

"Shantaram"

Screenplay

by

Eric Roth

Based on the novel by Gregory David Roberts

First Draft

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"Shantaram"

We come across a row of books on a bookshelf. A hand comes in and takes down one of the books. A Man in his thirties, GREGORY ROBERTS. We see we're in a small LIBRARY. He turns with the book to a Man at a check-out desk by a door.

GREGORY
I want to check this out.

THE MAN
You're already late with four others...

GREGORY
(shrugs)
I like to read.

The Man looks at him, and stamps the book for him:

THE MAN
But no more until you bring the other one's back...

Gregory nods and goes by him with the book out the door...

EXT. THE DOOR - AFTERNOON

He comes outside. And we see that this was no ordinary library, he's come onto the YARD of a large PENITENTIARY. PENTRIDGE PRISON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. He crosses the yard, he looks at the formidable guard towers, guards with automatic weapons standing sentry. He instinctively looks up. High in the sky is the contrail of a plane. As he stops in his steps in the prison yard looking up watching the plane going somewhere, anywhere.

INT. CELL BLOC TIER, PENTRIDGE PRISON, AUSTRALIA - NIGHT

Gregory just one of the prisoners locked in their warren like tiered cells.

INT. GREGORY'S CELL, PENTRIDGE PRISON - NIGHT

Gregory lying on his bunk reading the book. A Jailer Calls out: "Curfew." The lights on the tier go out. And the noises start, the random shouts and sounds that are heard in prisons everywhere. The sounds of fear. Gregory lies on his bunk in the dark. He lights a cigarette lighter, reading from the light of the lighter...until the lighter gets too hot to hold...he puts it down, waits for it to cool, then lights it again...and as he reads in the cigarette lighter's light...

INT. THE CELL BLOC TIER, PENTRIDGE PRISON - LATE AT NIGHT

The tier quiet, men sleeping, a sudden voice cuts the quiet from out of a dream, or worse, somebody talking to themselves who can't sleep at all.

INT. GREGORY'S CELL - LATE AT NIGHT

Gregory, his back to us, on his bunk. He has the lighter flicked on again, surreptitiously reading. And suddenly he takes the book's spine and literally tears the cover off the book. He gets up and takes out from under his mattress what looks like a vest...book covers such as, "The World of Charles Dickens," "A-Z, Art and Artist," even Kafka's "Metamorphosis," that have oddly been sewn together with shoe laces...He sits back down on the bunk; and as he punches holes in the book cover with a ballpoint pen and sews the latest book cover to the others...

INT. GREGORY'S CELL - LATE AT NIGHT

Gregory still sitting on his bed. The vest finished, he wraps the vest around his bare chest, tying it like a gladiator in the front. As he sits on his bunk in his prison cell, the vest made of literature around his chest...

EXT. PRISON YARD, PENTRIDGE PRISON - ANOTHER DAY

We see Gregory with a man we'll call MICHAEL, in prison jump suits, doing yard maintenance, pulling weeds in a walkway garden...Not far from them is a construction site; a renovation going on, an addition to one of the security buildings...construction workers, the sounds of power tools. Guards, with holstered pistols walk by, talking...Guards with their automatic weapons standing silent sentry in the towers above them watching the yard...Gregory and Michael doing their yard maintenance...A Prisoner, jogging for exercise, jogs by them.

THE PRISONER

Professor...

Gregory looks up...

THE PRISONER (cont'd)

He said he's fuckin' waitin' for you, mate...if you got the balls to show up...

He jogs off...Gregory finishes pulling some weeds...He gets up...Michael tries to stop him...

MICHAEL

What the fuck you need this for!?

GREGORY

What the fuck I need any of this for?

He comes along the walkway...going around "the corner" of a building...Where a MAN is sitting on a bench waiting for him.

GREGORY (cont'd)

You were looking for me?

THE MAN

You stole my apple, mate.

GREGORY
(at the absurdity)
I told you I didn't know it was your
apple.

THE MAN
You will now.

And the Man suddenly stands up with a knife in his hand...Gregory pulls a knife from a homemade belt strapped around his ankle...and they move circling one another, not the first time for either of them, both of them adept with a knife...Men, seeing the fight, come over, encircling them, keeping them from the guards' view...Gregory and the man slice at one another, cutting each other's arms, their sides...but they're able to avoid being stabbed in a critical area...until the Man suddenly feints, Gregory off balance, stumbles, and the Man stabs Gregory in the chest where his heart would be...but his knife sticks into the book-cover "armoured" vest...long enough for Gregory to stab the man in the stomach, the man going down to the ground in a pool of his own blood...And Gregory taking an apple out of his pocket drops it by the fallen man...

GREGORY
Here's another apple, mate...

And sickened at the whole thing he silently turns between the prisoners...moving off...Guards come running...Gregory walking away...and he sees a PARTICULAR hard-nosed GUARD in front of him...

THE GUARD
Are we having fun are we...Gregory?

There's something about the way he says his name with a mocking disdain. Gregory doesn't say anything walking past him, and as he keeps on walking without ever looking back...

INT. THE PRISON, PENTRIDGE, AUSTRALIA - NIGHT

Gregory lying on his bunk reading in his cell. There are the sounds of boots on the metal walkway...and suddenly his cell door is pulled open...and a number of Guards, led by the particular Guard, come pouring in...and led by the particular Guard, they mercilessly beat him...Despite the ferocious beating Gregory manages to crawl out of his cell...The Guards let him go, watching him crawl along the cell bloc toward an open door at the end of the hallway, light coming in...The Guards and the particular Guard watching him crawl, like a rat, toward the door and "freedom"...and as he reaches the door...

THE PARTICULAR GUARD
Where do you think you're going,
Gregory?

They pull him to his feet, dragging him back to his cell...locking him back inside...And as Gregory, battered, lays on the cell's floor...

INT. GREGORY'S CELL, PENTRIDGE PRISON - NIGHT, LATER

After curfew. The cell bloc's lights are off. We see Gregory holding a mirror out of the bars...a man in the cell next to his doing the same...whispering to one another...

GREGORY

What's it going to be?

THE MAN

Not this time around, mate.

GREGORY

I have it all worked out...I took a copy of the blueprints...

THE MAN

Look, mate, I done twelve years already...I don't want to piss them down the river if it don't work...

GREGORY

What about Jensen?

THE MAN

He said fuck all....he don't want to get shot...

GREGORY

Hester, Wilson...?

THE MAN

Nobody's game for it, mate...Why don't you stop makin' it so fuckin' hard on yourself?

GREGORY

(simply)

I'm not spending the next twenty three years of my life getting stabbed and beaten...

The man looks at him in the mirror and goes back into his cell...Gregory quietly goes back and lies on his bed...He takes up the book with its binding gone and as he reads by the lighter's light...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Turn off the fuckin' light, I'm tryin' to sleep.

But he doesn't...And as he looks at the flame...

EXT. THE PRISON YARD, PENTRIDGE - ANOTHER DAY

Bright sun. And we see Gregory squinting as he looks at the bright sunlight. We see he and "Michael" are bent over, close to one another, doing their yard maintenance, pulling weeds in the walkway garden.

GREGORY
(whispering)
You ready?

MICHAEL
.. (afraid)
I'm not so sure about this anymore,
mate.

GREGORY
(bluntly, a touch
of anger)
I figured you were just a lot of talk.

MICHAEL
(whispers angrily)
You got to always be the fuckin' smart
guy! You think you know more than
anybody else does! You know what your
problem is, Gregory...you're too smart
for your own fuckin' good! You think
'cause you got an education you got it
over everybody else...I got a little
secret for you, mate, you're from the
same side of Melbourne as me...You're
an educated criminal is all...You
gotta hold your dick in your hand to
pee just like everybody else here...!

They're in each other's faces. Before they come to blows
they move away from one another. They silently do their
weeding. Gregory looks around him. He can see through the
chain link fence of the construction site the workers are
moving off for their lunch...He looks over. Two Guards, one
of them Gregory's "particular Guard," guns on their hips,
have stopped down the way on the walkway, casually
talking...He looks up. Guards in the towers are looking down
at the yard in other directions...And Gregory says to
Michael:

GREGORY
(suddenly)
I'm going right now, with or without
you...

And without another moment's thought he starts walking toward
the chain link fence and the construction site...and suddenly
Michael hurries to catch up with him...

MICHAEL
I must be fuckin' nuts following you
professor...

And literally behind the Guards backs, the Guards on the
walkway casually talking, before the Guards in the towers
turn, they manage to make it to the chain link
fence...Gregory quickly unbuttons the front of his coveralls,
a wirecutter is taped to his chest...he cuts a hole in the
chain link fence...they hurriedly climb through...

EXT. THE CONSTRUCTION SITE, PENTRIDGE PRISON - DAY

There's a door ahead of them...Breaking open the door they go into the building being rennovated ...

INT. BUILDING RENNOVATION, PENTRIDGE PRISON - DAY

They've come into a deserted two story building...the interior hollowed out for the rennovation; unplasterd walls, the skeleton structure of uprights and load bearing beams. They run up some stairs to the second floor...they come along a beam...there's a manhole with a trap door in the ceiling...

GREGORY

Help me up...

He helps Gregory stand on his shoulders. Gregory's able to reach the trap door in the ceiling's manhole...he punches out the trapdoor, pulling himself through...

INT. CRAWLSPACE, THE PRISON RENNOVATION, PENTRIDGE - DAY

He's come into a narrow crawlspace below the wooden ceiling...He unbuttons his coveralls...he unwraps a heavy-duty extension cord from around his waist...he ties it to a beam...he drops it down...Michael uses it to climb up through the trapdoor into the roof's crawlspace...They crawl along the narrow crawlspace...it gets darker and darker as they reach the far end. The far wall. Gregory takes a chisel and screwdriver he has taped to his stomach out of his jumpsuit...Michael lights a cigarette lighter, holding it up so that Gregory can see as he works to cut a hole out of the wood ceiling...He isn't getting anywhere...

GREGORY

(whispers, upset)

It's a lot thicker then I thought it was...

MICHAEL

Fuckin' great...! (looks around)
They're gonna see we're missing...!

Gregory furiously tries to make a hole in the ceiling...he manages to cut out a small peep hole...He peers out the hole...He can see the underside of the tin roof above them...

GREGORY

The roof's right there...

He digs with the chisel and the screwdriver trying to make a larger hole in the thick wood ceiling...

MICHAEL

(anxiously)

It's gonna take fuckin' hours...!

Gregory furiously digs at the wood trying to make a hole big enough for them to climb through...He's making virtually no progress...

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 We'll never get through that fuckin' wood...We gotta go back and make like it never happened...Maybe we can make it back without them seein' us...

GREGORY
 It's too late for that...They're gonna see the fence was cut...the door was broken open...We're the only ones that was near the area here, they'll know it was us...

MICHAEL
 I'd rather take my chances with that and take my beatin'...

He starts to turn, to go back...

GREGORY
 (stopping him)
 There was a buzz saw I saw downstairs...I'm going to go get it...

He starts to quickly crawl along the narrow crawlspace back to the trap door...

MICHAEL
 There's no electricity in here...how you goin' to get it to work...?

GREGORY
 (simply)
 I'll go back out the door and plug it in...

MICHAEL
 (laughs at the absurdity of it)
 While you're out there why dontcha' maybe have a cup of tea and a sandwich too...

But Gregory's dead serious...he quickly crawls to the trap door...he climbs back down the extension cord...

INT. THE RENNOVATION SITE/PRISON YARD, PENTRIDGE - DAY

He pulls the plug end of the extension cord over to the door...he lays down holding onto the end of the cord...he slowly pushes open the door...He can see outside the chain link fence, the yard...the Guards, the "particular Guard," still down the way, talking...Guards in the towers not paying any mind...He crawls out the door...He quickly gets to his feet, plugs the cord into one of the electrical sockets...and quickly goes back inside the door, back into the rennovation site before anybody's seen him...

INT. CRAWLSPACE, CONSTRUCTION, PENTRIDGE PRISON - DAY

Gregory and Michael hunched in the narrow crawlspace. Gregory hesitates and turns on the power saw...It screams to life...

MICHAEL

Jesus, why don't you send a fuckin' announcement...!

GREGORY

I'm hoping they think the crew's done with their lunch, gone back to work...

And Gregory starts cutting open the wood ceiling...

MICHAEL

We're gonna get five years in the slot for this...get a beatin' every hour every day...

And suddenly Gregory's opened a hole in the ceiling large enough for them to climb through...the tin roof above them...Gregory takes a pair of tin snips that are taped to him from out of his coveralls...he snips a hole in the tin roof...and daylight comes pouring in...a light at the end of the tunnel...Gregory pulls himself out...Michael pulls himself out behind him...

EXT. THE ROOFTOP, PENTRIDGE PRISON, AUSTRALIA - DAY

They lay flat pressed to the tin roof just above the prison wall. Gregory looks around him. They are no more than twenty feet from a Guard Tower...The Guard looking the other way. He can see down below them the prisoners on the busy yard, Guards at various places, Gregory's "particular Guard" talking...unaware of them...He looks down...just over the prison wall below them is a busy street...trucks and vans lined up at the prison's gates, being searched before they're let in...They lay there, pressed to the tin roof...freedom just a hairs'breadth over the wall...

MICHAEL

(whispers)

You think nobody's gonna say anythin' when we just come flyin' out of this fuckin' place...If we don't get shot first somebody's gonna be a good citizen and try to stop us...

GREGORY

(whispers)

We'll have to wait...

They lie motionless pressed against the tin roof, just the few feet from the guard towers, waiting as the street empties...the vehicles let inside...

MICHAEL

(whispers)

You afraid at all?

GREGORY

Afraid?

MICHAEL

If we make it...what happens then...?

GREGORY

(quiet, honestly)

I never thought that far ahead.

They're still...the last of the vehicles below them going inside...the street empty...

GREGORY (cont'd)

(turns to whisper)

Okay, let's go.....

But he sees Michael, using the extension cord he's tied to a drainpipe, has already started letting himself precariously down over the wall...Coming to the end of the extension cord, he jumps the rest of the distance onto the street...He finds his balance...and without looking back, he walks off, until he goes out of sight...

And Gregory's momentarily alone, lying pressed to the tin roof...He looks over at the Guard towers, the Australian flag on the top of a tower flapping in a breeze...He looks down at the yard, the prisoners beneath him...He looks down below him at the street again...another truck's pulled up, being searched, and let inside...The street's empty again...He hesitates...a moment considering just what he's doing...that he is afraid...He looks back down at the yard...the particular Guard, still talking...And his mind made up Gregory grabs onto the extension cord and suddenly pushes off, going over the front wall...hanging onto the cord making his way down the prison wall...until he's forced to jump...the jump higher than he thought it was, literally falling...He lands heavily on the street. He manages to get to his feet...He starts walking off...expecting at any moment someone to shout, or worse, shoot...A car comes down the street...It doesn't pay him any mind...He crosses the street. And as he walks off along the street, escaping jail...

There's a light at the end of a tunnel...

INT. AIRPORT, BOMBAY, INDIA - NIGHT

We see that the tunnel is an airport customs tunnel. People of various nationalities just off airplanes waiting in lines beneath the flags of India for PASSPORT CONTROL. And we see Gregory is waiting in one of the lines. Watchful, without being obvious, he's acutely aware of his surroundings..always aware. His line moves...He looks ahead of him at the Customs Official...A closed faced Indian man. He looks over at the other Customs lines...And he sees two younger Men, obvious travelers, talking, enjoying themselves, anticipating an adventure. And seeing them as an opportunity to help him get through customs easier, suddenly Gregory changes lines, coming beside the two younger men....

GREGORY

Is that you, Jimmy...?

The younger men turn...

MAN

Sorry, no Jimmy here.

GREGORY
Oh, sorry. You look just like a
friend of my brother's... Jimmy Best.
It was good to see a familiar face.
Sorry to bother you...

MAN
It's not a problem...

GREGORY
(offers hand)
I'm Lindsay... friends make it Lin.

And from now on Gregory is Lin to us...

MAN
(shakes his hand)
Good to meet you, Lin... I'm George
Frazier... and this is William
Donaldson... From British Columbia...

They shake hands. The line moves, they approach the booth,
the Customs Official...

LIN
Your first time in India?

GEORGE
Third. You?

LIN
First time. Where you guys headed?

GEORGE
An ashram run by the Raineeshis in
Poona. It's the best ashram in the
country.

LIN
I'll have to remember that.

WILLIAM
What are your plans? You staying in
Bombay or passing through?

LIN
I don't know yet...

GEORGE
Just out for an adventure?

LIN
(nods)
Just out for an adventure.

And before he can say anything else...

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER
Next.

The Customs Officer motions them forward to his station. Lin moves along with them...there's a tension, as all of us feel, exacerbated by what we know Gregory is feeling, approaching customs...

GEORGE

I don't know why this part always makes me nervous...Like I've got something to hide...

Lin doesn't say anything...And as they reach the booth...

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

The three of you, you are traveling together...?

GEORGE

(amiable)

I guess you could say so...

The Passport Officer looks them over. He goes through the Canadians forms, their passports. He stamps them. He sends them through...

LIN

I'll see you at luggage...maybe we can ride into Bombay together...

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

Your passport please, sir.

Lin gives the man his passport. A suffocating uneasiness...

LIN

(pleasantly,
covering)

Real nice people...

The Customs Officer doesn't say anything. We see him carefully examine Lin's passport. His photograph. A New Zealand passport.

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

You are from New Zealand?

LIN

A Kiwi, that's it.

The man, matching the passport, looks at a list of some kind...He looks at the passport photograph, looks at him...

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

Are you coming into India for business or pleasure, sir?

LIN

Just sightseeing. I'm real excited about seeing your country.

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

(studying him)

How long do you intend to stay, sir?

LIN

Ten days is all I have. (and confidentially) This trip about broke me...you know how it is...you save everything for one trip a year...

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

(all business)

You understand sir after three weeks it is required for you to get a visa if you intend to stay any longer.

LIN

(nods)

Ten days is all the time I have off.

The man looks at the passport again, looks closely at the photograph, looks at Lin. And...he mercifully stamps it.

INDIAN CUSTOMS OFFICER

(handing passport
back to him)

Welcome to India.

Lin takes it, and as he goes through customs and out some doors..."into" Bombay...and we feel the need to exhale...

INT. BOMBAY COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Hands are claspings, holding onto metal straps. A ballet of a kind. The endless hands. The swaying straps. And we see people are pressed inhumanly together holding onto metal swinging straps on a Bombay commuter train. Lin, and the Canadians, standing holding onto the straps in a train car crowded to its seams rushing into the city...

GEORGE

You know where you're staying?

LIN

No idea. I was playing it by ear.
You guys?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

We're staying overnight and taking the first train to Poona tomorrow...If you want we can share a room...It's a lot cheaper with three...

WILLIAM

And it's a lot safer...

Lin takes in the "safer"...

LIN

A room together, sure...

He looks out the window...And there are literally FACES of men looking in the window at him, men clinging to the outside, holding onto the train for dear life, "hitching a ride..." And beyond them, abstract images of India race by...

GEORGE
(looking at a man
looking in at
them)

Poorest buggers on earth here. The
thing about India there is always
someone worse off than you are...

And as Lin silently looks at the faces looking in at
him...the abstract images of Bombay rushing by...

EXT. STREET, CENTRAL BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin, his suitcase in hand, follows the Canadians out of a
TRAIN STATION onto the streets of Bombay. And he's
immediately struck by the blaze of neon lights, Bombay a
"blade runner" of a city...And they are descended upon by
children begging for money, taxi drivers and tour guides all
tugging on them, entreating them in a gaggle of
sounds...everybody wanting something right now...

GEORGE
(shouts, telling
Lin)

Ignore them, they're like flies...

And out of the melee...we hear a MAN'S VOICE ABOVE THE REST..

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
How do you great good sirs know in the
next life you won't be a fly? Or you
haven't already been one?

And a Man with the widest smile possible...PRABAKER
KHARRE...approaches them...His comment makes Lin smile...

PRABAKER (cont'd)
My name is Prabaker. (to Lin) What is
your good name, sir?

LIN
Lindsay.

PRABAKER
I am excellent Bombay guide, Lindsay
sir! Very excellent first number
Bombay guide! All Bombay I know it
better well! I can show you more than
everythings you are ever even
imagining thinking! Nobody is better
than Prabu at guiding! You are so
most lucky to have know me!

GEORGE
(impatiently)
No offence, but has anyone ever told
you you are full of shit?

PRABAKER

(giggles)

I am proud to say I am full of very good Indian shit. What shit my friend are you so full of?

Which makes Lin laugh.

LIN

All we want right now is a clean, cheap hotel room.

PRABAKER

I can take you to a cheap hotel and a very cheap hotel and a too much cheap hotel and even such a cheap hotel that nobody in a right mind is ever staying there also.

GEORGE

(not interested)

Look, I'm sure you're a good guide and all...but we don't need you to find us a room...we'll find our own...

And he starts off...

PRABAKER

(seemingly wounded)

Need me? You need me so very badly...You don't meet a Prabu Kharre every other days.

Prabaker looks at Lin...Their eyes meet...and there's a subtle connection....

LIN

Do I need you, Prabaker Kharre?

PRABAKER

(a glimmer)

Oh, yes, you are so very needing of me, I am almost crying with your situation! Only God knows what terrible things are happening to you without my good self to guide your body in Mumbai.

LIN

Okay. (to Canadians) I'll pay for him. (but to Prabaker) Just for a hotel room. I don't need a guide.

PRABAKER

Oh, sir, everybody is in needs a guide...some peoples they don't know it, and have to find it out the most hard way...

(MORE)

PRABAKER (cont'd)
 (but happily) Come I will take you to
 a place that it is so cheap, so clean,
 you will ask your good selves how do
 they make this so cheap and so clean?
 Come...I am carrying your luggages...

He grabs up the Canadians bags, he starts to grab Lin's bag,
 Lin almost violently clutches his bag...

LIN
 (darkens)
 Don't ever touch my things.

PRABAKER
 (seeing how
 serious he is)
 I am must sorry great sir. Maybe on
 someday you will let me help carrying
 your luggages.

And Lin's darkness passes like a cloud. And Prabaker,
 carrying the Canadians bags, quickly leads them through the
 streets...

PRABAKER (cont'd)
 Mumbai, is the greatest place on God's
 most finest earth.

GEORGE
 (warning)
 As long as you don't step in the shit.

Which there is some on the sidewalk...and they manage to
 avoid...And as Lin, carrying his suitcase, quietly, watchful,
 ever watchful, follows them...a stranger in a strange land...

EXT. A BOMBAY HOTEL, SEASIDE - NIGHT

Prabaker leads them up the steps of a hotel by the sea.

INT. BOMBABY HOTEL - NIGHT

He takes them up dark stairs past other floors, each a hotel
 of its own, "Aspara Hotel," "Star of Asia Guest House,"
 "Seashore Hotel," to the fourth floor and the small foyer of
 a hotel called the "India Guest House." Where a tall
 muscular Indian man. wearing a dazzlingly white shirt and
 black tie, is sitting behind a steel desk reading the
 newspaper...a radio playing music...ANAND, looking up, seeing
 them...

ANAND
 Welcome young gentlemen to the India
 Guest House.

He starts to go on, do his job, but Prabu always selling...

PRABAKER
 Mr. Anand he is the best manager of
 the best hotel in Bombay.

ANAND
Just to shutup, Prabu.

PRABAKER
(smiles, whispers)
See what is a great manager this Mr. Anand. (to Anand) I am bringing three excellent tourists for you. The very best customers for the very best hotel for the very best manager in all India.

ANAND
I told you just to shut up!

GEORGE
(to the point)
Three people, one room, one night, how much?

ANAND
One hundred twenty rupees.

GEORGE
What? Are you kidding me? One hundred twenty! C'mon, we're outta here.

ANAND
(shrugging)
No problem. You can go to somewhere else. It is no sweat off my fine balls.

He goes back to reading his newspaper, the radio playing. They start to leave, but Prabaker stops them...

PRABAKER
No! No! This is the very most beautiful of hotels. (entreats)
Please, Mr. Lindsay sir, just see to it this lovely room! The disappointment you won't be having.

LIN
(after a beat)
Okay. I'll look at it...this lovely room. But that's it.

ANAND
(looks up at him)
You are a very smart man, sir. My father said a smart man always looks first then making up his own mind before he is jumping. I always try to follow this advice, (shrugs), but something always wants to fuck it up for me big times.

He takes a key off of a hook, tossing it to Lin.

ANAND (cont'd)

Down the passageway, the last room on the right.

And with Prabaker leading the way they go down the dark passageway to the end room. Lin opens the door. They go in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, "THE INDIA GUEST HOUSE," BOMBAY - NIGHT

A stale empty room with three cots. A small window. Bare, institutional, it resembles a cell more than a room...

PRABAKER

Isn't this the most lovely room in Mumbai. A view of the most wonderful sea.

GEORGE

If you like living in a jail cell...I'm surprised nobody's written their names on the walls... (he bends to smell a bed's bedding) It smells like cat piss....

PRABAKER

Mr. Anand would have his heartbreaking to have hearing such things...If you do not stay it will insult him most terribly deeply. If there is any problem you tell me. Anything you need I take care of it. Pot. I have it. Hashish. Right now right away. The girls. Nothing to it. Mr. Anand won't mind anything except dying. He gets very upset if somebody dying here.

He looks at Lin. And it he makes it seem personal...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You were sent by God's to me. I am asking if please, Lindsay sir.

Lin's quiet.

LIN

(after a beat)

(to the Canadians) It's okay. I'll take care of it.

Prabaker shouts "yes," and runs back out into the hallway, joyously telling Mr. Anand. The Canadians laugh.

GEORGE

You were sent to him by God's...These Indian guides could hustle a skin off a snake. (and) You don't mind sleeping in cat piss?

LIN

A bed's a bed. (wry) Anyway, I'm used to a jail cell.

The Canadians thinking he's kidding, laugh. And Prabaker appears with Anand holding a heavy ledger...

PRABAKER

See, you are already having laughing.

ANAND

You will please to be signing the register book...paying for the night...and giving me your passports...

The Canadians do so...giving him their passports...Lin signs the book...gives him the money for the night...but he won't relinquish his passport...

ANAND (cont'd)

Please to be giving your passport.

LIN

That's okay. I'll hold onto it.

ANAND

(definitive)

I am sorry. I can not let you stay here if you will not surrender passport. I'm giving it back when you are leaving...I am afraid that is the laws.

Lin is still. They are at an impasse...

PRABAKER

(intercedes)

I promise you great sir your passport will be safe...

We know very well its importance to him...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(looking at him,
having some innate
understanding)

Some peoples are getting most afraid without their passport, without their "identity." I promise you Mr. Lindsay, you are still the same person you are being, with or without having your passport...

They look at each other.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

It will be safe. I put my good life on it, Mr. Lindsay sir.

And Lin, despite his fears, gives his passport to Anand...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(giggles)

And now without it you are feeling so completely naked with your good penis swinging in the wind.

Even Lin manages a small smile at his description...

ANAND

Thank you kind gentlemen...

Anand gives Lin a receipt and leaves...

PRABAKER

(to Lin)

I am waiting for you just outside...When you are ready I take you on first number Bombay tour..

LIN

(told him once)

No...the room, that's good enough...

He gives him some money...to be done with him...

PRABAKER

(offended)

You are telling me you are done with Prabaker?

Lin's silence is his answer.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Do you think I am man with no value...? You can go and fuck yourself most heartily.

And with that Prabaker abruptly leaves and shuts the door.

GEORGE

Indians take everything personally.

...He opens the small window, looking out...Lin looks outside, the window framing the tableau that's Bombay...

GEORGE (cont'd)

Bombay's the crummiest city in India. (smelling) The night air cuts considerably down on the stench...Wait until you smell it during the day...You don't want to be around here too long.

Lin doesn't say anything, he starts to neatly lay out some of his things on a ledge by a bed.

GEORGE (cont'd)

You want to get some dinner with us?

LIN

No thanks. I think I'm just going to take a walk and go to bed...

We can feel his utter weariness. The Canadians unpack what they need. Lin, unpacking some things. William sees he has a very well stocked FIRST AID KIT.

WILLIAM

What do you need all that for?

LIN

You never know what you're going to run into.

GEORGE

(reaffirming)

He's not stupid, man. Who would want to end up in an Indian hospital. You break your elbow they might mistake it for your asshole. Switch places with them.

They laugh at the idea. Lin takes up his carrying bag, a fresh shirt, the first aid kit, and goes out of the room down the hallway into the bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM IN BOMBAY HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lin, his shirt off, stands at the sink in the small dark bathroom; and we can't avoid seeing the scars all over his torso...scars from knife wounds...He quietly looks at his reflection in an old dirty mirror...AND FOR A MOMENT HE'S LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION IN A MOTEL DRESSER'S MIRROR...WE CAN SEE A LITTLE GIRL'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR IS ASLEEP ON A MOTEL BED BEHIND HIM. THERE'S SUDDENLY A KNOCK ON THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR. WE SEE HIM PUT A PISTOL INTO THE BACK OF HIS PANTS WAIST, READY FOR ANYTHING. THE KNOCK ON THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR AGAIN. Which we realize is somebody KNOCKING on the Bombay bathroom door. Lin looking at himself in the dirty Bombay hotel mirror...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

You almost done in there?

LIN

Hold on.

He puts on the fresh shirt. A moment, and he takes a scalpel knife out of the first aid kit. He takes out of the kit the small homemade belt with its knife sheath. He straps the belt around his ankle and puts the knife into its sheath. And as he pulls his pants leg down, covering it.

EXT. THE HOTEL BY THE SEA, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin, coming down the steps of the hotel, is hit by the rush of traffic, the crowds, the smells, the sounds of the night. And we see Prabaker is sitting in a Taxi with a driver, waiting for him...

PRABAKER

(jumping out,
persistent)

Good, now you are ready to see the most fine city. I have the taxi driver best in all of Mumbai for you, Mr. A.S. Jamwal. You know why he is best? Because God gave to him only one arm to drive with.

And indeed the Driver does have only one arm.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(giggles)

This way he has to drive better than anybody else will.

LIN

Nice to meet you Mr. Jamwal. (to Prabaker) Look, like I told you, it isn't personal, but I don't want a guide...

And he starts off along the street...Prabaker, watching after him...

PRABAKER

Don't forget there is the curfew.

The word resonates. Lin turns...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You don't want to be stopped after curfew. Then there is a problem that even Prabaker can not help you with.

Lin nods he will remember that.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(perceptive)

Unless, of course, you are a man that is looking for troubles...

Lin doesn't say anything...and as he turns and moves off along the Bombay street, his knife close at his ankle.

EXT. BOMBAY STREETS, INDIA - NIGHT

He comes along a busy crowded street, silently taking it all in...watchful...The first thing he's acutely aware of is how the Indians stare at him. Not because of anything unique about him, or out of rudeness, but a cultural affect, curiosity. He's uncomfortable, for obvious reasons, with the scrutiny. Two Policemen, on their beat, are standing talking. They stop to look over at him. Avoiding them he goes around the corner. He's stopped by a particular Bar and Restaurant. "LEOPOLD'S." He looks in the window. A crowded, comfortable place...with very few Indian faces...He sees the Policemen walking around the corner...he goes inside...

INT. "LEOPOLD'S" BAR AND RESTAURANT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

He stops just inside the door. He looks around the busy bar. A mixture of languages of various expatriates.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Look what the wind blew in.

He turns. And he sees an effete man in a neat suit, a borselino hat at his elbow, sitting drinking with a group of people. DIDIER. He has a noticeable French accent.

DIDIER (cont'd)

Don't say a word. I can tell exactly where you are from by just looking at you. I have never been wrong.

And Lin not interested in playing his little game, quietly goes over and sits alone at an empty table.

DIDIER (cont'd)

(to his drinking
companions,
exaggerated)

I think he does not want to play the game.

Lin silently waits for service. A Waiter coming over.

LIN

A local beer.

The man walks off. Lin quietly sits. He looks in a bar mirror that reflects the barroom...watchful...ever watchful..

DIDIER (V.O.)

(calls out)

Australia. You are an Aussie. I'd stake my life on it.

Lin looks over at him.

LIN

(cold)

You don't value your life very much, do you? I'm from New Zealand. Auckland.

DIDIER

(a smile)

My life gets cheaper with every drink. (but looking at him) I still say you are an Australian. Australians are like Americans, they pretend they are not afraid of anything.

Lin doesn't engage with him. The waiter brings Lin his drink.

DIDIER (cont'd)

(to Waiter)

Sinjay, put it on mine.

LIN
(hesitates,
and...excepting
his offer, nods)
Cheers.

DIDIER
Salut...

Lin takes a drink of his beer, quietly sitting absorbing "Leopold's." And without waiting for an invitation Didier gets up and crosses to sit at Lin's table.

DIDIER (cont'd)
It is terribly exciting to see a new face. The old faces get so deadly boring. (introducing himself) Didier Levy. Marseilles, once upon a time.

LIN
(simply)
Lin.

They shake hands...Didier, looking at him...

DIDIER
You meet all kinds of people in Bombay. (his smile) It is a good place to hide.

As Lin looks at him but doesn't say anything, keeping his business to himself...

INT. "LEOPOLD'S," BOMBAY - NIGHT, LATER

We see a number of people are at the table now with Lin and Didier, ex-pats of various nationalities...Lin a curiosity piece, new blood...Didier is telling a Girl...

DIDIER
...Fifteen years ago. 1968. The Beatles. Everyone followed the Beatles. (laughs) The only ones left here now are too drunk to know why they came to begin with...

ANOTHER GIRL
Why are you still here?

DIDIER
(laughs)
Why? I am French. I am gay. I am Jewish, and I am a criminal...

Lin looks up hearing the word "criminal..."

DIDIER (cont'd)
Bombay is the only city I have ever found that allows me to be all of these things at the same time.

He takes a drink. He looks over at Lin...

DIDIER (cont'd)
And what about you, "New Zealand?"
What are you doing here?

LIN
(offhand)
Nothing much. Just taking a look
around.

DIDIER
You are not going to an ashram or the
Himalayas like everyone else? You are
not searching for your God?

He shakes "no." And we hear a Woman's Voice saying...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(sure of herself)
Everyone is searching for their God.

Lin sees in the bar mirror a woman has come inside...a
European, KARLA SAARANEN. She looks at him in the mirror as
if they were just the two of them there...

DIDIER
(chimes in, wry)
Have you found your God yet, Karla?

KARLA
(she shakes "yes,"
but seems unsure)
Yes, I found him this time.

DIDIER
...Then...(toasting) To God.

His companions join him, toasting "To God." Karla comes and
sits across from Lin. She has a particular way with people,
making you feel like you are the only one in the room...

KARLA
(offering hand)
I'm Karla.

LIN
(shaking her hand)
Lin.

KARLA
So you are new.

LIN
(smiles)
To you.

Which makes her smile.

KARLA
Didn't I hear Didier say New Zealand?

He nods.

KARLA (cont'd)
This is your first night in Bombay.

It isn't a question. How she knows...

KARLA (cont'd)
There is still a look of "promise" in
your eyes. (sadly) That will disappear
here with time.

Lin doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)
(interested)
What do you do, Lin...? What are you
doing in Bombay?

LIN
(a beat, and he
just says)
I'm going to write a book.

KARLA
(laughs, warm)
What makes you so sure you have
something to say.

Lin doesn't say anything. She looks in his eyes...

KARLA (cont'd)
You look like a wounded boy. What
makes you so wounded?

He still doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)
I think you are easily hurt. I am
going to have to be very careful with
you.

LIN
Careful?

KARLA
I have to make sure I don't hurt you.

LIN
Why do you think you are going to hurt
me?

KARLA
(truthful)
I have a talent for hurting people.

LIN
That doesn't take any talent.

She studies him for a moment..And coming to some conclusion..

KARLA
(whispering,
secretive)
Will you do a favor for me?

LIN
A favor?

KARLA
A half hour at the most. Someone will
come by to pick it up.

And he feels her hand is on his knee. He looks under the
table and he sees she is handing him a roll of cash.

LIN
(doesn't take it)
Why don't you leave it with somebody
else?

KARLA
I know them. I don't trust anybody
else here.

LIN
You don't even know me. How do you
know you can trust me? How do you
know I'm not a bad man? A thief?

KARLA
You could be many things: A junkie.
A thief. A killer maybe. It doesn't
matter. I've known them all. I trust
you, I told you, because you still
have promise in your eyes.

She looks him, in his eyes.

LIN
Why should I trust you? How do I know
where this money is from? Why you
have it? How do I know it isn't going
to get me into some serious trouble.

KARLA
(looks at him)
You will just have to trust me.

They look at one another.

KARLA (cont'd)
One half hour -- no longer...Yes or
no...?

He hesitates, looking at her...and then, despite his better
instincts, he takes the money under the table from her...

KARLA (cont'd)
I thought I could rely on you. A
woman will come for it...her name is
Ulla...Don't worry, she is not your
type...

She looks outside...and seeing...

KARLA (cont'd)
Maybe I will see you again...

And with that she gets up, and starts out of the bar. Before she leaves...on the possibility of seeing him again...

KARLA (cont'd)
I hope that I do.

She looks at him, and she turns and leaves. He watches her go outside, a CAR is stopped there that's come for her...she gets into the car...He watches her drive off into the night. As he's still, looking after her....

INT. "LEOPOLD'S," BOMBAY - A SHORT TIME LATER, NIGHT

Their table has emptied...Lin sitting alone with Didier...

LIN
You said you were a criminal. What kind of a criminal?

DIDIER
(smiles, smart)
Only another criminal would ask a criminal that.

Lin doesn't say anything.

DIDIER (cont'd)
I have a small business. Some young men.

And Didier motions to a quartet of bearded Men at a table across the room.

DIDIER (cont'd)
Those are the real criminals. The Afghanis...they control everything in Bombay. The passports, the drugs, the weapons...everything goes through their hands...They have all the power...And it starts with the great don, Abdel Khader Khan. Khaderbhai. He is the most powerful gangster.

Lin looks at the dark men.

LIN
Is he one of them?

DIDIER
(smiles, shakes "no")
He would see you, before you saw him.

LIN
(interested)
Do you know him?

DIDIER

I am not important enough to know him.
Karla knows him.

Lin digests that...And he sees a Woman coming into the bar.
She stops to look around.

LIN

(anticipates)

Are you Ulla?

She nods. Comes over. He discretely hands her the money.
And without saying anything, not even a thank you, she's gone
as quickly as she's come.

DIDIER

(perceptive)

Karla, she can be very persuasive...
(reassuring him) You are not the first
one...Although she can make you feel
like you are the only one.

THE BARMAN

(calls out)

Curfew.

Lin stiffens at the all too familiar word. The help start
closing up the bar, cleaning up. People leaving.

Didier gets his hat, the borselino. He gets up. Lin getting
up. They go outside...

EXT. LEOPOLD'S, THE STREET, BOMBAY - NIGHT

They come out of the bar...

DIDIER

(his sexuality)

Do you have a place to go to?

Lin nods.

DIDIER (cont'd)

(looks at him)

That's a pity.

Lin doesn't say anything. There's a momentary quiet.

DIDIER (cont'd)

(breathing)

Do you smell that?

Lin doesn't know what he's supposed to smell.

LIN

The smoke?

DIDIER

(shakes "no")
 There are always the cooking fires.
 This is a smell you get once a
 night. (breathing deeply, smelling)
 You have to breathe deeply, neglect
 the cars exhaust, the human waste, the
 smell of all of the bodies, the
 jasmine incense, the coriander
 perfume...Do you smell it now?

Lin doesn't know what he's smelling.

DIDIER (cont'd)

It is the smell of fear. I smell it
 every night before I go to bed. Thank
 God for the daylight.

Lin is quiet...it's a feeling he knows all too well...

DIDIER (cont'd)

Are you going to be staying in Bombay
 for awhile?

LIN

I don't know yet.

DIDIER

What do they say, a story comes to a
 writer, not the other way around.
 Bonne nuit, Monsieur Lin...

Didier waves, and putting on his borselino he walks off. Lin watches Didier swallowed up by the night. Lin starts back. Bombay closing down...He moves along the emptying streets. He comes around a corner. The street ahead of him appears to be literally undulating...and as he comes closer we see it is filled with people lying head to toe under blankets on the street, as far as the eye can see, asleep...A veritable carpet of sleeping people....There's suddenly the shrill sound of WHISTLES blowing...and he sees some Policemen...one of them a particular POLICE OFFICER, who stands officiously by watching, as the Police roust people sleeping on the street...One of them objects, the Policemen beating him with their "lathis" their small rattan sticks...The Police Officer instinctively looks Lin's way...Their eyes momentarily meet. Lin, to avoid him, turns the corner...He finds himself on a dark back street...His footsteps echoing...There are the sounds of VOICES behind him...He turns. Some men in the shadows talking. He crosses the street. He sees lights coming toward him...a strange kind of "creature" in the street shrouded in its own fog...as the "creature" comes past we see it is a small sanitation vehicle literally spraying the streets with the fog of DDT...killing disease. He moves along the fogged street...there are the sounds of people above him...He looks up and he sees a watchtower... He stops looking up at the tower silhouetted by the moon...A tower that reminds him of: HE'S LOOKING OUT HIS JAIL WINDOW AT A GUARD TOWER IN THE MOONLIGHT...where he's been...And now the moon casting its light over this strange place called Bombay, Mumbai...where he's "run" to...

When a hand suddenly grabs Lin's shoulder...

INT. THE BOMBAY HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

We see Lin in bed asleep, a hand on his shoulder, shaking him...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I am very much need to talk to you...

Lin wakes with a start; instinctively turning over with his scalpel knife drawn, ready to defend himself...and he sees Prabaker standing over him...

LIN

(angrily at the
fright)

What the hell is wrong with you?! I
could have cut you open!

PRABAKER

Why would you want to cut me Mr.
Lindsay, sir? You are a very
nervously man. (and) It is a most
perfect day to see Mumbai....

And Lin sees daylight is pouring in...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You have slept for twelve whole many
hours...Your friends, they are gone...

He sees the Canadians and their things are gone...Prabaker
shows him a nearly full bottle of whiskey....

PRABAKER (cont'd)

They have left this for you. It is
such a nice present they are leaving.
We could take it with us.

LIN

Look, I told you I don't want a guide.
Okay?

And Prabaker "secretly" gives him back his passport.

PRABAKER

(whispers)

I took it when Anand was in most
soundly asleep...Maybe going in his
sleep to pay visit on relative he
missing seeing.

Lin looks at him, and appreciatively nods, getting his
precious passport, his "identity" back...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(his smile)

Now, I am guiding you, okay?

INT. TAXI, BOMBAY - DAY

We see Lin riding with Prabaker in the back of the "one armed" taxi driver's cab, Mr. A.S. Jarwal, moving through the Bombay streets.

PRABAKER

There are four kinds of people being tourists. One comes to see all the greatest lovely buildings. One comes to see the most lovely peoples. One comes to see why these lovely peoples are having such lovely buildings.

LIN

You said four.

PRABAKER

One tourist they comes because he doesn't know what he is looking for anywheres at all...

Lin doesn't say anything.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

I think this is you, Mr. Linbaba. You are tourist not sure where he is going...What he is looking for...You are always watching, moving eyes, always looking for something...Very busy eyes...

Lin still doesn't say anything...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Don't worry, Linbaba, whatever you are looking to find, just leave it to Prabu, he will find it for you...

Lin doesn't say anymore. They come to a busy bazaar where the street narrows, and the Taxi can't go any further...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

We will be getting out here Mr. Lindsay sir.

EXT. BOMBAY - DAY

They get out. Lin pays the Driver. The man says something.

PRABAKER

He said it was a great pleasure to having you to be sitting in his lovely taxi. He said he will not clean the seat for two more Saturdays just so to remember you were there.

LIN

(thinking he's
being hustled)
What, didn't I pay enough?

PRABAKER

I try telling you, everything is not monies. You gave him some moments of happiness. He wants to save it.

LIN

(a beat, shrugs)

Tell him, he gave me some moments of happiness too.

PRABAKER

Tell him by yourselves...it is your own happiness...Say to him in Marathi...

And he says some words in his original language MARATHI. And Lin, good with languages, repeats them. The one armed driver says something back to him and happily drives off..

PRABAKER

He says he is going right away now to tell to his wife he met you, that you have good luck.

LIN

I have good luck? I haven't ever been told that before.

PRABAKER

Your name, "Lin"...it is means "penis" in Marathi. Not many are so lucky to have a penis, and be named for one too.

Even Lin laughs. Prabaker walks him through the streets of the busy bazaar...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Very few foreigners know how to speak this language, Marathi. There is only one other tourist I tried to teach to it. But he was hit by a bus who didn't want him crossing the street when he was not looking.

Lin smiles at his absurdities. Prabaker points out words on signs, saying them in Marathi. Lin, enjoying himself, repeats the words, a quick learner. They come to a tiny store front with the curious name, "Radio Sick." "Electric Repair Enterprise."

PRABAKER (cont'd)

...I will be right to come back out...

He goes inside...Lin can see through the window Prabaker giving the proprietor the bottle of the Canadian's whiskey. The man takes the bottle, hides it under a shelf, and gives Prabaker a hunk of money. Prabaker comes out as quickly as he left. And as they move along what are narrowing streets...

LIN

I thought you wanted to drink the whiskey?

PRABAKER

Ah yes, was wanting it, and was already drinking it in my mind also. But now, with this money from selling your present I can buy two bottles of very bad and nicely cheap Indian whiskey to enjoy and plenty of money left for one nice new shirt red colour, one tola of good charras, tickets for enjoying air condition Hindi picture and two days good food.

They turn a corner, and the street has narrowed into "ways..." A maze of narrow streets... They come to the end of a street that is so narrow they have to literally turn "sideways", hence the word, to go through... They come out of the passage, to another narrow confined street... Some men are standing talking on the narrow street... Lin watches a man hand a customer a small glassine envelope of heroin...

PRABAKER

Are there any drugs you are wanting to making you feeling so happy?

Lin seems to hesitate, but shakes "no" to Prabaker's offer...

LIN

I'm not looking for any drugs.

They go deeper into the narrow streets....

PRABAKER

This where you find what has been stolen from you.

Stalls laden with black market merchandise.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Did you ever steal anything, Linbaba?

LIN

(honestly)

Yeah, I have.

PRABAKER

Did you ever give anythings back?

LIN

What do you mean give it back?

Prabaker doesn't say anything. And they come past row upon row of brothels. The women living where they will lay. A woman smiles at Lin. Lin looks, but shakes "no."

PRABAKER

Is it mens? Just there is plenty of men's...and just there men's who are also women's...

And there's another row of brothels that provide different kinds of "love."

LIN

No, that's not for me.

PRABAKER

One minute...

Prabaker walks over to talk to a MAN at the door outside of a falling down building...The man adamantly shakes "no." Prabaker talks some more, the man still shaking "no." Prabaker trots back to Lin.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

He is a most stubborn man. He said we can't go inside.

LIN

What's in there?

PRABAKER

I think maybe if you were to talk to him, I think he will let us in. Tell him in Marathi...

And he says some words in Marathi...Lin, learning the words...He goes over to the man, says what he was told to say in Marathi. The man breaks into a huge smile. He says something to Prabaker.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

He is so happy you speak our language. There is no white people who speak this language. He said he wants to take you home to meet his lovely family...

And the man happily embraces Lin, literally starting to pick him up.

LIN

(uncomfortable)

What the fuck is he doing...!

PRABAKER

He is so happy to know you he will carry you inside...

LIN

That's okay...

Prabaker says something. The Man puts Lin down. He opens the door for them...

EXT. A COURTYARD, A FALLING DOWN BUILDING, IN THE BACK STREETS OF BOMBAY - DAY

They've come onto a rubble courtyard. Lin slows.

Because sitting on a bench under a tattered canopy are CHILDREN of different ages and ethnicities...Some men standing around looking at them...silently bidding with their eyes with an Arab man, an Overseer, as to which of the children they will buy...

LIN

(stopped)

What's going on?

PRABAKER

They are slaves. They come from cyclones in West Bengal, the droughts in Orissa, the cholera much sickness in Haryana...

The children start clapping. And a LITTLE GIRL, somewhere near ten, stands up from the bench to sing and dance a love song...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

This song it is from a popular Hindi movie...everybody know this song...

The little Girl plaintively singing...and she does a child's imitation of a burlesque for the men, for the "buyers..." Lin is still, sickened, watching this heartbreaking tableau...as the little girl plaintively sings...

LIN

(upset)

My daughter she's just about her age.

PRABAKER

You have a daughter? What is her most lovely name, Linbaba?

But he doesn't say anything else...and Prabaker doesn't pursue it...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(explains)

The boys will go to work as camel jockeys in Saudia Arabia...Kuwait... The camel places...Some will be hurt in races. Some will die. When they grow too tall to ride they will be discarded...The girls will work in households...some of them will be used for sex...

LIN

(deadly)

I wish I had a gun right now.

PRABAKER

Did you want to shoots anybody? I can get you many guns.

LIN

(angrily)

Why the fuck did you bring me here?!
What did you think I wanted..!?

And furious, he walks out...

EXT. BOMBAY BACK STREET - DAY

...He moves quickly along the narrow street...Prabaker runs to catch up with him...

PRABAKER

I am sorry, Linbaba...

LIN

(angry)

Those Canadians were right. Anything to make a fucking dollar.

PRABAKER

(upset)

This is not me.

LIN

Just get me out of here...

They move along the crowded narrow street...

PRABAKER

(meaning slaves)

They are the fortunate ones.

LIN

The fortunate ones?

PRABAKER

They are alive. Roof on top of their head...food...waters...These are the most lucky ones...The other ones not so lucky, they die right then now...no food, no water...left alone on road under coca colas sign...For every one of these, one hundred die...(and, matter of fact) In this life these children meant to be slaves. If somebody is master somebody is slave. That is the way it is. Maybe next time they have the slaves who ride camels for them. It is just this way. Nothing can change it. Life is decided already.

LIN

We don't have anything to say about it?

PRABAKER

Plenty to say...nobody listening...

And he giggles at the idea...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You can not argue with karma...No choice about it...

LIN

I don't believe it...not having choices. (personally) Everybody's got a right to be free.

PRABAKER

This is a very much interesting idea you have Lin, this idea of "free." I will have to think much closely about it. We have no choice who we are being...It is only up to one's fine self to make himself free. Look at yourselves. You are as free as a bird. Isn't that so, Linbaba?

INT. A TAXI, BOMBAY - DAY

Prabaker and Lin riding in the back of a taxi. Lin is quiet, distant. Prabaker looks closely at him.

PRABAKER

You know what I think, Linbaba...I think you need very big sleep...I think you have not rested in many years...

Lin doesn't say anything...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

I am going to visit my village...why don't you come home with Prabu? You can rest most lovely there.

LIN

(distant)

No...no, thanks...

PRABAKER

What are you to plans, Linbaba? What do you intending to do?

He's quiet. He doesn't know. And he can't help but see how erratic their taxi Driver is driving...The Man speeding....driving up virtually nudging other cars...cursing at the other drivers...opening the door every so often and spitting pann on the sidewalk....

LIN (cont'd)

This guy is a nut case!

PRABAKER

Driving is not so good. But I have to say the spitting and insulting is first class job.

The Cab careens along the road...

LIN

For christsake tell him to stop, he's going to kill us...

Prabaker says something...the Driver, angrily says something back...when suddenly a car ahead of them has stopped to turn...

LIN (cont'd)

Watch out...!

Their Driver, going too fast, has to slam on the brakes, the taxi skids running into the other car, crashing...Cars behind them slam into them, piling up. Lin and Prabaker are flung onto the floor of the back seat...They manage to get up...

PRABAKER

Nothing broken you are, Lin?

LIN

I'm okay. I'm okay.

People come running to the accident...

PRABAKER

(suddenly fearful)

We must get out! (hysterically) Out!
Out of here! Now!

He tries to open the door. It's stuck. He hurls his shoulder against it, it won't budge. The other door is jammed up against the car they hit...both doors jammed shut..

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(panicked)

We must be getting out....!

LIN

What's wrong? What are you afraid of?
Fire?

People surrounding the car, press their faces to the windows...peering in...Prabaker suddenly scrambles over the front seat and wrestles the passenger door open. Turning he literally grabs Lin by the arms, pulling him over the front seat...

PRABAKER

We must be getting out now....!!

Lin climbs over...The Taxi Driver, hurt, is slumped between the steering wheel and the door, moaning...Lin starts to reach to help him...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Don't touch him! We can't be worrying about him...! Leave him and get out!
We must getting out right away now!

And he grabs Lin, literally pulling him out of the taxi...

EXT. THE STREETS, BOMBAY - DAY

There is chaos... A growing mob of people...Some people that were hurt in the accident are being comforted...a woman, bleeding, is being carted away literally in a wheelbarrow. And suddenly the mob pulls the injured Driver out of the Taxi. The mob screaming at him...starting to claw at him, scratch at him, starting to literally beat him to death....

LIN

(has never seen
anything like it)

What's the matter with these people!?

PRABAKER

He was not driving the proper
way...they are reminding him...

LIN

They're going to kill him....!

PRABAKER

Maybe. For this fellow there is no
helping. Accidents is very bad
business in Bombay. The public are
not having patience for such business.
He should have been doing better
proper driving...That is why we had to
get out...they might think we are
cause of accident also...

LIN

I can't let them just kill him...

And he starts into the crowd to try to help the
Driver...Before he can get there POLICE, blowing their
whistles, come driving up...wading into the mob...parting the
people with their lathis sticks...There are various heated
conversations about the accident...Some people are motioning
at Lin and Prabaker...A Policeman motions for Lin and
Prabaker to come over to him...

PRABAKER

They want us telling them why this
accident being happened.

The Policeman starts toward them...Lin instinctively looks
down at his ankle, his knife...Prabaker seeing his concern...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You don't want them they should talk
to you, Linbaba?

The Policeman motions to Lin, saying something in Hindi,
calling him over again...And when Lin doesn't immediately
react, the Policeman starts blowing his whistle, other
Policemen coming...and Lin suddenly starts to run...the
Policemen, blowing their whistles, coming after him...

He goes around a corner...the whistles in pursuit, coming after him...He runs through the crush of people on a busy street..when a Taxi comes racing up alongside him, and Prabaker, holding the back door open for him, helps him climb inside...

INT. THE TAXI, BOMBAY - DAY

Driving away...Lin, dead quiet...

PRABAKER

They will be looking for white man who runs from accident. I knew the first time you see you...I say, Prabu, this man is with big trouble...

Lin's quiet.

LIN

(after a beat)

Your village? How far away is that?

INT./EXT. VICTORIA TRAIN STATION, BOMBAY - DAY

The incredibly crowded train station. And we see Prabaker is at the chaotic ticket counter, Lin, his suitcase in hand, waiting nearby. Prabaker turns from the ticket booth...And an ANNOUNCEMENT comes over the loudspeaker...and Prabaker suddenly takes off running...

LIN

(startled)

Where are you going?!

PRABAKER

(shouts)

No time...you wait right here...!

Prabaker disappears into the jam packed terminal...Lin is left by himself in the midst of the throngs...A man pushes another man, and they suddenly break into a fight...falling to the floor...but nobody cares, literally walking over them...And Lin sees two Policemen moving through the crowded terminal...They look his way. Lin, feeling trapped, starts to take up his suitcase to leave, when Prabaker suddenly comes running back with a Man in a red linen shirt...a PORTER...Prabaker grabs a handful of the back of the man's red shirt...

PRABAKER

Here Lin, take it hold on this shirts...Hold it and never let it go this shirts...Tell me your deep and special promise. You will never let it go this shirts...

There's another ANNOUNCEMENT and the whole terminal seems to move for the train's doors...a virutal melee...people literally fighting their way to the doors...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Quickly!

And Lin, doing as he's told to, grabs onto the man's shirt..

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Goodbye, Linbaba...

And he suddenly runs into the middle of the crowd, literally fighting his way to the track doors...

THE PORTER

Okay, we go now!

...And before Lin can react the man grabs up Lin's suitcase moving through the roiling terminal...Lin, holding firmly onto the man's red shirt...literally being pulled by the man through the mass of people...the man is doing a strange dance, raising his knees almost to his chin as if he were marching, using his knees as weapons, kneeling anybody in his way...Lin holds tightly onto his shirt as the man literally knees his way through the throngs, knocking people over and aside...cutting a path through the terminal...out the doors onto the train platform...

EXT. THE PLATFORM, THE TRAIN STATION - DAY

The Man kneeling people out of the way through the chaos of the platform...while people are literally kicking and fighting to get onto an idling TRAIN...the Man knees his way through the melee all the way onto the train pulling Lin on board with him...

INT. THE TRAIN - DAY

He pulls Lin along the aisle, kneeling his way to Prabaker, who is literally laying across a seat holding onto it with his hands and legs for dear life...while people are hitting him, trying to pry him from his grasp of the seat...Prabaker, seeing Lin, pulls Lin down to sit beside him...

PRABAKER

There we are...make yourself most comfortably, Linbaba...

Lin takes a moment to catch his breath...The Man throws his bag in a luggage rack...The Train whistles, starting to go...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Paying him for his knees, Linbaba, the best knees in Bombay station...

Lin pays the Man, and his job done, he knees his way back off of the train. And the Train moves away...Lin sitting with Prabaker...People unable to get a seat standing crammed together all around them...Lin, seeing a bent over Old Man is having to stand, starts to get up to give him his seat...Prabaker pulls his sleeve to have him sit back down...

PRABAKER

Please to sit down! It is not the time...! I will tell you when it is the time...!

And as the Train moves away, Lin, a stranger among these people...and their journey begins...

INT. THE TRAIN, INDIA - DAY, LATER

The train moving across the countryside outside of Bombay. Prabaker and Lin still sitting in their seats in the packed car, people standing, sitting on the floor, all around them..

PRABAKER

(looks at watch)

Now we give seats up...

They get up...And the Old bent Man and a woman take their seats...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Four hours and we have them again...

They stand waiting...

LIN

How long is this trip?

PRABAKER

Only two days...

LIN

Two days? Where we supposed to sleep...

PRABAKER

Sleep, Linbaba? When you are tired, you will sleep...

INT. THE TRAIN - LATE AT NIGHT

The crowded train car. It's quiet. People, whether sitting or standing, are asleep...Prabaker, standing, his head ducked into his chest, is sleeping. Lin, silently standing, is the only one awake...He looks around him at the people sleeping...the occasional noise of someone talking in their sleep...And Lin, feeling confined, goes outside between train cars...

EXT. BETWEEN TRAIN CARS, INDIA - NIGHT

People are crowded together here too...standing or sitting on the connecting car platform, sleeping...Lin looks out at the pitch dark of India going by...Another world. He looks up, and he sees a MAN, in silhouette, is sitting precariously on the top of the train...the wind literally threatening to blow him away...the man, awake, feeling the wind in his face, a man, despite the danger, who seems to be completely and utterly free...when suddenly the wind takes him and he's literally blown off of the train...Lin helplessly watching as the man is just blown away into the dark Indian night...

EXT. FARM FIELDS, INDIA - NEAR THE END OF THE DAY

A Bus, crowded like an anthill with people, comes to a stop on a rural dirt road. Prabaker and Lin get off. The Bus driving away. They come along the dirt road to farmlands. People working with oxen in fields. An older man riding on the yoke of an ox approaches them. Prabaker drops his bags and runs to him. The older man springing to the ground. Where they shyly embrace.

PRABAKER

Lin, this is my father, Kishan Mango Kharre. And father, this is Mr. Lin. I am happy, too much happy, that you are meeting each other's good selves.

Lin and Prabaker's father shake hands. And then his father, lifts his shirt patting his hairy pot belly...with an odd smile of contentment...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

He wants you to pat his tummies.

LIN

I don't think so.

PRABAKER

Oh yes, he most generously wants you to pat his tummies:

LIN

(uncomfortable)

Tell him I'm flattered, and I think it's a fine tummies and all, but tell him I think I'll pass.

PRABAKER

(more firmly)

Go on, Lin. A few pats only. It won't bite you my father's tummies. It will make him happy.

Lin hesitates, and giving in, reaches out and pats the man's stomach. Kishan happily smiles. And Lin realizes people are standing in the fields staring at him. They climb onto Prabaker's father's ox-cart. Kishan sits up at the yoke, hitting the ox with a long bamboo stick that has a nail driven into the end of it to mete out the most stinging punishment to keep the ox in line....As they move through the fields Prabaker and Kishan are engaged in a conversation in Mirathi. We read in subtitles: "Where is he from?" "New Zealand." "New Zealand?" "Yes, New Zealand in Europe." "Plenty of money in New Zealand?" "Yes. Yes. Plenty. They are all rich white people there." "How old is he?" "Thirty." "He looks much older." "They all do." "All the Europeans look older and angrier. It's a white thing." "Where are his parents?" "In his native place, New Zealand." "Why isn't he with them?" "He's traveling. He is looking at the world." "He looks lonely." "These white people traveling alone, they all are lonely."

They both turn to look at Lin and smile...and as they carry on their conversation...Lin seeing along the way the people in the fields standing...staring at him...

LIN

What are they looking at?

PRABAKER

You are the first person from foreign to visit my village in twenty-one years. Anyone less old than this has never seen a foreigner with his own personal eyes.

Kishan cracks the ox with the nail on the bamboo stick to keep moving. And Lin watching Kishan beat the oxen, HAS A MOMENTARY IMAGE OF HIMSELF IN "THE SLOT," IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, BEING BEATEN BY THE PARTICULAR GUARD WITH A POLICE BATON...WHILE OTHER GUARDS WATCH...THE MAN BEATING HIM MERCILESSLY...And Lin, on the oxcart, instinctively grabs the end of the stick to stop him from beating the oxen...Kishan says something...

PRABAKER

My father wants to know why you want him to stop using the stick? It is the only way the ox will listen.

LIN

(awkwardly)

I didn't want him to hurt him.

He translates for his father. They both laugh. They quickly talk.

PRABAKER

My father is asking, is it true in your country people are eating cows? My father is saying, he thinks it is very hard to eat one of these big animals, without hurting it.

Even Lin has to smile. And they have neared a VILLAGE with round mud houses, with round windows and curved doors. Prabaker's father suddenly jerks the ox to a stop. He talks to Prabaker. Prabaker opens his suitcase giving his father various things...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

He wants it all his presents now...he is afraid when we get there we will have good hearts and give away all these presents to other peoples and he will not get his wonderful presents...

His father hides the presents under some cloth on the ox cart's rail. They come into the village...word has spread that the foreigner is there, and people from all around, their must be five hundred people, have come to get a glimpse of him...Kishan drives through the throng, the people staring at Lin...

They reach Kishan's hut...the people stand watching as they get off the cart...everyone pressing closer to look at Lin. They surround him...So close he can feel their breath on his face.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You must have a bath, Linbaba. After such a long travel you must be smelling unhappy...

And as Prabaker takes Lin's arm taking him into his father's hut...the people pressing to the hut looking after him...Lin looking back, at all the the faces looking in at him...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - NEAR THE END OF THE DAY

Along the side of the hut...there is a brass jug...pots of hot water...a makeshift shower...Lin is taking off his clothes...taking off his pants, starting to take off his underwear to take a shower...When Prabaker suddenly in a panic, runs to him, trying to cover Lin's body with his hands...He grabs a towel and puts it around Lin...

PRABAKER

Have you gone crazy? What are you doing?

LIN

I'm trying to...I'm going to take a shower...

PRABAKER

But like that? Like that? You were naked, Lin! Naked, without any clothes also!

LIN

That's how I take a shower. How else are you going to take a shower?

PRABAKER

No. No. Nobody is ever naked in India. And especially nobody is naked without clothes.

LIN

So...how do you take a shower?

PRABAKER

We wear it the underpants for having a bath in India.

LIN

Well that's fine then...

He drops the towel where he still has on his black jockey shorts. Prabaker quickly covers him with the towel again.

PRABAKER

Those are not the underpants. Those are the under-underpants only. You must have it the over-underpants.

LIN
The...over-underpants.

PRABAKER
Like this.

He unbuttons his pants showing him a pair of short like pants underneath.

PRABAKER (cont'd):
Even if you are wearing underpants, you are must be wearing over-underpants. You wait just here. I will get you some over-underpants for your bath. But don't remove your towel. Please! Promise! If the people see you without the towel in such teeny places they will be like wild people. I cannot say what will happen.

And he hurries off. Lin stands with the towel around him. Prabaker's little sisters look out the hut at him...They can see the knife scars on his torso...they say something to each other about them...Lin self-consciously turns away from them folding his arms over his naked chest...Prabaker comes back with two pairs of red football shorts...

PRABAKER
These are from Fat Satish. I told him a story and then he gave it this two pairs for you. I told him that on the journey you had loose motions, and you made such a mess in your over-underpants that we had to throw them away.

LIN
You told him, I shit my pants?

PRABAKER
Oh, yes, Lin. I certainly couldn't tell him that you have no over-underpants. What would he think of you then. (and, happily laughs) Now I will take a bath also, like we are two good friends and I will show you the Indian style.

EXT. HUT, SUNDER VILLAGE - AT THE END OF THE DAY

The last gasp of daylight. Prabaker and Lin taking an Indian style "bath," pouring the brass jug over their bodies, using the assorted cloths, the Indian ministrations for cleanliness...And Prabaker meaning Lin's knife scars...

PRABAKER
You have been in many troubles?

LIN
I've had some.

PRABAKER

It is too bad this is the life you
were given...having so many
troubles...maybe in next life things
will be getting better...(giggles)
But, maybe not...

And as the day wanes the sky going dark the two "friends"
showering, somewhere in rural India.

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE, PRABAKER'S FAMILY HUT - NIGHT, LATER

We see a low bed is being carried by Prabaker and some men
out of the hut. Prabaker's family, his father, mother, and
little sisters, following them...The men putting the bed down
just outside of the hut...

LIN

(to Prabaker,
protesting)

I can't --

PRABAKER

My father will be most unhappy for
long times if you don't use his bed...

Kishan smiles at Lin...motioning for him to get into the
bed...And Lin, despite his protestations, gets onto the
bed...and he sees that Prabaker's family along with many
neighbors of various ages have come to sit around the low
bed...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

You must sleep now...

LIN

(looking around)

...With all these people...

PRABAKER

They are concerned that you must be
having loneliness in a strange place
without having your own family, so
they will sit with you until you are
so most peacefully asleep. After all,
I am sure people in your country would
do the same for me, I went there and
missed my family, wouldn't they?

LIN

(far from the
truth)

Sure they would...

And Lin lies down in the bed...the people sitting around the
bed, keeping him company, forming a protective ring around
him...And feeling safe, secure, he closes his eyes...and he
feels a hand on his shoulder...and he sees Kishan's rested
his hand on his shoulder, a simple gesture of kindness and
comfort...that is in its simplicity, profound.

And as Lin looks around him for a last time, the people sitting watching him from the darkness, Kishan's old hand on his shoulder comforting him, and he shuts his eyes and goes to sleep...

WE SEE A DREAM, AN ABSTRACTION, AS ANY DREAM IS, A REPRESENTATION...A DREAM LIN IS HAVING OF HIS DAUGHTER...A DREAM THAT ENDS WITH THE IMAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER LYING IN BED WITH HIM OUTSIDE THE HUT IN SUNDER VILLAGE.

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE, INDIA - DAY

And as Lin comes awake he realizes it is not the face of his own little girl, but the face of a little brown INDIAN GIRL...sitting on the bed...watching him sleep. And we sense he has slept for a long time. The day well under way in the village, the men with the oxen in the fields...the women doing their chores, nobody paying him any mind....And the little Girl, who was watching him sleep, has a brass teapot and two cups...She offers him some tea...Lin nods, "thanks." She pours him some tea. She pours herself some. And they quietly drink their tea. But this is a game for the little girl, and she talks to him With that sense of authority, bossy, that little girls have when they're playing tea party...the only difference being Lin doesn't understand a word she's saying to him as she's speaking Marathi...She says something about the scars on his chest, and she shows him a scar she has of her own on her cheek...telling him in Marathi how it happened to her...And Lin, tells her in English even though she doesn't understand a word he's saying...needing to unburden himself...

LIN
(touching his
scars)

These are from knife fights...I had a lot of them when I was in jail...The first time you stab someone it doesn't feel real...it's like you stuck your hand into a warm sponge...It's funny, instead of getting easier, it gets harder every time....you stab somebody, you start feeling the muscle and the bone you're going through...you can hear the tearing...and the blood's warm and it sticks to you...

The Little Girl laughs...She says something in Marathi...She pours him without asking some more tea...at this tea party...She shows him another scar she has on her forearm...telling him how it happened...he listens...and he looks at his own arms...and he tells her....

LIN (cont'd)
This is from ten years of using
heroin...

He looks at needle tracks on his forearms...

LIN (cont'd)
 (honestly) I didn't get into it in
 some interesting kind of way...I mean
 I wasn't a suffering artist or a
 musician or anything...I was just
 plain messed up...I didn't know who I
 was...I wasn't doing anything...and I
 just started trying it...and it got
 away from me...I was using all the
 time...even though I had a wife and a
 child...

She smiles in her own game...She says something in
 Marathi...She pours them some more tea...She tells him
 something else...and when she's finished with her story...

LIN (cont'd)
 (telling her)
 ...To keep up with it...I mean, I
 couldn't live without it...I had a
 real big habit...It costs a lot to
 feed it...I started robbing banks...I
 would take a gun and go into a bank...

INT. A MELBOURNE BANK - DAY

And we see just that, Lin, in a ski mask, a pistol in his
 hand, robbing a Melbourne bank...

LIN (V.O.)
 ...I'd tell people to lay on the
 floor, and not to do anything that
 would make me hurt them...

And we see Lin doing just that...

LIN (V.O.)
 ...I was always polite...I mean it
 wasn't anybody else's fault I needed
 to get straight...

Lin taking the money from a teller...and on his way out,
 politely saying...

LIN
 Thank you everybody...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - DAY

Lin in bed, the little Girl sitting with him...playing tea
 party...The Little Girl chattering away in Marathi...and Lin,
 as if part of the game...needing to tell somebody...

LIN
 ...They started calling me the
 "Gentleman Bandit..." which makes it
 sound romantic, but it wasn't romantic
 at all...Nothing about it...All I was
 was this guy who needed to get himself
 right...and the only way to do it was
 to get the money to get there...

(MORE)

LIN (cont'd)
 I'm not really a criminal....I mean I don't have that kind of mind...I'm not always looking for an edge or anything...I have any great hate for society or even authority, or some kind of rage, or anything like that...I just didn't know where I fit in. I was just scared and weak...And I just plain fucked my life up...Once you do, there's no way of going back...

The little Girl telling him a story, a little girl's story...Lin, like he's part of the game, telling his own...

LIN (cont'd)
 My wife, she took my daughter and left me...I was in pain....Alone...Shooting up...I missed my daughter so much, and my wife, I don't blame her, but she wouldn't let me see her...One day I went and took her...just to be with her...(and then)...They caught up with me...They gave me twenty-five years at Pentridge Road for the bank robberies...(after a beat, simply) I escaped...I got a fake passport and came here...I thought with so many people...I could...I don't know...disappear here...

The little Girl laughs and says something in her tea party game...She pours them some more tea...Lin lays back down...his life washing over him...he shuts his eyes...the little Girl still talking...and closing out the world he goes back to sleep...and as he sleeps the little Girl sitting on the bed playing tea party, the village going about its daily routine...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - NIGHT

We see Lin with Prabaker and his family leaving a neighbors hut walking back through the village...They reach the outside of Kishan's hut, Lin's bed...And they all say in Marathi, goodnight to Lin...Lin, learning Marathi, saying "goodnight" to them. They go inside. He undresses. He climbs into the bed. He lays in bed looking at the dark village. He takes up a book. He lights a cigarette lighter, reading from the light of the lighter. "A light in the dark." He looks at the flame...And we see he's laying on his PRISON BED...AND WITH THE LIGHTER'S LIGHT, WE SEE HE'S FIXING UP...TAKING HEROIN. WHEN THE CELL DOOR IS SUDDENLY SLAMMED OPEN; GUARDS, THE PARTICULAR GUARD, STORMING HIS CELL...SEEING HIM FIXING...THEY BEAT HIM...AND AS THEY PULL HIM OUT OF HIS CELL...NOW IT'S DARK...AND WE SEE HE'S LAYING IN THE DARK IN THE "SLOT," A SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL...AND NOW WE SEE HIM STILL IN THE DARK OF THE "SLOT" FIGHTING COLD TURKEY HIS ADDICTION. LAYING IN HIS OWN VOMIT ON THE CELL FLOOR. SLOWLY CRAWLING IN HIS AGONY, TOWARD A SLIP OF LIGHT COMING IN FROM UNDER THE SLOT DOOR...UNTIL HE JUST LAYS THERE....

AS HE STARES AT THE SLIVER OF LIGHT COMING IN THE DOOR, LIKE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF A TUNNEL....We see the flickering cigarette lighter's light, Lin lying in the low bed reading by the flickering light in India...There's a slight sound...And Prabaker's mother quietly comes out of the hut with a blanket...she lays on the ground beside his bed, to sleep there...so that he won't be lonely...

LIN (V.O.)

Prabaker's mother's name was Rukhmabai
And I was to understand later, when I
could speak Marathi what she had told
me.

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - NIGHT, LATER

The village asleep...Lin in the low bed, Prabaker's mother lying on the ground on a blanket beside his bed, and she's been talking to him in Marathi...despite that he can't understand a word of what she is saying, her voice is a lullaby of its own. And as she talks:

LIN (V.O.)

She told me how her marriage to Kishan had been arranged. She said the first time she had seen him she had peeked from behind a curtain to inspect him, seeing him for the first and only time before their marriage.

WE SEE A GIRL LOOKING FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN SEEING KISHAN FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE INSTINCTIVELY TURNS...SEEING HER...THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND HE SMILES, A FAMILY TRAIT, THAT SMILE.

Lin in bed, Rukhmabai talking...

LIN (V.O.)

She said, "When he looked away it was as if the room had darkened and she had begun to love him for the reassuring incandescence of his smile alone."

Lin lying in bed in the dark village, Prabaker's mother talking to him...

LIN (V.O.)

She told me about the empty rooms of her life, the rooms reserved for the five babies, two who died, three she lost in miscarriages...She told me how she had felt like a failure as a wife and had been very lonely.

And she says something to him in Marathi...

LIN (V.O.)

She asked me if I was lonely...I didn't know the word for "lonely" but I understood what she was asking me.

LIN
(telling her,
honestly, nods, a
lifetime)

I have been lonely for a long time.

And as he lays on the bed in the dark night, Rukhmabai lying on the ground beside him...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - DAY

We see Lin walking with Rukhmabai and a milking buffalo through the village...Prabaker's mother talking...

LIN (V.O.)
She told me about how a band of dacoits, armed bandits, had settled in the area and had demanded tributes. How a man in a neighboring village was hacked to death with a machete by the bandits. A woman was raped. She told me how the bandits had demanded tribute from their village.

WE SEE ARMED INDIAN BANDITS, ARROGANT AND OVER-CONFIDENT, LIKE SAMURAI'S, IN COLORFUL CLOTH PANTALOONS AND HEADBANDS, SWAGGERING INTO THE VILLAGE.

LIN (V.O.)
She said they decided not to be intimidated.

THE BANDITS SLOW SEEING A BARRICADE HAD BEEN ERECTED. THE BANDITS STAND BY THE BARRICADE. ONE OF THEM YELLING, THREATENING.

LIN (V.O.)
Prabaker had brought ten friends from Bombay with guns to help protect the village.

WHEN A YOUNG TOUGH LOOKING INDIAN MAN COMES FROM BEHIND THE BARRICADE AND WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION SIMPLY SHOOTS THREE OF THE BANDITS...AND SIMALTANEOUSLY AXES, SICKLES, KNIFES, STAVES AND ROCKS ARE HURLED WITH DEADLY EFFECT FROM THE BARRICADE.

LIN (V.O.)
They didn't come back again...

EXT. THE FIELDS, SUNDER VILLAGE - AT THE END OF THE DAY

They sit on the side of the dirt road watching the buffalo grazing by a sodden millet field.

LIN (V.O.)
I told her about my mother.

LIN

(simply)

She did everything she knew how to do.
Made sure I got an education. Tried
to teach me some good values. (the
bottom line) I did what I wanted to.

She doesn't say anything, not understanding the words, but
recognizing it's something that's important to him...and he's
had a chance to express it...And she says something in
Marathi...

LIN (V.O.)

She told me she stopped mourning what
she didn't have, stopped visiting all
the empty rooms, stopped feeling
lonely. She told me that this was
what her life had to offer and she was
going to make the very best of it.

She smiles. And as they sit in the road by the fields the
day ending...

LIN (V.O.)

It was first time I had found peace in
my life.

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - ANOTHER NIGHT

Lin, lying asleep under a full moon in the bed outside of the
hut, like a Henri Rousseau painting. Prabaker, his father,
his mother and sisters, along with other neighbors lying all
around the bed asleep...Dark clouds cover the moon...And it
starts to rain...first a drop or two at a time...and then
more and more...And as the rain falls on them where they
lay...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE, FIELDS - DAY

Lin helping Kishan and Prabaker, despite the rain, work in
the fields...

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE, RIVER - DAY

Lin with Prabaker and various other people washing themselves
in a river as the rain falls on them.

INT. PRABAKER'S FAMILY HUT, - ANOTHER NIGHT

We see Prabaker and Lin standing just out of the rain in the
hut's curved doorway...watching the rain fall...

LIN

Why don't you stay here? It seems
like a pretty good life.

PRABAKER

(giggles)

What am I going to do here, Linbaba?
There is no need for tour guides here.
I have many things wanting. Most I am
wanting a taxi of my own. When I have
enough money then I will have best
taxi in Mumbai. You see and wait.
Prabu will have everything he ever
wanted then. (after a beat, and
affectionately) Maybe you should be
the one to staying here, Linbaba.

Lin doesn't say anything, looking out at the village. And
Prabaker's mother says something in Marathi...

LIN

(understanding)

Didn't she say we should sit down for
dinner?

PRABAKER

(nods "yes")

You are learning mightily this fine
language.

They sit down at the table...There is the sound of
VOICES...Lin looks up...and Prabaker's father, Kishan, comes
inside the hut with a POLICEMAN in a Police Uniform.

PRABAKER

(introduces him
to)

Mr. Lindsay, this is a most
distinguished gentlemens...an oldest
friend of my father's...Mr. B.D.
Pande...Mr. Pande is the most fine of
policeman, the district chief
commander...nobody escape from Mr.
B.D. Pande if he looking for them...

Mr. Pande smiles, happily shaking Lin's hand.

B.D. PANDE

This is so happily having you here in
Sunder Village. All the people's
happily having you here.

Lin politely smiles, but we are well aware of his fears....

LIN

Will you excuse me, I don't think I
washed my hands well enough...

PRABAKER

(as he goes)

He is so most nicely such a clean man
for a white man...

We follow Lin going to the rear of the small hut...He quietly
takes down his suitcase, taking out his first aid kit...he
steps out the door...

EXT. THE HUT, SUNDER VILLAGE - NIGHT

And as he straps his knife back on...the idyll, over...

INT. THE HUT - NIGHT, LATER

As they sit eating...

B.D. PANDE

Pardon my foolish questions. But what are you doing here in Sunder Village, in India, Mr. Lindsay Sir?

LIN

Just traveling...

B.D. PANDE

Kishan says you are from this place New Zealand. We don't meet many people from this famous place.

Lin nods. But there is a sense this man is no fool...no "country" bumpkin.

B.D. PANDE (cont'd)

I am always interested in when new people come to visiting here. Most peoples coming here are going to the Himalayas...learning God. Not many peoples coming to Sunder Village way. Why did you come here, Mr. Lindsay sir?

LIN

Prabaker brought me. He is my guide.

B.D. PANDE

(smiles)

Prabaker the best guiding in all India.

Prabaker proudly smiles his smile...and as they eat...

B.D. PANDE (cont'd)

I am having these come everyday...from the Interpol polices...from all over the worlds...

And he shows them Interpol bulletins with photographs of criminals wanted worldwide...

PRABAKER

You see, this man is best policeman in all through India.

B.D. PANDE

I have these because you never know who you are going to ever see...You can just walk up and see who you are not knowing you are even looking for.

He puts on his glasses...

B.D. PANDE (cont'd)
 Maybe you know somebody New Zealand is
 looking for...Let us look...

And he shows Lin the bulletins, the photographs of criminals wanted from New Zealand...and there being no photograph of Lin...

B.D. PANDE (cont'd)
 (smiles)
 Now we can know we don't have to
 worries about you.

They laugh.

LIN
 (and looking)
 I have never seen anything like these
 before...Can I take a look at them...?

Prande gives him the bulletins. He looks through them. And he sees on a "wanted" bulletin from Australia, there is no mistaking it, his photograph...And before B.D. has a chance to see it...Lin reaches for his glass, a red fruit juice, as if to drink it, and he "accidentally" spills the glass on the bulletin with his photograph on it, obliterating it...

LIN (cont'd)
 I am so sorry...

He makes a show of trying to dry it off....

B.D. PANDE
 This is no problem. I have so very
 other many of them in
 offices...polices everywhere do...

Lin's quiet. And as they eat dinner....Lin very aware of the knife at his ankle...

EXT. THE SUNDER VILLAGE - NIGHT

The silent village. People sleeping. Lin in his bed. Some people asleep around him. He silently gets up. He goes into the hut.

INT. PRABAKER'S FAMILY HUT - NIGHT

The family asleep. He silently moves by them. He gets his suitcase. He starts back out. He stops for a moment to look at the family sleeping. He turns outside to leave.

EXT. SUNDER VILLAGE - NIGHT

.. He starts to walk away.

PRABAKER (V.O.)
 You would leave without saying even
 goodbyes...what kind of man are you?

Prabaker's come to the hut's doorway. Lin doesn't say anything.

PRABAKER (cont'd)
I take my guiding most seriously. I
would never let this to happen...You
are waiting right here, now...!

And he hurries back inside. Lin despite himself, waits. And Prabaker comes back out with his own suitcase in hand, and his mother and father coming out behind him...

PRABAKER (cont'd)
I told them I am needing to go...I
told them Lin was so sadly leaving he
didn't know how to say goodbye...so I
am saying goodbye for him...but they
say they have to say goodbye for their
very selves...

And they say their goodbyes. Lin, in Marathi, thanks them... Prabaker embracing his parents, telling them in Marathi to stay healthy...And Prabaker, alongside Lin, starts to walk off...And Prabaker's mother says something in Marathi...

PRABAKER
(telling Lin)
My mother says she decided to make a
new name for you...a Maharashtrian
name like her own. She says her name
for you is..."Shantaram"...This name
means, "Man of God's peace..."

He looks back for her, but she's gone back inside. Lin is quiet, touched by the gesture...And as they walk off across the fields...

PRABAKER (cont'd)
(a last word)
Someday maybe you learn how to say
goodbye when you leave, Linbaba...Not
just off running...

Lin is quiet...And as they move off...through the night fields....

EXT. BOMBAY - NIGHT

The neon "Blade Runner" city. We see Lin, ever watchful, moving along the city's streets...He turns a corner coming to Leo's. He goes inside.

INT. LEO'S BAR/RESTAURANT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

He looks around the room, and we can sense he's looking for one person in particular...Karla. Not seeing her, he sees Didier sitting alone in a corner...The bearded Afghanis, at their table. They exchange looks. One of them gets up and goes over to use a telephone. Lin crosses to Didier. Didier looks up. And he sees Didier's face is badly bruised. He's been beaten up.

DIDIER
(touching a
swollen lip)
I tried to make friends with someone
who didn't want to be friends.

Lin doesn't say anything, sitting down.

DIDIER (cont'd)
I heard you left Bombay rather
quickly.

LIN
Who told you that?

DIDIER
You sit here long enough and listen
closely enough you hear most
everything. Why did you come back to
Bombay? Why not go somewhere else?

LIN
(not sure)
There's something familiar to me
here...

DIDIER
(smart)
She has been turning around in your
mind?

LIN
(honestly)
I thought about her.

DIDIER
She is hard to put out of your mind.
I was in love with a man once...blue
eyes that looked through you...I knew
when I had met him I could never
escape him no matter what.

LIN
What happened to him?

DIDIER
I am still waiting for him to return.

He takes a drink.

DIDIER (cont'd)
You get used to waiting. It becomes
part of your life. (and after a beat,
he leans in to quietly tell him) Maybe
you shouldn't have come back here.
Even with nineteen million people,
Bombay is much smaller than you think.

LIN
(doesn't
understand)
What do you mean?

Before Didier can say anything else an Afghani looks over at them.

DIDIER
(changing course,
getting up)
What can I get you to drink?

LIN
(still thinking
about Didier's
admonition)
Just a beer.

And as Didier goes to the bar, Lin sitting alone...He looks over at the Afghani...One of them looks at him...And the inmate in him boils up...

LIN (cont'd)
Is there something you want?

The Afghani doesn't say anything, turning back to his companions.

INT. LEO'S - NIGHT, LATER

Lin and Didier sitting drinking, quietly talking...

KARLA (V.O.)
What a nice surprise.

And he sees in the bar mirror Karla has come inside.

KARLA (cont'd)
(coming over)
I was beginning to wonder if I had
lost my charm...I thought you might
not ever come back...

He doesn't say anything. She bends close as if to kiss his cheek, as closely as she can without her lips touching him...

KARLA (cont'd)
(a smile)
Kissing in public is a taboo in India.
Only when you are alone can you kiss.
Isn't that right, Didier?

DIDIER
(a smile)
A kiss is just a kiss.

She sits down beside Lin. Her closeness only serves to make her more diserable.

KARLA
It is very good to see you again.

LIN
It's good to see you again.

Didier courteously gets up to leave them alone...going to sit with a young man at the bar...

KARLA

I had heard you went to the farm country.

Lin doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)

(sure of herself)

But I knew you would be back.

LIN

Why is that?

KARLA

(meaning herself)

There are certain things you can only find in Bombay.

She laughs. A wonderful, self-assured laugh. And she asks him, seriously wanting to know.

KARLA (cont'd)

In the country...did you learn anything you didn't know?

LIN

(after a beat,
realizing)

I could live with myself.

KARLA

(shakes "no")

That takes a lifetime to know.

(and after a beat)

How is the writing going?

He doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)

If you decide to stay in Bombay and need something to do, I might be able to help you find something.

LIN

I'll remember that.

She's quiet. She looks at him.

KARLA

I'm glad you decided to come back.

And before he can say anything else, she looks up and sees the dark CAR has come for her again.

KARLA (cont'd)

It is time for me to go.

She gets up to leave. She stops, and comes back to him. She bends and tantalizing, almost kisses his lips...

KARLA (cont'd)
The Indians are very wise. Some things are better in private. Don't disappear again.

And with that she goes out the door...He watches her get into the dark Car and drive away. Lin is still, the longing for her still on his lips. Didier, coming back to sit down...

DIDIER
I must remember to bring you a shovel.

LIN
A shovel?

DIDIER
You are about to dig your own grave.

EXT. LEO'S/BOMBAY STREETS - NIGHT, AT CURFEW

The familiar routine, the bar closing...the streets emptying...Didier coming outside with Lin...Didier stopping to smell the night..."the fear..." He puts on his old borselino...Lin looks at him with his bruised face...

LIN
Watch who you make friends with.

DIDIER
(smiles)
I try my best.

And he starts to walk off.

LIN
What did you mean, maybe I shouldn't have come back?

DIDIER
Don't listen to me. I'm just an old fag, who sits night after night waiting...

He tips his hat to him, and walks off...Lin starts back through the city...The neon "blade runner" city closing down...He comes along a street, when a Blind Man with a long beard, sitting on the street, who looks much like a yogi, says to him as he walks by...

THE BLIND MAN
I can tell much about you.

Lin, not interested in being hustled, keeps on going...

THE BLIND MAN (cont'd)
You have one child, a little girl.

He almost slows.

THE BLIND MAN (cont'd)
You are in serious trouble. You did not come here because you wanted to.

Lin doesn't say anything.

THE BLIND MAN (cont'd)

I know what your future holds.

And Lin, despite himself, finding himself interested...

LIN

How much is this going to cost me?

THE BLIND MAN

If you would just take this around the corner, I will tell you what I know.

He holds up a cloth covering some bread.

THE BLIND MAN (cont'd)

A man will be waiting for it. He is hungry.

Lin considers it.

LIN

Okay...

He takes the cloth covered bread.

LIN (cont'd)

(why not)

My future?

THE BLIND MAN

(simply says)

When you leave India, you will be going home.

LIN

(a small smile)

I know that's not going to happen.

THE BLIND MAN

I didn't say I would tell you what you wanted to hear. I told you what I know.

Lin nods, and done with him....

LIN

(meaning the bread)

Where is this guy?

THE BLIND MAN

Just around the corner. He is blind like me.

Lin nods, and a man of his word, he takes the bread, and goes around the corner. Where another Blind Man is sitting in the street. Lin approaches him.

LIN

Here's your bread.

The Blind Man reaches out for it, Lin starting to give it to him...When suddenly three men, part of the con, come out of the shadows and wrestle Lin off of the street around the side of a building. One of them hits him in the face, knocking him down, the other two beating him. As they start to go through his pockets, Lin pulls his knife from its sheath, stabbing one of the men in the neck...he falls back...Lin makes it to his feet...starting to run off...somebody shouts...and three other men come running over...he finds himself surrounded by five men now, three of them with knives....He tries to fend them off...And as experienced as he is, but badly outnumbered, he's stabbed in the thigh...He sits down...the men kicking and punching him...literally taking off his shirt, his pants and his shoes...and running off, leaving him half naked lying in the "alley"...He's still...A Police car drives by...He's tempted to shout out, to stop them, to get help...but he knows the consequences...They drive by without seeing him. He pulls himself to his feet. He looks at his "nakedness." Just in his underpants. He senses something, and, adjusting to the dark, he can see that tens of people are living in the alley...staring out of the dark at him...

LIN

Could somebody give me something to wear...

They just stare at him...severely impoverished, they have little enough to give him...Another Police Car drives by...And knowing he has to get away from there he starts along the streets...in his underwear...moving along the streets..."Naked in Bombay." The endless people living on the streets, the Bombay street people, watching him....The "naked" white man, trying to find his way "home." And as he moves past the street dwellers there is the sound of laughter, the people laughing at the lost, naked white rat...And as he moves "naked" along the Bombay streets...the laughter following him...

There's a light at the end of a tunnel...

EXT. THE BOMBAY HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

Lin, "naked," coming along a street, and up ahead of him, like a light at the end of a tunnel, the light from the sign of his small Bombay hotel at the end of a street by the sea.

INT. THE BOMBAY HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

He comes into the lobby. Anand's at the desk, seeing him....

ANAND

What is happening to you?

LIN

I was robbed.

ANAND

Police come right away for white people getting robbed....

He starts to dial...

LIN

(short)

No. Don't call the police.

And Anand, honoring his wishes puts the phone down...and now he sees Lin's leg is bleeding...And as Lin goes down the hallway into his room...

INT. BOMBAY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lin, sitting in a chair, finishes dressing his own leg....

ANAND

(watching)

Perhaps you should go to hospital....see doctor...

LIN

(his biggest concerns)

They took my passport...all of my money...

ANAND

You can go to your embassy and they will replace this passport...I am sure you can call a rich white friend to send you more money...You aren't alones...

Lin is quiet, alone as he is.

ANAND (cont'd)

(understands)

No passports, no money, is no funny, in India...(offering) You can stay here tonights...no charges...then...(he shrugs) I am most sorry, you are on your own self...

Lin, knowing just how alone he is, stops to look out the window...at the city...He can see Police are rousting some people...the sounds of their whistles...And feeling buffeted...on the run...without a passport or money...and the only person he really knows....

LIN

(turns)

Where does Prabaker live?

EXT. THE CUFFE PARADE SLUM, BOMBAY - NIGHT

We see Lin, suitcase in hand, standing below a huge construction site of a skyscraper that has the unfortunate name, the "World Trade Centre." To the right of him is the neon lights of Bombay...to the left, at the foot of the constuction site, the darkness of a slum. An endless conglomeration of makeshift huts, piled one next to the other....an impermanent, moveable organism, where thousands of people live, and die. THE CUFFE PARADE SLUM. Lin hesitates, and starts into the slum...He stops to ask a man...

LIN

Mr. Prabaker Kharre...?

The man motions down a lane...Lin moving along the narrow twisting lanes with no rhyme or reason, no order. Another kind of "rat" maze. Rags and plastic with bamboo supports, made into huts, where family upon family are living. It never seems to end. As he moves through the slum, the people staring at him, the white man with the suitcase...and at every turn, or dead end, stopping to ask...

LIN (cont'd)

Mr. Prabaker Kharre...?

Another motion. Taking him down another narrow lane...where he sees Prabaker's familiar silhouette, his back to him, standing outside of a hut talking to some men...Prabaker seeing the expression on his companion's faces, turns to see what they are looking at....And turning, seeing Lin, his suitcase in hand...

EXT. THE SLUM - NIGHT, A SHORT TIME LATER

We see a crowd of people watching Prabaker showing Lin a small plastic covered makeshift hut.

PRABAKER

Very lucky place. The last man to live here died only week agos.

LIN

That's lucky?

PRABAKER

Death maybe won't come so quickly again. (and he introduces)...Your most fine neighbors...Mr. Jeetendra and his wife Rhdha...

And he introduces Lin to others, friends and neighbors we will come to know...And an old man suddenly says something with a sense of urgency in Hindi...They all turn to look...And the sky has turned burnt orange...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(says)

We are on fire...

And the people, Prabaker with them, take off running down a lane....Lin runs to keep up with them....and reaching the end of a lane we can see the full impact of the FIRE racing through the slum, burning huts like matchsticks...the constant popping explosions of kerosene stoves...And we see a Man is directing people...the slum's headman, QASIM ALI, is sending "beaters", men with burlap sacks, out to beat at the fire...trying to thwart its rapid advance...Prabaker joins the "beaters." But it seems hopeless...the huts burning faster than they can hope to control...And Lin, seeing the hopelessness, and selfishly concerned for himself...turns down the lane back to "his" hut...And taking up his suitcase turns to leave...And as he makes his way back out of the burning slum...

He can see women and children are watching him "run away...."
 A Woman yells something at him...As does another...And
 finding himself shamed by his selfishness, he turns back into
 the slum...leaving his bag at his hut...he runs back down the
 lane to where Qasim Ali is shouting out directions to the
 men...And Lin taking up a sack joins with the "beaters"
 trying to knock down the flames....

LIN

(asking the
 obvious)

Why isn't there any water?

MAN

We use up this week's water ration day
 before yesterday...truck not coming
 for another day...

And we see there is a method to the "beaters", the men, the
 tens upon tens of them, following Qasim's directions, beating
 the burlap sacks, making a wind of their own, turning the
 flames against one another, and as anyone will tell you a
 fire on top of a fire depletes the fire's oxygen and puts the
 fire out...And as Lin, beats the air with the others, making
 a wind in the middle of the burning slum...

EXT. THE SLUM - DAYBREAK

The fire is out....the slum smoldering....people looking for
 family members...taking stock of their losses...We see Lin,
 exhausted, sitting with Prabaker, Qasim Ali, and some other
 men on the ground of one of the soot covered lanes...

PRABAKER

They say forty one are dying
 here...seven hundreds places burnings
 down...(shrugs) Not so terrible
 bad....last fire 103 they aren't
 coming home...

And a woman comes to Qasim Ali...walking him off...as they
 go...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(telling Lin)

He has five wives...His first marriage
 that one, Fatimah, was for love...The
 others were to poor widows who nobody
 would have wanted....he has
 twenty-seven children...

And a Man comes along the lane carrying a BABY with badly
 burned legs...He says something to Prabaker...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

He finds baby in ashes....parents are
 both dead...

And Lin, seeing the poor baby's burned legs...goes quickly
 into his hut, coming back out with his first aid
 kit...Applying some burn ointment, wrapping the baby's legs
 in gauze....

LIN

Tell him to take her to a hospital
right away...

Prabaker tells the man...He moves off with the crying baby...

PRABAKER

This is one things I didn't
know...that you are a doctor...

LIN

A doctor? I can put antiseptic on,
bandage something, that's about
it...I'm not a doctor...not by a
mile...

Prabaker seems to ignore him. And they're quiet, watching
the day begin...

PRABAKER

Now you can sleeps, Linbaba...everyone
can goes to sleep now....

And Prabaker walks off down the lane to his hut...Lin goes
inside his hut...

INT. LIN'S HUT, THE SLUM - DAYBREAK

Hut is an overstatement. A sheet of plastic some bamboo
poles. He lies down on a rattan mat...looking at the lives
all around him...looking at himself, finding himself living
in the middle of a slum...He stares off, far off...AND WE'RE
SUDDENLY BACK IN THE MOTEL ROOM. THE LITTLE GIRL ASLEEP ON
THE BED, GREGORY AT THE DRESSER, AND SOMEONE IS KNOCKING ON
THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR...HE PUTS A PISTOL IN THE WAIST OF THE
BACK OF HIS PANTS...SOMEONE KNOCKING AGAIN...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Fresh towels, sir....

HE CROSSES TO SNEAK A LOOK OUT OF A CURTAIN...A MOTEL MAID
HOLDING SOME TOWELS IS STANDING AT THE DOOR. HE LOOKS AT THE
PARKING LOT. NEARLY EMPTY. NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
SHE KNOCKS ONCE MORE.... "Towels, sir..." HE INSTINCTIVELY
LOOKS OVER AT HIS LITTLE GIRL SOUND ASLEEP ON THE BED. HE
CROSSES AND QUIETLY OPENS THE DOOR.

GREGORY

I'll take them...

HE STARTES TO TAKE THE TOWELS, WHEN THERE'S SUDDENLY A MAN'S
VOICE...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(screaming)

Get down on the fucking ground!!!

HE LOOKS AROUND HIM. AND A FULL SWAT TEAM IN RIOT GEAR,
WHICH HAD EMERGED FROM HIDING, ARE STANDING TEN FEET FROM THE
DOOR, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS DRAWN DOWN ON HIM. WITH MORE COMING.

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER).
I said, hands behind your head, down
on the fucking ground!!!

AND HE DOES JUST THAT, PUTTING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD,
LAYING ON THE GROUND AT THE MOTEL ROOM'S DOORWAY, GUNS
POINTED AT HIS HEAD...HE LOOKS OVER, AT HIS DAUGHTER ASLEEP
ON THE MOTEL ROOM'S BED...AND AS HE LOOKS AT HER...We see
he's lying in his hut in the middle of a slum in
India...World's away...He instinctively looks up....there's
the contrail of a plane...going somewhere, anywhere...And as
he watches the contrail moving off, slowly going away, Lin
shutting his eyes...going to sleep....

INT./EXT. LIN'S HUT - DAY, LATER

Lin opens his eyes, coming awake. He can see Prabaker is
sitting watching him sleep.

LIN
How long have you been there watching
me sleep?

PRABAKER
Only three hours...you sleep very
nicely, Linbaba...must go to a very
far distant land...

LIN
Is there something you want?

PRABAKER
Your patients are here.

LIN
What?

Prabaker motions. Lin turns. And he slows, seeing a long
line of people are waiting to see him.

PRABAKER
They have come to see the Doctor....

LIN
The Doctor?! Tell them I'm not a
doctor. I don't know the first thing
about it.

PRABAKER
I try to telling them, go home...they
decide to wait to see the doctor.

And Lin, having to put a stop to this...

LIN
(getting up,
telling them)
Listen, I'm not a doctor...if you
need to see a doctor go to a
hospital...

They just look at him. A Man comes forward showing him his son's obviously broken arm....

MAN

Good days to you, doctor.

The boy is in obvious pain. And Lin, not knowing what else to do, taking off his belt, wraps his belt around the boy's arm, and around the boy's chest, immobilizing his arm...

LIN

Take him to the hospital...

The man takes the boy away...and before Lin can say anything else the man is quickly replaced by a woman with a nasty cut on her head...And as Lin, despite himself, takes up his first aid kit, cleaning and bandaging the cut....And like it or not, he's the Doctor here now...The long line of people waiting to see him...and he instinctively looks up...seeing another plane's contrail high in the sky, going somewhere...anywhere...and as he turns to his "patient..."

EXT. THE SLUM - ANOTHER DAY

We're looking at the contrail of another plane high in the sky...at another time...And we see Lin, briefly looking up at the plane...And he bends to bandage a small girl's arm...Some time has passed...And we see Lin is now, for all intents and purposes, operating a small open air one man medical clinic in the middle of the slum. A long line of people waiting to see him. Finishing with the girl, the girl's mother gives him some food as payment. He gratefully thanks her in Hindi. The next patient comes for his aid. And Qasim Ali, the slum's headman comes with some men, directing them where to put some medical supplies...

QASIM ALI

We take supplies from truck while man is eating his lunches...I think this is big large book might have something to talks to you, Doctor...

And he gives him a thick medical textbook, "Diagnosis..."

LIN

(for the hundredth time)

I'm not a doctor.

Qasim just laughs, "Of course you aren't." When somebody comes and says something urgently to Qasim. And Qasim, with some other men, runs off down the lane. Lin, follows after them...They come to a group of people standing outside of a hut...among them Prabaker....

PRABAKER

Joseph is drunks. He has been bashing his wife all morning. Giving her good bashing.

QASIM ALI
 (angrily, in
 Hindi, subtitles)
 Nobody does a thing to stop this...?
 Everybody standing around..?

When a woman, completely naked, badly bleeding from welts and bruises all over her body, comes crawling out of the hut...collapsing...Her husband, JOSEPH, drunk, shouting at her, comes out after her, beating her with a bamboo stick...Qasim, grabs him, pulling him off of her...Lin, bends to help her...the people seem as upset about...

PRABAKER
 (shouts)
 To get away from her, Linbaba...! She
 is so naked..! To close your eyes....!

LIN
 She could bleed to bleed to death for
 christsakes....

PRABAKER
 This you don't get between husbands
 and wives...very sticky business...

When the issue is settled by a woman putting a blanket over the bloody woman...and a group of women help her off...Joseph angrily, drunkenly, shouts after his wife...Qasim grabs the bamboo stick away from him. Qasim says something. Some men grab Joseph, and despite his fighting them, they put him on the ground, the men sitting around him, so there is nowhere for him to go. Qasim says something. Two bottles of cheap liquor are brought over to them. A bottle is given to Joseph. It's all surprisingly friendly. He drinks some. They all laugh and talk.

LIN
 (disgusted)
 What's wrong with you people? You
 think it doesn't matter what he did?

Joseph drinks some more. And filled with liquor, he passes out. Qasim says something. A man shakes him awake. Joseph, drunk and wanting to go back to sleep starts to crawl for his hut. When Qasim takes the bamboo stick and suddenly hits Joseph with it across the back. Joseph howls trying to crawl away. He's pulled back into the circle of men. Qasim hits him with the stick again. And again. And again.

QASIM ALI
 (in Hindi)
 You know what you have done you
 drunken pig! You have murdered your
 wife! You have beaten her to death!

And he hits him with the stick over and over again...

JOSEPH

(Hindi, in
despair).

Oh, what will happen to me?! I didn't
mean to kill her! What will happen to
me?

The stick comes down again and again...

QASIM ALI

You worry about yourself...! You are
not a man you are a dog!

JOSEPH

(pleads, in pain)

I need water.

QASIM ALI

You are thirsty?

JOSEPH

I can't swallow, please God...

Qasim takes up the liquor bottle...

QASIM ALI

You are thirsty, drink....

And he pours the liquor down Joseph's throat until he gags,
and then pours the rest of the liquor over his head. Joseph
collapses...crying...lamenting...saying his wife's name...And
Qasim squats next to, whispering to him...

QASIM ALI (cont'd)

Your wife is not dead...

JOSEPH

Not dead? Not dead? Thank God...

QASIM ALI

Are you sorry for what you have done?

JOSEPH

(weeping)

Yes. I am so sorry, so sorry.

QASIM ALI

(he's decided)

You will not see her for four months.
In this time you will work every day.
Work long and hard. Save your money.
You will not drink anything but water.
No chai or milk or anything, but
water. You must observe this fast as
part of your punishment.

(MORE)

QASIM ALI (cont'd)

And after four months she might decide not to take you back. To divorce you. And I will help her in this. But if she takes you back you will use the money you have worked for and take her to the cool mountains. During time alone with her you will face the ugliness in yourself. Go away now and sleep.

And the men help him into his hut...Qasim comes to his feet...and says to Lin...

QASIM ALI (cont'd)

Justice is a judgement that is both fair and forgiving. Justice is not done until everyone is satisfied, even those who offend us and must be punished by us.

He gives Lin the bloody bamboo stick and walks off. As Lin, looks at the stick, thinking of what justice means to him...

EXT. THE SLUM - DAY

We see Lin at his "clinic" busy administering to a man's cut on his head...The line of people waiting to see "the doctor" as long as ever....Lin instinctively looks up...and he sees Karla is standing there....

KARLA

A writer and a doctor, too.

And a CAMERA around her neck, she takes his picture. And she smiles, a smile that he can't avoid even if he wanted to...And as he smiles back at her...

THERE ARE WHAT LOOKS LIKE BIRDS, CRANES, GRACEFUL, MOVING FROM LEG TO LEG, IN A KIND OF DANCE...

INT/EXT. A TEMPLE CORRIDOR, INDIA - DAY

And we see what appeared to be birds, are MEN of various ages balancing on one leg, then the other, moving in a kind of dance in a corridor between two brick buildings at the back of a temple...And we see Lin and Karla are among a crowd of people standing along the walls, watching the men called "The Standing Babas..." Karla takes some pictures..."Click." "Click." Capturing "the Cranes."

KARLA

I thought you would like to see this...They make me understand many things...(she explains) They have committed a sin in their lives...to atone they have promised to stand for the rest of their lives...They do everything standing up....

Lin is still, watching them...The Standing Babas keep moving, shifting their weight...Those who are sleeping have a strap around a bent leg, tied to a pole so that they won't fall. A tap of water constantly runs, so they are able to bend (like birds) to quench their thirst...Some of them move around the room, sharing hashish with the people watching...A Baba comes to over to Karla and Lin...offering to share his hashish with them...Lin, having been a junkie, hesitates...

KARLA

(senses)

You are strong enough. It is holy here.

He looks at her. He takes a hit from the pipe the man offers...He watches as Karla takes a hit off of the pipe...watching her lips...she softly smiles...and stoned, they quietly watch the Standing Babas, the endless dance...

LIN

What were their sins?

KARLA

Some, adultery...Some, stole. Some hurt people...some didn't practice business fairly...every kind of sin...It's amazing, don't you think? Horrible and holy at the same time. Like India.

They look at each other. Something intimate, here among the "cranes" dancing...And she says, watching them, distant, telling him:

KARLA

My parents were strict Bible people. We lived by the word of the Bible. I didn't know I had knees until I was eighteen...they were always covered by a dress...My mother, when she was dying, drew me close....she whispered to me..."I'm sorry." I asked her, "Sorry for what?" She said, "for not letting me be myself." She told me to leave that day...to live my life...and I have ever since...

She looks at him...

KARLA (cont'd)

What are your sins, Lin?

LIN

Where do I start?

She smiles.

LIN (cont'd)

(honestly)

I've made some mistakes.

KARLA

I was in Rampour. A man said to me,
"You have to recognize whatever
situation you find yourself in, is
because of who you are. You have to
learn to change, or you will always
find yourself in the same situation.

Lin doesn't say anything. They watch the Standing Babas.

KARLA (cont'd)

It's dangerous you know...

LIN

What's dangerous?

KARLA

(smiles)

When two sinners come together.

They look at each other. And there is a SCREAM...They turn, and a man dressed in a red turban, and silk trousers, has come into the corridor through the iron gate...and he's drawn a large sword from his sash, raising it over his head, stalking along the corridor...people press back against the wall to avoid the madman...and Lin sees the man is staring directly at him...waving his sword, wanting to kill Lin, getting ready to attack him...Lin looks around him...The gate is the only exit, there is no avenue of escape...The madman wielding the huge sword coming at him, this white intruder...Lin pushes Karla back behind him to shield her... He instinctively reaches down to his ankle for his knife, but being at peace with himself, he hadn't taken it with him...He turns, the man waving the sword almost upon him, about to attack...Lin, despite taking a defensive posture, his hands ready to fight, is in a hopeless position... And the madman, shouting, swinging the sword, charges Lin, about to cut him down...when at the last possible moment a MAN steps out from the wall, and throws himself at the sword wielding madman, sending him falling to the stone floor...the sword clattering from his hand...The Man pulling the assailant's arm back to subdue him...The madman's anger subsides and he passively surrenders to some men who take him away...Lin, gathering himself, thanking the man who saved his life....

LIN

I owe you. My name is Lin.

THE MAN

Abdullah Taheri.

They shake hands.

ABDULLAH

(making less of
it)

It is no problem. The man was not
right in his head.

LIN

Whatever was his problem, I still owe
you -- You saved my life.

ABDULLAH
(laughs, humble)
No, really. I was just at the right place. Anyone would have done the same.

LIN
The least I can do, is thank you.

ABDULLAH
(concedes)
Okay. You have done so.

And he claps his hand to Lin's shoulder. And he turns and leaves. Lin turns to Karla.

LIN
You okay?

She nods, yes. He instinctively, protectively, puts his arm around her.

KARLA
(shies)
Please don't do that.

She moves his arm...And as they leave the Temple...

EXT. A BOMBAY STREET - DAY

Lin watches as she is about to get into a taxi.

LIN
(despite everything)
I'm glad you brought me. You're right...It is horrible and holy.

She starts to shut the door, but she gets back out. She puts her lips close to his without them touching...and whispers...

KARLA
I almost lost you.

She turns and quickly gets back into the taxi, closing the door. He watches her drive away, out of sight...He stands for a moment on the busy Bombay street. And he instinctively looks up...a plane's contrail high in the silent sky. A plane going somewhere, anywhere.

EXT. THE SLUM - ANOTHER DAY

A line of people are there to see "the doctor." Lin busy with a "patient." Prabaker talking with some people. Lin, says to a man...

LIN
We are nearly out of bandages....

And he sees Abdullah, the man who had saved his life, has come onto the narrow lane.

ABDULLAH

(politely)

Excuse me, Doctor. You asked me what you could do for me in repayment. I have found something.

And Prabaker, seeing Abdullah, quietly says to Lin.

PRABAKER

(warns him)

Don't become involved with this man. He is a killing man.

Lin momentarily hesitates, but feeling an obligation...

LIN

(to Abdullah)

Let me finish here...

ABDULLAH

I will wait.

EXT. A BOMBAY STREET - DAY

We see Lin along with Abdullah getting out of a taxi. He finds himself outside of a large walled estate. Abdullah walks him to the main gate. He rings. A moment and a man answers. Showing them in.

INT./EXT. BOMBAY HOUSE - DAY

They sit waiting in a long empty stone corridor, lined with hanging bird cages. Another Man comes out a door.

MAN

Please....

He leads them into a GARDEN. Where a MAN is sitting in an unadorned metal chair...The very nature of his stillness, simply sitting in the unadorned metal chair, makes him an imposing figure...

ABDULLAH

(introduces to the man)

This is the man we spoke about, Lin....This is Lord Khader Khan. Khaderbhai.

Khaderbhai stands offering his hand. They shake hands.

ABDULLAH (cont'd)

I will be going unless you need me.

KHADERBHAI

Please call about tonight. I might need your perspective.

Abdullah graciously bends and walks off. And Lin sees another unadorned metal chair identical to Khaderbhai's has been brought into the garden.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Please...

Lin sits in the garden with him. It's quiet, just the silence of the garden.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You would never know unless you left the walls what country you were in.

Lin nods.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(directly)

I understand you owe Abdullah an obligation.

LIN

(nods, yes)

He saved my life.

KHADERBHAI

(smiles)

That is a big obligation.

Lin smiles.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

It seems Abdullah has an obligation with me. (and simply) He has given me your obligation.

It's a whole concept not in Lin's experience.

KHADERBHAI

(smiles)

It is nothing to worry about. I only ask small things of people. If I have to ask at all. Only things they would be willing to do.

LIN

What do you have in mind?

KHADERBHAI

Not a thing. I just wanted to know how things stood. I may never have to ask for this obligation. This is decided by events and not always in our control.

Lin absorbs this. Khaderbhai's quiet, listening to the sounds in the garden.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Do you read very much, Lin?

LIN

I do.

KHADERBHAI

I read constantly. I came across a book recently, the author said we create our own ocean. I liked the idea. The idea of responsibility.

LIN

I think some things are out of our control.

KHADERBHAI

That's the simple way out. Not to take responsibility for what we do. That it is somehow out of our hands. I think we have control over what we can control.

And the man has brought them some fruit, and juice.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(smiles, meaning
the fruit and
juice being
brought over,
meaning his power)

You see.

Lin smiles, genuinely taken with him...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I understand you are from New Zealand.

Lin nods.

KHADERBHAI

This is a first. I have never known anyone from New Zealand. I am originally from Afghanistan. I needed to leave very abruptly. I had created, as our friend says, my own ocean. Do you know anything about Afghanistan?

LIN

I'm afraid I really don't.

KHADERBHAI

You know about our war with the Russians?

LIN

I've read about it in the newspapers.

KHADERBHAI

It is very simple. The Russians want Afghanistan. The Afghanis don't want Russia. They will try to kill us until we want them. We will kill them until they don't want us.

He seems to think about this for a moment...and tells him...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(gravely
important)

I am planning to go back to
Afghanistan soon.

And a Man comes and quietly says something to him.
Khaderbhai gets up.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Would you mind taking a short walk
with me?

It isn't a question. They move through the garden to a back
gate. Where a bodyguard is waiting. The Man opens the gate
for them. They come out onto the street.

EXT. BOMBAY STREET - DAY

They walk along the busy Mumbai street. As they walk two
bodyguards follow them. A Car, follows close behind...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I have heard you have been doing some
very good things in the slum. That
you are a doctor.

LIN

(shakes "no")

I'm not a doctor.

KHADERBHAI

(shrugs)

The people think you are. Perception
is everything. (and generously) What
can I do to be of service?

LIN

We need medical supplies. They need
help getting to see doctors.

Khaderbhai slows, taking out a small notebook, writing some
names on a piece of paper, giving the piece of paper to Lin.

KHADERBHAI

Some people for you to see. They will
help you.

LIN

That's very generous of you.

KHADERBHAI

(smiles)

It is easy, when you have certain
things, to be generous. It's much
harder to be generous when you don't
have anything.

Lin smiles...at the truth of that. They've reached a MOSQUE..

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Do you pray Lin?

LIN

(shakes "no")

I haven't prayed for a long time.

KHADERBHAI

I will pray for you. Keep up what you are doing.

Lin's quiet.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I enjoyed having the chance to meet you. You have made quite an impression here. Many people are taken with you.

Lin doesn't say anything.

KHADERBHAI

I enjoyed meeting you, I hope that we can see each other again... (a smile)
what is it they call you, "Doctor Linbaba."

Lin smiles at the appellation...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(and wisely)

It is good to be a stranger, isn't it?
You can be anyone you want to be.

And with that he goes into the mosque... Lin watches him go... finding himself taken with him... this man of great power... The bodyguards quietly waiting for him... the Car parked, waiting for him... And he realizes the car is the same dark car that has come for Karla... He turns to look at the mosque, where he can see through the window Khaderbhai, among the other penitents, head pressed to the floor, in prayer...

INT. BHATIA HOSPITAL - DAY

Lin is standing with a Doctor in a hallway just outside a busy ward.

DOCTOR HAMID

Mr. Khaderbhai tells me you are having difficulties with patients getting to see doctors.

LIN

I send my people to get help and they come back without having seen anyone.

DOCTOR HAMID

You said "my people." Are you becoming an Indian, Mr. Lin?

And Lin says in Hindi, what is a familiar phrase...

LIN
(subtitles)

"In this life, we do what we can to improve ourselves."

Dr. Hamid laughs and claps his hands together in pleased surprise.

DOCTOR HAMID

Well, Mr. Lin, I think I may be able to help you. I am on duty here two days a week, but the rest of the time I can be found at my surgery in Fourth Pasta Lane.

LIN

I know Fourth Pasta Lane. That's very close to us.

DOCTOR HAMID

After speaking to Khaderbhai, I have agreed that you should refer your patients to me and I will arrange treatment at St. George Hospital when I think it is required.

LIN

I'm very grateful.

DOCTOR HAMID

(a small smile,
the last word)

Khaderbhai is a very persuasive man.

EXT. AN ABANDONED RAILROAD YARD - DAY

We see Lin, with Abdullah, coming across a large abandoned railroad yard...people living in the husks of ghost trains....Many others living in patched huts, no larger than small pup tents. A village of such fragile huts it would seem the first wind would just blow them away. And as he comes into the "village," the people silently staring at the stranger in their midst, and for the first time we can see that the people are ravaged by the scourge of leprosy. Some of them without noses, or ears, or fingers, or feet...Others with bloody bandages as if keeping their body parts from falling off...A MAN crawls out of one of the huts. A minute man, no taller than Lin's waist, wearing a black hat, he's suffering from severe deformities from his leprosy. Lin, despite the shock of all of their horrible maladies, in particular the small man, missing his lips, maintains his composure.

LIN

Mr. Ranjithbhai.

The small man says in Hindi.

MR. RANJITBHAI

(subtitles)

Mr. Khaderbhai said I should expect you.

A younger man interpererts for him...

LIN (V.O.)

I would come to find out this small man was the boss here in the slum of lepers. He was the king here, in this club for "kala topis." "Kala topi" meant "black hat" in Hindi...used to describe a thief, referring to the black-banded hats that convicted thieves were forced to wear in Bombay's Arthur Road Prison.

Children bring stools for them to sit on. A crowd gathers around them. Children bring them full glasses of water and tea in chipped cups.

MR. RANJITBHAI

(subtitiles)

I understand you are a doctor.

The translator translates for Mr. Ranji...

LIN

Tell him I'm not a doctor. I just do a little first aid, treat rat bites, cuts and infections...

The man tells Mr. Ranji...He nods. Lin watches as Ranji tips his head back, one of the children tipping the water down his throat.

LIN (V.O.)

One of the words in Hindi for lepers can be translated as "the undead." All the world of suffering disease was concentrated in that glass of water.

The Boy offers Lin Ranji's glass...to share...Lin hestitates, and despite knowing full well the risks, drinks from the same glass. As Ranji smiles a deformed smile, but will forevermore trust him...And he says, waving the translator away, in perfect English...

MR. RANJITBHAI

Khaderbhai told me that you need medicines. We can give you much medicine, every week, no problem.

He shouts a name, and a boy in his early teens pushes through the crowd, laying a canvas bundle at Lin's feet. He rolls out the canvas...revealing a collection of ampules of medicines; morphine, penicillen, antibiotics....

LIN

Where does it come from?

MR. RANJITBHAI

They steal it.

LIN

How do they steal it?

MR. RANJITBHAI

(a lipless smile)

Very cleverly. We are the best thieves in India. We have so much medicine we sell what we can't use on the black market. We are dying. We steal life for ourselves, to add another day, another month, another year, and what we don't need we sell life to others who are dying.

Ranji throws his head back, to take another drink of water.

MR. RANJITBHAI

Are you still thirsty, Mr. Lin.

And Lin takes another drink from the glass, the two men closing their "deal."

EXT. THE OPEN AIR CLINIC, THE SLUM - DAY

We see a needle deftly pulling a thread. And we see Lin, bent over, very carefully sewing a suture, closing a cut on a girl's lip...He straightens, with a sense of satisfaction...Prabaker, looking in...

PRABAKER

You are feeling good about yourselves, Linbaba. This is not a good place to be finding yourself...can only lead to big disappointments...

LIN

(smiles)

Thanks for the encouragement.

PRABAKER

We are having big time celebrations. today's....

LIN

What are you celebrating?

PRABAKER

We are going to be having a school here...It takes three years, some people have to take the guns and threaten some peoples but school's coming now...first big time celebrating...and also celebrating for man who has first son after six girls...

Prabaker moves off down the slum lane. And for a moment Lin finds himself without any patients, alone...He stops to look at the slum...his life...And he sees Karla, coming along the lane...And he's stopped by just how beautiful she is...

KARLA

I was coming to see if you wanted to go see the Standing Babas again.
(smiles) The hashish is free.

Before he can respond, Prabaker and a large group of happy people come along the lane...

PRABAKER

We are going to celebrations....

LIN

Have you met Karla? This is Prabaker?

PRABAKER

(nods)

We have met another time.

KARLA

When was that?

PRABAKER

You were visiting a man I was guiding...An American...a tall man with too big ears...He was so much in love with you....One day next he is gone and never to be seen in Mumbai again...

And he says as much for Lin, protective...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

I think maybe he love you too many much...Not such good idea for him...

Lin looks at Karla, but she doesn't say anything...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Anyways, todays we are celebrating....Come and celebrates...

EXT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE BUILDINGS - LATE IN THE DAY

Prabaker and many slum people, including Qasim Ali and his large family, along with Karla and Lin, are standing below the massive buildings. Hundreds of cave-like holes that will eventually be windows allow a cross-section view into the construction - an ant-farm picture of men and women and children on every floor, walking to and fro, up and down, about their tasks. At the ground level the uproar of generators and hammers, drills and grinders...lines of sari-clad women carrying dishes of gravel on their heads...weaving through the workplace...

PRABAKER

(looking up, to
Lin and Karla)

We are celebrating on twenty-third floor...We are traveling first class, in that very fine lifts...

And he walks them over to a freight elevator attached to the outside of the building.

LIN

(seeing Karla
looking up)

Do you have a problem with heights?

KARLA

Only when I'm on them.

PRABAKER

Come...! Come...!

He motions them to hurry onto the elevator with a group of people...Lin, with the reluctant Karla...gets on...

EXT. A FREIGHT ELEVATOR, WORLD TRADE CENTRE - DAY

"Elevator" is not an entirely apt description. It's no more than an open platform with a yellow bar around it at waist level...

PRABAKER

Now we go....!

The Elevator Operator pushes a button...Karla tenses...

LIN

(reassuring her)

I won't let anything happen to you...

She takes his arm...The elevator lurches and as it starts its ascent...

PRABAKER

(enjoying himself)

A lot of the people who work these upper floors they lives up here. Eating, working and sleeping. (he giggles) Even making loving. (and) They've got farm animals, goats for the milk, chickens for the eggs...It is a village...

LIN

(looking up)

A village in the sky.

And as they precariously ascend the side of the building...Endless Mumbai, coming to the end of the day, spread out before them....Lin looks at Karla, the wind in her hair, and holding onto him for dear life.

INT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE - LATE IN THE DAY

They come off the elevator onto the twenty-third floor, a concrete surface sprouting clumps of steel wires like metal weeds. A vast cavernous space divided by concrete columns...And around the floor are pens for animals, the goats the chickens...cats and dogs foraging for scraps...rolled blankets and mattresses are piled up for the people who sleep there...small children are playing by a pillar, a play area for them while their parents work...life always going on in this unescapable India..People are busy laying out food on reed mats...banana leaves as plates...a team of women scooping out foods...Somebody turns on a radio...music pouring out...

PRABAKER

Now we celebrates...

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTRE - NIGHT

Lin and Karla sit on the floor among the men, eating, but as is customary the Indian women are eating separately from the men...Several young women come to clear their banana leaves away...they stare at Karla with frank fascination...And they talk in Hindi about her..."Her legs are too thin, you can see them through the pants." "Her feet are too big." "Her eyes are the color of stink-weed."

KARLA

(says in Hindi)

My legs may be too thin, and my feet
may be too big, my eyes might be the
color of stink-weed, but there is
nothing wrong with my Hindi, or my
hearing...

The young women shriek in delight, being found out...And they
plead with her to join them, sweeping her away to the women's
banquet...Karla, hesitates, but goes to join them...Lin looks
at her...and for a moment she doesn't seem so distant...so
unattainable...there is still a girl left in her...As she
instinctively turns, and looks at him...

INT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Having finished eating, people mingle, talking,
laughing...the radio playing music...some people shyly
dancing...And we see Lin, drinking some tea, standing by a
large window opening that looks over the slum...far below are
the dark ghettos...the smoke from cooking fires...and the
neon of Bombay, the sprawling city spread out to the sea...He
feels Karla come beside him. She hesitantly looks out the
open "window."

KARLA

(catches her
breath)

I feel like I'm going to fall...

But she bravely steps even closer....

LIN

You're good at facing your fears.

KARLA

I've gotten used to it, living in
India...

LIN

(nods)

You don't have much choice here.

They're momentarily quiet...

KARLA

What were you running away from?

LIN

Running away from? Why do you say
that?

KARLA

You didn't come here to "experience"
India.

He's quiet...and...

LIN

I guess the best answer is, me. I was
running away from myself.

KARLA

Have you caught yourself yet?

He doesn't say anything, looking outside...when:

PRABAKER (V.O.)

This is my most lovely friend,
Linbaba, and his most lovely friend
Karla.

And Prabaker interrupts them proudly introducing them to an
Indian Girl...he is obviously taken with...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

This is my newest of friends,
Bejjama...She is our lovely new
schoolteacher...and lovely to dance
with so much too...

They say their hellos...Prabaker taking his friend off to
dance...among the other couples dancing....Lin and Karla
quietly watching them...

LIN

Do you like to dance?

KARLA

Didn't you hear, I have big feet.

LIN

(smiles)

I like women with big feet.

She smiles. He starts to take her arm...to take her over to
the others to dance with her...There's an awkward
moment...Karla, hesitating...

LIN (cont'd)

Why does that always happen?

KARLA

What's that?

LIN

Everytime I try to get close to
you...You pull away. (ironic) What are
you afraid of? I thought you had no
problem facing your fears...

KARLA

(her bravado)

I'm not afraid of anything.

And she suddenly takes him into her arms, letting him dance
with her...the two of them silently dancing to the strains of
the Indian music on the radio by the open "window..." After
some moments:

KARLA (cont'd)

Would you be willing to do another
favor for me?

Lin's quiet.

KARLA (cont'd)

A friend of mine, she's gotten herself in over her head. I need somebody to help me get her out of trouble.

LIN

(after a beat)

What would I need to do?

KARLA

(comfortably)

Let's just dance, we can talk about it another time...

She puts her head on his shoulder. He looks at her. And as they dance by the space for the "window" at the celebration, Bombay breathing in on them...

WE SEE LIN, WEARING A GOOD SUIT, STANDING IN FRONT OF A MIRROR. AND NOW WE SEE KARLA'S REFLECTION COMING TO STAND IN THE MIRROR, LOOKING AT HIM...

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin, wearing a new suit, is standing at a mirror in Karla's Bombay apartment...Karla studying his reflection...

KARLA

You look good in a suit.

LIN

I don't know the last time I put one on. I think, for my father's funeral.

He quietly fixes the sleeves. He turns from the mirror.

KARLA

She's in so deep, she'll never get out if I don't do something...

And she gives him a PASSPORT.

KARLA (cont'd)

This will get their attention.

He opens it to look at it. It has Lin's photograph...and it's stamped, "The State Department, United States of America," and "Diplomatic Corps."

LIN

It's very convincing. Where did you get this made?

KARLA

A friend of a friend. (and more importantly) The rest will be up to you.

LIN
(a beat, trying)
Edward Williams.. I'm an attache with
the American Embassy.

KARLA
I can still hear your accent.

LIN
(annoyed)
I'm not an actor.

KARLA
Say it again.

LIN
Edward Williams, I'm an attache with
the American Embassy.

As she fixes his tie, and he looks at her...

EXT. A BOMBAY STREET - NIGHT

We see Lin in his suit, with Karla, getting out of a Taxi on
a busy street. They cross into a small Indian store front
restaurant.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

They cross through the restaurant into the kitchen. A Man is
standing by a back door. Karla says something to him. He
nods, opening the door...

INT. A BUILDING, BOMBAY - NIGHT

...Showing them into a corridor...He closes the door behind
them...They come along a short hallway...they go down a
flight of stairs...and come onto a hallway lined with beaded
curtained rooms...other hallways, lined with beaded curtains
to other rooms, leading off of it...They've gone down the
rabbit hole...They can see through the beaded curtains, women
lying in drugged torpor, or in the throes of sex...This
rabbit hole, an Indian version of an opium/prostitution den...

LIN
(to Karla)
You didn't say anything about any of
this.

KARLA
You have a problem with drugs?

He doesn't say anything...

KARLA (cont'd)
Are you going to help me or aren't
you?

A beaded curtain parts...a man coming out...and they can see
a fair skinned woman, LISA, lying naked on a bed...

KARLA

Lisa...

She looks over at them, her eyes glazed, in a narcotic haze...Before they can do anything, an Indian Man comes and stands by the beaded curtains...Karla turns along the hallway...Lin, silently following her...They come to the end of the hallway...Karla knocks at a door...A moment and a man answers for them in English to, "Come on in." They go into a bare office where a MAN with tattoos, in a cowboy hat and boots, is half reclined on a sofa.

KARLA

Where is Madame Zhou?

THE MAN WITH COWBOY HAT

She's not going to be able to make it.
If you have anything to say, you can
say it to me.

He has a particularly languid quality, an obvious American.
All the while he never takes his eyes off of Lin.

KARLA

I've told Madame Zhou a number of
times...I want to get Lisa out of
here.

THE MAN WITH COWBOY HAT

Well that's nice to hear. Lisa's
working off her debt. Unless you come
up with about \$100,000, she's going to
be here for awhile. (and meaning
Lin)...Who's this guy, your boyfriend?

And Lin steps in...

LIN

No, asshole, I'm from the State
Department of the United States of
America. We don't like seeing our
citizens made into slaves.

And he says it with nearly a perfect American accent...And
showing the cowboy his "Passport"...In case he has any doubt.

THE MAN WITH COWBOY HAT

(tosses it back to
him)

Anybody can make up a fucking
passport. You must think I'm a
sucker. Unless you have a hundred
thousand, I'll be happy to pack her
bags, this meeting's over...

An Indian Man's appeared at the door behind them...Lin and
Karla at the end of the gamut...

LIN

(a beat, to Karla)
Let me talk to him alone.

Karla hesitates, and goes out...Lin shuts the door. He turns and says...

LIN (cont'd)
I know everything about you.

THE MAN WITH COWBOY HAT
What are you talking about, man?

LIN
(understands him)
You're just another junkie lookin' to
find a way out...The more you look,
the smaller the hole gets...And you
got nowhere else to go...

And for the first time the man doesn't say anything...Karla comes back inside...

KARLA
(meaning the
Indian)
I don't like this guy breathing on
me...

Lin gives the Indian an angry look...He slightly backs away...And Lin goes back to his guise...

LIN (cont'd)
(to the Cowboy)
One phone call...And I'll have you
deported, sent back to Denver or
Austin, or wherever it is you came
from...and that cowboy hat, or Madame
Zhou, won't do a fucking thing for
you...

The Cowboy is still. Now he's not so sure. As they look at each other...

EXT. BOMBAY STREET - NIGHT

We see Lin, along with Karla, and the half-stoned Lisa, being held up by Karla, coming out of the storefront Indian Restaurant onto the street.

KARLA
(yells for a)
Taxi...

A cab pulling over...She helps Lisa into the cab...She turns to Lin...and we expect her to be effusive with her gratitude, instead...

KARLA (cont'd)
(almost coldly)
I'll talk to you...
(MORE)

KARLA (cont'd) (cont'd)

And with that, she gets in, shuts the taxi door, and drives off...leaving Lin behind, still in the suit, standing on the busy street...He's still, feeling used, abused. He puts his hands in his pockets...not sure what he has just done...or why...He senses somebody is looking at him...He turns...and he sees the American Cowboy, standing in the restaurant window, looking out at him...They look at each other, these two men on the run, something too similiar about them...And as Lin turns crossing the street into the neon Bombay night..

EXT. THE SLUM - LATE AT NIGHT

We see Lin, still in his suit, coming through the dark slum on his way "home..." The huts are all still, the people asleep...He turns onto another dark lane...and suddenly, out of the dark, he's confronted by a pack of dogs...He starts by them, saying something in Hindi to them, trying to soothe them...but one of them rushes at him, biting his leg, he manages to kick him off...another one takes a run at him, biting him, then two more are on top of him, literally knocking him down...which gives the others the courage to attack...Lin tries to fight them off...he manages to take his knife out from around his ankle...He stabs at them...some of them falling away...but the others, in a frenzy now, attacking him...ripping at him...Lin frenetically stabbing at them...but he's no match for their ferocity...and he's about to be literally bitten to death...when a shot rings out...a dog falling off of him...and then another shot...another dog falling away...and the rest, running off...And we see ANAND, the hotel manager, a pistol in his hand, is standing in the lane. Lin tries to get up, but badly wounded he sits back down...

ANAND

I'll take you to hospital...

Lin shakes "no."

LIN

Help me to my hut...

Anand helps him up, Lin's arm around his shoulder, Anand helping Lin along the slum lane...People having heard the gunshots have come out of their huts...and seeing Lin in the shape he is...they say, concerned for him..."Doctor?" "Doctor?" As Anand helps him along the lane...Lin, trying not to lose consciousness...trying to keep talking...

LIN (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

ANAND

I have big argument with boss...boss win...(upset) I never able to keep job...when I think here I going to be something, I go back to being nothing again...

And Lin, slumps, Anand holding him up...

ANAND (cont'd)
Almost there now...

...He helps him down the slum lane into his hut...

INT. LIN'S HUT - LATE AT NIGHT

He lays Lin down on the mat....he's covered with blood...about to pass out...

LIN
(the first thing he needs) I need a rabies shot...

ANAND
What am I be doing?

LIN
In the box there...

He goes over to some wooden boxes...starts to open one...

LIN (cont'd)
Not that one...the third one...

He is barely conscious...Anand opens the particular chest...

LIN (cont'd)
...There's a small bottle....that says rabies on it...

ANAND
(is ashamed to say)
I can't read...At the hotels, I am faking it...

Lin's losing consciousness...

LIN
Look for a bottle with this on it...

And he makes with his finger an "R" in the dirt...Anand looks...Takes out a bottle of serum...

ANAND
Is this that one...?

LIN
(thank god, nods)
...In that same box are some needles...bring me one...

Anand, understanding, brings him a syringe...Lin manages to put the serum into the syringe...and he injects himself, the way a rabies injection was given in 1983, in the stomach...and as he passes out...

EXT. THE SLUM - DAY

We see people crowded around, looking into "The Doctor's" hut.

INT. LIN'S HUT - DAY

We see Lin, still on the mat, asleep...and we see he has been stripped of his clothes...and bandaged....And we see Prabaker is sitting cross-legged on the ground watching him sleep. Lin, opens his eyes...Focusing on where he is...feeling the bandages...

PRABAKER

I bring your doctor friend...he sew you all up...give you pains shot...

Lin's quiet. Prabaker looks over, meaning the torn suit...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

What were you most kindly wearing for?

LIN

(realizing)

I was out...

PRABAKER

These dogs, you scared them...they aren't used to mens in suits...maybe you shouldn't be changing your spots...

LIN

Maybe not...

And as he lays on the mat, staring off...and he sees an airplane high in the sky, with its contrail, the airplane going somewhere, anywhere...

EXT. THE SLUM - ANOTHER DAY

Rain is falling. And it's been falling for a number of days. The slum, as if wrapping itself in a blanket, is covered by plastic, trying to keep the rain out. The lane's knee deep mud. The MONSOON SEASON has come. And we see Lin back at work...helping people in his "medical" clinic...plastic now covering the "clinic" keeping as best as possible the rain out...Lin, busy working...giving a boy an injection...He instinctively turns, and sees a quiet man has come looking for him...

NAZEEM

Khader Khan asks you please to come with me...

INT. KHADERBHAI'S HOUSE - DAY

Nazeem shows Lin into the house.

NAZEEM

A moment please.

He goes down a hallway into a room. Other men, of various ethnicities, are standing in the hallway, bodyguards, waiting for their bosses...A moment and Khaderbhai himself comes out of the room at the end of the hallway. He comes to shake Lin's hand.

KHADERBHAI

Thank you for coming. I am sorry to take you away from your work.

He takes Lin along the hallway...He motions at the bruises on Lin's face.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I heard you were attacked by some dogs, that you could have died.

Lin doesn't say anything.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

The only thing more dangerous than a pack of dogs is a pack of wolves...Come inside...

And he opens the door taking him into a dining room. Where some ten men of varying ethnicities are sitting around the table. A pack of wolves proves to be appropriate.

KHADERBHAI

(introduces)

This is my friend, Lin...

Lin is very much aware of him calling him "a friend." And Khaderbhai proceeds to introduce the men individually to him. A varying group, the kind of men that were called in "The Godfather." "Men of consequence." One man, in particular, Khaderbhai introduces, is ABDUL GHANI. And when he has gone around the table...

KHADERBHAI

We are just finishing...if you don't mind waiting...

He offers Lin a seat just behind his...And in an admixture of languages, some English, some Arabic, some Hindi, Lin finds himself an insider to the most private of discussions...And as he quietly looks at Khaderbhai, and what it is to be a man of such respect and power...

INT. KHADERBHAI'S CAR, BOMBAY - DAY

As Nazeem drives Khaderbhai and Lin through the rainy Bombay streets...

KHADERBHAI

(looking out)

I have lived in Bombay for over ten years...and I still haven't felt like it is my home...I suppose you have one home in life...anywhere else you are just visiting...Your home, what was it like...?

LIN

It was just my mother and I.

KHADERBHAI

Your father?

LIN
My father, he left early on.

KHADERBHAI
I haven't spoken to my father in many
years. If we saw each other again, he
would kill me.

And he looks out the window, not say anything else about
it...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
Are you a father?

LIN
(honestly, meaning
his father)
I wasn't a good father either...

KHADERBHAI
(appreciating)
You are an honest man.

They stop. Nazeem, with an umbrella ready opens the door for
Khaderbhai. He gets out.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
It will just be a minute.

Nazeem, holding the umbrella, walks him to a restaurant, and
waits just outside for him. Lin can see Khaderbhai in the
restaurant talking with some men. Some moments and he comes
back out. He gives Nazeem an envelope. Nazeem walks him
back to the car. Khaderbhai gets back in. Nazeem getting
back in. As they drive again in the rain:

LIN
I understand you know Karla?

KHADERBHAI
Karla. (after a beat) I don't know her
very well. She is a beautiful woman,
but she seems very complicated. Are
you attracted to her?

LIN
She is hard to hold on to.

KHADERBHAI
(smiles)
That is the kind of woman that would
interest any man.

EXT. A BOMBAY STOREFRONT - DAY

We see Khaderbhai's car parked outside of a storefront.
Nazeem standing with an umbrella outside the storefront
waiting. We see Khaderbhai coming out of the store, giving
Nazeem another envelope, Nazeem seeing him back into the car.

INT. KHADERBHAI'S CAR - DAY

Once they've pulled away...

KHADERBHAI
(watching the
rain)

My father is a farmer. A poppy
farmer. Rain falls, a poppy
grows...Where I grew up, Nangarhar,
supplies most of the world's heroin.

LIN
(confesses)
I've used it myself.

KHADERBHAI
We all have weaknesses.

LIN
What is your weakness?

KHADERBHAI
(laughs)
I would never tell you that. It would
be a weakness.

Lin laughs. And as they move through the sodden Bombay:

INT. A SMALL FACTORY, BOMBAY - DAY

We see a PASSPORT. And we see Khaderbhai and Lin are inside
a small factory. Where "artists" are creating passports.
Deftly cutting, inking, printing them...

KHADERBHAI
Being able to change one's identity is
a rare commodity. You would be
surprised at the amount of money the
passport industry brings.

Lin's quiet...watching the deft, artistic work of the
forgers...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
(seeing his
interest)
This interests you?

Lin doesn't say anything.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
(smiles)
Take your pick. Who would you like to
be?

And as Lin watches a passport, an identity, being intricately
created...

EXT. A BOMBAY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The car is parked outside of a warehouse with a tin roof. Khaderbhai and Lin stand in the rain, Nazeem holding an umbrella for them, as an Indian man slides open the warehouse door. They go inside.

INT. BOMBAY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Indian Man closing the door behind them. It's dark, the sound of the rain beating on the tin roof. The Indian man turns on the lights. And we see there are stacks and stacks of munitions of all kinds. Khaderbhai for some reason asks him...

KHADERBHAI

Can you ride a horse?

LIN

A horse. I used to be able to, why?

KHADERBHAI

(of no moment)

When I think of Afghanistan, I think of horses...

He slightly wanders among the munitions. And he simply says:

KHADERBHAI

I am going home soon.

And as he turns, and the light is turned off.

INT/EXT. A BAR, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Khaderbhai and Lin sit outside on a covered deck out of the rain, overlooking the sea. Abdul Ghani is quietly, privately, talking with Khaderbhai...and finishing their conversation...shaking hands with Lin, Abdul leaves.

KHADERBHAI

He is the only man I have ever known I could trust.

They look after him.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Do you have anyone you completely trust?

And Lin realizes he doesn't.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You can trust me.

And three Indian MEN, that are called the "The Three Blind Singers," come onto the deck, singing for them...Their voices strange and haunting...As they sit on the deck, the rain falling...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I have been reading a book about the creation of the universe. The universe as we know it, and from anything we can learn about it, has been getting always more complex since it began. It does this because that is its nature. From almost perfect simplicity to the kind of complexity we see around us, everywhere we look. It will always be more complex....because it is moving toward something...

LIN

(smart)

I think I know where you are going with this. God.

KHADERBHAI

(smiles)

What I choose to call God. Call it Allah, or the Holy Spirit, or Karma, or the Ultimate Complexity. Whatever you chose to call it, it is where we are going.

LIN

(enjoying himself)

Isn't the universe a lot more random than that? What about giant asteroids, I mean our planet could get smashed to fragments in a blink of an eye. Or the sun, it could just go out.

KHADERBHAI

(smiles)

A good question. Our planet may be smashed, it is true, and one day our beautiful sun will die. And we are to the best of our knowledge the most developed complexity in our bit of the universe. But so what. We might cease to exist but the process would go on. The universe would continue to grow...God, will be there with or without us.

LIN

Let me guess. Anything that moves with the complexity, with God, is good. Anything that confronts it, is evil.

And Khaderbhai laughs.

KHADERBHAI

We will save good and evil for another time.

They're quiet, the rain on the roof, the Blind Singers haunting voices....

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I would like you to come work with me,
Lin...to be a part of my "universe"...

Lin is quiet.

LIN

Are you asking me to fulfill my
obligation?

KHADERBHAI

(waves his hand,
"no")

This is an offer from a friend.
Nothing more.

LIN

(moved)

I appreciate your friendship. Your
faith in me.

(after a beat)

But I have to say no. I like what I
am doing now. (more so) I like who I
am.

Khaderbhai nods...

KHADERBHAI

I understand.

And despite a gentle smile he is not used to being told no very often...And a darkness crosses over him from somewhere deep in his tribal Afghani genes...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

My father said if a man offers to
share a meal with you, you can't say
no...you are offending his honor that
he can even offer you a meal...

LIN

I wouldn't want to do anything to
offend you.

Khaderbhai suddenly gets up, embracing him.

KHADERBHAI

(simply)

Thank you for your company. Enjoy the
singers...

He leaves some money for the singers...and he goes...Lin sitting alone...as alone, as much a stranger as he has ever been...And as he sits alone watching the rain fall on the sea...while the blind men sing...

INT. LEO'S, BOMBAY - NIGHT

We see Lin coming inside...it's quiet...the rain has driven the people away...except of course for Didier...who is sitting by the window...Lin crosses to him...And the reason he is there, who he longs to see...to be with...

LIN

Have you seen Karla?

DIDIER

She was in here just a few minutes ago asking if I had seen you...She said to tell you if you came in she would be at the Taj Hotel...

INT. A TAXI, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin riding in the back of a cab. The rain has saturated the city...streets flooded...The taxi is forced to stop, unable to go any further...the street filled with water...Lin gets out...

EXT. BOMBAY STREET - NIGHT

He finds himself knee deep in the water. He sees that Boatsmen in small PUNTS are ferrying people where the streets are impassible...Lin hurries to an empty punt...He talks to the Boatsman in Hindi...He climbs on board...The Boatsman rowing him along the flooded streets...passing abandoned cars; taxis and cars and limousenes literally floating by...Bombay under water...

EXT. THE TAJ HOTEL - NIGHT

The boat reaches the Hotel. The street is impassible, the lobby flooded...Lin gets out....He goes into the hotel...

INT. THE TAJ HOTEL - NIGHT

He wades through the flooded lobby. He climbs some grand stairs...people standing at a railing above on a mezzanine watching the water....a band incongruously playing at a nearby bar...He stops to look in the bar...And he sees Karla sitting alone by herself by a window...She turns, seeing him...They look across the room at each other. He crosses to her.

KARLA

You're soaking.

And surprisingly affectionate, she dries him off.

KARLA (cont'd)

We have to get you out of these clothes.

She smiles. He smiles. They quietly sit. After some moments:

LIN

I spent some time with Kader Khan.

KARLA

The few times I have been with him, he seems like a fascinating man.

Lin nods, he is.

KARLA

What did he want from you?

LIN

He asked me if I would work for him.

KARLA

What did you tell him?

LIN

I told him I was a writer.

KARLA

(a beat)

He is a powerful man. It must be very hard to say no to him.

He nods. She's quiet. The lights flicker and the power goes off. The room dark. They sit for some moments in the dark. They look at one another.

KARLA (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Would you take me home?

EXT. BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin and Karla in a boat, moving along a flooded street through the darkness that is Bombay.

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They stand in the dark living room. She lights a candle. They look at each other in the candlelight. He moves to kiss her. She moves her lips away. But she presses him close to her. He unbuttons her blouse...kissng her neck, her breasts...She blows out the candle. She takes his hand leading him into her bedroom. They lay on her bed...As they make love he moves to kiss her again, but she turns her head...not letting him kiss her on the lips....despite her reluctance to kiss him, their passion grows...And as they make love on her bed...

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, LATER

Karla and Lin are at the door...Karla seeing him out...

KARLA

(explaining why
he's leaving)

I never let anyone stay the night...

He nods, understanding.

LIN
(affectionately)
Goodnight.

KARLA
Goodnight.

He starts out into the hallway....

LIN... KARLA (cont'd)

He turns.

KARLA (cont'd)
A kiss, sometimes, isn't just a kiss.

He looks at her. She looks at him...and closes the door.

EXT. BOMBAY STREET - NIGHT

He comes onto the dark street outside of her apartment. The rain's slackened, the street water's receded...enough for cars and taxis to slowly make their way along the street again...He searches for a taxi. There are none. He starts to walk along the dark street. When suddenly a Car pulls up alongside him. A Police Vehicle...Lin turns, to cross the street, to avoid it...when another Police car arrives...stopping him...And the particular Police Officer, who we had seen much earlier, in charge watching his policemen rousting people sleeping on the street, climbs out.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
Do you know there is a curfew, sir?

LIN
I was just on my way home.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
Can I see some identification please?

Lin hesitates, no longer having a passport...

LIN
I left it at home. (bluffing, the convict in him) I can just go and get it...You can follow me....Or, I can bring it into your station...

He starts to turn to walk off...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
(motions to one of his men while he says)
Just to stop, please sir...

A Policeman gets in his way...taking his arm, making sure he stops...Lin has a big problem...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
(walking over to
him)
Where is your home, sir?

LIN
The World Trade Centre...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
Excuse me, sir. You are living in the
slum?

And he sees he's now surrounded by policemen.

LIN
Yes. I am a doctor there.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
There are no doctors in the slum.

LIN
If you'll take me there...I can show
you...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
Of course. Get in my car...I'll be
glad to take you...

And Lin realizes the man has no intention of taking him
there....

LIN
(street)
How can we work this out?

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
You would like to work this out?

Lin nods. The Indian Policeman smiles, and suddenly a
policeman hits Lin in the back of the knees with his lathi
stick...Lin stumbles...to his knees...Another policeman hits
him with his bamboo stick across the back of his neck, which
makes him bow his head...He's roughly handcuffed...And shoved
into a police car...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)
There, it has been worked out.

And as Lin's being driven away...we look back at Karla's dark
apartment...And we can see Karla standing in the
window...watching him being taken off...

INT. BOMBAY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

We see Lin in a crowded fetid holding tank. The Particular
Policeman, smoking a cigarette, comes to the cage's bars.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
This passport you said you have...from
New Zealand...we are told no such
passport, or person named "Lin,"
exists.

Lin's quiet.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)
Is there anything you want to tell me?

Lin shakes "no."

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)
That's your second mistake.

LIN
What was my first mistake?

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN
Coming to India.

And just for the hell of it he puts out his cigarette on
Lin's hand on the bars...Lin pulls his hand away in pain.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)
(to a policeman,
as he goes,
meaning Lin)
Arthur Road.

EXT. ARTHUR ROAD PRISON, BOMBAY - NIGHT

We see Lin, along with a trail of shackled prisoners, getting
off a bus, being taken into Bombay's Arthur Road Prison.

INT. A CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Hell would be too kind. It is as you would imagine a prison
in India to be. Just worse. Any description would not be
adequate, as there are few human words that could describe it
and do it "justice." We see Lin being put into a huge cell,
filled with people...so crowded that movement is nearly
impossible. When one person moves, the whole sea of people
has to move...like a rock thrown into the water...The men,
all dark skinned, look at the white skinned Lin, bringing
derisive comments...that in Hindi would be understood in any
language, he is for all intents and purposes here, a
"nigger." As he moves through the cell, forced to step on a
man's leg, another's hand, another's finger...a man stepped
on, angrily getting up, punches Lin, Lin falling into another
man...infuriating him, another man pulling Lin to his feet
literally by his hair...The man shouting something in Hindi
into his face..and Lin, who won't be intimidated, spits in
the man's face...which causes a near riot...bringing lahti
swinging Policemen into the fray...Lin, using the commotion
to his advantage, finding a tiny spot to sit, trying to keep
to himself, despite the men pressed close beside him, and all
around him, his back against a wall...The man beside
him...looking at him...

THE MAN
(Hindi)
White people are never taken
here...What were you caught with
selling drugs, or being with little
children...?

Lin doesn't say anything...He shuts his eyes...

THE MAN (cont'd)

(Hindi)

You better hope there is a friend who knows where you are, who bails you out...Or you will be here for a very long time...

LIN

(eyes closed,
Hindi)

What's your crime?

THE MAN

(Hindi)

I took from a neighbor, something that he had stolen from me. I have been in here for seven months...

LIN

(Hindi)

How long is your sentence?

THE MAN

(Hindi)

I haven't been to the court yet.

And suddenly a bamboo stick hits the man across the head. And we see two Guards are standing over him.

ARTHUR ROAD GUARD

(Hindi)

Not to be talking to him...

(and to the cell

as a whole)

Anybody who talks to this white man will get the beating.

And the Guards leave...The men all look at Lin...He is taboo, lower than an untouchable...Lin, despite being among so many...is completely alone...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(calls out, in

Hindi)

Curfew!

And the lights are shut off. The huge room bathed in darkness. Lin looks around him. He hears the distinctive sound of somebody urinating. A man urinating in a hole in the floor, their "bathroom." Lin's still, listening to the sounds, smelling the odors, of the men going to sleep...He looks into the dark and he can see the barest of light coming from under a steel door at the far end of the cell. "A light at the end of a tunnel."

INT. THE CELL - LATE IN THE NIGHT

The men pressed inhumanly together, a strangely woven carpet, one person lying one way, one the other, in various positions, asleep. We see Lin lying crowded in a corner, men all around him, waking up, feeling something on his arm. And he sees a rat is chewing at his arm. He flings it off of him. And he sees it is not the only one. Rats, living in the cell with them. He sees something else. A black bug, the cell infested with bugs, is crawling along his arm. As he lies in the dark among all the sleeping bodies of all the sleeping men...the rats walking about...And Lin watching the bug make its progress along his arm...this is surely hell...

INT. THE CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - MORNING

Lin comes awake finding it was not just a bad dream, but too real...And he sees where there was one bug, is now literally an infestation...his arms and legs, any exposed skin, is covered with bugs...He tries, as best he can, to get them off of him...despite their size, they have nested on him, stuck to him...and getting them off is a full time job...having to pick one off at a time...

A PRISONER
(whispers to him,
Hindi)

Once you get them all off, they will
come right back again...it is better
to learn to live with them...

Lin nods, thanking him for his admonition....but the bugs
have become his "project..."

LIN (V.O.)
The bugs became my sanity...

And as he picks them off of him, one after another....

LIN (V.O.)
I could count the days, by the bugs...

INT. CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - ANOTHER DAY

Lin waking up...and we see he's completely covered by the
black bugs again...and as he starts removing them, one at a
time...

LIN (V.O.)
There was no way to move...to get the
blood flowing...There was no one to
talk to...There was nothing to do...

And we see him just a bug himself, with the other "bugs", in
the incredibly crowded cell.

LIN (V.O.)
A fight would break out.

And we see a fight breaking out between two men.

LIN (V.O.)
It was the only source of
entertainment.

One of the men strangles the other man.

LIN (V.O.)
Many of the times, somebody would die.

We see the dead man's body...

LIN
It could be days before they even
bothered to come for the body.

And we see rats eating at the dead body. Until Guards come
in, beating the rats away and taking the body off...

LIN (V.O.)
The bugs, were my only source of
feeling, my only contact that let me
know I was still a human being, that I
was still alive.

We see Lin, picking the bugs again. And as he sits alone
with his bugs in the room of prisoners.

INT. CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - ANOTHER NIGHT

Lin sitting with his back against the wall...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(Hindi)
Curfew!

The lights go out. The men trying to finding a place to lie,
to sleep. Lin, manages to find a space to lie on the
floor...He closes his eyes...After some moments, the man
lying beside him whispers to him...

A PRISONER
(Hindi)
Something for you...

He gives him a small slip of paper. Lin opens it. It says
in Marathi, "Doing what I can to get you free..." And it is
signed, "Prabaker."

LIN
(whispers, Hindi)
Thank you...

The man nods...A nearby man grabs the man lying beside Lin,
whispering, angrily...

A PRISONER
(Hindi)
Why are you talking to him! You will
get all of us beaten!

And other men, angrily shout at the man...and the shouts bring the Guards...men, currying favor, motion to Lin and the man beside him...

LIN (V.O.)

And then the beatings started.

The Guards coming over, beating them with their truncheon sticks...

LIN (V.O.)

Everyday for a month, I was beaten...

INT. THE CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - VARIOUS TIMES

And we see just that...the daily ritual of Lin being beaten...

INT. THE CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - DAY

And we see Lin, sitting slumped, his back against the wall, looking barely human...his face swollen, his eyes swollen nearly shut...blood, from a concussion, coming out of his ears...

INT. ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - NIGHT

Lin, barely recognizable, a battered, swollen, lump of flesh, lying on the floor...A rat, comes to chew on his arm...He barely has the strength to do anything about it...He silently looks over at the door...the faint trace of light coming in under the door...the light at the end of a tunnel...He struggles to pull himself up to his hands and knees...and first a hand, then a leg, then a another hand, another leg, one "step" at a time, he starts to crawl across the floor, making his way toward the door...And the men watch his progress...Lin crawling across the floor toward the door...And somebody shouts something...which brings Guards in...They stop to watch Lin crawling, like a rat at their feet, crawling across the floor...One of the Guards hits him...he falls, but struggles back up...another Guard hits him...but he gets back up on his hands and knees...crawling...And everybody silently watches him...Lin, despite the beatings and the deprivation, despite the loss of anything left that one would consider human, crawling, crawling to the light coming in under the door, crawling to the end of the tunnel, willing to do anything to be free...He makes it to the door...He lays on the floor, flattened to the floor, looking at the small slip of light coming in under the door...at the end of the tunnel...Until a Guard comes, dragging him back...but this time, the men move to make room for him, to make his journey easier...and they respectfully touch him as he's dragged past them...no longer a "nigger," but somebody who shares a soul with them that wants to be free.

INT. CELL, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - ANOTHER DAY

We see Lin, lying motionless...barely alive...We see the Cell Door open...And the Particular Indian Policeman is at the door....He sends a Guard in....The Guard coming to Lin.

THE GUARD
You have been bailed out.

Lin manages to make it to his feet. And as he crosses the cell, barely able to stand, but going out the way he came in, walking....

EXT. ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - DAY

We see Lin, barely recognizable, hardly able to stand, coming out a prison gate onto the street. And we see Nazeem is waiting on the street for him...

NAZEEM
(fractured
English)
Khader Khan says he is most sorry he
could not help you any sooner...

Lin virtually falls into Nazeem's arms. And as Nazeem helps him, like an invalid, into the car...

INT. A HOUSE AT THE SEA - NIGHT

We see Lin lying in bed asleep in a darkened room...he wakes up...confused, not knowing where he is....And his most basic instinct is to escape...He precariously stands...and when his legs won't support him...he crawls to the door...to a light coming in the door...he manages to reach it...starting to go out the door...when he looks up and sees Khaderbhai is standing there...And Khaderbhai bends, almost tenderly helping Lin up...holding him...

KHADERBHAI
It's okay. You are safe here.

And as Lin, his emotions finally freed, starts to cry...Khaderbhai holding him....

INT. THE HOUSE BY THE SEA, BOMBAY - VARIOUS DAYS

Lin, being nursed back to health...Khaderbhai watching as Lin is fed...Watching him take some first steps....Watching him stand by a window, feeling the air on him...

EXT. THE HOUSE BY THE SEA, BOMBAY - ANOTHER DAY

Lin and Khaderbhai standing looking at the boats on the sea. Lin, nursed back to health, a human being again...But if he was scarred before, there is a deeper silence about him, scars that will take years to heal.

LIN
I don't know how to thank you enough.
How grateful I am.

KHADERBHAI
I told you, you could trust me. I
never betray a trust.

They watch the boats on the water.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You are one of us now.

And he puts a medallion around Lin's neck, a sign he is, what would be in another world, "a made man." Lin quietly looks at the medallion. He looks at Khaderbhai, knowing full well his "obligation" to him. And Lin nods, he is one of them now.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I think this belongs to you.

He gives him a passport. His New Zealand passport. He opens it to look at his picture. He looks at Khaderbhai.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I persuaded the people who had it,
that it was more important for me to
have it than it was to them.

Lin's quiet, knowing his power. Khaderbhai gives him some money to have.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

There is much to do.

They watch the water...And Khaderbhai says:

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(haunting)

The people you love. Say your
goodbyes.

Lin's quiet. Meaning the passport, the money.

LIN

How do you know I will ever come back?

KHADERBHAI

I think you are a man of your word, a
man who fulfills his obligations. (and
most importantly) I think you are my
friend.

Lin's quiet. He nods, he is. Khaderbhai is right about him. Lin instinctively looks up. An airplane, with a distinctive contrail, is high in the sky. The airplane going somewhere, anywhere...

EXT. THE SLUM - ANOTHER DAY

And we see Lin coming back into the slum along a slum lane...And people seeing he's come back...reaching to shake his hand, "Doctor"...a crowd following him...saying "Doctor..." "Doctor..." And he slows, seeing Prabaker talking to some men standing in the lane. And Prabaker, seeing him, runs to him...embracing him.

PRABAKER

I am so very mightily happily to see
you again, Linbaba.

And like somebody else we met...He lifts his shirt...

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Pat Prabu's fine tummies...

And Lin laughing, does just that, patting Prbaker's "fine tummies." And as he walks with Lin down the slum lane, people following them, to Lin's hut..

PRABAKER (cont'd)

I come every days and they won't they let me sees you...

LIN

I got your note...

PRABAKER

A man's I know, he is there with you at same times...he is in for drinking too much good fine whiskeys and then shooting gun at peoples in the streets...He sends note to Prabu about you everydays...Then the notes stop comings...I hear he maybe in a fights and he doesn't win...(shrugs) Maybe in next life he win the fight...

They reach Lin's hut.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

Here is the most finest of news....Bajjama...this lovely school teacher...Prabaker asks her to marries him...she doesn't say no...(which means yes)...Now all I needs is a fine taxi and life is most perfectly...

Lin smiles...truly happy for him...but Prabaker sensitive, notices...

PRABAKER

You are seeming sad, Linbaba.

LIN

I'm just very tired.

PRABAKER

(shakes "no")

This is not tireds. I think Linbaba, you are not the same anymore.

And before Lin can say anything some other people come over to welcome him back, Anand and Qasim, and as we start to lose sight of him with all of the people around him...our last glimpse of him is his eyes, and Prabaker is right, he is not the same anymore.

INT. LIN'S HUT - LATE NIGHT

We see Lin lying on his mat. He looks around him at the sleeping slum. And he quietly gets up.

EXT. THE SLUM - LATE NIGHT

We see Lin suitcase in hand, quietly coming out of his hut...He stops for a moment, looking at the sleeping slum, knowing somehow he won't ever be coming back...and turning, he starts off down the slum lane, to leave...He hasn't gone far...

PRABAKER (V.O.)

You are leaving again...without saying even goodbyes...

He turns. And Prabaker, in just his overshorts and tee shirt, is standing in the lane...

LIN

It is time to go...

PRABAKER

They have needs you here...you are their doctor...

LIN

(shakes "no.")

I'm not a doctor...I was never a doctor...

PRABAKER

This didn't matter to them. They believed this in you.

Lin's quiet, for a bright shining moment he had believed it in himself...

LIN

(he is)

I'm sorry...(turning) I have to go...

He starts off along the lane...

PRABAKER

I think my mother she was wrong....This name "Shantaram," is not a name for you. You are not this man with God's Peace.

Lin doesn't say anything. And turning his back, suitcase in hand, he leaves...He stops to look back...And he sees Prabaker is gone...

EXT. AN APARTMENT, BOMBAY - LATE AT NIGHT

We see Lin knocking on an apartment door. Some moments and Didier answers it.

LIN

I'm sorry to wake you...

DIDIER

It is nothing. You know I don't sleep. (a beat, glad to see him) I had thought you were dead.

LIN

I was.

And Didier knowing why he is there...

DIDIER

She is gone. She left Bombay.

Lin slows...

DIDIER (cont'd)

She is in a place called Havelock in the Andaman Islands...

EXT. AN ISLAND, THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS - DAY

We see Lin standing on a small ferryboat...coming to a small island's harbor. He gets off. He comes through the small harbor town, just a remote fishing village...He comes along a block with shop or two and a small open-air thatched roofed cafe...The few tables outside empty...He looks inside...nobody seems to be there at all...He goes down by the sea....fishermen working... He walks along the sea...little more than a path by a thickly treed forrest....and he slows...He sees up ahead of him elephants are in the water...not just standing in the water, but with their tenders on their backs, they seem to be swimming...and a figure surfaces from the water...and swimming with the elephants is KARLA. She instinctively turns, seeing him. He crosses down to the water's edge. Karla, coming out of the water. They're quiet. After some moments:

KARLA

Everyday I would watch the ferry. I was hoping that some day you would come.

He's quiet. She looks at him, and she can see.

KARLA (cont'd)

It has been hard for you.

He doesn't say anything. And as they stand on the beach, the elephants in the water.

EXT. THE ISLAND CAPE - DUSK

Karla and Lin the only ones at the small cafe, sitting outside in the dusk...

KARLA

I talked to everybody I could to get you out. Nobody would help.

He nods. She's still. After some moments:

KARLA (cont'd)

There was nothing more for me in Bombay...

He doesn't say anything. And his shirt open, she sees his medallion.

KARLA (cont'd)
You have gone with them.

LIN
(nods)
Khaderbhai. He got me out...He saved
my life.

She's quiet.

KARLA
I heard he was leaving soon, going
home to fight in Afghanistan.

Lin doesn't say anything...She looks off...

KARLA (cont'd)
A friend of mine was deeply in love
with him. She loved him more than she
had ever loved anyone in her life. He
was her father, her brother, her
lover, all men to her. They had been
seeing each other for two years. Just
out of nowhere he said it was over.
There was nothing left for them. He
broke her heart.

LIN
What happened to her?

KARLA
She left. She will never come back.

He nods.

KARLA (cont'd)
I heard from her once...she
called...she said she had met someone
else...she was going to marry
him...how happy she was...but you
could hear in her voice she would
never be happy again...

They're quiet. They look at each other in the falling dusk.

KARLA (cont'd)
(needing him)
I am so glad you came.

INT. KARLA'S ROOM, AN INDIAN ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

A small room with a ceiling fan turning...a door open to a
veranda, the soft night crawling in...And we see them on a
bed making love...And still, she won't kiss him...But this is
different, their love making, it feels like a dream...The fan
turning...the soft light of the island night...and as they
make love as if in a dream...

EXT. UNDERWATER, THE SEA

And as if still in a dream, we see elephants, their lumbering legs underwater, swimming....and we see Lin and Karla swimming with them...

But this is no dream...

EXT. THE SEA, OFF HAVELOCK ISLAND, INDIA - DAWN

And we see Karla and Lin are literally swimming with the elephants.. And as they swim with the elephants in the Island sea, moving with the great graceful creatures, enraptured...

INT. KARLA'S ROOM, THE INDIAN BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

It becomes another kind of movement...a different dance. And we see Karla and Lin entwined, making love again in her room. He looks in her eyes. She up at looks at him. She draws him close. And for the first time, she puts her lips to his, kissing him. And their first kiss, as any first kiss, is as passionate as a kiss could be. And as they kiss each other, making love where elephants swim.

EXT. HAVELOCK ISLAND - VARIOUS TIMES

Lin and Karla's time together. A last week. Swimming with the elephants. Eating at the cafe. Watching the boats come in. Walking along the sea...and making love...until...

EXT. THE VERANDA, KARLA'S ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Lin, his shirt off, is standing outside...Karla comes out to stand behind him....

KARLA

I wish time could stop, right here,
right now.

He's quiet. And she says:

KARLA (cont'd)

Stay with me...

LIN

I have nothing.

KARLA

What could be better than that.

He's quiet.

LIN

I have to go back...I made a promise,
I have an obligation to Khaderbhai.
Then I'll come back.

She's quiet. And she says, knowing herself, hardened....

KARLA

Stay with me now, or it's over.

He turns. And he sees she means it. He's quiet. And his quiet is his answer. She nods.

KARLA (cont'd)

We have to chose our own way.

And he tells her, the most honest, intimate thing...

LIN

I never felt like I was good enough for you.

He looks at her, and he kisses her. But nothing will be the same...

KARLA (cont'd)

I wish I hadn't ever done that. I wish I hadn't ever kissed you.

And with that she turns and goes back inside. Lin left on the veranda looking into the night.

EXT. THE FERRY, HAVELOCK ISLAND - DAY

Lin gets on the ferry. Karla standing on the shore watches him leave. They look at each other as the boat pulls away...The boat moving off down the coast line...And Karla, keeping it in sight, comes running along the beach...until she stops, standing on the shore...Lin watching her until she goes out of sight...

There's a light, a light at the end of a tunnel.

INT. AIRPORT, LEHORE, PAKISTAN - DAY

We see that the tunnel is an airport customs tunnel. And we see Lin, along with Nazeem, waiting in line for Passport Control. As he waits, looking at the faces of the various people in line...

EXT. THE GARDEN, KHADERBHAI'S HOUSE, BOMBAY - DAY

Lin and Khaderbhai sitting in the unadorned chairs in Khaderbhai's garden.

KHADERBHAI

You will meet me in Pakistan.

He hands him a passport. A wallet.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You will be traveling as a Mr. William Evans, an American Trade Advisor specializing in Timber Products. You are really working for the CIA.

He gives him some books, on trees.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Your specialty, if anyone asks, are the trees of Pakistan and Afghanistan.

As Lin looks at the books...the wallet and the passport...

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS, LAHORE, PAKISTAN - DAY

Lin is handing the Passport to a Pakistani Customs Officer.
The Man quietly looks at the Passport. He looks at Lin.

PAKISTANI CUSTOMS OFFICER
What city were you born in America?

LIN
Cleveland, Ohio.

The man nods.

PAKISTANI CUSTOMS OFFICER
(not satisfied)
What is your purpose in coming to
Pakistan?

LIN
I'm a trade advisor to an American
Timber company. I'm going to the
mountains to see your trees.

PAKISTANI CUSTOMS OFFICER
(dead faced)
What is the name again, the baseball
team you have in Cleveland?

LIN
(after a beat)
The Indians.

PAKISTANI CUSTOMS OFFICER
(smiles for the
first time)
I like this team.

And as he stamps Lin's passport.

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE SPRAWLING CITY OF LAHORE, PAKISTAN.

INT. A LAHORE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

And we see Lin quietly looking out a hotel window at the
city. There's a knock on the door. Nazeem goes to get it.
A man says something. Nazeem nods.

INT. A MOSQUE, LAHORE - DAY

We see Lin quietly waiting in an anteroom off a mosque. The
sounds of prayers coming in. He looks at the muslim
paintings. The particular prayer ends. It's quiet. A
moment and the door opens and Khaderbhai is there. He
slightly touches his forehead, kneading the red mark, the
spot that becomes forever etched on a muslim's head from
prostrating themselves in prayer, their heads pressed to the
floor.

KHADERBHAI

(embraces him)

It's good to see you.

LIN

It's good to see you.

KHADERBHAI

(why they are
seeing each other
there)

We need to be quite careful. The Police raided a house of friends of ours last night looking for me.

LIN

I don't understand. I thought Pakistan is supporting Afghanistan against the Russians? They should want us to smuggle supplies to the mujaheddin. They should be helping us.

KHADERBHAI

They decide who they want to help. Afghans have fought each other for so long a time, thousands of years, the only thing better than fighting each other, is fighting an invasion. When they beat the Russians, they will continue fighting. The Pakistanis sit on their border. No matter who wins the war for the Afghans, the Pakistanis want control of the peace. If they can, they will take all of our weapons, our medicines, and give them to their own...

Suddenly Nazeem comes in, saying something in Afghani.

KHADERBHAI

(to Lin)

The police are here.

Lin follows Khaderbhai and Nazeem, hurrying out of the room. They hurry along an outside mosque corridor. They can see in the mosque Police have come inside, spread out moving quietly through the large mosque, looking at the penitents, looking for Khaderbhai. A Policeman turns, seeing them. He says something, the Police coming through the mosque. Nazeem hurries them to the street, where a Car is waiting. As they get in and drive off before the Police come out of the Mosque:

EXT. A TRAIN, PAKISTAN - DAY

We see a train making a journey along a valley that straddles the daunting mountains of Afghanistan.

INT. THE TRAIN, PAKISTAN - DAY

Khaderbhai and Lin are sitting together. Nazeem and another man behind them.

KHADERBHAI:

(looking out the window)

Over that mountain...that is where I come from....

Lin looks out the window at the imposing mountains.

LIN

Where did you learn to speak English so well?

KHADERBHAI

I was tutored by a fine English gentleman.

He looks outside.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

My father was the leader of his tribe. There is no inherited right to be a leader...and a leader's son who has no wisdom, or courage, or skill at speaking to the people, will be passed over for another man with better skills. My father hoped for me to be a leader like him...I showed none of a leader's skills, and I had no interest in getting them. I was a bitter disappointment to him. When I was ten he sent me to live with an uncle...He was a prosperous merchant...he put me in care of the tutor...Mr. McKenzie...

LIN

Did you ever go back to your father?

KHADERBHAI

Yes. But it was not the joyful return my father had hoped for. I had killed a man in the bazaar. I was fifteen.

LIN

Fifteen?

KHADERBHAI

(distant)

When I was fifteen years old I killed a man for the first time.

The implication there have been others is not lost on Lin.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

It was about nothing...a fight over nothing...I thought he was beating his child too harshly...I shouldn't have gotten involved...I tried to stop him...He resented it...We had an argument that became a fight...I stabbed him with his own dagger.

AND WE SEE JUST THAT...A TEENAGER STABBING AN OLDER MAN IN A BAZAAR.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

It was self defense...but that doesn't change anything. The family of the man I had killed refused to accept a blood-money payment from my uncle...They sent two men after me in the mountains...My uncle warned me...I struck first...I shot both men with my father's old long rifle...

AND WE SEE TWO MEN WITH RIFLES, RIDING ON HORSES THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS. WE SEE A YOUNG KHADERBHAI STANDING ON A HILLSIDE. SHOOTING BOTH OF THEM OFF THEIR HORSES WITH A LONG RIFLE.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

The blood feud that began with those killings...and with their attempt to kill me destroyed my family and theirs...Two on their side...one on ours...two of ours...three of theirs...My father tried many times to end the feud but it was impossible. It was a demon that moved from man to man, and made each man mad with the love of killing. I lost two brothers, uncles, my father's brothers...I tried to leave but my father wouldn't let me...He said I had to stay to live with what I had caused...to live with the consequences. When my own father was badly wounded in an attack, I told my family to spread the rumor that I had been killed and I left...I rode a horse down from the mountains...The blood feud ended some time after that, and peace was restored to the two families....but I was dead to my family...to my father...He vowed if I ever was to come back he would kill me.

He's quiet for some moments:

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

When I ran away I made a journey across Pakistan and India to Bombay. I was sixteen. Like millions of others I hoped to make a fortune in the city of Hindi picture heroes.

(MORE)

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

At first I lived in a slum....I learned Hindi...I made a little money selling tickets when a movie was full...that didn't last long...I was taken by two goondas to see Chota Golub, the "Little Rose".....

WE SEE YOUNG KHADERBHAIR TAKEN INTO AN OFFICE, FILLED WITH MOVIE POSTERS, WHERE HE MEETS, THE BOSS OF BOSSES, CHOTA GOLUB...WHO HAS A DISTINCTIVE SCAR ON HIS CHEEK, LIKE A LITTLE ROSE.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

He got that name for the mark on his face a bullet that passed through his cheek had made...and left the skin on his cheek look like a small rose...He wanted to know what I thought I was doing selling tickets in his area...? He threatened to kill me...I wasn't afraid...I had seen so much killing....I told him I would kill him first. He laughed. He took a liking to me...He became like a father to me...I went to work as a soldier for him...Fighting with my fists, with swords and cleavers and hammers to enforce his rule.

KHADERBHAI IN A MELEE WITH A RIVAL STREET GANG.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

The "Little Rose" asked me to kill a man...and I did for him...

A MAN WALKING ALONG A BOMBAY STREET. KHADERBHAIR COMING THE OTHER WAY, SIMPLY SHOOTING THE MAN IN THE HEAD, AND WALKING AWAY...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

And again and again...

He's not proud of it...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I took control after the "Little Rose" was killed outside of one of his cinemas...

WE SEE THE "LITTLE ROSE" BEING ASSASINATED OUTSIDE OF A MOVIE THEATER.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I began the council system.....I brought order...

LIN

(smartly)

Like the universe.

KHADERBHAI

(nods)

I tried to create order out of chaos.

LIN

(after a beat)

Why are you going home?

KHADERBHAI

(quietly, for all
of it)

Everything has a price. At some time,
no matter what you have done, no
matter who you are, you will have to
go home.

Lin's still. And as they ride the train deep into Pakistan.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN BORDER TOWN/PAKISTAN/AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A small remote border outpost. A hovel that is its "Hotel."

INT. THE "HOTEL," PAKISTAN/AFGHANISTAN BORDER - DAY

A tiny well used room. Khaderbhai quietly stands by a
window. A moment and Lin, wearing a plain suit and a tie,
comes out of the bathroom. Khaderbhai looks at him.

KHADERBHAI

Tell me about yourself..

LIN

I'm from Cleveland, Ohio. Twenty four
thirty two Ridgewood.

KHADERBHAI

Twenty-two thirty-six.

Lin looks in the wallet at a perfectly detailed Ohio drivers
license.

LIN

(correcting
himself)

Twenty-two thirty six...(after a beat)
I went to Ohio State in Columbus,
bachelor in Science...masters in
agronomy...I worked for five years
with the Spencer Lumber Company as a
tree growth specialist in Eugene,
Oregon...I work for the Harris Lumber
Company now...

Khaderbhai nods.

KHADERBHAI

(quietly)

It will be a lot more believable if
you did it with an American accent.

LIN

Jesus, why do I forget to do that?

And there's a knock on the door. Nazeem says something to Khaderbhai and leaves. Khaderbhai looks at him. And Khaderbhai says, with his cold dark eyes, without a hint of affectation, another words, don't fuck this up...

KHADERBHAIR

Go with God.

EXT. THE PAKISTANI MOUNTAIN BORDER TOWN - DAY

A wind is blowing cold. And we see a supply truck, a number of men sitting on top of the truck, is parked at a desolate mountain border checkpoint. And we see Lin going into the checkpoint office. A Pakistani man sitting at a desk waiting for him. He surprises us by his perfect Englishman's English. Not a man who fools easily.

PAKISTANI MAN

What can I do for you, sir?

He shows him some paperwork...his passport...He hesitates...

LIN

The lorry was cleared in Lahore and three other check stations. There have been no problems.

PAKISTANI MAN

"Lorry," you Americans say truck don't you?

LIN

(smiles, covering)

I'm so used to everyone around here calling it a lorry. Yeah, it's a truck to us.

The man looks at the paperwork, the passport...taking out of the passport a nice sum of baksheesh, money that is to be expected...

PAKISTANI MAN

This would normally all be quite fine. But then I wouldn't be stationed here. They don't usually send Commanders this far from comfort. There isn't usually a war, so things aren't done the usual way. You say you are carrying forestry supplies?

LIN

Yes. We're looking at the tree population here and in Afghanistan.

PAKISTANI MAN

(smiles)

Of course, everybody examines trees during a war. You are CIA?

Lin doesn't say anything. The Pakistani man abruptly goes to the door, says something to a man. The man goes. The Pakistani man comes back inside.

PAKISTANI MAN
I will tell you, if you are not CIA,
the jails in Pakistan are not as nice
as, say, India's.

And a Man comes in the door, in winter clothing, who most
certainly is an American, and most certainly is CIA.

CIA MAN
I can't get comfortable...either I'm
sleeping under too many blankets or
I'm fucking freezing...
(to Lin)
You have that problem?

LIN
(after a beat)
I sleep pretty well.

The man nods.

THE CIA MAN
Here's my problem. I have this little
world here...I know everybody who goes
in or out of Afghanistan and what
they're doing. Everyday I get a
cable...it tells me who's coming, and
who isn't...who I should help...who I
shouldn't...it isn't very
complicated...So if you are going to
try to tell me you are with CIA...and
I don't know anything about it...there
is a problem...

LIN
(a beat)
Can we talk alone?

THE CIA MAN
Anyway you want...

And they walk outside...

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN BORDER OUTPOST, PAKISTAN - DAY

They stand in the wind. After some moments...

LIN
I can't bullshit you and I don't want
to try. I've been living in Bombay.
I'm here for a man who is very
powerful there.

THE CIA MAN

Khaderbhai, I know all about him. He wants to go home and fight with his tribe, with the Mujaheddin, against the Russians. He's got a truck load of munitions and medical supplies he wants to take with him. The Pakistanis don't seem to want him going home. I guess his tribe makes the Pakistanis nervous.

Lin nods.

THE CIA MAN (cont'd)

So what the fuck do you want out of me?

LIN

(a last resort)

I'm a doctor...I hope to help some of the people fighting the Russians up there...

They look at each other.

THE CIA MAN

(after a beat)

You were really thinking you could bullshit me...about being with CIA?

Lin's quiet.

THE CIA MAN (cont'd)

You know it would take me five minutes to check up on you. Find out if you're a doctor, a lawyer, an Indian chief. I get a fingerprint of you, I can find out everything there is to know about you...

Lin doesn't say anything. They look at each other.

THE CIA MAN (cont'd)

(calls)

Hey pancho...

And the Pakistani Man comes outside. The CIA man looks at Lin. He looks at the Pakistani Man.

THE CIA MAN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

He's good to go.

And with that he turns, walking toward the "town."

THE CIA MAN

(to Lin, as he goes)

Don't get yourself killed up there, "Doctor."

INT. THE "HOTEL", PAKISTAN, MOUNTAIN BORDER TOWN - DAY

Lin comes inside. Khaderbhai, standing with Nazeem at the window, turns...And as Lin nods, everything is okay.

EXT. THE BORDER OUTPOST, PAKISTAN - DAY

And we see the supply truck, Nazeem in a Car, along with a driver, and Khaderbhai and Lin, driving through the check point...driving past the Pakistani Man and Border Guards, into Afghanistan....

EXT. AN AFGHANISTAN MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

They've been driving for awhile. When some heavily armed men on horseback, mujaheddin, come riding out of the mountains, stopping the "convoy." Khaderbhai gets out. He has a conversation with what appears to be their bearded leader. Khaderbhai gets back into the car. The mujaheddin leader gets back on his horse.

INT. THE CAR, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

KHADERBHAI

They've been waiting for us.

And as they follow the armed horsemen.

EXT. A TRIBAL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A small mountain village. The first signs of war...Armaments ringing the enclave. The truck and Khaderbhai's car arrives. Khaderbhai gets out. Lin, coming out after him. And he sees there are a good thirty heavily armed men on horseback waiting for them. Khaderbhai talks with one of the men. The man says something.

NAZEEM

(translates)

He said the mountains are too difficult...He thinks we are fools to take horses...we would be better with sure footed donkeys...(a beat)
Khaderbhai said a man doesn't come home on a donkey.

One of the Afghanis shouts something. And the men start to unload the truck, putting the munitions, the medical supplies on the horses backs...Khaderbhai, coming over...

KHADERBHAI

(smiling to Lin)

You still think you know how to ride a horse?

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

We watch Lin get onto a horse. It's been a long time. He watches Khaderbhai get on. He sits the horse regally. He rides over to Lin. He gives Lin a pistol, a Stechkin...

KHADERBHAI

It's Russian. You won't have any problem finding ammunition. There will be plenty of dead Russians.

And as the caravan starts up a trail. Suddenly two Russian jet fighters come screaming over them...they scatter...but the planes have other things in mind...and as they race off...Lin quietly looking after them...this no game...this is a very real war...

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A moonless night. We see the silhouette of the caravan of the horses going higher and higher up into the mountains.

INT. A CAVE, THE MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - DAYBREAK

They sleep inside a cave. Lin, looking outside, at the light, a light at the end of a tunnel. And he can see it's started to snow. He senses somebody is watching him. Khaderbhai, lying nearby.

KHADERBHAI

(quietly)

I know everything about you. How you escaped from an Australian jail.

Lin's still.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I think it is why we understand each other so well. We are both men without a home.

Lin's quiet.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Try to sleep. We will only be traveling at night.

Khaderbhai shuts his eyes. Lin looks at him. And as he turns to watch the snowfall, the light at the end of the tunnel.

EXT. THE AFGHANISTAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The caravan moving up a steep mountain trail. When suddenly they find themselves under withering fire. A Battalion of Russian troops. Some men go down. They scatter...getting off their horses, finding cover, taking position in the mountains. And they return the fire, both sides exchanging gunfire. Lin, shooting his automatic pistol. Khaderbhai firing. Another man goes down. They are in trouble, the Russians outnumbering them, and with greater firepower...when there is suddenly the sound of a field piece. And Mujaheddin, high above them, have moved weapons into place, raining them down on the Russians. The Russians are forced to withdraw...A Mujaheddin comes riding on a donkey down to Khaderbhai and the caravan. The man says something in Afghani. A Russian, crawling, badly wounded, who's been left behind, cries out...asking for help...

A Mujaheddin goes over to him...and without a moment's thought, cuts the man's throat...takes his weapons and walks off...Khaderbhai, Lin and the others follow a Mujaheddin on a donkey, taking their wounded up the trail...The Mujaheddin stops at a narrow opening between some rocks...He gets off his horse and climbs through...Lin and the men help to pass the wounded through the narrow opening....Lin follows them inside...

INT. A CAVE, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The Mujaheddin leads them along a narrow corridor. He takes them down a ladder and into a chamber. And inside is a FIELD HOSPITAL. The recently wounded and dying joining the people being administered to by actual Doctors of various ethnicities. Lin, coming over to a Doctor, offers...

LIN

I know some first aid. Is there anything I can do?

A DOCTOR

Do you have stomach enough to hold this clamp...I'm going to have to take off his foot...

Lin nods...He washes his hands under a tap that's been set into the rock wall...He puts on some surgical gloves...And as he assists the Doctor...

LIN

Where you from?

THE DOCTOR

Cleveland. Cleveland, Ohio.

Lin smiles, ironic...but there are no time for smiles, and as Lin assists the doctor, the man having his foot amputated...

INT. THE CAVE, AFGHANISTAN - DAYBREAK

Lin sits, resting....blood all over him...

KHADERBHAI

There is nothing to tell lies about here.

And as there are the unmistakable sounds of a battle going on outside...And some men rush wounded mujaheddins into the "hospital..."

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The caravan making its way still higher. The horses badly laboring, having a hard time with their loads. The caravan stops to let their horses rest. Khaderbhai and Lin get off. Khaderbhai looking at the silhouette of the mountains...

KHADERBHAI

Another two days...

Lin's quiet. They stand looking at the night sky.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
I forgot to give you that book about
the universe.

They're quiet. And Lin asks him:

LIN
Are you afraid of dying?

KHADERBHAI
My father used to say, it is only the
living who are afraid of dying. If
you have a strong enough belief in
yourself, you will not be afraid of
anything.

Lin is quiet. And Khaderbhai quietly says:

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
She said she knew you were the one the
moment she saw you.

Lin turns...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)
Karla. I told her just the kind of
man I needed...she was always looking
for me...to recruit...She said I could
trust you.

Lin's dead still. Realizing:

LIN
(bitterly)
It was all planned...

KHADERBHAI
From the moment she met you. I needed
somebody who could pass for an
American. When I found out you were
in trouble, needed help, it only was
easier.

Lin's reeling...and he asks:

LIN
Abdullah, when he saved me from the
madman with the sword...at the
Standing Babas...?

KHADERBHAI
(nods)
A performance. The madman is a circus
performer...

LIN
Madame Zhou's?
(MORE)

LIN (cont'd)

KHADERBHAI

A test. There is no "Madame Zhou." I own it. The Cowboy works for me. I had him in mind once, but he can't stay off of the heroin...

LIN

My arrest?

KHADERBHAI

(nods, quietly)

You had said no to working for me. I had to let you think about it. When I got you out, you were obligated to me...forever...

Lin's still. After some moments:

LIN

(simply says)

Karla...

KHADERBHAI

(nods)

She knew about all of it...

Lin is motionless.

LIN

She loved you?

Khaderbhai nods.

KHADERBHAI

I loved her for two years. I never loved anyone the way I loved her. (quietly) But in the end I had to put her out of my heart.

He looks at Lin.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You are in love with her.

It isn't a question.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

I think she fell in love with you.

Lin's still. Filled with rage.

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

(seeing his rage)

I am sure you would like to kill me. That you feel betrayed. I completely understand it. If you had done this to me, I would kill you...and her...

Lin's deadly still...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

You would have every reason to take
out your gun and shoot me...

And suddenly Lin does just that...taking out his
pistol...pointing it at Khaderbhai's head...

KHADERBHAI (cont'd)

Go ahead...You will never get over it
otherwise...It will eat at you until
you wished you had killed me...

Lin's finger flexes on the trigger, fighting his rage, his
desire to kill him...Khaderbhai quietly looks at him....And
Lin, enraged, suddenly pulls the trigger and fires, but
unable to do it, at the last moment he turns the gun, the
bullet going harmlessly by Khaderbhai's head. And as Lin
turns and walks off...

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

The caravan...the horses laboring...Lin, still enragred from
the betrayal, riding by himself...He looks at Khaderbhai,
still sitting regally on his horse, leading them to his
"promised land."

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - DAWN

They've come to the top of a pass...the mountains spread out
before them...

KHADERBHAI

(tells them,
Afghani)

One more mountain to cross...I will be
home...

And as they start over the pass...Khaderbhai at the
lead...Lin riding alone at the tail...It begins to snow...the
wind blowing the snow...they cover their faces with scarves,
to keep out the cold...They move through the snow along the
mountain pass...When suddenly, they come under attack...A
Russian unit, surrounding them, firing on them...Khaderbhai's
men, one, then another, and another, and another, going
down...Lin, Khaderbhai, and the others, fire back...Lin
instinctively looks over at Khaderbhai...Their eyes
meet...They look at each other through the snowfall...and in
an instant, Khaderbhai is shot...He goes down....And there is
wholesale slaughter, the Russians riddling the small
caravan...Lin, is shot in the leg...he goes down...he manages
to pull himself into a crag among the huge rocks...gunfire,
all around him...He looks at his leg...skin shot away...He
turns and he sees a number of Mujaheddin coming from the next
mountain...coming to join the battle...The Russians, having
done their damage, moving off...The Mujaheddin pursuing
them...And it becomes still...Snow falling heavier and
heavier...Lin comes limping out...And bodies are strewn
everywhere, the snow falling on them...And he sees Khaderbhai
lying on the ground...Lin comes over to him...Khaderbhai
mortally wounded...

Lin stands by him...Khaderbhai looks up at him...And Lin finds himself, despite his bitterness, still drawn to this man...and he sits down beside him...they look at each other...and Khaderbhai looks around him, at the mountains...and he has what he came for, he's come home...and as he closes his eyes, nothing more to see...Lin, still a human being, despite his anger, starts to cry...sitting in the snow beside Khaderbhai's body, alone.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

The snow still falling. We see Lin, with Nazeem, finishing burying Khaderbhai...putting the last of some rocks on his gravesite. Lin stops for a moment to look over across the mountain to where Khaderbhai had come from...and turning, pulling himself onto his horse, he starts to ride back down the mountain...and Nazeem comes riding behind him...riding through the snow...riding back "home..."

AND WE HEAR THE HAUNTING SOUNDS OF THE THREE BLIND SINGERS.

INT. THE BOMBAY BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT

The Three Blind Singers are singing their haunting song. We see Lin sitting with Khaderbhai's most trusted friend, ABDUL GHANI. And men of various ethnicities keep coming over, paying their respects to Abdul Ghani, their new boss. After some time:

ABDUL GHANI

Khaderbhai told me to take good care of you. What kind of work would you like to do?

LIN

(simply)

The passports.

Abdul Ghani nods, it's done. And as the Blind Singers sing:

EXT. BOMBAY - NIGHT

The neon city. And we see Lin coming to Leo's. He goes inside.

INT. LEO'S - NIGHT

He sees Didier, the perennial, as always, is there. He looks up seeing Lin. Nothing surprises Didier, so seeing him again, is no surprise. He knows all he needs to know.

DIDIER

You must like Bombay. You keep coming back for more.

And the reason he's there at all.

LIN

Has she been here?

Didier shakes "no." And he sees the deadly cold in Lin's eyes.

DIDIER
She isn't coming back.

Lin nods. And we can see what sustains Lin, where his rage is...

DIDIER (cont'd)
Why don't you sit down and have a drink?

LIN
Not tonight.

And with that he goes back out...

EXT. BOMBAY - NIGHT

He stops to take in the city. And Didier, putting on his borsellino comes outside. He stops.

LIN
You smell that?

DIDIER
What's that?

LIN
(echoing him)
The fear.

And as Lin turns, moving along the Bombay street...

WE'RE LOOKING AT A PASSPORT. A GERMAN PASSPORT WITH LIN'S PHOTOGRAPH. GIVING HIS NAME AS "DR. STEPHEN MULLER."

INT. THE PASSPORT "FACTORY," BOMBAY - DAY

The quiet passport "factory." The "artisans," silently working, creating fake passports. We see Lin putting the fake German passport into his pocket.

LIN
(to an artisan)
Thank you...

He watches them work, admiring their intricate skill.

ONE OF THE MEN
(asks Lin)
Would you hold this down...

He holds down a passport for the man as the man carefully cuts out the existing photograph, perfectly replacing it with somebody else's. Once he's finished Lin takes up a batch of newly created passports and quietly leaves.

INT. TOURIST BAR - DAY

We can see Lin at a far table talking to a man. The man gives him an envelope. Lin gives him the passports. And as Lin gets up and leaves:

WE SEE MEN IN EXPENSIVE SUITS, GANGSTERS, ALONG WITH THEIR WOMEN IN AN INDIAN NIGHTCLUB. THEIR RIVALS COME IN. WORDS ARE EXCHANGED. SUDDENLY ONE OF THE MEN PULLS OUT A GUN AND SHOOT ANOTHER MAN. AND WEAPONS COME OUT, THE NIGHTCLUB TURNED INTO AN ALL OUT WAR. WHEN SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAR, THE GANGSTERS BREAK INTO SONG. THIS IS BOLLYWOOD.

INT. A SOUND STAGE, BOMBAY - DAY

And we see we've been watching a movie being filmed. Abdul Ghani, standing watching with another man, just one of Abdul Ghani's many enterprises. And we see Lin has come in. He crosses to Abdul Ghani giving him the envelope. Ghani says something to him. Lin nods. And as Lin, a gangster himself now, leaves.

INT. A PRIVATE ROOM, AN INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

And we see "the commission," the ganglords of Bombay, of various ethnicities, sitting around a table, meeting. And we see among them Abdul Ghani. And at his elbow, Lin. And as a heated conversation is being had...Lin, finds himself looking out a window...where he can see an airplane's contrail, the airplane going somewhere....anywhere...

EXT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE SLUM - NIGHT

We see a man's figure from a distance, coming through the slum. Lin, wearing his "business" suit, a coat, out of context here, coming through the slum. Ahead of him is the sound of music...people laughing....and he sees one of the slum lane's is choked with people, eating, talking, some even dancing...a party of some kind...And the first person he sees is Qasim Ali...

QASIM ALI

(welcoming him)

This is very good seeing you again
Doctor.

(meaning the
celebration)

Big weddings coming...Prabaker and
Bajjama...

LIN

I heard...

And Prabaker appears from the crowd...and seeing Lin...
Prabaker, drunk...

PRABAKER

You are not welcomes here, Linbaba...
You have become one of them...a
killing man...

Lin's quiet...The people staring at him...

QASIM ALI
 (to the people,
 angrily, in Hindi)
 You will show to this Doctor the
 respect he has earned...!

A man comes over and respectfully shakes Lin's hand. As does
 another...and another...

LIN
 (uncomfortable)
 This is not necessary...

They go back to their party...Bajjama comes over with
 Prabaker...

BAJJAMA
 (warmly)
 Don't mind Prabu he is very
 drunkenly...

LIN
 (to Bajjama,
 affectionately)
 Congratulations. He is a wonderful
 man.

She shyly smiles turning to some girlfriends. Lin finds
 himself standing alone with Prabaker.

LIN
 I am very happy for you.

PRABAKER
 I am drunks on not so bad Indian
 liquor...but Linbaba, I know you so
 much, and you have broken my hearts...

LIN
 (after beat)
 Will you come with me for a second...?

He turns...Prabaker, hesitates, then comes along with him...

EXT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE SLUM - NIGHT

Lin and Prabaker come out of the slum. And Prabaker slows.
 He sees what he's brought him there for. Parked at the curb
 is a brand new TAXI. And Prabaker's still. It is everything
 he has ever dreamed of.

PRABAKER
 (moved)
 I am most humbled you would do this
 very great thing for me...

Prabaker opens the door...looking inside...

LIN
 Get in....

Prabaker climbs in behind the wheel...feeling the wheel...breathing in the taxi...

PRABAKER

It smells so good...

Lin smiles. But:

PRABAKER (cont'd)

(says)

I can not take this from you.

And he gets out.

PRABAKER (cont'd)

The money that pays for this comes from people doing things most badly...Prabaker doesn't care if other peoples doing badly things...that is their Karma...but it is not Prabu's.

LIN

(understands)

You can pay me back then.

PRABAKER

Paying you back?

LIN

It's just a business deal.

Prabaker's willing to consider that...

LIN (cont'd)

Once a month...

Prabaker thinks about it. He looks at the taxi. He looks at Lin.

PRABAKER

Once time a month.

(shakes his hand)

We are making dealing.

LIN

(a smile)

We are making dealing.

Prabaker gets back into the taxi.

PRABAKER

Come sit inside this taxi, Linbaba.

Lin gets in the back.

INT. PRABAKER'S TAXI - NIGHT

Prabaker sitting at the wheel.. Lin sitting like a passenger in the back. It's quiet. And Prabaker's shoulders slump. Lin looks in the rear view mirror, and he can see Prabaker is crying. Crying, for joy and sadness, crying over life. And Lin, respecting his privacy, gets out of the taxi...and as he walks off leaving Prabaker sitting behind the wheel...his life changed...

EXT./INT. LEO'S, BOMBAY - NIGHT

Lin gets out of a Taxi. He tells the driver to wait. He goes inside. The bar/restaurant nearly empty.

THE BARMAN

Didier's gone home.

LIN

Has Karla been in?

THE BARMAN

Not for a long time.

Lin nods. He turns to start back to the Taxi....when he sees The Indian Policeman, out of a Police Car, is standing there...

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN

You have made quite the name for yourselves....a man about Bombay city...

Lin's quiet.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)

Do you know it is curfew?

Lin doesn't say anything.

THE INDIAN POLICEMAN (cont'd)

(a deadly warning)

The next time there is no Khaderbhai to look out for you...

He looks at Lin for a last time and getting back into his police car, he's driven off. Lin watches him go. And as he turns and gets back into the taxi...

INT. LIN'S APARTMENT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

An apartment looking at the sea. And we see Lin standing looking out the window. He turns into a bedroom. He goes into the closet. He opens a small safe. He takes out three passports. He looks through them. The German passport for the doctor. An American passport. His New Zealand Passport that brought him here. As he puts them back into the safe:

EXT. BOMBAY - ANOTHER NIGHT

The rains have started to fall. Monsoon season soon upon them. We see Lin, coming out of the "Blind Singers" BAR, getting into a car with Abdul Ghani.

INT. THE CAR, BOMBAY - NIGHT

As they get in, suddenly a man appears at the back window...and before the car can move the man fires into the car, spraying Abdul Ghani with bullets...The driver racing away...Lin...splattered with blood, but unharmed...Abdul Ghani, shot to death...

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT, BOMBAY - NIGHT

The gang leaders of Bombay sitting in the private room at the familiar table. Lin, sitting among them. And as they talk in their many languages, the one word clear in whatever language is spoken, is "war." And as Lin watches some smoke rise from a cigarette in an ashtray:

EXT. VARIOUS PLACES, BOMBAY - AT VARIOUS TIMES

We see one man after another being killed in a gang war for control of Bombay.

INT. LIN'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT

Lin, looking at his passports...There's a knock on the door...He's still...

NAZEEM V.O.

Lin, I have a message for you.

Lin opens the door. Nazeem is there.

NAZEEM

Qasim Ali came to me. He said to tell you somebody with the name of Prabaker was in a taxi accident.

INT. HOSPITAL, BOMBAY - NIGHT

We see Lin coming quickly down the hallway of a crowded poor Indian hospital. He comes to ward. He Bajjama is sitting by a hospital bed...and lying in bed, critically injured, with tubes coming out of him...asleep...is Prabaker....He comes over to them...He quietly looks at Prabakaer...

BAJJAMA

(through tears,
tells him)

A car, missing curve, runs into his taxi...They operate right away, but doctor he says Prabu having big problems breathing...

Lin's still.

LIN

I'll be right back...

He goes to a nurse's station. He talks to a Doctor there. He doesn't like what he's being told. He quietly goes back into the ward, Prabaker's bed...

BAJJAMA

I am going to get him some of his things...his lovely slippers...

Lin nods. She leaves. He stands for some moments looking at Prabaker. An a man in the next bed says to him...

THE MAN

(Hindi)

He must be having very bad karma. Maybe things better for him in next life.

Lin doesn't say anything. He sits in the chair. As he sits watching his friend...

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Lin's found he's dozed off. He lookss over. Prabaker quietly laying there. There is on his lips what seems like a reminder of his smile. Lin goes over to him. He feels his cheek, cold to the touch. And he can see his friend Prabaker Kharre, is not there anymore.

EXT. THE SEA, BOMBAY - A NIGHT

We see a barge is on the water in the harbor. Prabaker's body lying on top of a funeral pyre...We see Lin standing at the edge of the sea with Prabaker's parents and sister, with Bajjama, Qasim Ali and a huge number of people, slum dwellers and Bombay street people alike...

LIN

(looking around,
to Qasim Ali)

Where is Anand?

QASIM ALI

He's getting in very big troubles. He is being caught selling a friend's kidney...

LIN

What do you mean?

QASIM ALI

Many poor peoples is starting to sell body parts...this is being big business...

Lin's quiet. He watches as Prabaker's pyre is lit...The fire burning the wood under his body...the fire growing...burning Prabaker's body...The fire growing...And as Lin watches Prabaker's ashes floating into the bombay night. He says what he had never said before. What Prabaker had always chastised him for...a metaphor for his life...that it was important for him to say;

LIN

Goodbye.

And Lin silently turns, walking away, the people behind him watching Prabaker's funeral...Lin, walking off, leaving...

EXT. BOMBAY, NIGHT

The neon city. We see Lin taking a last walk through the city. He comes, as he has so many times in the past, to Leo's. Going inside.

INT. LEO'S - NIGHT

Didier right where he always is, and will be.

LIN

I'm leaving...

DIDIER

...Karla...is here in Bombay...she wants to see you...

Lin slows. Didier gives him a note. Lin reads it, putting it in his pocket. He's quiet.

DIDIER (cont'd)

If you ever decide to come back to Bombay. You know where to find me. I will be here waiting.

AND WE SEE THE CRANE LIKE BIRDS AGAIN, STANDING ON THEIR ONE LEG.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF THE STANDING BABAS - NIGHT

And we see The Standing Babas, their legs tied to posts, are standing like cranes, asleep. And we see Lin has come into the temple room. And he sees Karla is standing along the wall, watching them. He comes beside her. It's quiet.

LIN

Kaderbhai, he died in Afghanistan.

She nods, she knows.

LIN

I big part of me, died there, too.

KARLA

He told you?

He nods...meaning everything. She's quiet.

KARLA (cont'd)

I have no excuses. I loved him. I did what I thought I should do.

Lin's quiet.

KARLA (cont'd)
You didn't mean anything to me. You
were just somebody else.

He doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)
(shrugs)
Something else happened. I don't know
when...maybe on the rooftop...maybe
during the rain...But something else
happened...

She looks at him.

KARLA (cont'd)
And we were swimming with the
elephants...and then I kissed you.

He still doesn't say anything.

KARLA (cont'd)
I'm going somewhere else.
(she turns,
ardent)
Come with me...

He looks at her, and despite what he would like to do...He
shakes "no."

LIN
You will be always be going somewhere
else...(meaning her) There is nothing
there for me...

She's still. And that's that....She looks at him. And
needing to always have the last emotion.

KARLA
I lied.
(a beat)
I never loved you.

And she turns, starting to go.

LIN
(after her)
I had come here thinking about killing
you. (a beat) But it wouldn't have
done any good. You're already dead.

And with that he is the one who leaves...The Standing Babas,
standing as if frozen, not so much as moving a muscle...

INT. LIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

And we see he is putting his passports into his carry bag.
And as he goes out...

INT. A TAXI, BOMBAY - NIGHT

He gets into a taxi.

LIN
The airport.

They pull off. They haven't gone very far...when...

LIN (cont'd)
(changing his
mind)
Arthur Road Prison.

INT. ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - NIGHT

We see Lin waiting in a rank, urine stained, visitor's room. The door opens and ANAND, led by a Guard is brought in. We hardly recognize him. He's been beaten. Malnourished. What prison clothes he has, rags. A man from hell.

ANAND
(surprised to see
him)
Linbaba?

LIN
(after a beat)
I wanted to talk to you.

Anand sits down on a bench along the wall...Lin, sitting beside him. And Lin can see the familiar bugs crawling on Anand's arms. He's quiet. And despite the circumstances, particularly Indian:

ANAND
What can I do for you, Lin sir.

LIN
I've come to get you out...I'm paying
your bail...

And tears fill Anand's eyes.

ANAND
This is most very kind....You are a
such a good man...but this is not what
I want, Linbaba...

LIN
(stops)
Not what you want?

ANAND
I am wanting to stay right here...I
have done somethings wrong...I have to
be punished to live with myself....and
then I will be free...thank you
Linbaba, but I am rather staying
here...

And with that he gets up and with Guard, leaves. And as the door shuts behind him.

EXT. BOMBAY, ARTHUR ROAD PRISON - NIGHT

We see Lin coming out of the formidable prison. The taxi waiting. He takes a look back. Looking at the prison for a last time. He gets into the taxi.

INT. TAXI, BOMBAY - NIGHT

LIN

The airport.

THE MAN

What airline, sir?

Lin takes out of his bag his passports. And as he considers where to go:

EXT. BOMBAY - NIGHT

The taxi moving through the streets of the neon city.

WE SEE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF A TUNNEL.

INT. AN AIRPORT CUSTOMS HALL - DAY

We see we're in a large customs hall. Lines of people, just off of airplanes waiting to go through customs. And we see Lin is waiting in one of the lines. He quietly looks ahead, at an impassive customs officer. He moves ever closer. He looks at the customs officer. The line moves. And then he is next. He waits. The Officer finishes with a woman. He motions Lin to his booth. Lin, barely perceptibly hesitates, then crosses to the booth.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER

Where are you coming from?

LIN

India.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER

Holiday?

Lin nods.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER (cont'd)

Your passport please.

Lin hesitates, and his mind made up, gives him a passport. The man looks through it.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER (cont'd)

What line of work are you in?

LIN

I'm a writer.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER

What have you written?

LIN

Nothing, yet.

The Customs Officer compares the passport to a list. He slows. He reaches, surreptitiously pressing an alarm button.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER
(stalling)
How was your trip?

And a full compliment of Policemen come rushing over.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICER (cont'd)
(giving a
Policeman his
passport)
His passport says his name is Gregory
David Roberts. He is wanted for
escaping prison.

A POLICEMAN
Mr. Roberts I am Officer Thomas with
the Australian Customs Service. I am
going to have to ask you to please
come with us.

He takes out some handcuffs.

THE POLICEMAN (cont'd)
I am obliged to ask you, are you
Gregory David Roberts?

Lin nods.

THE POLICEMAN (cont'd)
You are sure who you say you are?

LIN
(and he most
certainly is)
I'm sure.

And he offers them his hands to be cuffed. And as they handcuff him and they take him away...toward the light at the end of a tunnel...

"Gregory was returned to prison and completed the twenty-two years of his sentence." "He lives in Bombay today."