBU'S KAMPONG - DAY

127

A funeral procession. IBU'S friends have arranged a funeral procession of betjaks. BILLY KWAN walks beside it. A special sarong has been bought to wrap around the body of IBU'S child. IBU rides in the leading betjak holding him. A yellow cloth has been tied to the betjak to indicate to the other traffic that this is a funeral of the poor. In Asia yellow is the colour of death.

Traffic gives way to the procession as it moves out onto the highway towards the paupers burial area.

As they approach the burial area IBU weeps. CLOSE on BILLY KWAN as he watches IBU being helped out of the betjak.

128 EXT. SUKARNO POSTER, KAMPONG WALL - DAY

128

BILLY stands in front of the giant wall poster staring up at the portrait of Sukarno. The expression on his face is a mixture of grief and rage.

129

EXT. BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE, JAKARTA - DUSK

129

HAMILTON stands by the sentry box outside the British Residence. Behind the iron gates lights are being switched on, and figures can be seen moving about inside the building. A sentry inside the box hangs up an intercom telephone then walks over to HAMILTON.

SENTRY

Sorry, Miss Bryant unavailable.

HAMILTON nods, turns and walks to his car.

130

INT. TELECOMMUNICATIONS BUILDING, CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

130

HAMILTON sits in the glass booth from which he sends his circuit pieces, script in front of him, finger on the mike key.

HAMILTON is unshaven, dirty, weary. The wall speaker cracks to life.

CREIGHTON

(V/O)

ABS Sydney standing by, go ahead  
Jakarta.

The speaker hisses as HAMILTON stares at the switch in front of him. At this moment BILLY KWAN enters the studio. He stands by the Indonesian technicians his gaze fixed on HAMILTON.

CREIGHTON

(V/O)

Are you there Jakarta? We're rolling  
Guy, over. Guy? Hello?

HAMILTON looks away from KWAN and throws the switch.

HAMILTON

(After a moment's pause)

Identification: Guy Hamilton in Jakarta.  
Lead-in for story: A secret consignment  
of arms has been shipped to Jakarta by the  
Peking Government. It is intended for a  
People's Army under P.K.I. command, and  
could mean civil war. Piece begins in five  
seconds.

HAMILTON looks up to see the studio door closing behind  
KWAN.

(Scene 131 deleted)

132

EXT. CANAL SIDE STREET, CHINESE QUARTER - DUSK

132

A Chinese store is being looted by a half-starved mob. The Chinese proprietor runs to and fro, gesticulating, in the doorway. Indonesians in singlets and shorts, tough and toil-worn, carry goods out on to the footpath. The proprietor tries to pull a sack of rice away from a looter, who smashes him in the face with his open hand. The Chinese falls to the pavement, mouth bleeding. Children and adults scavenge for the spilled rice.

ANGLE on KWAN, standing under a tree nearby, watching.

133

EXT. CARPARK, HOTEL INDONESIA - DUSK

133

HAMILTON arrives back at the Hotel. The usual collection of betjak drivers, whores and beggars watch with interest as Hotel employees hang a banner across the Hotel portico. It says in Bahasa and English:

"BULGARIAN NATIONAL DAY"

Armed soldiers and Indonesian security men (B.P.I.) erect barricades and station sentries.

134

INT. WAYANG BAR - NIGHT

WALLY, CONDON AND CURTIS share a meal at a side table. They are making more noise than usual, and the other customers keep their distance. WALLY holds up a glass to toast CURTIS.

WALLY

To Mr Peter Curtis, on the occasion  
of his promotion to the flashpots of  
Saigon! To Peter!

ALL

Peter!

CURTIS bows. The laughter from the group fades as an intense BILLY KWAN walks slowly over to them from the entrance to the bar.

WALLY

Billy! We've all been wondering  
where you've been. Join the celebration.

134 CONT'D

134

KWAN

(Intense)  
No thanks.

WALLY

Come on, pull up a chair.

KWAN

Sukarno's just told his people  
to eat rats.

CONDON glances at ALI, the barman.

CONDON

Billy!

WALLY

(Continues eating)  
My dear Billy, you told us he was a  
great man.

KWAN

He was great. And that makes his  
betrayal all the more hideous.

There is a hush. CONDON looks uneasily down the  
bar at ALI.

CONDON

(To Billy)  
Steady on Billy.

WALLY

I've never really agreed with you  
that his people meant much to Sukarno,  
Billy. The only thing he's wanted to  
do for the little people is to go to  
bed with them -- the female ones that is.

KWAN

(Low, furious)  
Yes, he does use his people as objects  
of pleasure, but then so do you. Only  
in your case (he raises his voice) they  
happen to be boys!



134 CONT'D

134

There is a stunned silence. ALI stands behind them, smiling triumphantly at having heard this information. CURTIS grabs KWAN by the shoulders and slams him up against the bar, both feet suspended from the floor, like a doll.

HAMILTON

(V/O)  
Put him down!

HAMILTON stands near the entrance.

CURTIS reluctantly releases him.

Appalled silence. The others stare at WALLY.

CLOSE in on WALLY'S face. He is staring at KWAN, round-eyed. His expression dissolves from outrage to humiliation and hurt. His eyes fill with tears.

ALI stares at WALLY, the faintest hint of a smile on his lips.

KWAN runs from the bar and HAMILTON follows.

135 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

135

HAMILTON pursues KWAN through the car park and out across the highway toward the PASAR.

136 EXT. PASAR BARU - NIGHT

136

HAMILTON pushes his way through the crowds of the Old City's central bazaar.

A PROSTITUTE moves towards him smiling.

PROSTITUTE

Want a woman, uncle?

He ignores her and presses on. Suddenly from his P.O.V. we catch a fleeting glimpse of the familiar Hawaiian shirt in the crowd.

HAMILTON increases his pace, pushing his way through the crowd. KWAN sees him and takes flight. The two men dodge and twist their way through the crowd.

KWAN suddenly darts off into a narrow alley leading away from the bazaar.

137 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

137

The alley is deserted. It is little more than a fissure, its only illumination coming dully from shuttered windows two and three stories up. Garbage is scattered everywhere. KWAN is no runner. His abbreviated legs work away to no avail like a kindergarten child's. HAMILTON overtakes him and blocks his way. In the half-light they both cast huge grotesque shadows on the wall as they stand, facing each other, trying to regain control of their breathing.

KWAN

What do you want?

HAMILTON

Billy, I want to explain about the broadcast.

KWAN

Explain what? Your betrayal of Jill? That'll take quite a bit of explaining.

HAMILTON

I got that story confirmed from another source Billy. Kumar admitted he was P.K.I.

KWAN

You could get it confirmed from ten sources and everyone would still know that your first lead came from Jill, and you know it!

HAMILTON

Billy, this arms shipment could alter the whole political shape of South East Asia. How far are my loyalties to Jill supposed to go?

KWAN

I would've given up the world for her, Hamilton, and you won't give up one story.

137 CONT'D

137

HAMILTON

It's not just a story, Billy. It's THE story.

KWAN

You know what you've done Hamilton, and you're just going to have to live with it. She knows you made the broadcast. She's finished with you, I've made sure of that.

HAMILTON

(Grabbing him)  
Billy, what did you tell her?

KWAN

I gave her to you. I've taken her back.

HAMILTON drops him and cries out in frustration and rage.

HAMILTON

You gave her to me? For Christ's sake you mad little bastard. You can't control people just because you've got them in your bloody files!

KWAN

There are only two types of man, Hamilton -- men of darkness and men of light. I knew you were incomplete but you were a man of light. That's why I chose you.

HAMILTON

Chose me?

KWAN

Do you think "stories" are what life's all about you idiot? I got you your leads -- I gave you your stories and I gave you the woman I loved. Do you think it was all an accident? I CREATED YOU!

He turns and hurries off down the alley to the bazaar, disappearing into the crowds. HAMILTON watches him go, but makes no attempt to follow.

138 INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

138

KWAN takes from a drawer a large folded white cloth. This he places in an overnight bag. Taking the bag and his camera, he moves to the door. He hesitates and looks back into his room. A sudden flurry of wind flaps the photographs and notes pinned to his walls. He softly closes the door.

139 EXT. DRIVEWAY/FOYER HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

139

A sign in several languages has been placed near the doors to the hotel -- "Bulgarian National Day, Official Reception 8:00 pm".

Official cars are arriving and leaving constantly and the doorman escorts dignitaries up the red-carpeted steps.

A formally dressed crowd is gathered in the foyer. The military are everywhere in evidence, and heavily armed sentries are placed strategically about the arcade and in the foyer.

HAMILTON and CONDON stand by the news stall in the foyer. Both wear suits with red press badges fixed to their lapels. Two B.P.I. Men (Indonesian security) pass them, peering insolently into their faces and examining their press badges. The first B.P.I. man wears a tan suit, the second a blue suit.

HAMILTON sees JILL enter the foyer with COLONEL HENDERSON. They are soon mingling with other military attaches and embassy types.

140 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

140

HAMILTON pushes his way towards JILL in the foyer. She turns and sees him coming and goes to move away but he catches her by the arm, leads her to an alcove.

141 INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

141

HAMILTON

I made the broadcast:

JILL

I know.

HAMILTON

I got it confirmed. Straight from  
the P.K.I. You won't be implicated.

JILL

I'm not worried about that anymore.  
We're out tomorrow.

She goes to leave. He takes her arm.

HAMILTON

Jill, I'm sorry. I didn't think  
it would mean the end of us.

JILL

Does it really matter?

HAMILTON

Yes, it really matters.

JILL

Good luck, Guy.

She turns and walks away. HAMILTON stands there  
desolate, knowing that it's useless to follow.  
He turns and leaves the foyer.142 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

142

In another part of the foyer, BILLY KWAN is  
pushing his way through the crowd towards  
Reception. He wears a yellow and green Hawaiian  
shirt, his red Press badge attached to the shirt  
pocket. He carries the overnight bag over his  
shoulder.

KWAN

Room 719 please.

The CLERK passes him a key.

- 143 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 143  
 KWAN riding up in the elevator.
- 144 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 144  
 The two B.P.I. Men move down the corridor. One carries a big bunch of keys. They pause at each room, knock, then if no answer, open the door and look in before moving on. We observe that they are on the sixth floor.
- 145 INT. ROOM 719 - NIGHT 145  
 KWAN unzips the overnight bag and removes the cloth bundle. He sits there, cloth in hand, thinking.
- 146 EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT 146  
 HAMILTON stands in the shadows of the carpark, staring out into Friendship Square. CONDON is beside him.  
 The BETJAK BOYS, as usual, call and ring their bells, hoping for custom. HAMILTON stares at one BETJAK MAN in particular -- an old man in black wearing a straw hat. He sits impassively watching HAMILTON.
- 147 INT. ROOM 719 - NIGHT 147  
 KWAN stands on a coffee table by the open window. He looks down to the carpark.  
 KWAN'S P.O.V. of the drive and carpark below. CONDON and HAMILTON distantly seen amongst the betjaks and others.  
 KWAN unfolds the cloth -- it's a banner with large black letters painted on it. The banner is weighted at either end and has rope attached at the top. He proceeds to lower the banner out the window, and attach the rope to the window frame.

- 148 EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT 148  
There are cries of surprise from soldiers and others in the driveway and carpark. HAMILTON and CONDON turn and see a crowd gathering. The people looking and pointing.
- 149 EXT. HOTEL FACADE - HOTEL 149  
KWAN'S banner hangs from the window. In bold, black letters it reads: "SUKARNO, FEED YOUR PEOPLE".
- 150 EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT 150  
CLOSE on the upturned, surprised faces of HAMILTON and CONDON.  
CONDON laughs, shakes his head in disbelief.
- 151 EXT. ARCADE STEPS - NIGHT 151  
Soldiers are running out from the Hotel, followed by several others, Indonesians and Europeans.
- 151A INT. CORRIDOR, 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT 151A  
SECURITY MEN running down the corridor, some try doors on the driveway side.
- 152 EXT. HOTEL FACADE - NIGHT 152  
CLOSE on the banner, flapping faintly in the breeze.
- 153 EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT 153  
A cry from the crowd looking up to the 7th floor.  
Crowd P.O.V. BILLY'S arched body is coming out the window, his bright shirt flapping as he plunges to the road. Screams and shouts from the horrified spectators.  
CLOSE on HAMILTON and CONDON running.

154 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

154

ANGLE on BILLY'S broken body, sprawled on the asphalt near the steps of the arcade.

The body is lit by the headlights of a distant halted car. Blood seeps from under it.

155 EXT. HOTEL FACADE, 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

155

We see BLUE SUIT pulling in the banner. It disappears and so does he.

156 EXT. DRIVEWAY, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT

156

HAMILTON and CONDON running to the body.

No one else has moved, except three soldiers with stan-guns at the ready, who have approached at a jog-trot. Guns are levelled at the crowd to keep them back but HAMILTON and CONDON have already reached the body and refuse the orders shouted at them to move back.

HAMILTON shouts for someone to get a doctor as he kneels beside the broken body. KWAN miraculously is still alive and he seems to recognise HAMILTON. A faint half-smile on his lips, and then he's dead.

Soldiers point their guns at HAMILTON -- a loud click as one of these is cocked.

HAMILTON ignores them, as he half-cradles BILLY in his arms. An officer takes his arm, tries to jerk him to his feet. HAMILTON is immovable. It is then that he notices the bullet hole in the back of KWAN'S neck.

HAMILTON

You murdered him, you bastards.

The BLUE-SUITED B.P.I. man, seen at the window, walks up to HAMILTON

BLUE SUIT

This man has jumped. He was a lunatic and might have killed the President.

HAMILTON looks up at him, his face transformed with grief and anger. There is blood on his suit and shirt.



156 CONT'D

156

HAMILTON

He didn't jump.

BLUE SUIT

I should like to see your documents.

HAMILTON gets slowly to his feet. CONDON, uncertain of just what he might do, moves to him, placing a hand on his arm. HAMILTON shrugs him off.

BLUE SUIT

Documents!

They both hand over their press cards. The soldiers and the B.P.I. men now form a ring around them and the body.

157 EXT. ARCADE - NIGHT

157

A crowd has gathered on the main steps including the COLONEL and JILL. They can't make out what's happening.

158 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

158

The B.P.I. man passes the documents back to the journalists.

BLUE SUIT

The man was Chinese -- what do you know about him?

HAMILTON

He was an Australian.

BLUE SUIT

He was in possession of a pistol.

HAMILTON

Then where's the pistol?

TAN SUIT

We may require to discuss further details -- you stay at the Hotel?

158 CONT'D

158

CONDON nods.

A SOLDIER has removed KWAN'S wallet from his pocket and the B.P.I. Man takes it from him. Examines it.

BLUE SUIT

Where did Mr Billy Kwan live?

HAMILTON answers quickly.

HAMILTON

I've no idea.

A military jeep draws up and KWAN'S body, covered with a blanket, is lifted into it by SOLDIERS.

In the distance, the sound of sirens.

159 EXT. FRIENDSHIP SQUARE - NIGHT

159

Sukarno's motorcade wheels around the circus, sirens in full cry. Jeeps full of heavily-armed police and motorcycle out-riders escorting a large black cadillac in which we glimpse SUKARNO.

160 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

160

POLICE and SOLDIERS begin to aggressively disperse the crowd. People run in all directions. There is a feeling of chaos and hysteria. HAMILTON sees JILL and shouts at her. She doesn't see him and the noise is so loud that she can't possibly hear. The POLICE link arms and force the crowd into opposite directions. HAMILTON, desperate to get to JILL, bursts through the cordon, but only gets a few yards before he too is swept back.

161 EXT. BILLY KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

161

From inside the faintest glow of a lamp.

162

INT. MAIN ROOM, KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

162

JILL sits on the floor surrounded by dozens of KWAN'S files and photographs. Shots of members of the Wayang Club in happier days, Sukarno, Ibu and her children, and many shots of herself with HAMILTON. An open bible lies on the table next to a pile of film cans. There is a noise outside. JILL reaches for the lamp, switches it off. She watches as the door is slowly opened and HAMILTON stands silhouetted a moment before calling softly.

JILL

Guy?

HAMILTON stands and they stare at each other in silence.

HAMILTON

You shouldn't be here. The goons are probably on their way.

JILL

I didn't want them to get his files. They'd claim he was an agent.

HAMILTON

(Moving directly to bookcase)  
I'll burn them.

JILL

They said he jumped.

HAMILTON looks behind the books. The revolver is still there. He looks at it.

HAMILTON

He was murdered.

JILL and HAMILTON move towards each other and embrace.

HAMILTON

They shot him down like a dog -- for what? For hanging a sheet over the balcony? Why did he do it for Christ's sake?

JILL

Sukarno let him down.

162 CONT'D

162

HAMILTON

So did I.

JILL looks at the Wayang puppets. HAMILTON follows JILL'S gaze and sees the prince and princess, side by side. He suddenly pulls a wad of money from his pocket.

HAMILTON

Jill, I don't care whether you have to beg or bribe, but get me on that flight out tomorrow -- I'm coming with you.

JILL

You're sure?

HAMILTON nods.

JILL

(Nods)

I'll get you on even if I have to kill someone. To stay here now would be insane.

HAMILTON

I'm not worried about saving my skin. I can hide out in the Australian Embassy and it'll be a great story and all that, but I just don't care about all that shit any more.

HAMILTON looks at JILL

HAMILTON

I swear to you I'll be on that plane in the morning -- if I'm not -- forget I ever existed.

They embrace. Cars pull up outside, and there's the sound of slamming car doors.

HAMILTON

Jesus, here they are. Quick.

He indicates a side entrance. JILL moves towards it as he frantically scoops up the files.

162 CONT'D

162

## HAMILTON

Go!

She leaves. HAMILTON, scooping up the files, moves back to the windows and peers out.

- 163 P.O.V. THROUGH WINDOW TO GARDEN - NIGHT 163  
 Several men standing out in the garden, talking, looking about with a flashlight.
- 164 INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT 164  
 HAMILTON, with a last look around the room, his eyes momentarily caught by the Wayang Puppets on the wall, hurries through the side door.
- 165 EXT. STREET, JAKARTA - NIGHT 165  
 An old man sits by a fire at the roadside. He looks up as a car pulls up beside him and HAMILTON gets out carrying a bundle of files. He dumps the files on the fire, watching as the flames take hold. The old man stares at HAMILTON, then at the fire. Several photographs curl, then burst into flames.
- 166 EXT. CARPARK/ARCADE, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT 166  
 HAMILTON moves from his car to the arcade. He pauses, looks about him. None of the usual watchers, at least not in the carpark. As he moves closer to the arcade, he sees numbers of beggars and betjak drivers in the driveway, and walking or sitting in the arcade. The hotel doorman is nowhere to be seen. The beggars stare at him as he makes his way to the doors of the hotel. Some openly mock him now and there is the implied threat of violence.
- 167 INT. HAMILTON'S ROOM, HOTEL INDONESIA - NIGHT 167  
 HAMILTON drops into an armchair, stares out the window. The room is in half-darkness.

167A INT. HOTEL FOYER - MORNING

167A

HAMILTON passes through the hotel foyer carrying two large suitcases.

(Scene 168 deleted)

169 INT. A.B.S. OFFICE - DAY

169

HAMILTON clears out files in his office, obviously making preparation for departure. HORTONO listens to an impassioned speech on the radio.

HAMILTON

Hortono -- where's Kumar?

HORTONO

He will not come in I think.

HAMILTON

I'm leaving today. Where the hell is he?

HORTONO

(Indicating radio)  
Some people have taken over government.  
Troops have gone to the President's  
Palace.

HAMILTON hesitates. He stops clearing files. He makes a decision and races to get his tape recorder.

HAMILTON

(To HORTONO)  
Let's go.

HORTON

Boss, broadcast says we should not go out!

HAMILTON is already on his way. HORTONO reluctantly follows.

170

EXT. MERDEKA FIELD AND ROAD NEAR PALACE - DAY

170

In front of the Palace can be seen armoured cars and several truckloads of troops. HAMILTON'S car approaches -- the only civilian vehicle to be seen. HORTONO stops the car several hundred yards from the Palace. It is all very quiet. HAMILTON gets out of the car, his tape recorder slung over his shoulder. He begins to walk slowly toward the roadblock. In front of the Palace, the soldiers watch his approach. He reaches the first roadblock. A SOLDIER cocks his rifle. Calls for him to halt. HAMILTON smiles pleasantly.

HAMILTON

What's the roadblock for?

Blank, hostile faces stare at him in silence. He repeats the question in Indonesian. No one answers.

A sergeant steps forward; strongly-built, tough, he wears a beret and sunglasses. He shouts some command to HAMILTON in a dialect HAMILTON doesn't understand. HAMILTON uncertain.

HAMILTON

I don't understand you. I'm going to the Palace. I have a press pass. Okay?

He holds up a press card. The sergeant stares at him. HAMILTON salutes them vaguely, and walks off the road into the grass, to circumnavigate the barbed wire.

Behind him we see the sergeant is running at him, his rifle raised, butt first.

HAMILTON turns, hearing the feet behind him, as the sergeant pushes the rifle at his head, full force, using it like a javelin.

HAMILTON tries in the split second to turn away, but the rifle catches him on the face with a sickening thud. He staggers, drops to his knees, his hands held to his face. Blood trickles down between his fingers.

170 CONT'D

170

The sergeant takes his arm and half drags him back to the roadblock. HAMILTON's hands now cover the left side of his face.

The SOLDIER shouts to HORTONO who approaches cautiously. The SOLDIER apparently tells him to take HAMILTON away.

171 INT. A.B.S. CAR - DAY

171

HORTONO helps HAMILTON into the car. HAMILTON is only half-conscious. HORTONO drives off.

HAMILTON

British Embassy .... get doctor.

HORTONO

Can't boss. Roadblocks.

HAMILTON lapses into unconsciousness.

172 INT. KWAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

172

HAMILTON is being attended to by an Indonesian DOCTOR. An AHMAH hovers in the background. HAMILTON is just recovering consciousness.

HAMILTON

What's wrong with my eye? I can't see a bloody thing!

DOCTOR

Your retina is detached.

HAMILTON

Is the sight going to come back?

DOCTOR

I can't tell. If you lie still on your back, there is some chance.

HAMILTON

For how long?



172 CONT'D

172

DOCTOR

A week. Ten days.

HAMILTON

That's impossible. What's the time?

DOCTOR

Quarter to one. If you wish to save your eye you will lie still. I must go now.

The DOCTOR goes. The AMAH sits beside the bed, feeding HAMILTON a rice dish with a spoon. She is matronly, slim, plain, but appealing. He lifts the bandages from his eyes and peeps at her.

AMAH

Your eye -- will get better?

HAMILTON

Maybe not.

AMAH

(Shrugs)

Still got one. Open mouth please.

Meal finished, she stands and moves to door.

HAMILTON

Where are you going?

AMAH

I not like to stay in house. Bad men might come soon, I think. I go home to family.

HAMILTON

Amah, before you go. Over there behind the books -- yeah there -- bring me the gun.

She does, then goes, shutting the door.

172 CONT'D

172

CLOSE in on HAMILTON'S face, upturned to fan, lips tight. He sweats.

Silence: ticking, sounds of insects.

Sound of a car out on the road, screech of brakes.

HAMILTON tenses. Sound of Indonesian voices far off.

Then the sounds of footsteps coming up the stairs outside, and along the passage. Voices outside whisper; one voice female (AMAH), the other male (unknown). HAMILTON waits.

HAMILTON, his bandaged eyes turned to the door. His hand reaches for the gun.

CLOSE in on HAMILTON in this position, frozen, listening.

We hear the door open, and creaking shoes across the floor toward HAMILTON.

HAMILTON

Who is that? Doctor?

The shoes creak to a halt beside the bed. KUMAR stands beside the bed. He gives a small secretive smile.

KUMAR

It's me Boss.

HAMILTON

How did you find me?

KUMAR

Hortono.

HAMILTON

Have you been sent to kill me?

KUMAR

No.

172 CONT'D

172

He lowers himself into a chair, watching HAMILTON attentively.

KUMAR

I have come to say goodbye. (Pause)  
We have failed.

HAMILTON is alert, listening to every word.

KUMAR

It will take days for things to be clear but in my heart I know we have failed.

HAMILTON lies silent. KUMAR stares at his bandaged eyes.

HAMILTON

What does this mean for you?

KUMAR

It means I'm a dead man. Our people executed a number of important army generals -- when this is discovered the moslems will call for revenge.

HAMILTON

Executed? Or murdered?

KUMAR

(Angry)  
Why should we not kill those who are corrupt and misuse our country's riches. Why should you care? You can leave and write your stories anywhere.

172 CONT'D

172

HAMILTON is silent. KUMAR stares at his bandaged eyes and the open anger in his face gives way to silent shame.

KUMAR

I'm sorry about your eye. Is there much hope it will be saved?

HAMILTON

Not much. (Pause) There should be a packet of cigarettes on the table Kumar. Light two of them will you and give one to me.

KUMAR

(Placing cigarette between HAMILTON'S lips)  
Still the good cigarettes Boss.

HAMILTON

Water from the moon, Kumar.

KUMAR

Water from the moon, Boss.

KUMAR savours the tobacco. It is as if he is smoking the traditional last cigarette, prior to execution.

KUMAR

Tell me something, Boss. Am I a stupid man?

HAMILTON

No, Kumar, you're bloody smart. I'm lucky I had you working for me.

172 CONT'D

172

KUMAR

Then why should I live like a poor man all my life when stupid people in your country live well?

HAMILTON

Good question.

KUMAR

Then please answer it.

HAMILTON

I can't.

KUMAR speaks to the bandaged eyes as though freed by HAMILTON'S blindness to say anything.

KUMAR

Then why do you condemn those in my country who try to do something about it?

HAMILTON remains silent.

KUMAR

Mr Billy Kwan was right. Westerners do not have answers any more.

HAMILTON stubs out his cigarette, KUMAR holding the ashtray.

HAMILTON

What's the time?

KUMAR

A little after one.

172 CONT'D

172

HAMILTON

I don't like your comrades methods  
Kumar, but I'd like to help you.  
Drive me to the airport and take  
the car on into the hills.

KUMAR

They have roadblocked the city.

HAMILTON

We've got through roadblocks before.

KUMAR

Hortono says you must rest your eye.

HAMILTON

I've got a plane to catch.

KUMAR

Why do you leave now? You can stay  
and write all the stories you want?

HAMILTON

Do you want to sit around waiting  
to die?

KUMAR hesitates. The roadblocks are pretty formidable,  
but imminent death is not too attractive either. He  
nods. HAMILTON raises himself from the bed. KUMAR  
helps him.

KUMAR

I hope to catch a plane is worth  
losing your eye.

(Scenes 173, 174, 175 and 176 deleted)

177

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

177

The highway looks much the same as usual, except  
that the banners and signs on fences have changed.  
HAMILTON'S car moves through heavy traffic.

178 INT. CAR - DAY

178

KUMAR is driving, HAMILTON beside him, looking somewhat dishevelled in a crumpled suit. He wears a bandage over his left eye.

HAMILTON

Jesus, Kumar, can't we get around this mess? The flight leaves at two.

KUMAR

We'll get there, Boss. Dont' worry.

179 EXT. CAR - DAY

179

It swerves out of the traffic jam, speeding up.

180 INT. CAR - DAY

180

KUMAR

Roadblock.

HAMILTON

Christ!

ANGLE through windscreen: oil drums on the road ahead, two soldiers guarding.

CLOSE in on KUMAR, staring through the windscreen. His expression is stoical, as usual, but he is plainly terrified.

181 EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

181

The car pulls over as soldiers move out on to the road, waving it down. A soldier peers through the side window at KUMAR.

SOLDIER

Papers please.

KUMAR

No papers. At home.

181 CONT'D

181

He sits rigid, his face oily with sweat, awaiting his fate. HAMILTON jumps out of the car, goes around to the soldier. He waves his passport and press card.

HAMILTON

I'm a journalist with ABS. This man is my assistant. We are in a big hurry to get to the airport. We must go quickly, understand, or there will be trouble.

The soldier is a slow, uncertain man. He takes HAMILTON'S papers. A second soldier watches suspiciously. HAMILTON pushes a huge wad of rupiahs into the soldier's hand. The soldier smiles, returns his papers and salutes. HAMILTON runs around the car, gets in and the car pulls away.

182

INT. CAR - DAY

182

HAMILTON lights two cigarettes, the match trembling. He puts one in KUMAR'S mouth, then pushes the pack into KUMAR'S shirt pocket.

HAMILTON

I'm definitely giving them up.

KUMAR

(Smiling)

Westerners give up their vices and we take them over. Isn't it so?

HAMILTON looks again at his watch.

HAMILTON

Jesus, it's ten to two!! I'll never get cleared through it time.

KUMAR

It's still possible.

183

EXT. TARMAC OF KEMAYORAN AIRPORT DAY

183

A KLM 707 sits on the tarmac. The gangway is down and a small group of passengers is moving up the steps.



The Ford skids to a halt by the entrance. HAMILTON and KUMAR jump out. Both men pause and face each other.

KUMAR

If I could come with you, and be what you are, I would give an eye. Think of me, Guy, when you are sitting in some nice cafe in Europe, drinking coffee. Now go! Quickly!

HAMILTON pushes through the door with his suitcase and tape recorder.

Soldiers stand at the foot of the empty steps. A Dutch hostess is at the top of the stairs, framed in the doorway. The plane is ready to leave and the engines howl as the Captain warms them up. Porters appear and begin to wheel the steps away.

HAMILTON stands in front of an official who carefully examines his passport.

The hostess swings the aircraft door shut.

HAMILTON is running through the lounge to the departure gates.

We see HAMILTON emerge from the gate. He slows down his run and walks out toward the aircraft almost nonchalantly. There's the hint of a smile on his face. He's almost strolling to the plane.

189 CONT'D

189

CLOSE on the aircraft door as it opens. We see a hostess signalling to the porters and they wheel the steps back into position. The pilot and co-pilot can be seen peering down from the cabin window.

A long tracking shot takes HAMILTON to the steps of the aircraft. The hostess is urging him to hurry but HAMILTON is taking his time.

The door swings shut behind him and the steps are cleared away as the aircraft begins to move.

(END CREDIT ROLL-UP)