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A SCREENPLAY

of

E.M. Forster's

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

by

David Lean

FADE IN

- 1 MEDIUM SHOT. A shower of RAIN and SLEET spatters the plate glass window of the "PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY" in London. Reflected in it a watery impression of passing traffic and pedestrians scurrying by in the gloom. Behind the glass a brilliantly lit MODEL of a great P. & O. liner, "VICEROY OF INDIA", her gleaming brass and spotless paintwork in glamorous contrast to the street. The Main Title FADES IN over the WINDOW.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

by

E.M. Forster

THE TITLE FADES.

- 2 CLOSE UP a PASSENGER TICKET. A pen filling in details: cabin number, date: "January 7th 1926" and name: "MISS ADELA QUESTED".
- 3 CLOSE SHOT. MISS QUESTED seated at a mahogany desk opposite a white-haired reservations MANAGER who is completing her travel arrangements. She must be in her mid-twenties. A quiet, intelligent girl, not obviously attractive but with a hint of depths not yet manifest. Before her on the desk a romantic collection of PAMPHLETS and LABELS. The office is large and spacious with a marble floor and columns, MODEL SHIPS in glass cases, PAINTINGS and large framed PHOTOGRAPHS. She looks up at one of these.
- 4 CLOSE SHOT, her Point of View. A LINER traversing the SUEZ CANAL.
- 5 CLOSE UP. MISS QUESTED's eyes go over to another photograph.
- 6 CLOSE SHOT, her POV. The TAJ MAHAL.
- 7 CLOSE SHOT. The MANAGER is watching her reaction with a kindly smile.

MANAGER

First time in India, Miss Quested?

MISS QUESTED

First time out of England.

She says it quite simply, stating a fact.

MANAGER

I envy you. New horizons.

She nods and he continues with the forms. She finds herself looking at another picture, uncertain of her reaction.

- 8 CLOSE SHOT, her POV. A great STONE CLIFF, devoid of vegetation, rises almost straight up into a cloudless sky. At the base of the cliff tiny FIGURES of some European visitors with parasols gathered around one of several BLACK HOLES which penetrate the granite.
- 9 CLOSE UP. MISS QUESTED's eyes travel up the cliff and back to the hole. The MANAGER's voice comes in:

MANAGER (V.O.)

Those are the Marabar Caves, about twenty miles from you at Chandrapore.

She gives a nod of acknowledgment, looks down seeing:

10 CLOSE UP. The pen filling in a second TICKET. Date and cabin as before. The name: "MRS E. MOORE".

11 MEDIUM CLOSE. The MANAGER finishes writing.

MANAGER

Mrs Moore returns on the "Rawalpindi" March tenth and your return is open. That is correct?

MISS QUESTED (a little embarrassed)

I'm staying on - probably.

The MANAGER, sensing some romantic complication, fumbles a bit.

MANAGER

I see . . . but if things don't quite - if you decide to return with Mrs Moore - let us know as soon as possible. It's the start of the hot weather and -

MISS QUESTED

I will.

MANAGER

Good. Now, your ticket, Mrs Moore's ticket, labels, stickers . . . (placing them in two rather impressive folders) . . . You should have an interesting voyage. The Viceroy's on board - tends to liven things up.

CUT

12 MEDIUM LONG. A line of FIELD GUNS beneath the walls of an ancient FORT. A glittering ASSEMBLAGE of smartly uniformed INDIAN TROOPS, CAMELS and HORSES. A UNION JACK fluttering in a blue sky. An OFFICER gives a signal and the GUNS ROAR.

13 CLOSE SHOT. MISS QUESTED and a white-haired lady, MRS MOORE, crowded against the ship's rail, watching. On SOUND the SALUTE crashes out across the water and echoes around the harbour at BOMBAY. The PASSENGERS are dressed in light summer clothes, some are red and sunburnt, all are hot. The GUNS crack out again . . . and again . . . and again. Silence.

MRS MOORE

Gracious me . . .

14 A spectacular LONG SHOT of the GATEWAY OF INDIA on the Bombay waterfront. A MILITARY BAND playing as the tiny figures of the VICEROY and VICEREINE mount the steps from the water and walk towards a GILDED CARRIAGE drawn by WHITE HORSES.

15 MEDIUM CLOSE. Lines of CRACK TROOPS, British and Indian, their faces shining in the brilliant sunlight.

16 CLOSE SHOT. The VICEROY and VICEREINE sitting in their carriage, beplumed, bemedalled, unsmiling.

- 17 MEDIUM CLOSE. Their lowly INDIAN SUBJECTS, dark, painted and foreign. Awe-struck as if in the presence of a GOD.
- 18 LONG SHOT. The CARRIAGE moves off escorted by mounted CAVALRY. The MUSIC changes to a gay march. CHEERING begins, FLOWER PETALS flutter down from the top of the arch.

CUT

- 19 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED appear to be looking down on all this with apprehension but we are soon aware that the band and the cheering have given way to a disorganised clamour and that they are looking down at:
- 20 MEDIUM SHOT. The DOCKSIDE packed with a dark-skinned mass of PORTERS and COOLIES, shouting and holding up their hands to attract attention.
- 21 LONG SHOT. PASSENGERS descending a GANGWAY, a glimpse of super-structure high above. (Matte)
- 22 MEDIUM SHOT. The GANGWAY in foreground, the DOCKSIDE below. The CAMERA descends with the PASSENGERS into this sea of humanity.
- 23 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED pushing their way through the multitude. Strange faces, baggage and half-naked bodies passing before and behind them. MRS MOORE a little frightened, MISS QUESTED half excited, half taken aback.
- 24 MEDIUM CLOSE. Excited INDIAN PASSENGERS pouring down the STEERAGE GANGWAY into the arms of friends and relations. A great display of affection, laughter and tears as they are loaded with GARLANDS of yellow marigolds.
- 25 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA TRACKS through the crowd with a middle-aged ENGLISH COUPLE. She wears a large picture hat, he a sola topee. She is holding a lace-trimmed handkerchief to her nose.
- 26 CLOSE SHOT. A British IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL stamps the PASSPORTS of MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED. They go, and their place at the grille is taken by an INDIAN LADY.

OFFICIAL (politely)
How long do you propose to stay ?

There is a beat.

INDIAN LADY
This is my home.

- 27 MEDIUM SHOT. MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED come out of the shadows into a busy sunlit street where the last of their baggage is being stacked into an ancient HACKNEY CARRIAGE. They are both a little breathless and discomfited.

MRS MOORE
Busy or not, I do think it's too bad Ronny
wasn't here to meet us.

MISS QUESTED
It is nearly a thousand miles -

MRS MOORE

You and I've come five thousand to meet him.
However -

She produces a sheet of paper covered in close handwriting.

MRS MOORE (reading)

"Porters. No more than two annas each."

She rummages in her bag and produces some coins, hands them to two anxious PORTERS.

MRS MOORE

Thank you. (consults the paper again) Now then -
(looks up at the driver) - Victoria Station - !

CUT

- 28 CLOSE TRACKING. A series of SIGNPOSTS against the huge glass roof of the VICTORIA TERMINAL. As the camera moves past them we read the names of famous Indian trains: "THE FRONTIER MAIL", "THE DECCAN QUEEN", "THE FLYING RANI".
- 29 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED looking up at the signs, pushing through crowds of people dressed in every type of Indian costume. On SOUND the echoing roar of a great station.
- 30 CLOSE TRACKING, their POV. Passing FACES.
- 31 CLOSE TRACKING. MISS QUESTED looking up, down and around.

DISSOLVE

- 32 CLOSE UP. A brass CARD HOLDER on the outside of the train contains the handwritten reservation: "MRS MOORE. MISS QUESTED".
- 33 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside their comfortable First Class COMPARTMENT MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED sit facing each other, sipping a cup of tea. Outside on the platform last minute arrivals hurry past along the train. MRS MOORE leans back with a sigh and closes her eyes. Almost immediately there is a knock on the door.

MRS MOORE

Oh dear.

MISS QUESTED (rising)

Don't worry -

She reaches the door and slides it open. Standing there is the middle-aged LADY with the picture hat. She is a big-built, awkward woman filled with self assurance.

LADY

Mrs Moore ?

MRS MOORE

Yes.

LADY

I'm Mrs Turton.

Both MISS QUESTED and MRS MOORE look blank.

MRS TURTON
My husband's the Collector.

MRS MOORE
We gave our tickets to the Indian gentle-
MRS TURTON sails on ignoring the gaffe.

MRS TURTON
The Chief Administrator of Chandrapore. (a quick smile) Ronny's "Burra Sahib". (turning to Miss Quested) You must be Adela.

MISS QUESTED
. . Yes.

MRS MOORE is rising to her feet:

MRS MOORE
Please forgive us Mrs Turton, it's been a very trying day and-

MRS TURTON
Of course. We just wanted to welcome you to the fold and - (there is a jolt as the train starts to move) Oh, we're off. We'll have a drink or something later, when you've recovered . . goodbye.

She goes, sliding the door behind her. As it CLICKS TO:

CUT

34 EXTREME LONG SHOT. A vast PLAIN, the TRAIN tiny in the distance seeming to move at a crawl but on SOUND the fast "clickety-click, clickety-click" drifting towards us belies the picture. The SUN has set leaving a brilliant band of pink light above the horizon, and the first STARS.

35 CLOSE SHOT. Inside the elegant First Class DINING CAR MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED sit opposite MR and MRS TURTON at a table for four. They are all in evening dress, and are having coffee and drinks. TURTON has achieved his powerful position after a long and testing career in the Indian Civil Service. Though his beliefs and attitudes may be questioned today he is one of those administrators who held the Empire together. His wife is one of those Englishwomen who helped to lose it. She turns to Miss Quested:

MRS TURTON
I believe you and Ronny met in the Lake District Miss Quested.

MISS QUESTED (a little abashed)
Yes . . we did.

MRS TURTON (coyly)
You must forgive me. We have very few secrets in Chandrapore - and I'm an incurable romantic.

MRS MOORE (firmly)
Miss Quested was with her aunt. I was
with Ronny.

TURTON recognises the snub and darts a quick look at his wife
who is oblivious.

TURTON
Of course. You know, Mrs Moore, Ronny's come
along splendidly. You'll be proud of him.

MRS TURTON
I'll second that. He's become a real sahib -

36 CLOSE UP. MISS QUESTED is looking at her with a strained expres-
sion. On SOUND the train noise changing as if in accompaniment
to her thoughts. MRS TURTON's voice continues over her face:

MRS TURTON (V.O.)
- just the type we want and, if I may
say so, he's one of us.

The TRAIN NOISE breaks into a loud metallic clatter. MISS QUESTED
comes to, and looks out of the window.

37 MEDIUM SHOT, her POV. GIRDERS sliding by behind the glass. Far
below the shimmer of moonlight on water.

38 LONG SHOT. The TRAIN is crossing a steel BRIDGE spanning a great
palm fringed RIVER. On SOUND the croak of FROGS mingles with
the clatter of the train and the warning whoops of the engine's
SIREN.

39 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the dining car TURTON raises a brandy glass
to the two visitors. On SOUND the train reaches the other side
of the bridge and begins picking up speed.

MRS MOORE
You know, Mr Turton, when we get settled in
we'd both very much like to meet some of the
Indians you come across socially, as friends.

TURTON (chuckling)
Well, as a matter of fact we don't come across
them socially. They're full of all the virtues
no doubt, but we don't.

MRS MOORE looks a little puzzled. MRS TURTON comes to her rescue:

MRS TURTON
East is East, Mrs Moore. It's a question of
culture.

40 MEDIUM SHOT. In the MOONLIGHT a frieze of ANCIENT FIGURES carved
in a rock face. The SOUND of the TRAIN passing - and going into
the distance. The shadow of the smoke rising across the figures.

CUT

41 MEDIUM CLOSE. The TURTON's compartment has been made up for the
night. MRS TURTON, her hair in a net, is sitting up in her berth

dabbing cold cream under her eyes. TURTON, dressed in pyjamas, is at the wash basin brushing his teeth.

MRS TURTON (between dabs)
She's quite unsuitable. Ronny needs a girl with more fun to her, I'm sure this one's a bookworm.

TURTON (brushing his teeth)
Early days, give her a chance.

MRS TURTON
And "Quested" - what a name! Far better if she married Fielding.

TURTON
Fielding?

MRS TURTON
He's not pukka . . she's not pukka.

42 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE and MISS QUESTED in their compartment, both in bed. MRS MOORE is reading, MISS QUESTED staring at the ceiling.

MISS QUESTED
Could Ronny really have changed into a Turton ?

MRS MOORE looks across with a smile.

MRS MOORE
He could - but that's why you've come here. You'll find out soon enough.

MISS QUESTED (worrying)
She's a dreadful woman . .

MRS MOORE
Yes. We'd better go to sleep, my dear.

MRS MOORE closes her book, feels for the switch and turns off the light. Streaks of moonlight shine in through the shutters.

MRS MOORE
Adela . .

MISS QUESTED
Yes ?

MRS MOORE
No matter what: you're young . . and this is a great experience.

MISS QUESTED
Quite right.

She smiles at her affectionately, turns over and shuts her eyes.

CUT

43 LONG SHOT. DAYLIGHT again. The TRAIN approaching CHANDRAPORE across a great brown RIVER, the GANGES.

44 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA excitedly pulls down the CORRIDOR WINDOW outside the compartment, takes it all in and calls back over her shoulder:

ADELA
We're there !

45 CLOSE SHOT. A small MILITARY BAND strikes up the gay MARCH we heard at the Gateway of India.

46 LONG SHOT. A palatial RAILWAY STATION built in the style of the Moguls. The platform is thronged with waiting people as the "CALCUTTA MAIL" steams in.

47 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA and MRS MOORE lean out of their window seeing:

48 MEDIUM SHOT. The PLATFORM sliding by, PORTERS, OFFICIALS, EUROPEANS.

49 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA's face suddenly lights up and she hurries out of picture as MRS MOORE raises her arm and waves.

50 MEDIUM SHOT of the platform as seen by MRS MOORE. CAMERA centres on a handsome YOUNG MAN in his late twenties. He is brought into CLOSE UP as the train stops.

RONNY
Mother! (looking around her) Where's Adela?

ADELA steps in beside him on the platform.

ADELA
Here.

He turns and with a charming old world politeness takes off his hat.

RONNY
I can't believe it.

There is a moment of shyness. Then he kisses her on both cheeks, presents her with a tiny nosegay of ROSES and turns to a smartly uniformed SERVANT who has been hovering in attendance.

RONNY (in Hindustani)
Samaan utaro! (to Mrs Moore and Adela) Anthony will see to the baggage - forgive me -- I'm part of the reception committee . . .

And he is gone.

CUT

51 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. MR and MRS TURTON are moving along a stiffly drawn-up line of ENGLISH OFFICIALS. The BAND MUSIC continues as they shake hands and exchange greetings with those we shall know as MR and MRS McBRYDE (Superintendent of Police), COLLINS of the Civil Service, the BURTONS, the LESLIES, MAJOR CALLENDAR (Chief Surgeon at Government Hospital) and MRS CALLENDAR, who has difficulty restraining a curtsy.

52 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA standing among other onlookers following the little ceremony with a certain amount of surprise.

- 53 CLOSE SHOT. The TURTONS have reached RONNY who shakes hands and smiles ingratiatingly.
- 54 CLOSE UP. ADELA watches uncertainly, then her eyes move to the next in line and she smiles.
- 55 CLOSE SHOT. TURTON is shaking hands with a distinguished old INDIAN GENTLEMAN resplendent in a glittering uniform.
- 56 CLOSE SHOT. The Indian BANDMASTER beating time whilst keeping an eye on the proceedings.
- 57 MEDIUM SHOT. The TURTONS are moving off the platform towards the exit to a round of polite applause.
- 58 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CAMERA PANS with RONNY as, flushed and excited, he joins his MOTHER and ADELA.

RONNY

Sorry about that - but we had to welcome the great man back.

MRS MOORE

My dear, we hadn't quite realised his importance.

RONNY

You hadn't ?

CUT

- 59 CLOSE SHOT. The TURTONS, their heads erect, driving through the OLD TOWN in their OFFICIAL CAR.
- 60 CLOSE UP. The UNION JACK streaming out in the wind from the front of the car.
- 61 LONG SHOT. From the golden dome of a MOSQUE we look down on the busy STREET leading through the BAZAAR. The TURTON CAR is followed by three other CARS. The road is unpaved and they send up clouds of dust as they hoot their way past BULLOCK CARTS, PEDESTRIANS and wandering COWS.
- 62 CLOSE SHOT. The TURTONS seated in the back of their car against a background of billowing dust. MRS TURTON raises a gloved hand towards the crowded sidewalk. On SOUND the HORN suddenly becomes frenetic. TURTON looks ahead in alarm.
- 63 MEDIUM SHOT, his POV. The car is rapidly overtaking two ambling CYCLISTS on the road ahead. At the last moment they become aware of their danger. The DRIVER swerves.
- 64 CLOSE SHOT. The TURTONS duck.
- 65 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CYCLIST nearest the car leaps off his machine and just drags it clear as the TURTONS sweep by enveloping him in dust. The dust clears to disclose a YOUNG INDIAN in his late twenties, a slight but well developed man with broad shoulders, strong arms and a good face. This is DOCTOR AZIZ. As he wipes dust from his eyes the SECOND CYCLIST joins him. He is a sharp-eyed young man of about the same age, a junior lawyer named MAHMOUD ALI who is pleased to demonstrate his knowledge of the British Officials.

ALI (authoritatively)
That was Turton.

AZIZ (impressed)
Turton ?

On SOUND a rising crescendo of hooting.

66 MEDIUM SHOT. The SECOND CAR sweeps by raising another cloud.

67 CLOSE SHOT AZIZ and ALI. The dust envelops them as before.

ALI (pointing)
McBryde. When he first came out Hamidullah says
he was quite a good fellow.

68 MEDIUM PANNING. The THIRD CAR passes in another cloud of dust.

69 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ and ALI.

AZIZ
But they all become exactly the same - (coughs) -
I give any Englishman two years.

ALI
The women are worse.

70 MEDIUM PANNING. The LAST CAR passes disclosing a glimpse of
FLYING SCARVES and PICTURE HATS.

71 CLOSE SHOT ALI and AZIZ.

AZIZ
I give them six months.

72 MEDIUM SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA sitting in the back of a smart
horse-drawn CARRIAGE with RONNY at the reins and ANTHONY beside
him. As they drive through the BAZAAR there is the cacophony of
HUMAN VOICES, the BARKING of DOGS, the hammering of SILVERSMITHS
and passing snatches of high pitched MUSIC.

73 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA look around with real interest.

74 TRACKING, their POV. The ramshackle SHOPS and crowded SIDEWALKS.
MEN in TURBANS and DHOTIS, some HALF NAKED. WOMEN in PURDAH.
No Europeans in sight.

75 CLOSE UP ADELA. She looks up at:

76 TRACKING. The GOLDEN DOME of the MOSQUE and its marble MINARETS.

77 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA. Their expressions change as they
become aware of:

78 TRACKING, their POV. A small PROCESSION going in their direction.
MEN, all dressed in white, accompany a crude STRETCHER carried
on the shoulders of four MEN. It bears a prostrate FIGURE tightly
enveloped in WHITE MUSLIN secured by cords around the neck and
ankles.

79 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA.

ADELA (glancing up at Ronny)
 Ronny . . is that a body ?

RONNY (V.O.)
 Yes - I'm sorry - we'll soon be out of this.

And he flips the reins.

CUT

80 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ and ALI are riding up to a small dilapidated BUNGALOW set in a bare patch of waste land.

AZIZ (shouting)
 Hassan - !

As he dismounts a middle-aged SERVANT hurries out of the BUNGALOW and takes his BICYCLE as a matter of routine.

AZIZ (in Hindustani)
 Garam pani lao.

SERVANT (hurrying off)
 Huzoor - !

ALI remains on his cycle, one foot on the ground. AZIZ stands looking at him for a moment. Then, with a certain amount of irritation:

AZIZ
 Why do we spend so much of our time
 discussing the English ?

ALI
 Because we admire them, Doctor Sahib.

AZIZ (nodding)
 That is the trouble.

ALI laughs, gives him an affectionate pat on the shoulder and pushes off. AZIZ calls after him:

AZIZ
 Tomorrow night !

81 MEDIUM SHOT his POV. ALI raises a hand in acknowledgement as he rides away down the dusty road.

82 CLOSE UP. AZIZ stands watching him. Then, looking impatiently towards the town:

AZIZ
 English. Brrr...!

And turns away towards his door.

CUT

83 LONG SHOT. The English CIVIL STATION is built on a rise overlooking the TOWN. Apart from a few PALMS and exotic FLOWERING SHRUBS it might be an English garden suburb. The ROADS intersect at right angles (Forster describes it as "a gridiron of bungalows").

RONNY pulls up the CARRIAGE.

84 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA jerk to a standstill.

RONNY (V.O.)
We're here !

For a moment they remain seated, looking with blank disappointment. RONNY's VOICE shouts instructions in HINDUSTANI and the carriage shakes as he jumps to the ground.

MRS MOORE (to Adela)
Come dear.

85 MEDIUM SHOT. Six SERVANTS are lined up to greet the visitors, most of them in UNIFORM. There are respectful smiles and salaams as RONNY leads the way to the front door.

86 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the large SITTING ROOM RONNY points out the disposition of the main rooms. The FURNITURE is plain, dark and serviceable. There are one or two large PRINTS on the walls of the Lord Leighton-Alma Tadema variety and a coloured REPRODUCTION of "Westward Ho!" A SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH and two silver-framed PORTRAITS. The room has a certain bareness because there are almost no books.

87 MEDIUM SHOT. RONNY leads the way to the back of the house where a spacious VERANDAH overlooks a pleasant LAWN and well-kept FLOWER BEDS.

MRS MOORE
Very nice, dear.

ADELA sees something in the distance and points.

ADELA
Are those the Marabar Hills ?

RONNY
That's right.

88 LONG SHOT. The distant HILLS beginning to turn pink in the evening light. ADELA's VOICE comes over them.

ADELA (V.O.)
With the caves ?

RONNY (V.O.)
I suppose so - Bearer - !

89 MEDIUM CLOSE. ANTHONY appears in the background as RONNY turns to ADELA and his MOTHER.

RONNY
You have a busy day tomorrow and then we have a show at the Club. I'll take you to your rooms.

ADELA turns back, drawn by the hills. Then follows.

90 LONG SHOT. The MARABAR HILLS glowing in the distance.

DISSOLVE

91 LONG SHOT. ADELA's BEDROOM at NIGHT. The chief piece of furniture is the BED which is covered by a MOSQUITO NET draped over a slender metal frame. There is a WASHSTAND, JUG and BASIN. ADELA sits on the bed listening to the barely distinguishable VOICES of Ronny and Mrs Moore saying their goodnights. A DOOR shuts. ADELA turns her head as she hears RONNY approaching down the corridor. He stops outside her door, gives three gentle knocks.

92 CLOSE UP of ADELA.

ADELA
Yes . . ?

RONNY (V.O.)
Goodnight dear.

ADELA (a slight hesitation)
Goodnight.

She hears him cross the corridor and shut his bedroom door. Silence for a beat. A BUZZ of conversation fades up on the sound track.

CUT

93 LONG SHOT. The CITY MAGISTRATE's COURT during a break in the proceedings. An imposing man, the BAILIFF, bangs his BAMBOO STAFF on the floor and calls for silence. Everyone rises.

94 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE, ADELA and a YOUNG ENGLISHMAN rise with the others.

95 MEDIUM SHOT their POV. A door opens at the rear of the PLATFORM on which stands the MAGISTRATE'S CHAIR and RONNY enters. He crosses to his chair and sits.

96 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA sit with everyone else.

97 CLOSE UP. RONNY is an impressive figure in his official setting, dressed in his official ROBES. After a few words of summary he pronounces a sentence of two months' hard labour.

98 MEDIUM SHOT. A small INDIAN BUSINESSMAN is hurried from the DOCK. RONNY rises and the babble begins again as everyone prepares for the next case with a change of BARRISTERS and interested parties.

99 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE, ADELA and the YOUNG MAN are joined by RONNY.

RONNY
Well, how did it all go ?

ADELA
We must have seen everything - (turns to Mrs Moore)

MRS MOORE (it's been a long day)
- the church, the hospital, the war memorial and the barracks - Mr Hadley has been most thorough.

RONNY
Splendid - and now you're off to the Club for tea.

On SOUND the BAMBOO STAFF bangs on the floor again.

CUT

- 100 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE and ADELA are seated rather disconsolately at a table on the CLUB VERANDAH. From an open door behind them comes the click of BILLIARD BALLS. The table is neatly set with a white linen TABLECLOTH, a silver TEA SERVICE and various plates of CAKES and SANDWICHES. ADELA looks listlessly across the lawn.
- 101 MEDIUM LONG, her POV. Two English MATRONS are playing a game of pat-ball on a grass TENNIS COURT.
- 102 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA watches them for a moment, then picks up a sandwich and examines it.

ADELA (flatly)
Cucumber.

And looks around the distant HORIZON. MRS MOORE has been watching her. After a slight pause.

MRS MOORE
My dear, life never gives up what we want
at the moment we consider appropriate.
Adventures do occur, but not punctually.

CUT

- 103 CLOSE UP of AZIZ as he sits into PICTURE. It is NIGHT and he is lit by the warm light of an OIL LAMP. He unclips a fountain PEN from his pocket and begins to write.
- 104 CLOSE UP. A PRESCRIPTION PAD headed "KING EDWARD HOSPITAL. CHANDRAPORE."
- 105 CLOSE UP. A pleasant-faced INDIAN LADY lies in BED with a THERMOMETER in her mouth.
- 106 MEDIUM SHOT shows us that a portly, middle-aged MAN is sitting on the bed. This is HAMIDULLAH the BARRISTER. AZIZ finishes the prescription and takes the thermometer out of his wife's mouth. She says almost immediately:

BEGUM HAMIDULLAH
Doctor-ji, when are we going to get you married ?

AZIZ (respectfully irritated)
I have enough responsibilities, Aunty.

He reads the thermometer and starts to pack his rather sparse equipment into a very old black doctor's bag.

HAMIDULLAH (to his wife)
Why must you always bring up this business of marriage? We ask the poor fellow to dinner, we avail ourselves of his professional skill -

AZIZ (holding up a hand)
It is the least I can do. (gives him the prescription) This will put a stop to the trouble and, Begum Sahiba, I beg you once more not to drink water out of the tap. Please to boil it, boil it, boil it !

HAMIDULLAH

And now we can eat. Selim - ! Khana lao - !

There is an answering cry from the kitchen as AZIZ leaves the room and HAMIDULLAH straightens the bed covering.

107 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ steps up to a small HAND BASIN set in a wall. He turns on the tap, rinses his hands, cups them and gulps down a handful of water.

108 MEDIUM SHOT. The LIVING ROOM is attractively arranged for a Muslim dinner on the floor. HAMIDULLAH and ALI (of the dusty cycle ride) sit amongst brightly coloured RUGS and CUSHIONS as the SERVANTS set out the dinner before them. AZIZ enters. As he takes his place:

ALI (smiling)

This chit just came from your lord and master.

He hands over a folded piece of paper. AZIZ reads it and:

AZIZ

I am to report at his bungalow - "post haste".

ALI

Why ?

AZIZ

He knows we must be at dinner. He always does this.

There is an awkward pause as AZIZ remains seated looking down at the steaming food. HAMIDULLAH tactfully paves the way to obedience.

HAMIDULLAH

On the one hand he always does this, on the other it may be a serious case.

AZIZ hesitates, but rises.

AZIZ

And my bicycle has a puncture.

HAMIDULLAH

Selim ! Ek tonga bulao !

CUT

109 MEDIUM PANNING. AZIZ seated in a horse-drawn TONGA is being driven along the rows of bungalows of the CIVIL STATION.

110 CLOSE UP. A NAME PLATE at the entrance to one of the bungalows: "MAJOR CALLENDAR. SURGEON." The tonga passes in background and we hear it draw to a standstill.

CUT

111 CLOSE UP. AZIZ, disturbed and intimidated, stands in front of the tonga looking up at someone out of PICTURE.

AZIZ

But he must be here - (holding up the note)
he sent me this chit.

112 MEDIUM SHOT. A uniformed SERVANT stands on the front VERANDAH of the Callendar bungalow looking down at AZIZ with thin-lipped superiority.

SERVANT

The Major Sahib left half an hour ago.

AZIZ

And left no message ?

SERVANT

No message.

He turns away as an overblown ENGLISH WOMAN in evening dress bustles out onto the verandah. She calls back into the hall:

MRS CALLENDAR

Mrs Lesley ! It is a tonga - come !

She makes for the tonga ignoring AZIZ who steps aside taking off his HAT. He stands waiting, his hat in one hand, his bag in the other as MRS LESLEY, a plain woman of similar proportions, darts a look at AZIZ as she runs down the steps, giggles, and calls to MRS CALLENDAR:

MRS LESLEY

I suppose this is all right ?

MRS CALLENDAR (clambering into the tonga)

My dear, never look a gift horse in the mouth - particularly in this country. (to driver) Club !

113 CLOSE UP. AZIZ watches MRS LESLEY climb in as MRS CALLENDAR'S VOICE is heard again:

MRS CALLENDAR (V.O.)

Club! Club! Why doesn't the fool go ?

AZIZ (calling to driver)

I pay you tomorrow. Go.

On SOUND the crack of the WHIP.

114 MEDIUM SHOT, POV AZIZ. The tonga moving off, the WOMEN in the back giggling together.

115 CLOSE UP. AZIZ watches for a moment.

AZIZ (turning towards the servant)

Will you please tele-

The DOOR shuts, the verandah light goes out and he is alone. He soon becomes aware that it is a beautiful night. As he looks up at the sky his face is flooded by brilliant MOONLIGHT. His eyes travel across the night sky.

CUT

116 CLOSE SHOT. The reflection of the MOON in water.

117 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ, his face glistening with water, is finishing his ritual washing in the ABLUTION TANK of a small MOSQUE. He

squats on the marble surround and breaks the reflection as he splashes water first over his right foot and then his left.

- 118 MEDIUM SHOT. The three moonlit DOMES of the MOSQUE against the star-spangled blue of the night sky.
- 119 CLOSE SHOT. A shadow slides across the broken slabs of the COURTYARD and AZIZ's wet feet cross PICTURE leaving a trail of shining footprints.
- 120 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ enters the shadows of a COLONNADE which encloses the small courtyard. On the far side are a series of window-like openings screened by marble lattice-work. One of the screens has broken away disclosing a distant view across a dark valley.
- 121 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ sits on the sill of the broken opening looking out at the view. On SOUND the distant barking of DOGS and the rhythmic DRUMMING of some Hindu ceremony.
- 122 LONG SHOT, his POV. Across the valley the dark outlines of the OLD CITY. LIGHTS here and there, WALLS and ancient RAMPARTS.
- 123 CLOSE SHOT AZIZ, behind him the black shadows and gleaming highlights of the colonnade, his face almost a silhouette. After a moment a faint shuffling noise causes him to tilt his head and listen. The CAMERA begins to move in towards him. His apprehension grows and he suddenly turns.
- 124 LONG SHOT. The colonnade is empty.
- 125 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ looks around the shadows, the pillars. There is nothing there and he turns back to the view. The CAMERA resumes its movement towards him. His misgivings return and, now in BIG CLOSE UP, he turns again to the colonnade. Nothing. Suddenly he turns right round towards the courtyard and finds himself staring at:
- 126 MEDIUM SHOT. A white, phantom-like FIGURE beside the tank.
- 127 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ involuntarily rises to his feet dislodging a tile which clatters onto the paving.
- 128 MEDIUM SHOT. The FIGURE turns towards AZIZ and takes a few quick steps backwards behind the tank. We now see that it is a EUROPEAN WOMAN in evening dress with a veil over her head.
- 129 CLOSE SHOT. As she comes to a standstill we see that it is MRS MOORE. She is clearly alarmed by the sudden appearance of a man in the colonnade.
- 130 MEDIUM SHOT, her POV. AZIZ takes a few paces towards her. His voice raised by fear:

AZIZ

Madam, this is a mosque, you have no right here: this is a holy place for Moslems - you should have taken off your shoes.

- 131 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE slowly backs away towards the gateway, keeping the tank between them.

MRS MOORE

I have taken off my shoes. I left them outside.

And she makes for the gate.

132 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ steps into the moonlight of the courtyard.

AZIZ

Then I ask your pardon. Madam - !

133 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE reaches the shadow of the gateway. Turns:

MRS MOORE

Please let me go.

And she stands watching him approach.

134 MEDIUM SHOT. He stops a few feet from her. For the first time she can see his face. She says with a change of voice:

MRS MOORE

I was right was I not? If I remove my shoes,
I am allowed?

AZIZ

Of course, but so few ladies take the trouble,
especially if thinking no one is here to see.

MRS MOORE

God is here.

He peers into her shadowed face, trying to see her.

AZIZ

God is here . . that is very fine. May I know
your name ?

MRS MOORE takes a step towards him into the moonlight.

MRS MOORE

Mrs Moore.

He had not anticipated such a person.

AZIZ

Oh . .

MRS MOORE

I came from the Club. (inclines her head in the
direction of a distant round of applause and the
strains of an amateur orchestra) They're doing a
rather tiresome musical play I saw in London and
it was very hot.

AZIZ

I think you ought not to walk alone, Mrs Moore.
There are bad characters about and leopards may
come from the Marabar Hills. Snakes also.

MRS MOORE

But you walk alone.

AZIZ

I come here quite often. I am used to it.

MRS MOORE
Used to snakes ?

They both laugh.

AZIZ
I'm a doctor. Snakes don't dare bite me.
(with a gesture towards the courtyard) Please . .

CUT

135 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ and MRS MOORE enter the colonnade and approach the opening in the wall where AZIZ was sitting before they met.

AZIZ
Mrs Moore, I think you are newly arrived in India.

MRS MOORE
Yes - how did you know ?

AZIZ
By the way you address me.

They come to a standstill looking towards the Old Town, hearing the distant drumming and the barking of dogs.

AZIZ (pointing down)
Look . .

MRS MOORE follows the direction of his hand, lets out an involuntary gasp.

136 LONG SHOT, her POV. For the first time we see that a great, slow-moving RIVER flows through the dark valley immediately below the mosque. In foreground some ancient brickwork and a wrecked cupola, the moon just beginning to catch the eddies around a SANDBANK.

137 REVERSE SHOT. AZIZ and MRS MOORE looking down at the river, little swirls and reflections coming and going across their faces.

AZIZ
Sometimes I have seen a dead body float past.
(points upstream) From Benares. But not very often. There are crocodiles.

MRS MOORE
Crocodiles. (she clasps her arms to her body)
How terrible.

She looks up and takes in the great sweep of the night sky. Looks down again.

MRS MOORE
What a terrible river. What a wonderful river.

138 MEDIUM SHOT. The moon glinting on the eddy around the sandbank.

139 MEDIUM SHOT, REVERSE. MRS MOORE and AZIZ framed in the opening, their backs to CAMERA. AZIZ turns to her.

AZIZ
Please may I ask you a question now? Why do you come to India ?

MRS MOORE
To visit my son. (she turns to him) He is
the City Magistrate here.

AZIZ
Oh no, excuse me. Our City Magistrate is
Mr Heaslop.

MRS MOORE (smiling)
He's my son all the same. I was married twice.

AZIZ
And your first husband died ?

MRS MOORE
He did, and so did my second husband.

AZIZ (cryptically)
Then we are in the same box.

She glances at him a little nonplussed and starts to lead the way back across the colonnade into the courtyard. The CAMERA TRACKS in front of them.

AZIZ
But is the City Magistrate the entire of your
family now ?

MRS MOORE
No. I have a daughter in England, by my second
husband, Stella. She is an artist.

AZIZ
So the gentleman here is only Stella's half-brother ?

MRS MOORE
Quite right.

AZIZ
Ah. Mrs Moore, like yourself I have also a son
and a daughter. Is not this the same box with a
vengeance ?

MRS MOORE (stopping)
Not called Ronny and Stella surely ?

AZIZ (he laughs)
No indeed. Akbar and Jamila. They live with my
wife's mother.

MRS MOORE
And your wife ?

AZIZ
In giving me a son, she died.

140 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE looking up into his face.

141 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looking down at her.

AZIZ
You have the most kind face of any English
lady I have met.

On SOUND a distant round of applause from the Club.

MRS MOORE

I think I had better go back.

142 LONG SHOT. The two small figures in the middle of the courtyard turn and walk towards the gateway.

CUT

143 LONG SHOT. The Club BALLROOM has been converted into a small THEATRE, the AUDIENCE are all in EVENING DRESS and the scene is an English GARDEN with a painted backing. The INGENUE LEAD enters through the garden gate pushing a LADY'S BICYCLE. She wheels it up to the FOOTLIGHTS and addresses the audience.

INGENUE

Daddy won't let me marry Harry,
'cause he hasn't any money.

144 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY stands in the WINGS holding a script. He is in his shirt sleeves, anxious and hot. He gives a signal.

145 MEDIUM SHOT, his POV. Four COUPLES dressed for tennis and carrying racquets enter stage centre and begin to sing.

CHORUS

Sigh for her, cry for her,
There's not another man like Harry
In the world for her . . .

146 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA sitting in the audience next to an empty chair. She is impatient with the entertainment and glances around the room looking for Mrs Moore.

147 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE and AZIZ come to a standstill at the entrance to the Club DRIVE. AZIZ looks at the imposing GATE with apprehension. On SOUND the singing continues distantly.

MRS MOORE

I wish I were a member. I could have asked you in.

AZIZ

Indians are not allowed.

148 MEDIUM SHOT. The faces of the CLUB MEMBERS, a fair selection of middle-class England, looking up at the stage with happy expressions.

149 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA slips unobtrusively from her seat making for the aisle.

150 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE approaches the MAIN ENTRANCE to the Club. An impressive INDIAN DOORMAN salutes smartly. She turns to look back at:

151 LONG SHOT, her POV. The driveway and the distant figure of AZIZ still standing in the gateway looking after her.

152 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE looking back at him, feeling vaguely responsible. Her thoughts are interrupted by ADELA approaching across the hall. She wonders why MRS MOORE is standing there looking down the drive.

ADELA (almost a whisper)
What have you been up to ?

MRS MOORE (rather amused)
I'll tell you about it later, but I had a
small adventure - and saw the moon in the
Ganges.

On SOUND the MUSIC is building to a climax.

153 MEDIUM SHOT across the audience on to the stage. The INGENUE
and a YOUNG MAN fall into each other's arms as the whole COMPANY
assemble around them singing:

THE COMPANY
Sing for her, ring bells for her,
She's found the one and only
In the world for her!

154 MEDIUM SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA are crossing a large room con-
taining the BAR, when TURTON rises from one of the tables where
he is having a drink with MRS CALLENDAR. He is rather jolly.

TURTON
Mrs Moore - Miss Quested - have a drink, have
two drinks! Bearer - !

MRS MOORE
That's very kind -

TURTON pulls out two chairs and says in a slightly conspiratorial
manner:

TURTON
My wife's on stage and Ronny's still holding the
fort for Major Callendar who's off on an appendix.

MRS CALLENDAR
His wretched Indian assistant didn't turn up
in time - but I got my own back.

TURTON sits as the BEARER takes the order.

TURTON
Sorry about the show - but what else can we do
for you ladies ?

ADELA
Mr Turton, I'm still longing to see something of
the real India.

TURTON (to a passer-by)
Fielding! How's one to see the real India ?

FIELDING (V.O.)
Try seeing Indians.

ADELA
Who was that ?

TURTON
Our schoolmaster - Government College.

MRS CALLENDAR

As if one could avoid seeing them.

ADELA

I've scarcely spoken to an Indian since we landed.

MRS CALLENDAR

Lucky you.

TURTON (sensing trouble)

I'll tell you what - if you really want to meet our "Aryan Brothers" - what about a Bridge Party ?

MRS MOORE and ADELA look rather blank.

MRS CALLENDAR

Not the game -

TURTON (enjoying his joke)

No, a party to bridge the gulf between East and West - we can produce almost any type you like, and -

A ROLL OF DRUMS from the ballroom brings him to his feet.

155 MEDIUM SHOT. The whole AUDIENCE rising to its feet.

156 MEDIUM SHOT. Everyone around TURTON's table standing to attention.

157 MEDIUM SHOT. Players in the BILLIARD ROOM at attention.

158 LONG SHOT. In the ballroom the ORCHESTRA begins to play the NATIONAL ANTHEM, the ACTORS and the AUDIENCE singing lustily.

159 CLOSE SHOT. A group of INDIAN SERVANTS rigidly at attention.

160 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE at attention, her thoughts elsewhere.

161 LONG SHOT. The empty COURTYARD of the MOSQUE, the singing of the ANTHEM distant.

162 LONG SHOT. The OLD CITY framed in the opening where Aziz sat. The distant DRUMS and the barking of DOGS mixing with the ANTHEM.

163 MEDIUM LONG. The RIVER now sparkling in full MOONLIGHT. The ANTHEM comes to an end. After a moment there is a small disturbance in the eddies around the SANDBANK, then a SPLASH. Then calm again.

CUT

164 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY's CARRIAGE is drawn up at the main entrance of the Club. MEMBERS and GUESTS coming down the steps in background.

165 MRS MOORE is already seated in front, waiting while RONNY and ADELA lift into the back the BICYCLE used in the play. RONNY helps ADELA in beside the bicycle and says good-humouredly:

RONNY

I'm sorry our efforts drove you both out!

ADELA

It doesn't matter, your mother had an adventure.

RONNY (going round the carriage)
What sort of adventure ?

MRS MOORE (pointing)
I went down to that Mosque.

RONNY
But mother, you can't do that sort of thing.

MRS MOORE
No ?

RONNY (climbing up beside her)
No really, not in this country. It's not done -
and there's always the danger of snakes.

MRS MOORE
So the young man said.

ADELA
This sounds very romantic.

RONNY
What young man ?

MRS MOORE
A doctor.

RONNY (starting the carriage)
I don't know of any young doctor in Chandrapore.
You must have misunderstood.

MRS MOORE
Not at all -

The CARRIAGE has gone too far down the drive for us to hear any more.

CUT

166 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY opens the front door of his house with a click. As he steps into the hall:

RONNY
- not allowed into the Club? (the truth suddenly strikes him) Good Lord . . . an Indian ?

MRS MOORE
That's right.

ADELA
An Indian! How perfectly magnificent!

RONNY
If he comes from the hospital, and he's a Muslim -
it must be a chap called Aziz.

MRS MOORE
Doctor Aziz - what a charming name.

But RONNY has heard the carriage drawing off and leans out of the FRONT DOOR, shouting after it to the stable boy:

RONNY

Bicycle ko ustabal mein rakhdo!

He closes the door and turns to his mother, rather ruffled.

MRS MOORE (reassuring)

He was very nice.

RONNY

But he called to you about your shoes - that was impudence. You shouldn't have answered.

ADELA

But Ronny, wouldn't you expect a Muslim to answer if you asked him to take off his hat in church ?

RONNY

It's different, you don't understand.

ADELA

I know I don't, and I want to. What is the difference, please ?

RONNY (desperate)

This is India!

An awkward pause.

MRS MOORE

I think we had all better go to bed.

ADELA kisses MRS MOORE goodnight, holds up her cheek to RONNY who gives it an embarrassed peck, and goes off down the corridor towards her room.

CUT

167 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE comes into her room and switches on the light. RONNY stands in the passage behind her.

RONNY

You know, mother, I really can't explain everything about this wretched country - and I hate to see Adela so worried.

MRS MOORE

But she came out to be worried. We had a long talk when we went ashore at Aden. She knows you in play, as she put it, but not in work, and she felt she must come and look round before she decided - and before you decided. She is very, very fair-minded.

RONNY (rather dejectedly)

I know.

She puts out a hand and touches his cheek rather as if he were a small boy. He smiles a little as the closing door obscures him.

168 CLOSE UP. The PEG on the back of the door swings into PICTURE as the door clicks to. Sleeping on top of the peg is a long-bodied INDIAN WASP.

168 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE examines it for a moment.

A

MRS MOORE

Pretty dear.

169 BIG CLOSE UP. The WASP with every detail of its beautiful yellow markings enhanced by the size of the PICTURE. On SOUND the verse of a tune we seem to remember creeps in, louder and louder.

CUT

170 CLOSE SHOT. The BAND we saw at the Station, now seated in an elegant BANDSTAND, breaks into the chorus of "TEA FOR TWO".

171 LONG SHOT. The BRIDGE PARTY in the gardens of the CLUB. The LAWN is freshly mown, the FLOWER BEDS a blaze of colour, and a series of BEARERS carry SILVER TEAPOTS, SWEETMEATS and SANDWICHES among the INDIAN GUESTS who are grouped with the men separated from the women.

172 MEDIUM SHOT. The BRITISH CONTINGENT are in an area which has been discreetly roped-off giving the impression of a would-be Royal Enclosure. There is a REFRESHMENT TENT but most of the Club Members are seated around tables in the open enjoying their afternoon tea and the music.

173 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE, ADELA and RONNY are seated at the TURTON table. TURTON rises to his feet saying to his wife:

TURTON

To work, Molly, to work.

MRS TURTON eases herself out of her chair. Everyone stands.

MRS TURTON (looking across the lawn)

Oh dear, all those women. I never thought any would come.

CUT

174 CLOSE SHOT. The SCREEN filled with the faces of INDIAN WOMEN, some very beautiful, all wearing wonderfully-coloured SILK SARIS and quantities of gold and diamond JEWELLERY. They all begin to clap.

175 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS TURTON flanked by MRS MOORE and ADELA, walking across the lawn towards them.

MRS MOORE

Do kindly tell us who these ladies are.

MRS TURTON (confidentially)

Yes, but you're superior to them anyway. Don't forget that. You're superior to everyone in India except for the odd Rani, and they're on an equality.

She stops and holds up a hand to quieten the applause, then says a few words of greeting in Hindustani. Her accent is obviously appalling.

176 CLOSE SHOT. Two young INDIAN GIRLS are overcome by a fit of giggles which they try to conceal behind their saris.

- 177 MEDIUM CLOSE. TURTON and RONNY moving through a smiling, nodding group of INDIAN MEN, all deeply impressed by the presence of the Collector. A handshake here, a namaskaar there, "Tea for Two" playing on.
- 178 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS TURTON, MRS MOORE and ADELA making slow progress through the crowd of smiling INDIAN WOMEN.

MRS MOORE (to Mrs Turton)
Please tell these ladies I wish we could speak their language.

AN INDIAN LADY
Perhaps we speak yours a little.

MRS TURTON
Why, fancy, she understands.

ANOTHER INDIAN LADY (to Mrs Moore)
Piccadilly. High Park Corner.

MRS MOORE (delighted)
Yes indeed -

ANOTHER
Rotten Row!

FIRST LADY (pointing out a friend)
She knows Paris also.

MRS TURTON (to Mrs Moore)
They pass Paris on the way to London, no doubt.

MRS MOORE gives her a look.

CUT

- 179 CLOSE SHOT. The BAND playing "ROSES OF PICARDY".
- 180 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and RONNY sit themselves on a GARDEN SEAT in a patch of shade. She is a little out of breath.

MRS MOORE
My only consolation is that Mrs Turton will soon be retired to a villa in Tunbridge Wells.

RONNY gives her an unhappy look, decides it better not to reply. MRS MOORE gazes rather despairingly across the lawn, then brightens a little:

MRS MOORE
Tell me, who is the man talking to Adela?
He has an interesting face.

RONNY
That's Fielding, runs Government College.

- 181 CLOSE TRACKING. FIELDING and ADELA are strolling across the lawn. He is a tall good-looking man in his mid-forties, of the large and shaggy type with sprawling limbs and blue eyes. He is a popular character with the Indian parents of his students, many of whom have been invited to the Bridge Party. From time to time

he raises his hand in a cheery salaam or namaskaar as he and ADELA pass them by.

ADELA

Fancy inviting guests and not treating them properly. You and Mr Turton are the only people who have made any attempt to be friendly. It makes me quite ashamed.

FIELDING

It's awkward, I agree, here at the Club. (he greets a passing couple with a namaskaar)

ADELA

I envy you being with Indians.

FIELDING

If you and Mrs Moore would care to meet one or two, it's easily arranged.

ADELA

I'd love to, and I'm sure she would too.

FIELDING

We've an old professor down at the College who'll tell you all about reincarnation and destiny given half a chance.

ADELA (amused)

I'd like that.

FIELDING

He might even be persuaded to sing.

ADELA

Do you know a Doctor Aziz ?

FIELDING

Know of him - never actually met.

ADELA

Nor me, but Mrs Moore says he's charming.

FIELDING

Good, then we'll invite him too - oh dear - (the band has started another tune) This is for Mrs Turton.

182 CLOSE SHOT. The BANDMASTER coaxing the most out of "IN A MONASTERY GARDEN".

183 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and MRS MOORE are now standing with their backs to the enclosure. They take cups of tea from a BEARER and the following dialogue is spoken in a discreet undertone.

MRS MOORE

This is one of the most unnatural affairs I have ever attended.

RONNY

Of course it's unnatural. Now you see.

MRS MOORE

I do not see why you must all behave so unpleasantly to the Indians.

RONNY (growing irritated)

We're not out here to be pleasant.

MRS MOORE

What do you mean ?

RONNY

India isn't a drawing room. We're out here to do justice and keep the peace. Them's my sentiments.

MRS MOORE

Your sentiments are those of a god.

RONNY (trying to recover himself)

India likes gods.

MRS MOORE

And Englishmen like posing as gods.

RONNY (rather pathetically)

What do you and Adela want me to do? Go against all the people I respect and admire out here? Sacrifice my career? Lose the power I have for doing good in this god-forsaken country?

MRS MOORE

Good? You are speaking about power. This whole - (a gesture across the lawn) - "entertainment" is an exercise in power and the subtle pleasures of personal superiority.

Behind them the ENCLOSURE is rising to its feet as the band leads into the National Anthem. RONNY and MRS MOORE straighten up.

MRS MOORE (looking dead ahead)

God has put us on earth to love and help our fellow men.

RONNY

Yes, mother.

DISSOLVE

- 184 MEDIUM CLOSE. REFLECTIONS in the water of a large shallow TANK, water chestnut and hyacinth growing in it. The tank is part of an ANCIENT GARDEN and GARDEN HOUSE, once perhaps a small audience hall but now converted into an attractive residence with its old arched windows overlooking a terrace. AZIZ, mounted on his BICYCLE, comes down the driveway to the front door. He is formally dressed in his best English clothes. He dismounts, props his bike against the wall, looks anxiously at the open front door. He takes out his WATCH and glances across at:
- 185 LONG SHOT, his POV. A modern SCHOOL BUILDING of the sort slapped down by the Public Works Department. One or two INDIAN BOYS come and go while others practise cricket at the NETS.
- 186 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ turns back towards the house and calls into the door:

AZIZ
Mr Fielding - ?

No reply. Cautiously he goes in.

187 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ enters the HALLWAY, walks down the PASSAGE and enters the main living area. This is a beautiful old ROOM overlooking the tank and the gardens in which are here and there remains of overgrown ruins. He stops in the middle of the room hearing the splashing of water from a shower. It is turned off.

AZIZ
Mr Fielding ?

A VOICE answers immediately through a barely-open frosted glass DOOR on the far side of the room.

FIELDING (V.O.)
Oh - hullo - is that Doctor Aziz ?

AZIZ
Yes. I am afraid I am early.

A blurred shadow crosses the frosted glass.

FIELDING
That's fine, I won't be a jiffy. Please make yourself at home.

AZIZ
Very good of you!

188 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ's attention is almost immediately caught by something out of PICTURE. The CAMERA follows him as he goes over to a set of crowded BOOKSHELVES against a wall. He has never seen so many books outside a library, and turns his head this way and that picking out the titles like a magpie. On SOUND we hear FIELDING half singing, half humming to himself. This pleases AZIZ who has heard stories of Englishmen singing in their bath. He calls out:

AZIZ
Mr Fielding - !

FIELDING (V.O.)
Yes ?

AZIZ
I have long been wanting to meet you. I have heard many times about your kind heart and sociability.

FIELDING (V.O.)
My dear fellow.

AZIZ
And I have seen you in the bazaar.

FIELDING (V.O.)
Ah.

CAMERA follows AZIZ as he walks over to the door where FIELDING's outline can be seen through the frosted glass.

AZIZ
Guess what I look like, Mr Fielding.

FIELDING
You're about . . . five feet nine inches tall.

AZIZ
Jolly good!

FIELDING
It should be. I can see that much through the glass. Blast.

And there is a sudden movement and bending down behind the glass.

AZIZ
Anything wrong ?

FIELDING
I've just broken my back collar-stud.

AZIZ
Take mine, take mine.

FIELDING
Have you a spare one ?

AZIZ
Yes, yes, one minute -

He steps aside so FIELDING can't see him, starts taking out his own back stud.

FIELDING
Not if you're wearing it.

AZIZ
No, no, here in my pocket.

FIELDING
Nobody carries a spare stud in his pocket.

AZIZ
I always, in case of emergency.

He wrenches a gold stud from the back of his collar and moves to the door.

AZIZ
Here it is!

FIELDING opens the door and holds out his hand warmly. They shake hands and AZIZ presents the stud.

FIELDING
Many thanks. Come and sit down while I finish dressing - if you don't mind the unconventionality.

189 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ enters the bedroom and looks around. FIELDING's just-discarded trousers, shirt, shoes, dressing gown and bath towel are draped over the furniture or lying on the floor.

AZIZ

I always thought Englishmen kept their rooms so tidy. It seems this is not so. I need not be so ashamed.

AZIZ takes a quick look at himself in a mirror, fearful of his collar riding up. He sits down gaily on the bed, then forgetting himself entirely draws up his legs and folds them under him.

FIELDING

Two English ladies are coming to tea to meet you.

AZIZ (disappointed)

Oh -

FIELDING

I think you know one of them.

AZIZ

I know no English ladies.

FIELDING

Not Mrs Moore - ?

AZIZ (brightening up)

Mrs Moore -

FIELDING

And Miss Quested, her companion.

AZIZ

Quested. (resigned) And is she an old lady ?

FIELDING

She's a young lady and she wants to see India.

There is a knock at the door and FIELDING's servant, RANJIT, pops his head in. He gabbles something and goes.

FIELDING

They're here - or will be in a few seconds.

He grabs his coat and makes a final adjustment in a mirror.

FIELDING (quickly)

I've also asked our Professor of Philosophy, Narayan Godbole.

AZIZ

Oho, the Brahmin. Very sagacious!

FIELDING (on the way to the door)

I only hope his food will be all right. He's orthodox, you know.

190 CLOSE SHOT. PROFESSOR GODBOLE is seated on the edge of the TANK with his feet in the water, his sandals next to him. He is elderly, with grey blue eyes and a complexion as fair as a European's; on his forehead is a caste mark. He is dressed in a European COAT and WAISTCOAT and a DHOTI. He sits enjoying the water for a moment or two but then hears the sound of the carriage

stopping at the front door. With fastidious dignity he lifts his feet out of the water, shakes the droplets from his toes and swings himself round onto the terrace.

191 MEDIUM SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA followed by FIELDING and AZIZ come into the main room from the passage. MRS MOORE stops, taking it in.

MRS MOORE

Oh -

FIELDING

We think it must have been a small audience hall in the old days.

AZIZ

Oh, Mrs Moore! In the old days we would be giving you a great banquet with dancing girls, feasting and happiness - until the dawn!
Mrs Moore! Oh, Mrs Moore!

They all laugh at this exuberance, ADELA a trifle uncomfortably.

AZIZ

You remember the tank in our mosque, Mrs Moore ?

MRS MOORE (warmly)

I do indeed.

AZIZ

By a skillful arrangement of our Emperors the same water comes down and fills this tank. Please come and see!

192 CLOSE SHOT. PROFESSOR GODBOLE stands waiting by the tank, smiling as AZIZ's chatter draws nearer.

AZIZ (V.O.)

Our Emperors loved water. Wherever they went they created fountains, gardens with - (he stops)

GODBOLE raises his hands in a namaskaar.

193 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING comes out on the terrace beside MRS MOORE and ADELA.

FIELDING

Ah, Godbole. You know Doctor Aziz, and here are our new visitors. Mrs Moore, Miss Quested: Professor Godbole.

MRS MOORE smiles and nods. ADELA copies the namaskaar.

FIELDING

We didn't realise you were here.

GODBOLE (glancing up)

The sun will soon be driving us into the shade - (a gesture towards the tank) - and I was enjoying the water.

Everyone smiles. A little pause.

FIELDING

Now, Mrs Moore, would you like to have our tea served inside or out ?

CUT

194 MEDIUM SHOT. TEA is set out on the TERRACE. FIELDING and AZIZ sit with the two ladies at a table near the house. GODBOLE sits a little apart with a small table of his own.

ADELA

Doctor Aziz, I wonder if you can explain a disappointment we had this morning.

MRS MOORE

Ah yes, I'm afraid we may have blundered and given some offence.

AZIZ

That is impossible. May I know the facts ?

During this dialogue the CAMERA has been following a SERVANT with a TRAY. He sets it down in CLOSE UP beside GODBOLE.

195 CLOSE UP. FIELDING is looking at the tray with an anxious expression.

196 CLOSE SHOT, his POV. GODBOLE leans over the tray, raises a muslin cloth covering a silver dish, disclosing a variety of beautifully-prepared edibles including some brightly coloured sweets. He pops one of these into his mouth.

197 CLOSE UP. FIELDING is relieved and turns his attention back to the conversation which has been going on during this tense moment.

ADELA

An Indian lady and gentleman, whom we met at the Club party the other day, were to send their carriage for us this morning at nine. We waited and waited. It never came.

FIELDING (sensing an embarrassment)

Some misunderstanding, I'm sure.

ADELA

Oh no. They even put off going to Delhi to entertain us.

FIELDING

I wouldn't worry about it anyway.

ADELA

But it is very worrying -

She looks round the group for help.

198 CLOSE UP. GODBOLE. He swallows the remains of his sweet and:

GODBOLE

I think perhaps, young lady, they grew ashamed of their house, and that is why they did not send.

While he speaks he has been stretching back a hand and encountering another sweet as if by accident. As soon as he finishes speaking he pops it in his mouth.

199 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING, after registering the disappearance of the sweet:

FIELDING
That's very possible.

ADELA
I do so hate mysteries.

FIELDING
We English do.

MRS MOORE
I like mysteries but I rather dislike muddles.

FIELDING
You know, I think a mystery is only a high-sounding term for a muddle. The Professor, Aziz and I know that India's a muddle.

200 CLOSE SHOT. PROFESSOR GODBOLE is peeling a banana.

MRS MOORE (V.O.)
India's - oh, what an alarming idea!

GODBOLE
Agreed - I am sorry to say.

201 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ, a little lost, regains the initiative:

AZIZ
There will be no muddle when you come to visit me at my house!

MRS MOORE
Oh - that would be very nice, yes Adela?

202 CLOSE UP. AZIZ is seized by sudden panic at the thought of his bungalow. He hears ADELA say:

ADELA
Indeed. Do please give me your address, Doctor Aziz.

AZIZ
One moment - (searches for an alternative) -
Let me invite you all to an Indian picnic.
(general approval) At the Marabar Caves!

203 MEDIUM SHOT. Everyone smiles and demonstrates acceptance.

AZIZ
Ladies, this can be a most magnificent outing!
They are one of the wonders of the world. (to Godbole) Yes, Professor?

GODBOLE hesitates.

GODBOLE
They have a reputation.

This cryptic remark causes a short pause.

ADELA
Doctor Aziz, how many caves are there?

AZIZ (shifts awkwardly)
I'm not exactly sure.

He turns to GODBOLE for help but he is occupied with a sandwich.

AZIZ
Unfortunately, I have not been there myself.

FIELDING (laughs)
My dear chap!

ADELA
Professor Godbole, have you seen the caves?

GODBOLE
Oh yes.

ADELA
Do tell us about them.

An expression of tension comes over his face.

GODBOLE
Only a few have been opened, perhaps
seven or eight.

ADELA
And - ?

GODBOLE
There is an entrance which you enter, and through
this entrance is a circular chamber.

ADELA
Big?

GODBOLE
Not big.

AZIZ (helping things along)
But immensely holy no doubt?

GODBOLE
Oh no, no.

FIELDING
Ornamented in some way?

GODBOLE shakes his head.

GODBOLE
They are all the same. Empty and dark.

AZIZ
 Haunted?

GODBOLE
 No.

ADELA
 But there must be something to account for
 their reputation.

GODBOLE
 Some visitors return uncertain if they have
 had an interesting experience or a dull one.
 Some experience nothing at all.

He looks around the bewildered faces, and finds MRS MOORE looking
 at him speculatively. A moment between them. Then:

MRS MOORE
 Well. Well, well. Now, Mr Fielding, I would
 like to see something of your College -

She stands, everyone follows.

MRS MOORE
 Don't you come, Adela, I know how you dislike
 institutions.

DISSOLVE

204 MEDIUM CLOSE. GODBOLE is again seated on the edge of the tank
 with his feet in the water, AZIZ on one side of him, ADELA on
 the other. She too has her feet in the water. They are all eat-
 ing some kind of NUT.

AZIZ
 You know, Miss Quested, when I first saw Mrs
 Moore it was in the moonlight. I thought she
 was a ghost. (they laugh)

GODBOLE
 A very old soul.

ADELA
 An old soul?

AZIZ jumps in to save any possible offence:

AZIZ
 Professor Godbole is using the expression in
 its Hindu sense, someone who has been here
 many times before.

ADELA (amused)
 Mrs Moore a reincarnation?

She turns to GODBOLE but he is opening a nut.

AZIZ
 She is without doubt a person of great
 enlightenment. "God is here", she said.
 An English lady - in a mosque!

GODBOLE

Miss Quested, if you find it difficult to grasp such a concept, consider those who are doubtless here for the first time. The world is full of them.

205 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY comes out of the living room onto the terrace. He stops in CLOSE UP, appalled by the group around the tank.

RONNY

Adela -

206 MEDIUM SHOT. They all turn and look at him. AZIZ stands. GODBOLE swings his legs out of the water.

ADELA (happily)

Ronny, you're early. Let me introduce Professor Godbole and this is -

RONNY

What's happened to Fielding? Where's my mother? And what on earth are you doing?

ADELA

They're seeing the College, and we're eating water chestnuts - (holding one out) - have one?

RONNY

No thank you. We're leaving at once.

ADELA glances at AZIZ and GODBOLE who are standing rigid and deferential.

ADELA

But we can't leave like this -

RONNY

It's perfectly all right -

He turns towards the house and shouts.

207 CLOSE UP. ADELA looks at him dismayed, hearing:

RONNY (V.O.)

Bearer - ! Bearer - ! - Koi-hai - !

CUT

208 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY'S CARRIAGE starts with a jolt and a crunch of gravel. MRS MOORE sits with RONNY in front, with ADELA in the back. As they drive off MRS MOORE turns to FIELDING who watches from the front door.

MRS MOORE

- And please tell Professor Godbole it's a shame we didn't hear him sing.

FIELDING raises a hand in acknowledgment and turns away.

209 CLOSE UP. ADELA in the back of the moving carriage.

ADELA

Ronny, I'm appalled.

RONNY (V.O.)

I'm appalled too - sitting alone with two Indians - with bare legs. Fielding must be mad.

210 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ and GODBOLE are back where they were on the edge of the tank. FIELDING comes to a standstill at the far end nearest the drive.

FIELDING

I'm most dreadfully sorry. How can I apologise?

AZIZ

No apologies needed.

GODBOLE

No. I will sing now.

And he steps right into the tank, the water coming up just above his knees. FIELDING sits down on the edge. A MAN who has been gathering water chestnuts stands upright, watching.

GODBOLE (to Fielding)

I place myself in the position of a milkmaid bathing in the river. I say to Shri Krishna: "Come! Come to me." But the god refuses to come.

He stands perfectly still looking over the water, the garden and the trees. Then his thin voice rises, giving out one sound after another. At times there is rhythm, at times the illusion of a Western melody. Only the gatherer of water chestnuts understands. He listens, half naked, his lips parted in delight.

CUT

211 MEDIUM LONG. RONNY is reining his carriage to an enforced standstill at a LEVEL CROSSING. A TRAIN packed with PASSENGERS inside and out clanks past a throng of PEDESTRIANS, SHEEP, GOATS and COWS.

212 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY pulls the carriage to a halt. He is still full of suppressed anger and both his MOTHER and ADELA are quietly upset. RONNY raises his voice above the clatter of the train and the bleating of goats:

RONNY

You can take it from me, it will never come off. Just like the fiasco this morning - he'll forget he even invited you.

ADELA

I think you're wrong. Mr Fielding, all of us -

RONNY

Did you notice the doctor's collar climbing up the back of his neck?

MRS MOORE

I like Doctor Aziz.

ADELA

And I thought we were discussing the picnic.

RONNY

I am.

MRS MOORE (irritated)

So - ?

RONNY

Aziz was dressed in his Sunday best from head to foot, but he'd forgotten his back collar stud. And there you have the Indian all over. I bet he's also forgotten that the caves are miles from the station.

ADELA

Have you been to them?

RONNY

No, but I know all about them, naturally.

ADELA

Oh, naturally!

MRS MOORE (patting the seat)

I really can't have so much quarrelling and tiresomeness!

ADELA

I'm very sorry.

213 MEDIUM SHOT. The GATE goes up and a general hubbub begins.

214 CLOSE SHOT. The CARRIAGE.

RONNY (deflated)

I don't know why I get so het up. Actually I was taking us to see a game of polo - should be good.

MRS MOORE

Not for me, dear. I want to rest - you two can watch the polo.

RONNY, rather squashed, takes up the reins.

RONNY

Hup - Hup - !

CUT

215 MEDIUM CLOSE. A line of HORSES takes off in the POLO MATCH. The English SPECTATORS watch from groups of tables and chairs set up under the trees that fringe the MAIDAN.

216 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY pulls back a chair for ADELA at a quiet spot away from the main body of spectators. They both sit.

217 MEDIUM SHOT. The GAME in progress.

218 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA, he intent on the game, she preoccupied. She braces herself and turns to him, then hesitates unable to find the right words. On SOUND a drumming of hooves. RONNY follows the horses as they pass.

219 CLOSE PANNING, his POV. The horses wheeling around in the opposite direction.

220 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA. She turns to him again.

ADELA

Ronny -

RONNY (his attention on the game)

Yes - ?

ADELA

I want to say something -

RONNY

Yes.

ADELA

Something important.

The concern in her voice makes him turn. They look at each other. On SOUND a round of applause. Then:

ADELA

Ronny . . I've finally decided we're not going to be married.

On SOUND the whack of a successful shot. RONNY looks down.

221 MEDIUM CLOSE. A PLAYER falls off his horse and crashes to the ground with a dull thud.

222 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA. She turns away unable to face the hurt she has given him. He controls himself and says gently:

RONNY

You never said we would marry. Don't be upset.

ADELA

You're so decent, Ronny.

RONNY (shakes his head)

You were quite right to come out. It was a good idea.

He manages a smile and looks back at the game.

RONNY

We're being awfully English. I suppose that's all right.

ADELA

As we are English, I suppose it is.

She leans towards him. Still looking at the game he leans towards her. She kisses him on the cheek.

RONNY

Let's go for a little drive.

ADELA

Oughtn't we get back to the bungalow?

RONNY

Why?

ADELA

I think I should tell your mother and discuss future plans.

RONNY

If you don't mind let's leave it for a day or two. I don't want to upset her more than I have - and besides - (a rueful smile against himself) You've accepted that invitation.

CUT

223 MEDIUM SHOT. HAMIDULLAH'S LIVING ROOM at NIGHT. An unhappy-looking AZIZ sits on the floor between ALI and HAMIDULLAH. There is silence for a moment. They look at AZIZ, at each other, at the floor. HAMIDULLAH can control himself no longer:

HAMIDULLAH

Why did you undertake such an expedition?

AZIZ (miserably)

To avoid asking them to my place.

HAMIDULLAH

Which you had already done?

AZIZ nods.

ALI

Time will be needed - and money.

HAMIDULLAH glances at AZIZ. Realises the seriousness of the situation.

HAMIDULLAH

We must all pull together. My wife will supply plates and cutlery.

ALI

And there is the question of alcohol. Whisky-sodas for Mr Fielding, ports for the ladies.

AZIZ (gloomily)

And food. The English are big eaters.

HAMIDULLAH

And Professor Godbole?

AZIZ

He eats more than the English. Nothing but vegetables, fruit and rice. And only if cooked by a Brahmin.

ALI (enjoying himself)

And a slice of beef in the vicinity will certainly cause him to throw up.

HAMIDULLAH (firmly)

The English can eat mutton.

ALI

Even ham.

AZIZ

Ham - ? Are you suggesting I offer ham ?

HAMIDULLAH

Enough, enough. This impetuous boy has made his own predicament. (to Ali) We must help him, not harrow him. Now, English ladies cannot sit upon the ground - not even on a Persian carpet.

ALI

You must take chairs - and a table.

HAMIDULLAH

You will require many servants. And there is also the question of transport after the train journey. The caves are a considerable distance from the station.

AZIZ

And the train leaves just before dawn.

HAMIDULLAH

So you must take precaution against lack of punctuality: better spend night at station.

On SOUND a door bangs. A gust of WIND blows the curtains.

CUT

224 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE, RONNY and ADELA seated at the dining table in the SITTING ROOM, MRS MOORE still rather put out. ANTHONY clears the last of the dinner things as a similar gust of WIND billows the curtains and scatters everything loose from the desk and mantelpiece.

ADELA

What was that ?

RONNY

Nothing. It always happens just before the hot weather - generally with dust and thunder. (after a moment's pause) Coffee ?

MRS MOORE

No thank you, I'm off to bed.

RONNY turns to ADELA. She shakes her head and smiles at him sympathetically. ANTHONY leaves the room having picked up the cards and papers scattered by the wind. RONNY and ADELA watch MRS MOORE as she makes rather a fuss of folding her napkin.

RONNY

Mother, I know I made myself rather ridiculous this afternoon. The truth is I wasn't quite sure of myself, and I'm sorry.

MRS MOORE (smiling)

Very nicely said: thank you dear.

RONNY

And of course I have no earthly right to tell either of you what you can or can't do. See India if you like and as you like.

MRS MOORE sits back in her chair, looks from one to the other.

MRS MOORE

I think possibly too much fuss is made about marriage. Century after century of carnal embracement, yet we're no nearer to understanding one another.

She pushes back her chair and stands up, preoccupied.

MRS MOORE

Goodnight -

And walks off towards her room.

225 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA look after her, trying to assess the implications of her remark. On SOUND her bedroom door opens and shuts.

CUT

226 CLOSE TRACKING. ADELA'S SHADOW pedalling a BICYCLE along a sunny road. The CAMERA pans up and we see she is riding the machine used in the stage show at the Club. The basket beneath the handlebars contains a picnic lunch and a map.

227 MEDIUM TRACKING, her POV. She is about to enter a long AVENUE of TREES which meet above the road. They form a dark and shady tunnel between the sunlit fields on either side.

228 CLOSE TRACKING ADELA, dappled sunlight flicking down over her face. She looks to her side.

229 MEDIUM TRACKING. FIELDS passing by between the tree trunks, PEASANT WOMEN dressed in brilliant colours working on the crops.

230 LONG SHOT. ADELA cycling away down the tunnel towards a bright hole of light at the far end.

CUT

231 CLOSE SHOT. A SIGNPOST written in English and Hindi. The arm pointing towards us reads "CHANDRAPORE. 12 MILES". On SOUND the bicycle comes to a standstill.

232 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA looking up at the sign, rather hot and dusty. She looks ahead left and right wiping her face with an arm. She then looks round to her side.

233 MEDIUM LONG. A dusty TRACK through long dry grass leads to a ruined ENTRANCE set in an ancient WALL. Jutting up above the wall the pinnacle of a TEMPLE.

234 CLOSE UP. ADELA looking at it.

235 MEDIUM CLOSE. The wall is overgrown with CREEPERS and VINES, the entrance framed with intricate stone carving. The track continues

- through the grass.
- 236 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA turns her bicycle and sets off.
- 237 CLOSE TRACKING. DUST blowing up from the front WHEEL.
- 238 CLOSE TRACKING. ADELA looks up, seeing:
- 239 CLOSE TRACKING. The ARCH above the entrance approaching.
- 240 CLOSE TRACKING, ADELA. The SHADOW of the arch covers and uncovers her. Seeing something down to her left, she stops.
- 241 CLOSE SHOT. A beautiful headless STATUE of a WOMAN lying in the grass, her voluptuous body adorned with a bejewelled girdle.
- 242 CLOSE UP. ADELA, taken aback by the realism and beauty of the carving. Her attention is interrupted by the sensation that someone is watching her from behind. She turns around.
- 243 CLOSE SHOT. The CARVING of a MAN looking down at her from inside the ARCHWAY.
- 244 MEDIUM LONG. ADELA looking up at him. She turns and moves on again.
- 245 MEDIUM LONG. ADELA pedalling along the track, BUTTERFLIES flitting above the grass. She comes to a stop looking up at:
- 246 MEDIUM LONG. The overgrown outlines of an ANCIENT TEMPLE.
- 247 CLOSE UP ADELA. Looking around the temple she becomes aware of something else:
- 248 MEDIUM SHOT. There are CARVED FIGURES behind the VINES.
- 249 MEDIUM CLOSE, ADELA. They so excite her curiosity that almost without knowing it she pushes the bicycle off the track and into the long grass in order to see them better. She stops in CLOSE SHOT.
- 250 CLOSE SHOT. Behind the creepers a pair of almost naked LOVERS embrace each other. The skill of the unknown artist provokes in her the feelings of an intruder. She withdraws her gaze, but almost immediately becomes aware of someone else.
- 251 CLOSE SHOT. A YOUNG WOMAN is looking down at her, arrogant and scornful.
- 252 CLOSE UP. ADELA is held by her presence, almost as if she were a living being. Then her eyes travel across the temple coming to rest on:
- 253 CLOSE SHOT. A charming FRIEZE of DANCING GIRLS attired in elegant COSTUMES and HEAD-DRESSES.
- 254 CLOSE UP ADELA. Her gaze moves on.
- 255 CLOSE SHOT. The heads and shoulders of two more LOVERS, the girl's face upturned, looking at her man. A WOMAN stands beside them, the palm of her hand outstretched.

- 256 CLOSE UP ADELA. The CAMERA moves imperceptibly into a BIG CLOSE UP as her eyes move from one group of statues to another. On SOUND a low guttural noise gradually catches her attention and she looks up towards the sky.
- 257 MEDIUM SHOT, her POV. High up on a barren ledge a group of MONKEYS are looking down at her.
- 258 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA instinctively takes a few steps backwards.
- 259 MEDIUM CLOSE. The movement sets the MONKEYS grimacing and chattering.
- 260 CLOSE UP. ADELA looking up at them, her fear rising.
- 261 CLOSE SHOT. The MONKEYS are joined by others. They begin to scream and screech. Then one ugly old MALE clambers down off the ledge onto the creepers.
- 262 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA moves back, turns around, and quickly pushes the bike through the grass towards the track. On SOUND the screaming increases.
- 263 MEDIUM CLOSE. A horde of screeching MONKEYS pouring off the ledge onto the creepers.
- 264 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA reaches the track and mounts the bicycle.
- 265 MEDIUM CLOSE. MONKEYS leaping down the creepers and over the statues.
- 266 CLOSE TRACKING. ADELA near to panic, pedalling down the track towards the entrance.
- 267 MEDIUM CLOSE. The first MONKEYS reach the grass.
- 268 MEDIUM SHOT. ADELA going out through the entrance.
- 269 MEDIUM CLOSE. A group of MONKEYS come to a halt in the grass looking after her.
- 270 CLOSE SHOT. The SIGNPOST marked "CHANDRAPORE" big in foreground of picture. In background a long straight ROAD with ADELA pedalling away from us into LONG SHOT.
- CUT
- 271 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY sits reading a LEGAL DOCUMENT in the late afternoon light. He looks around the sitting room, worried. He reaches up to switch on a small STANDARD LAMP beside his chair. Starts to read again: can't. Looks towards the front windows. On SOUND the bark of a DOG followed by the tinkle of a BICYCLE BELL. He quickly gets up and crosses to the window just in time to see:
- 272 MEDIUM LONG, his POV. ADELA turning off the main road into the alley at the side of the house.
- 273 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY turns back into the room. He hesitates for a moment, then walks towards the passage.
- 274 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA wheels the bicycle through the half-open doors of the STORAGE ROOM at the back of the house where the CARRIAGE is

kept. HARNESS, coils of ROPE and GARDEN TOOLS hang against the wall where she props up the bike. She turns, a little out of breath, straightens her hair and adjusts her clothes. There are hurried footsteps and RONNY appears in the doorway.

RONNY
Adela, are you all right ?

ADELA
Yes, of course.

He walks the few paces from the doorway and stands in front of her.

RONNY
What happened ?

ADELA
Nothing.

He hesitates, somehow unconvinced. She finds it difficult to hold his look and:

ADELA
Oh, Ronny -

- and throws her arms around him, holding him tightly.

ADELA
I want to take back what I said at the polo.
I'm such a fool.

The strains of "LADY BE GOOD" fade up on the SOUND TRACK as he hugs her to him.

CUT

275 LONG SHOT. The Saturday night DANCE at the CLUB. A hot night, all the FANS going. COUPLES in evening dress dancing to the BAND which is playing "Lady be Good".

276 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY dancing with MRS TURTON.

277 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA doing their faces in the MIRRORS of the POWDER ROOM above a line of basins. Both dabbing on powder and examining the result. The MUSIC continues.

ADELA
It's an awful thing - (dab-dab) - but I don't feel a bit excited - I'm just glad I've made up my silly mind at last. But I'm not conscious of vast changes. We're all three the same people still, aren't we?

MRS MOORE
That's much the best feeling to have.

ADELA looks discontentedly at herself in the mirror.

ADELA
I suppose so. (hesitates) I'm sorry to have been so difficult.

MRS MOORE is looking at ADELA's reflection.

MRS MOORE

I shouldn't worry, it's partly to do with this country and the odd surroundings.

ADELA

You mean that my . . . bothers are mixed up with India?

MRS MOORE considers for a moment.

MRS MOORE

India forces one to come face to face with oneself. (glances towards the music) Now, we must go back and you must dance with Ronny. (a smile) Apart from anything else it will serve as a notice of intent.

CUT

278 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY dancing with ADELA, other couples staring and smiling at them.

279 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE alone at their table. She holds a glass of CHAMPAGNE in front of her face, watching the bubbles rise and disintegrate. After a few seconds she looks away, lost in thought.

CUT

280 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA lies in BED looking up. The sound of the ceiling FAN. She becomes aware of a perfume entering the room, turns towards the window.

281 CLOSE SHOT. A bush of white FRANGIPANI in full bloom just outside the WINDOW.

282 CLOSE UP. She looks at it inhaling its fragrance, vaguely disturbed.

283 CLOSE UP. The blossoms in the moonlight.

284 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA looks at them for a moment longer, then turns away. It is still hot. She lets out a little gasp of breath and pulls down the sheet. She lies there looking up at the ceiling, the outline of her breasts just visible in the darkness.

285 CLOSE SHOT. The pair of almost naked LOVERS behind the creepers, now lit by the MOON.

286 CLOSE UP. ADELA in her bed, looking at them.

287 CLOSE SHOT. Another pair of moonlit LOVERS, tender and graceful.

288 BIG CLOSE UP. ADELA watching them. Her eyes move downwards. On SOUND a distant rumble makes her turn to the window.

289 MEDIUM CLOSE, her POV. The WINDOW and the FRANGIPANI. The rumble now distinguishable as THUNDER.

CUT

290 CLOSE UP. The face of the STATION CLOCK reading five-fourteen. With a dull clack the MINUTE HAND judders to five-fifteen.

- 291 LONG SHOT. The PLATFORMS of CHANDRAPORE STATION deserted and unlit except for one light above the EXIT. SILENCE. Then a ROLL of THUNDER.
- 292 CLOSE SHOT. The SIGNAL set in its upright position, the LIGHT red.
- 293 MEDIUM SHOT. The RAILWAY TRACKS between the platforms. A single sheet of NEWSPAPER begins to move. It slowly turns and twists towards us between the rails. On SOUND the first puff of WIND.
- 294 CLOSE SHOT. TELEGRAPH WIRES and INSULATORS. The wires begin to sing. A sudden THUNDERCLAP crashes out overhead.
- 295 CLOSE SHOT. The sheet of NEWSPAPER leaps into the air and scurries off down the track. The ROAR of WIND increases rapidly.
- 296 CLOSE UP. The station BELL. The wind vibrates its HAMMER. The bell begins to ring.
- 297 LONG SHOT. A whirling CLOUD of DUST and DEBRIS bursts into the STATION, hurtles along the PLATFORMS and past CAMERA.
- 298 CLOSE SHOT. The DUST roars past the SIGNAL.
- 299 MEDIUM CLOSE. The clouds of dust tearing through the metal lattice of the EXIT DOORWAY into the STATION YARD.
- 300 LONG SHOT. The BAZAAR, deserted and ghostly, DUST swirling up the STREET. (The roar of wind continuous from now on - except for a change of pitch from shot to shot)
- 301 MEDIUM SHOT. The dim outline of the RIVER seen from the MOSQUE. In foreground dust whipping through the scraggy BUSHES and around the wrecked CUPOLA.
- 302 MEDIUM SHOT. The BANDSTAND in the grounds of the CLUB, CHAIRS and MUSIC STANDS bumping and dancing around the podium.
- 303 MEDIUM CLOSE. The VERANDAH of the CLUB, AWNINGS flapping. A single CHAIR sweeps past CAMERA across the marble floor.
- 304 MEDIUM CLOSE. A ROYAL STATUE facing the blast with MACE and SCEPTRE. The WIND suddenly stops. The DUST clears. SILENCE.
- 305 CLOSE UP. The ROYAL FACE looking at:
- 306 MEDIUM CLOSE. The SUN, yellow and menacing, just risen above the HORIZON.
- 307 CLOSE SHOT. A WINDOW is opened, reflecting a flash of early sun. A rather tousled AZIZ sticks his head out and looks despondently up at the sky. His suspicions confirmed he withdraws into the room.
- 308 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ is dressed in pyjamas and has obviously just got out of his unmade BED. He calls rather feebly:

AZIZ

Hassan -

There is an answering "Huzoor!" from the back. AZIZ is hot. He swipes at a fly, picks up an old TOWEL and wipes his face and neck. HASSAN appears. Whilst talking to him in Urdu AZIZ touches his

forehead and his throat, and points to the bed. HASSAN shakes his head in acknowledgment and goes. AZIZ takes something from a DRAWER and gets into bed sitting back against the wall.

309 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ shakes down a THERMOMETER, sticks it in his mouth and picks up an old and tattered copy of an INDIAN MAGAZINE.

310 CLOSE UP. A scantily dressed DANCING GIRL looks up at him.

311 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ examines her with sad, brooding speculation, the thermometer still in his mouth. He idly turns the page, examines the next illustration similarly. Then he slowly puts his head back against the wall and shuts his eyes. After a few moments:

CUT

312 LONG SHOT. The CHURCH and CHURCHYARD on Sunday morning. The sun shining on members of the English community walking through the GRAVEYARD as the BELL tolls for early morning service.

313 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA accompanied by MRS MOORE come towards the churchyard from their carriage. RONNY hurries forward to hold the gate open for his MOTHER. As she and ADELA pass he looks up at the sky.

314 CLOSE SHOT. The SUN halfway to its zenith.

315 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY joins ADELA and his MOTHER.

RONNY

It's going to be hot.

ADELA (laughing)

Your famous hot weather.

MRS MOORE

Now, you two go first -

RONNY holds out his arm, ADELA takes it and the CAMERA follows the three of them up the path where MR and MRS TURTON are standing waiting with the CALLENDARS.

TURTON

Congratulations Heaslop! We've only just heard the good news. Allow me to shake your hand -

RONNY

Thank you, sir.

CALLENDAR

Many happy days, both of you!

316 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE stands back politely as the congratulations and small talk continue. Then she turns looking at:

317 MEDIUM LONG. The OLD GRAVEYARD, wild flowers and grass growing up between the graves and weathered tombstones.

318 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE lost in a private reverie, looking from grave to grave. On SOUND the tolling of the bell.

319 CLOSE SHOT, her POV. A jumble of old TOMBSTONES, their inscriptions

eroded excepting one in the foreground on which only the words ". . . beloved wife . . ." are just visible.

320 MEDIUM SHOT. The CHURCH TOWER against the sky, the BELL tolling.

CUT

321 MEDIUM SHOT. The exterior of AZIZ'S BUNGALOW with the road and the patch of waste land. On SOUND the CHURCH BELL ringing in the distance. A HORSE and small CARRIAGE are tethered to the VERANDAH which has four BICYCLES parked against it. HASSAN sits on the steps doing nothing. He is roused by FIELDING's arrival on a HORSE.

322 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING dismounts, hands the reins to HASSAN and tells him in Urdu to put the horse in the shade on the other side of the waste land. The CAMERA follows FIELDING to the steps of the bungalow where he comes face to face with a little INDIAN MAN carrying a BLACK BAG.

PANNA LAL

Mr Fielding, I am Doctor Lal.

FIELDING

Ah yes, how do you do?

PANNA LAL

I have been making check on Doctor Sahib - Major Callendar's orders.

FIELDING

And ?

PANNA LAL

Perhaps a slight fever. (raising a hand to the sky) Change of season.

323 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the bungalow AZIZ has five VISITORS in his rather squalid room. Only HAMIDULLAH is seated on a chair. The rest are crowded around AZIZ on the bed. They are ALI, MR HAQ a police inspector, MR MOHAMMED a very fat man who doesn't speak and his equally silent sixteen year old nephew, RAFI, who chews SUGAR CANE throughout the scene.

HAMIDULLAH

You must get well quickly. I don't know what our little circle will do without you.

AZIZ smiles acknowledgment.

MR HAQ, a purveyor of bad news, leans towards AZIZ:

MR HAQ

There is talk of - cholera in the city.

HAMIDULLAH (irritated)

There is always talk of cholera in the city.

He breaks off for everyone is rising to his feet. FIELDING has entered the room.

324 CLOSE UP. AZIZ props himself up on an elbow and gives a little groan of desperation, appalled by what FIELDING will think of the room.

325 MEDIUM SHOT. As FIELDING exchanges greetings with HAMIDULLAH, MR HAQ, the FAT MAN and the YOUTH are making a show of dragging out three straight-backed CHAIRS which are ranged against the wall.

FIELDING (cheerily)
And how's the patient ?

Before he has time to answer:

MR HAQ (obsequious)
It is good of Mr Fielding to condescend to visit our friend. We are all deeply touched.

AZIZ
Don't talk to him like that, he doesn't want it -
HAQ, the FAT MAN and the YOUTH are each offering a chair.

AZIZ
And he doesn't need three chairs - he's not three Englishmen.

All three rather sheepishly return the chairs to the wall. FIELDING crosses to the bed and sits.

FIELDING
Well, are you ill, or aren't you?

AZIZ
No doubt Major Callendar has told you I am shamming.

FIELDING
Well, are you ?

There is general laughter: an Englishman at his best. AZIZ makes a gesture towards the window and says as a statement of fact:

AZIZ
The hot weather is coming. I have a fever.
Everyone except HAMIDULLAH is standing, gaping at FIELDING.

AZIZ
Sit down! Please sit down.

They sit on the floor. FIELDING smiles around at the upturned faces. A little pause.

ALI
Mr Fielding, excuse a question please?

FIELDING
Carry on -

ALI
Nothing personal - personally we are delighted you should be here.

A general chorus of agreement.

ALI

But how is England justified in holding India?

AZIZ (highly embarrassed)

Unfair political question!

FIELDING

No, no. (to Ali) I can give you the stock answer but I won't. Personally I'm out here because I need a job.

ALI

Qualified Indians also need jobs in Education.

FIELDING

I got in first.

A quiet laugh of appreciation.

FIELDING

And I'm delighted to be here: that's my answer and that's my only excuse.

HAMIDULLAH

And those who are not delighted to be here?

FIELDING

Chuck 'em out.

Everyone except AZIZ laughs, convinced he must be joking. FIELDING stands up.

326 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looks at him fearful of the impression he and his friends have created. He hears FIELDING say:

FIELDING (V.O.)

I'm afraid we tire the invalid. I must be off in any case.

CUT

327 MEDIUM LONG. FIELDING stands in foreground of PICTURE on the bungalow steps, watching HAMIDULLAH drive his CARRIAGE off down the road followed by the other four on BICYCLES.

328 CLOSE UP. FIELDING looks about hoping to see HASSAN. Seeing no one he calls out:

FIELDING

Koi-hai - !

No reply. Then he hears AZIZ's voice close by:

AZIZ (V.O.)

Mr Fielding -

FIELDING turns.

329 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ stands in the FRONT DOOR in his pyjamas. He looks dishevelled and sad.

FIELDING

What are you doing out here?

AZIZ
Please come back.

FIELDING looks at him sensing the urgency behind the request.

FIELDING
Of course -

AZIZ stands aside to let FIELDING walk past into the house.

330 MEDIUM SHOT. HASSAN is squatting on the floor with a DUSTPAN and BRUSH sweeping up bits of sugar cane, cigarette ends and other rubbish. AZIZ follows FIELDING into the room.

AZIZ
Here you see the celebrated hospitality of the East. Look at the mess! Look at the flies! Look at the plaster coming off the wall -

FIELDING
Please -

AZIZ
Here is my home where you kindly come - to be insulted by the insolence of my friends!

He is near to tears.

FIELDING
That was fair enough, and you'd better get back into bed.

He puts a hand on his shoulder and starts steering him towards it.

AZIZ
And then you will have to be off.

FIELDING
Anyway, you should rest.

AZIZ (getting into bed)
I can rest all day thanks to Doctor Lal. (turning to Fielding) Major Callendar's spy. I suppose you know that.

FIELDING starts to straighten the bed-things and tuck in the bottom sheet.

FIELDING
Major Callendar doesn't trust anyone, English or Indian; that's his character, and I wish you weren't under him; but you are and that's that.

FIELDING pulls down the CURTAIN above the bed, crosses to the other window and pulls down its curtain too. The room is now in a subdued half light.

FIELDING
There we are. Try sleeping for a bit.

He gives a friendly nod and starts to go towards the door.

AZIZ (anxiously)
Before you go -

FIELDING (turning back)
Yes ?

AZIZ
Will you please open that drawer (pointing)
under the mirror ?

FIELDING goes to a CHEST OF DRAWERS with a small swivel MIRROR on top of it, a drawer underneath. FIELDING puts his hand on it.

AZIZ
That's right. (Fielding opens it) In the left hand corner is a brown cardboard folder. (Fielding takes it out) Open it.

331 CLOSE UP. A PHOTOGRAPH of a rather pretty young INDIAN WOMAN looking shyly at the camera. AZIZ'S VOICE:

AZIZ (V.O.)
She was my wife.

332 CLOSE UP. FIELDING looking at the photograph. His eyes flick towards AZIZ and return to it.

AZIZ (V.O.)
You are the first Englishman she has ever come before.

333 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ watches FIELDING's tender expression with quiet pleasure. Then says simply:

AZIZ
Now put her away.

FIELDING looks at AZIZ, then back at the PICTURE.

FIELDING
I don't know why you pay me this great compliment, but I do appreciate it.

AZIZ
Oh, it's nothing. She was not a highly educated woman - or even beautiful - but I loved her. Now put her away. You would have seen her anyhow.

FIELDING
You would have allowed me to see her ?

AZIZ
Why not? I believe in the purdah, but I would have told her you were my brother.

FIELDING
Would she have believed you?

AZIZ
Of course not, but the word exists and is - convenient.

FIELDING looks again at the PHOTOGRAPH.

AZIZ (gently)
Put her away, she is dead. I showed her to you
because I have nothing else to show.

FIELDING returns the PHOTOGRAPH to the drawer.

334 CLOSE UP. AZIZ watches him, on SOUND we hear the drawer close.

AZIZ
Mr Fielding, why are you not married?

335 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA follows FIELDING as he wanders over to AZIZ.

FIELDING
The lady I liked wouldn't marry me - that's
the main point. (sits on the bed) But that
was fifteen years ago.

AZIZ
You haven't any children?

FIELDING
None.

AZIZ
Excuse the following question: have you
any illegitimate children?

FIELDING (laughs)
No.

AZIZ
Then your name will die entirely out?

FIELDING
Right.

AZIZ
Well - (shakes his head) - this is what an
Oriental will never understand.

FIELDING
There are far too many children anyway.

AZIZ shakes he head again. Then has an idea:

AZIZ
Why don't you marry Miss Quested?

FIELDING
Good God !

AZIZ
But she is very nice.

FIELDING
I can't marry her even if I wanted to, she's just
become engaged to the City Magistrate.

AZIZ

Oh. So no Miss Quested for Mr Fielding. (musing)
However, she was not beautiful. She has practically no breasts.

FIELDING

Aziz -

AZIZ

For a magistrate they may be sufficient - but for you I shall arrange a lady with breasts like - Bombay mangoes!

FIELDING

No you won't.

AZIZ

You must not tell Major Callendar, but last year I took sick leave and went to Calcutta. There are girls there with -

FIELDING (getting up)

I shall tell Major Callendar that you've made a remarkable recovery.

AZIZ (getting up too)

I have!

FIELDING

So please tell your chap to bring my horse. (on the way to the door) He doesn't seem to understand my Urdu.

AZIZ

I told him not to - but now I will release you - Hassan - !

HASSAN (V.O.)

Huzoor - !

AZIZ shouts the orders about the horse and they go through to the VERANDAH.

336 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING screws up his eyes against the light.

FIELDING

By the way, what about this Marabar expedition? It's going to cost an awful lot. Would you like me to help call it off?

AZIZ (tempted)

Er - No, no. Arrangements are almost complete. I shall know exact date tomorrow.

FIELDING

Well, good. (he starts off down the steps) But don't leave it too long -

He stops on reaching the bottom, turns and looks almost straight up above his head. Grunts.

337 CLOSE SHOT. The SUN at NOON.

CUT

338 CLOSE UP. The STATION BELL at NIGHT. It suddenly begins to ring.

339 MEDIUM SHOT. The huddled forms of seven sleeping SERVANTS on the PLATFORM amongst various items of equipment for the picnic. There are BASKETS, BUNDLES of kitchen utensils, folded RUGS, a LADDER and a basket of live CHICKENS. Sitting in a FOLDING CHAIR more or less in the centre of all this is AZIZ. The BELL wakens him from a doze. He pulls himself together and gets to his feet.

AZIZ

Hassan - !

One of the figures moves.

HASSAN (sleepy)

Huzoor -

AZIZ starts folding his chair at the same time shouting to HASSAN to awaken the other servants. On SOUND the WHISTLE of an approaching TRAIN interrupts him.

340 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ stiffens with panic, gives a desperate glance around the platform, and makes towards the entrance.

341 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA pans with MRS MOORE and ADELA as they hurry onto the platform closely followed by ANTHONY. They almost collide with AZIZ.

AZIZ

Oh - ! You've come after all! I was afraid - how kind - how very kind!

On SOUND the whistle blows again and the rattle of the train begins to echo round the station.

MRS MOORE

I'm so sorry Doctor Aziz but I have never been my best at this time in the morning.

ADELA

But we're here and -

Her voice is drowned by the clatter of the train.

342 MEDIUM CLOSE. The small branch line ENGINE slides into the platform with a squeaking of brakes.

343 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CAMERA follows MRS MOORE and ADELA as they walk up the platform.

AZIZ

Excuse me -

He hurries over to the SERVANTS who are now on their feet beginning to gather up the bundles and baskets.

344 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE and ADELA stand watching as AZIZ takes charge of the operation. The SERVANTS pass in front of him with their various pieces.

ADELA (to Aziz)
But this is not all for us ?

AZIZ bounces up to them full of excitement.

AZIZ
For this great occasion I have had help from
all my friends! (quietly) I think you will not
need your servant.

ADELA
No indeed.

AZIZ (delighted)
And then we shall all be Muslims together.

ADELA (turning)
Anthony! (quietly to Aziz) I don't like him at all.
(Anthony steps up beside her) Anthony, you can go:
we won't need you any more.

ANTHONY
Master told me to stay.

ADELA
And Mistress tells you to go.

ANTHONY
Master says, keep near ladies all morning.

ADELA (firmly)
Please go.

AZIZ watches as ANTHONY, uncertain, takes a couple of steps back.
AZIZ goes over to him and quickly slips some money into his hand.

345 CLOSE SHOT. A SERVANT picks up the LADDER from the platform and
carries it past ADELA as she is rejoined by AZIZ.

ADELA
What is that for ?

AZIZ
A surprise! You will see !

On SOUND a WHISTLE blows.

AZIZ (to Mrs Moore)
Come! You are to travel Purdah - will you like
that ?

MRS MOORE
It will certainly be a new experience -

And they start climbing into the carriage assisted by SELIM,
Hamidullah's servant.

346 CLOSE SHOT. ANTHONY stands watching resentfully.

347 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA is climbing into the carriage

ADELA (to Aziz)
Where is Mr Fielding?

AZIZ looks towards the entrance, panic rising again.

AZIZ

He will be here. Englishmen never -

The TRAIN starts with a jolt.

348 MEDIUM SHOT. The LEVEL CROSSING just outside the STATION. A BELL is ringing and the GATE starts to descend just in time to halt a galloping horse-drawn TONGA. It pulls up in a series of swerves and jerks.

349 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING leaps out of the back where he has been sitting beside PROFESSOR GODBOLE. He stands taking in the situation, aghast.

350 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE remains in the tonga watching as:

351 CLOSE SHOT. The BAR of the GATE falls into its socket with a loud clonk.

352 CLOSE UP. GODBOLE looking at it with a curiously apprehensive expression.

353 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING standing beside the tonga looks toward the station and sees:

354 MEDIUM SHOT. The TRAIN coming towards him, AZIZ standing on the footboard outside the PURDAH CARRIAGE with MRS MOORE and ADELA beside him at the window. AZIZ suddenly sees FIELDING.

AZIZ

Mr Fielding - ! Mr Fielding - !

355 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING walks quickly up to the GATE as the TRAIN approaches. He shouts above the noise of the ENGINE as it passes:

FIELDING

I'm most awfully sorry Aziz!

356 MEDIUM CLOSE PANNING with the group looking down from the Purdah Carriage. AZIZ almost in tears.

AZIZ

You have destroyed me!

357 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING makes a gesture towards the TONGA.

FIELDING

It was Godbole's prayers - they went on forever.

358 CLOSE PANNING. AZIZ and the two LADIES passing by above.

AZIZ

Jump on - ! Jump - !

MRS MOORE

No! No - !

AZIZ

But I must have you :

359 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING starts a fast walk along the gate keeping pace with the train.

FIELDING

I'm sorry Aziz - but it really is no good.

360 CLOSE UP. GODBOLE is watching from his seat in the tonga.

361 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING stops at the end of the gate, hemmed in by the wires and supports. He shouts after the train:

FIELDING

We'll join you - somehow!

362 CLOSE SHOT on the train. The group at the window looking back.

AZIZ

Mrs Moore, our expedition is a ruin.

MRS MOORE

Nonsense. We shall now all be Muslims together.

AZIZ (instantly revived)

Oh, dear, dear Mrs Moore!

363 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING returns to the tonga where GODBOLE sits hunched over a very old UMBRELLA which he is rarely without, rain or shine.

FIELDING

Poor Aziz - we must try and get hold of a car.
Can you think of anyone?

GODBOLE shakes his head without considering.

FIELDING

Anything the matter?

GODBOLE (hesitates)

You saw the gate shut against us?

FIELDING (impatient)

Yes -

GODBOLE

Today is Tuesday.

FIELDING (his suspicions aroused)

Go on -

GODBOLE

Not a wise day to undertake such a journey.
Extremely inauspicious, Mr Fielding.

FIELDING considers the delay over the prayers and the missing of the train. His suspicions confirmed:

FIELDING

Godbole -

CUT

364 LONG SHOT. The TRAIN chugging away from CAMERA beginning to climb.

365 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the lamplit PURDAH COMPARTMENT the shutters are down and MRS MOORE is comfortably arranged among cushions with a plate of POACHED EGGS and TOAST. SELIM approaches with a second plate of eggs.

ADELA

I wouldn't have missed this for anything.

SELIM (to Adela)

Miss-sahib -

ADELA

Thank you.

SELIM

Tea coming!

ADELA

Thank you. (to Mrs Moore) What a relief after Anthony.

MRS MOORE

Yes, but a strange place to do the cooking.

366 CLOSE SHOT. SELIM squats on his haunches in the TOILET before a CHARCOAL STOVE. He is somewhat restricted by the fittings as he pours boiling water into the TEAPOT.

CUT

367 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING'S SITTING ROOM lit by early morning sun. FIELDING seated, talking on the telephone. GODBOLE stands looking down at him in a state of scarcely-concealed anxiety.

FIELDING

That's very, very kind. Yes, of course.
Nine-thirty then, we'll be there. Goodbye.

He replaces the receiver and stands up into:

368 CLOSE SHOT. He says to GODBOLE:

FIELDING

I'm always rather embarrassed when people
I dislike are nice to me.

He turns and wanders over to a WINDOW, his back to us.

FIELDING

She's visiting a purdah clinic not all that far
from the Marabar - she says the road goes up to
just below the caves. (lifts his wrist to read
his watch) We'd better leave in half an hour.
(turning) Care for a coffee?

A look of surprise comes over his face.

369 MEDIUM LONG. GODBOLE is already out on the TERRACE, walking away.

CUT

370 LONG SHOT. A spectacular view of the little Marabar TRAIN, now

some thousand feet above the PLAIN. On one side of the track is a wall cut out of the solid rock, on the other a sheer drop.

371 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA pulls down the WINDOW of the purdah compartment. She looks gingerly out - then down.

372 LONG SHOT, her POV. The stony edge of the track passing by in foreground, just beyond it a giddy view of the drop.

373 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA grips the window frame for support. Then hears AZIZ's cheery voice:

AZIZ (V.O.)
Miss Quested - !

ADELA (to herself)
Oh no -

374 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ is making his way towards her on the outside of the train in happy disregard of the PRECIPICE beneath him.

AZIZ
Is Mrs Moore awake?

375 CLOSE UP. ADELA collects herself, manages to say:

ADELA
Yes - but please - please go in.

376 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ continues his way along the footboard, laughing at her concern.

AZIZ
Don't worry, Miss Quested, we're monkeys - look!

Hanging onto a bar with one hand he leans out over the abyss, raising the other in a simian gesture.

377 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA leaves the window to slump into her seat.

378 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE enjoying a cup of tea looks up.

MRS MOORE
Tell me, dear, what is going on out there?
(her expression changes) Oh dear.

379 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ has appeared outside the window. He sticks his head into the compartment.

AZIZ
Excuse me, Mrs Moore, we are almost there and I must explain to you about the ladder. It is to be your big surprise!

CUT

380 MEDIUM TRACKING. An ELEPHANT accompanied by a procession of SERVANTS, VILLAGERS, baggage DONKEYS and excited CHILDREN make their way uphill. The elephant is ridden by a MAHOUT. AZIZ sits behind him under a HOWDAH next to ADELA. MRS MOORE sits with her back to them, facing the rear.

381 CLOSE TRACKING. The ELEPHANT elaborately painted with decorations on its forehead and trunk.

382 CLOSE TRACKING. The GROUP under the howdah, AZIZ bursting with pride and relief.

AZIZ

You cannot imagine how you honour me! You make me feel that we are journeying back into my past, and that I am a Moghul Emperor!

383 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS MOORE rocking gently to the motion of the elephant. She says rather sleepily:

MRS MOORE

India is somehow a journey back into all our pasts. Very pleasing - (she shuts her eyes) very disturbing.

384 CLOSE TRACKING. AZIZ and ADELA. She looks at him, straight-backed and proud, his anxieties forgotten. She gives a sympathetic little smile and looks ahead.

385 MEDIUM TRACKING. The barren rock-paved way uphill between the CLIFFS of granite.

386 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looks dreamily ahead, swaying to the motion of the animal. On SOUND the regular padding of its great feet becoming more and more insistent.

387 CLOSE TRACKING. The front FEET of the elephant rising and falling on the granite. PAD - - PAD - - PAD - - PAD - -

388 CLOSE UP ADELA, her eyes unfocused, lost in thought. PAD - - PAD - -
- PAD - - PAD - -

389 CLOSE TRACKING. One FOOT of the elephant scuffing the granite with its gentle tread.

390 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE fast asleep, her head moving to the rhythm.

391 MEDIUM TRACKING. The PROCESSION of VILLAGERS and SERVANTS following behind.

392 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ and ADELA. She comes out of a daydream, finds herself looking down at:

393 CLOSE TRACKING, her POV. A MAN walking below her carrying an ancient HURRICANE LAMP.

394 CLOSE UP ADELA. She looks up high above her.

395 TRACKING, her POV. Great slabs of GRANITE CLIFF towering up into a cloudless blue SKY.

396 CLOSE UP TRACKING. The LAMP swinging in the hand of the GUIDE.

CUT

397 LONG SHOT. An almost exact CAMERA SET-UP of the black-and-white photograph which ADELA saw in the P. & O. Office when she collected the tickets. A STONE CLIFF, devoid of vegetation, rises almost

straight into the sky. At its base several BLACK HOLES penetrate the granite. The place is deserted, desolate and silent except for the distant high-pitched screaming of KITES which echoes back from the cliff face.

398 MEDIUM LONG. The BIRDS sailing in the updraught above the CLIFF.

399 MEDIUM SHOT. An irregular series of BLACK HOLES punched into the granite. Nothing moving.

400 LONG SHOT. The PICNIC encampment has been set up at the foot of the cliff containing the first and lowest of the CAVES. The VILLAGERS are gathered round the perimeter of the carpets watching MRS MOORE and ADELA seated at a table under umbrellas. AZIZ is organising the SERVANTS and the ELEPHANT is eating a breakfast of leaves beside an ancient WATER TANK.

401 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and ADELA seated opposite each other, AZIZ's vacant chair between them. MRS MOORE looks around.

MRS MOORE

A horrid, stuffy place really.

A SERVANT places a vase of brightly coloured ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS on the table. AZIZ takes his place.

AZIZ

The best caves are higher up - (pointing) - under the Kawa Dol, but we start in this one.

They all look towards the CAVE.

402 CLOSE SHOT. The black ENTRANCE to the tunnel, the GUIDE squatting beside it preparing his LAMP. AZIZ'S VOICE:

AZIZ (V.O.)

The Guide says everyone please to go in quietly. All sounds make big echo, many small sounds create inharmonious effect.

403 MEDIUM SHOT. The GROUP, MRS MOORE looks dubiously at the cave.

MRS MOORE

Oh dear, I do hope I shall be all right. In my early days with Ronny's father I made rather a fool of myself in the Chamber of Horrors.

AZIZ

Horrors. What horrors?

MRS MOORE

A Wax Museum. He was a rather conventional young man - which made it all rather worse.

AZIZ

This was not Stella's father?

MRS MOORE

No, no. Stella's father was most unconventional. (sitting back with a wealth of memory) - My goodness me.

The GUIDE comes up to AZIZ holding the lighted LANTERN.

- 404 MEDIUM SHOT. There is a buzz of excitement as the VILLAGERS rise to their feet in anticipation. AZIZ instructs them to follow his guests quietly and in good order. He and the GUIDE then lead the way towards the ENTRANCE.
- 405 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS MOORE following behind AZIZ and ADELA, the VILLAGERS and SERVANTS behind her. She looks upwards:
- 406 TRACKING, her POV. The CLIFF towering above her, its perspective flattening as she approaches its base.
- 407 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS MOORE enters the TUNNEL, her face becoming darker and darker. On SOUND an undulating RUMBLE arises from the shuffle of footsteps. As she enters the CAVE a streak of lamp-light illuminates her face. She is looking at:
- 408 MEDIUM TRACKING. The GUIDE walking away across the CAVE, the lamp raised above his head, the dim outlines of AZIZ and ADELA close behind him.
- 409 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ and ADELA stop, looking at:
- 410 CLOSE SHOT. The WALLS of the chamber are marvellously polished and veined with lovely colours, a concave MIRROR in which the LAMP is approaching its own reflection.
- 411 CLOSE UP. ADELA staring at it. On SOUND the resonance increasing as more people enter the cave.
- 412 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE is beginning to be hemmed in by the VILLAGERS crowding in through the tunnel, most of them taller than her. The NOISE increases. The LIGHT goes off her face.
- 413 CLOSE SHOT. The GUIDE lowers his LAMP and turns to the CROWD. AZIZ and ADELA watch as he makes signs to hush them. The noise decreases.
- 414 CLOSE UP. The dimly lit face of MRS MOORE, the top of her head level with the shoulders of those around her. Complete SILENCE. Then, out of the silence comes the CRY of a BABY. There is an immediate ECHO. MRS MOORE turns, trying to follow it around the walls.
- 415 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ, ADELA and the GUIDE looking up and around. The ECHO increases in volume, changes character and pitch. Their heads tilt further and further back following the sound upwards until a distant detonation, somewhere high inside the mountain, produces a remote "BOUM!"
- 416 MEDIUM SHOT. The SCREEN filled with INDIAN FACES looking up in fear and wonder as the ECHO pours back onto them down the walls of the cave, louder and louder.
- 417 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE upset by the noise and the crush of people.

MRS MOORE
Please - please.

The ECHO fades away. SILENCE again. She calms.

- 418 CLOSE SHOT. The GUIDE puts back his head and calls:

GUIDE
Kawa - Dol - !

- 419 CLOSE SHOT. The VILLAGERS follow the new ECHO around the WALLS.
- 420 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA, a little apprehensive, moves closer to AZIZ. The SOUND increases in volume and changes its character and pitch as before. The GUIDE raises his LAMP as it travels upwards and away.
- 421 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE in the streak of light from the raised lamp. She looks higher and higher. "BOUM!" The ECHO pours back down the walls. The LIGHT goes off her face. SILENCE.
- 422 CLOSE SHOT. The GUIDE holds up the LAMP towards AZIZ. He looks around with pleasurable anticipation, raises his hands and calls:

AZIZ

Mrs - Moore - !

- 423 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE wedged in the shadows between VILLAGERS. She hears her name going through the same transformation. "Mrs - Moore! - Mrs Moore - Moore - " becomes a distant "Boum!" As it pours back down the walls she turns and frantically pushes away from it.
- 424 LONG SHOT. The deserted PICNIC SITE, the cliff face, the small black hole, the empty chairs and tables. After a few seconds the small figure of MRS MOORE almost runs out of the CAVE into the SUNLIGHT. She stops and turns.
- 425 CLOSE SHOT. Her HANDBAG lying in the entrance of the TUNNEL. Her hand enters PICTURE and picks it up. The CAMERA pans with her as she walks unsteadily towards her chair under the umbrellas. She flops down out of breath and dazzled by the sudden brightness of the light. She rummages in her bag and produces a pair of dark SUNGLASSES. She puts them on, relaxes a little and rests her head on the back of the chair. Finds herself looking at:
- 426 MEDIUM LONG, her POV through the DARK GLASSES. The MOON floating in a preternaturally blue sky above the CLIFF.
- 427 BIG CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE's upturned face, her eyes only just visible behind the dark lenses.
- 428 CLOSE SHOT. The MOON, its barren mountains, the deep blue of SPACE.
- 429 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE staring up disturbed and fearful. The SOUND of laughter and chatter causes her to turn.
- 430 MEDIUM SHOT, her POV through the glasses. A strangely-coloured SHOT towards the cave, AZIZ talking to the GUIDE as VILLAGERS and SERVANTS pour out of the tunnel, ADELA hurrying towards her.
- 431 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE lowers her head, a little embarrassed by her retreat from the cave. On SOUND ADELA's footsteps approaching. Then her VOICE:

ADELA (V.O.)

Are you all right?

MRS MOORE

Yes, yes - (she looks up)

- 432 CLOSE SHOT, her POV. ADELA stops in front of her, outlined strangely against the background of unnaturally deep blue sky.

ADELA
Are you sure?

433 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE forces a smile to reassure her.

MRS MOORE
Yes. (glances towards the cave) Godbole never mentioned an echo. I didn't like it at all.

ADELA (soothing her)
No - and far too many people. Would you like something to drink?

434 CLOSE UP, MRS MOORE.

MRS MOORE
Thank you. (puts her head back again) - I suppose, like many old people, I sometimes wonder if we are merely passing figures in a godless universe.

435 CLOSE SHOT. The desolate landscape of the MOON, almost filling the screen.

436 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE sits looking up, motionless with horror. Then she looks around. ADELA is not there.

MRS MOORE
Oh - (turns)

437 MEDIUM CLOSE, her POV. ADELA approaching silently over the CARPET carrying a cup of tea.

ADELA
There we are.

MRS MOORE
Thank you my dear. I didn't realise you'd gone.

She takes off the SUNGLASSES, stuffs them back in her bag and takes the tea.

MRS MOORE (returning to normal)
That's better.

AZIZ bounces up beside ADELA and smiles down at MRS MOORE.

AZIZ
We should be thinking of moving on before the sun gets too high.

MRS MOORE
Will you forgive me, Doctor Aziz? But I'm rather tired and I think I'll stay here. I've never been a good walker and you two will manage much better without me.

AZIZ
Dear Mrs Moore, nothing to forgive. In fact I'm glad you're not coming because you are treating me with true frankness, as a friend.

MRS MOORE
Yes, I am your friend. (touching his arm) So may I make another suggestion?

AZIZ

Of course -

MRS MOORE

I think you'll find it more convenient if you don't let quite so many of these people go with you this time, it becomes rather crowded.

AZIZ accepts the idea immediately. He shouts over to the GUIDE, making a gesture towards the VILLAGERS. Turns to MRS MOORE:

AZIZ

It is done! Miss Quested and I will only take the Guide. Right?

MRS MOORE

Quite right, now enjoy yourselves.

She sinks back into her chair and closes her eyes.

CUT

- 438 LONG SHOT. Three tiny FIGURES climbing a barren SLOPE towards the base of a towering CLIFF. Beyond them the distant PLAIN.
- 439 MEDIUM SHOT. The GUIDE, in foreground of PICTURE, turns to look back at AZIZ and ADELA following up behind. When they are only a few yards from him AZIZ stops and points out over the plain.
- 440 CLOSE SHOT. The GUIDE squats down on the rock, waiting.
- 441 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA raises a pair of BINOCULARS she has been carrying around her neck and focuses.
- 442 BINOCULAR SHOT. CHANDRAPORE, shimmering in the heat haze, surprisingly small and insignificant in the middle of the vast plain.
- 443 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA lowers the binoculars, glances once more at the town, then turns to AZIZ.

ADELA

Doctor Aziz, may I ask you something rather personal? I -

She looks up at the GUIDE squatting on the rock.

AZIZ

He doesn't understand.

ADELA

You were married, weren't you?

AZIZ

Yes, indeed.

ADELA

Did you love your wife when you married her?

He hesitates a moment.

AZIZ

We never set eyes on each other until our wedding day.

ADELA

Oh -

AZIZ

It was arranged by our families. I had only seen her face in a photograph.

A pause.

ADELA

And what about love?

AZIZ hesitates. Then says quite simply:

AZIZ

We were a man and a woman. And we were young.

She looks at him a little taken aback. Then smiles, liking him, and makes a move to go. He starts off again.

444 CLOSE SHOT. The GUIDE jumps to his feet, scrambles on up the slope.

CUT

445 LONG SHOT. The SUN high in the sky, a BIRD wheeling.

446 LONG SHOT. The rocky SLOPE now shimmering in the heat. AZIZ a few paces ahead of ADELA, both silhouetted against the PLAIN.

447 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA comes to a stop, a little out of breath. AZIZ turns and waits.

448 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA takes off her SOLA TOPI. Her forehead and the hair under her helmet glistening with perspiration. She wipes it with her hand, looks down at her shining palm.

449 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looking down at her.

450 MEDIUM CLOSE. She becomes aware of him watching, looks up, and smiles shyly. He returns the smile.

AZIZ

Hot.

ADELA

Yes.

She replaces the HELMET, adjusts the strap under her chin and stands ready to proceed. AZIZ holds out a hand to her. After a momentary hesitation she takes it.

ADELA

Oh, thank you -

AZIZ turns. The CAMERA follows as they go on up the slope.

451 CLOSE UP. Her hand in his.

452 CLOSE UP. She looking down at it - then up at him.

ADELA

Doctor Aziz - did you have more than one wife?

453 CLOSE UP. AZIZ glances back at her, embarrassed.

AZIZ

One. One in my case. (looks ahead) Nearly there.

454 MEDIUM SHOT, his POV. The GUIDE reaches the line of caves, makes for a patch of shade and sits with his back against the CLIFF.

455 MEDIUM SHOT. AZIZ and ADELA reach the top of the slope which ends in a series of terraces and grooves. There are five or six CAVES with entrance tunnels of similar size and pattern.

456 CLOSE SHOT. They come to a stop in front of one of the tunnels. He lets go of her hand.

AZIZ

I'll be back in a moment.

He goes. She stands looking after him.

457 MEDIUM SHOT. He walks away along the TERRACE and past the GUIDE, then disappears behind a curve in the rock.

458 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA turns her back to CAMERA to look at the black ENTRANCE TUNNEL. She wanders over and stands for a moment looking into it, then looks in the direction of AZIZ. Then leans back against the wall, waiting.

459 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ is squatting in the entrance to another cave puffing a CIGARETTE. He looks into the middle distance, thinking.

460 CLOSE UP. ADELA is standing beside the black entrance to the cave. She looks moodily out at:

461 LONG SHOT. The shimmering rocks and the distant plain.

462 MEDIUM CLOSE. She takes off her helmet, looks at it, turns again in the direction of AZIZ. Seeing nothing she turns and slowly enters the tunnel.

463 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ takes a final puff at his half finished cigarette, stubs it out rather too hard and rises to his feet.

464 MEDIUM LONG. The line of CAVES along the TERRACE, the GUIDE half asleep against the cliff. AZIZ enters the foreground of PICTURE. He stops for a moment surprised by the absence of ADELA. The GUIDE rises to his feet as AZIZ approaches.

465 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ steps up to him and says in Urdu:

AZIZ

Where is Miss Quested ?

The GUIDE looks along the line of caves, shrugs:

GUIDE

She went into a cave.

AZIZ

Which cave?

The GUIDE vaguely indicates the various entrances. AZIZ looks at

him exasperated, looks around and calls:

AZIZ
Miss Quested - !

The only reply is a distant echo from the cliff face.

466 CLOSE SHOT. The sudden striking of a MATCH illuminates ADELA's face in the darkness of the CAVE. She holds the match between her fingers and listens to its curious snake-like ECHO chasing round the unseen walls. It slowly dies away into SILENCE. Still holding the burning match she looks over towards:

467 MEDIUM SHOT. The TUNNEL and the silhouette of its mouth outlined against a white glare of DAYLIGHT.

468 CLOSE UP. ADELA looks at it with a certain amount of trepidation. Then she hears his voice calling rather distantly:

AZIZ (V.O.)
Miss Quested - !

She immediately becomes uncertain and fearful. Then blows out the MATCH. Now dimly lit by the light from the entrance she stands waiting, her breath coming unevenly. On SOUND the approaching crunch of FOOTSTEPS on the stony terrace starts another series of echoes chasing around the walls. The footsteps stop. ADELA holds her breath.

469 MEDIUM CLOSE. The black silhouette of AZIZ framed in the entrance. He bends down and peers in.

AZIZ
Miss Quested - ?

470 CLOSE UP. ADELA is suddenly engulfed by the echo of her name reverberating round the cave. It increases in volume, changes in pitch and rises upwards into the roof. "BOUM!" She closes her eyes.

CUT

471 CLOSE SHOT. WATER is beginning to trickle over the edge of the TANK and stream down the side.

472 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE fast asleep in the shade of the umbrella. She stirs in her sleep, and wakes.

473 MEDIUM CLOSE. The ELEPHANT is sinking to its knees in the middle of the tank. The MAHOUT stands in front of it with a scrubbing brush, a line of SERVANTS watching from the side. The ELEPHANT finally settles itself in the water.

474 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE looks around, worried and uncertain.

MRS MOORE (quietly)
What's happened ?

A SERVANT'S VOICE reassures her laughingly:

SERVANT (V.O.)
Elephant taking bath, memsahib.

MRS MOORE glances towards the elephant, ignores it.

MRS MOORE (to herself)
Something else -

Finds herself rising to her feet, looking towards the distant caves.

475 MEDIUM LONG. AZIZ is half running, half walking past the line of BLACK HOLES in the cliff above the slope. The GUIDE stands in foreground of PICTURE watching him approach, calling somewhat at random:

AZIZ
Miss Quested - ! Miss Quested - !

His voice echoes back from the cliff.

476 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ is out of breath and sweating profusely. He comes up to the GUIDE with an interrogative gesture. The GUIDE shakes his head stupidly. AZIZ gives one last desperate look around the caves and down the slope. Then calls without any real hope of a reply:

AZIZ
Miss Quested !

He listens to the expected echo, then turns on the GUIDE:

AZIZ (shouting)
Fool - !

And hits him hard in the face. The GUIDE gasps, steps back clutching his face and runs off down the slope.

477 CLOSE UP. AZIZ watches him between fury and tears. He wipes his forehead and shakes his head in a kind of childish desperation. Then on SOUND comes the distant blast of a CAR HORN: "Honk - Honk - Honk - " AZIZ turns, listening to the echo from the cliffs. All he can see is:

478 LONG SHOT, his POV. The line of CAVES, the MOUNTAIN-SIDE and a glimpse of the distant PLAIN.

479 CLOSE UP. AZIZ hesitates not knowing what to do. Then he is pulled to by the distant SLAM of a car door.

480 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CAMERA pans with AZIZ as he runs back along the terrace past the BLACK HOLES. He passes the last cave and has to slow up on some rough ground at the top of a GULLY.

481 CLOSE SHOT. He comes to a halt looking down at:

482 MEDIUM LONG. The GULLY twisting down past BOULDERS and clumps of CACTUS BUSHES to a mountain ROAD some hundred and fifty yards away. A CAR is stopped in the road and A WOMAN is assisting ADELA into the passenger seat, slamming the door behind her.

483 CLOSE UP. AZIZ watches in bewilderment, seemingly unable to account for such a strange occurrence. He steps back as if in retreat from the catastrophe that has overtaken his plans, unable to face it.

484 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA follows him back over the rough ground and past the entrance to the first cave. Then he suddenly stops in

CLOSE UP looking down at:

485 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA'S BINOCULARS lying outside the entrance to the second cave. On SOUND another SLAM of a car door.

486 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ bends down and picks up the BINOCULARS. He examines them for a moment, wipes off a smudge of dust. He hears the noise of the car driving off. Looks around at a loss. Then with a last fearful look at the caves, he turns and runs.

487 LONG SHOT. AZIZ plunging headlong down the SLOPE against the SKY, fleeing from the caves with the grace of a frightened animal.

CUT

488 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CAMERA follows FIELDING as he walks onto the PICNIC SITE, hot and rather out of breath. He spots MRS MOORE in her chair under the umbrella and calls over cheerily:

FIELDING

Good morning Mrs Moore! (she turns to him) So sorry about this morning, but here I am at last. (stopping) Everything going well?

MRS MOORE (raising her voice)

Have you seen anything of Doctor Aziz and Miss Quested ?

FIELDING

No. I've only just walked up from the road and I'm dying for a drink - be with you in a moment.

And he sets off again, passing with some surprise the ELEPHANT going in the opposite direction. He makes for a group of SERVANTS and asks, in Urdu, for a glass of water.

489 CLOSE SHOT. He stops, taking in all AZIZ's arrangements.

FIELDING (to himself)

My goodness me -

A SERVANT arrives with the water. FIELDING thanks him and drinks. MRS MOORE enters PICTURE.

MRS MOORE

I'm so glad you're here, Mr Fielding -

FIELDING (surprised)

Oh - I was coming over to you - nothing wrong?

MRS MOORE

No, not exactly, but they went off with the guide over an hour ago, more in fact, and somehow -

She doesn't finish.

FIELDING (looking round)

I don't know this place but I'm sure they'll be back soon. Not to worry.

On SOUND a distant shout, AZIZ'S VOICE:

AZIZ (V.O.)
Fielding - ! Fielding - !

They look up seeing:

- 490 MEDIUM LONG, their POV. AZIZ running towards them, alone.
- 491 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE looking at him, her fears mounting. FIELDING looks at her immediately aware of something very wrong. He looks back at:
- 492 CLOSE PANNING. The CAMERA follows AZIZ as he runs up to FIELDING and MRS MOORE panting for breath.

AZIZ
Oh, Fielding! I've so wanted you.

FIELDING
What is it ?

MRS MOORE (urgently)
Where is Miss Quested ?

AZIZ makes an awkward gesture towards the slope.

AZIZ
She went down to the road. I think she met Mrs Callendar. It looked like her car.

FIELDING (brusquely)
Of course it was her car, she drove me up here.

AZIZ (still out of breath)
Oh -

FIELDING
But why did Miss Quested go off with Mrs Callendar?

AZIZ
I don't know.

MRS MOORE
But, Doctor Aziz, when did you part from her?
I don't understand.

AZIZ
Nor do I. (trying to regain his breath) I went around the corner to have a cigarette.

FIELDING
And - ?

AZIZ (fast)
And when I came back the guide couldn't remember which cave she had gone into. So I started to look in all the caves and when I came out of - I think it was the third cave - I saw these.

He holds up the BINOCULARS. FIELDING and MRS MOORE stare at them swinging in his hand.

AZIZ
And then - I think it was then - I heard the car.
I ran to the edge and saw Miss Quested getting in

AZIZ (contd)
to it. And she drove away with Mrs Callendar. That
is all. (holding up the glasses) And these.

They look from one to another.

MRS MOORE (quietly)
I think we had better go back.

AZIZ (desperate)
Oh, Mrs Moore, our great day is in tatters.
I will never forgive myself -

Before she can say anything he turns and runs, shouting to the
SERVANTS to pack everything up.

493 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and MRS MOORE watching.

FIELDING
Aziz is an innocent. Something else must have
happened.

MRS MOORE
Of course something else happened. This is a
dangerous place for new arrivals.

FIELDING looks at her.

CUT

494 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA is sitting on a BED in a state of near hysteria,
her hair dishevelled and her face flushed. MRS CALLENDAR is taking
off her dress by sliding it over her head.

MRS CALLENDAR
Now lie back, dear, and do your best to relax.

She eases ADELA's head onto the pillow as MAJOR CALLENDAR's voice
is heard:

MAJOR CALLENDAR (V.O.)
On to your side, Miss Quested, just for a moment.

MRS CALLENDAR eases her over as the CAMERA starts to TRACK down
her body disclosing her badly scratched arms. We are in a chintzy
room with flowered wall-paper and coloured sheets, quite unlike
the RONNY household. On SOUND the regular "Ti-tonk - Ti-tonk -
Ti-tonk - " of a ceiling FAN. MAJOR CALLENDAR is disclosed as
he pulls a sheet over ADELA and places a HYPODERMIC SYRINGE in a
kidney-shaped tray by his side.

MAJOR CALLENDAR
You'll be feeling much better very soon now.
Try and snooze a little.

495 CLOSE UP. ADELA lying on the pillow trying to control her sobs,
thinking of the CAVES.

CUT

496 CLOSE UP. AZIZ is also thinking of the CAVES as he looks out of
the window of the TRAIN as it approaches CHANDRAPORE.

497 CLOSE UP. FIELDING sits opposite, concerned for his distress.

498 MEDIUM LONG. The TRAIN approaching the lowered gates of the LEVEL CROSSING, the usual CROWD waiting for it to pass. As the ENGINE rumbles by:

499 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING and AZIZ in their compartment, the TRAIN slowing down.

FIELDING

After we've seen off Mrs Moore, like it or not I'm going to take you back for a good stiff drink. Here we are - (looks to the other side of the carriage) Good Lord - quite a crowd.

500 LONG SHOT. The PLATFORM is crowded with people watching the TRAIN pull into the STATION.

501 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY is standing by himself amongst the crowd, his eyes searching the carriages as they rumble by.

502 CLOSE SHOT. A group of four uniformed POLICEMEN watching the train. Standing at their head is MR HAQ, the gloomy Police Inspector whom we met at Aziz's bedside.

503 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING and AZIZ inside their compartment, seated on the far side from the platform. The train jolts to a stop, AZIZ picks up the BINOCULARS from the seat and they both stand.

504 CLOSE SHOT. The DOOR is flung open by MR HAQ. He stands looking up from the crowded platform and says in a voice shrill with tension:

HAQ

Doctor Aziz, it is my painful duty to arrest you.

505 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ and FIELDING stare down at him dumbfounded.

FIELDING

What on earth are you talking about?

HAQ (V.O.)

Sir, those are my instructions. I know nothing.

FIELDING

And on what charge do you arrest him?

506 CLOSE SHOT. HAQ surrounded by upturned faces gaping up into the compartment.

HAQ

I am under instructions not to say.

FIELDING

Don't answer me like that. Produce your warrant.

HAQ

Sir, excuse me, no warrant is required under these particular circumstances. Please refer to Superintendent McBryde.

507 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and AZIZ staring down at HAQ.

FIELDING

And we certainly will. (to Aziz) Come along old chap, some ridiculous mistake -

But AZIZ stands transfixed, staring at MR HAQ.

508 CLOSE UP. HAQ says with all the persuasion he can muster:

HAQ

Doctor Aziz, will you please come? A closed conveyance is in the yard.

509 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ suddenly turns, pulls down the WINDOW, reaches outside and tries to open the DOOR. FIELDING grabs him.

FIELDING

For God's sake -

He shakes him like a hysterical child, says with quiet intensity:

FIELDING

Never, never act the criminal. McBryde's a decent fellow. We'll see him together.

AZIZ (looking up into his face)

But my children and my name -

FIELDING

Nothing of the sort. (to Haq) We're coming Mr Haq.

510 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY is helping MRS MOORE down onto the PLATFORM. She is only just beginning to take in the crowd around the next-door carriage. (The following dialogue is scarcely heard above the general noise and is only intended to help convey Mrs Moore's growing concern and Ronny's intention to get her off the platform as quickly as possible.)

MRS MOORE

What is this, Ronny?

RONNY

Come - I've got a car waiting outside.

MRS MOORE

But that is Mr Fielding's and Doctor Aziz's compartment -

RONNY

Yes, now please come along, I'll explain as soon as we get outside -

They are already on the move through the CROWD, a POLICEMAN ahead of them calling for a way to be made, CAMERA tracking with them.

MRS MOORE (looking back)

But it's quite wrong for me to go off without a word -

RONNY

Mother, please. I know what I'm doing - make way please - !

511 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ and FIELDING step down onto the PLATFORM. There is a sudden hush in the vicinity.

FIELDING (quietly)
Take my arm. I'll see you through.

CAMERA tracks with them through the dense crowd, POLICE before and behind them. Faces and more faces, just staring. Then a familiar VOICE calls authoritatively:

VOICE
Fielding - !

FIELDING stops, seeing:

512 CLOSE SHOT. TURTON standing in the crowd flanked by two POLICEMEN.

TURTON
Fielding, I must have a word with you.

He turns and goes towards the WAITING ROOM.

513 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ looks up at FIELDING.

AZIZ
Don't leave me -

FIELDING (horribly torn)
I have to go. I'll be with you as soon as I possibly can.

He goes after TURTON. HAQ gives a sharp order, his attitude hardened now FIELDING has gone. Two POLICEMEN step up to AZIZ, take an arm each, and more or less frog-march him off through the CROWD amidst rising excitement.

514 CLOSE SHOT. HASSAN, his servant, watching, desperate.

515 CLOSE TRACKING. AZIZ with the POLICE on his arms pushing through to the ENTRANCE.

516 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE and RONNY in the STATION YARD. She pulls away from him looking anxiously back.

RONNY (raising his voice)
Mother, will you please come along?

MRS MOORE (rather wildly)
I will not. Something very terrible is happening.

517 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ being hauled through the CROWD by the POLICE. He is in an almost complete state of collapse, his head down, almost being carried. He does not realise he is passing MRS MOORE. The CAMERA remains on her face. She sees:

518 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ bundled into a closed POLICE VAN. The DOOR is closed with a SLAM.

519 MEDIUM CLOSE inside the station WAITING ROOM. TURTON sits at a table with FIELDING standing opposite him. The noise outside on the platform is decreasing and through the frosted glass WINDOWS the ghost-like CROWD can be seen drifting away.

FIELDING
Absolutely impossible, grotesque.

TURTON
I'm afraid not. I called you away to save you
the disgrace of being seen with him.

FIELDING
Very kind - but who brings this infamous charge ?

TURTON
Mrs Callendar - who witnessed the poor girl's
flight down the ravine - and the victim herself.

On SOUND the TRAIN starts to pull out of the station.

FIELDING (trying to contain himself)
Miss Qusted. Miss Qusted accuses Aziz of
attempted rape ?

TURTON
Yes.

FIELDING
Then she's mad.

TURTON
I cannot pass that remark.

FIELDING
I'm sorry, sir, but the charge must rest on some
dreadful misunderstanding. Five minutes will clear
it up.

TURTON
It does indeed rest on a misunderstanding.

He stands up, indicating that the interview is over. He makes
towards the door looking meaningly at FIELDING.

TURTON
I have had twenty-five years' experience of this
country and I have never known anything but
disaster result when English and Indians attempt
to be intimate. (opens the door)

520 MEDIUM CLOSE. The equipment and stores from the PICNIC are piled
on the PLATFORM. A small group of SCAVENGERS are gathered round,
watching HASSAN drag one of the folding CHAIRS from a MAN trying
to make off with it. Several others begin delving into the FOOD
BASKETS. HASSAN screams at them in Urdu.

521 CLOSE SHOT. TURTON and FIELDING come out onto the PLATFORM. TURTON
takes in the situation at a glance. Calls to a POLICEMAN:

TURTON
Officer! Stop this at once - !

POLICEMAN (V.O.)
Sir - !

TURTON sees something else. He points and yells:

TURTON
Put that down - !

On SOUND a crash of breaking GLASS.

522 CLOSE UP. Two broken bottles, SCOTCH and PORT, their contents spreading over the platform.

CUT

523 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ sits on a PRISON STOOL. On SOUND a KEY turns in a metal lock. Feet walk away down an echoing corridor. He lowers his head and shuts his eyes.

524 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING sitting in a horse-drawn TONGA driving through a crowded STREET. The raucous blaring of a LOCAL BAND grows louder.

525 LONG SHOT. The TONGA overtakes a ragged looking PROCESSION accompanying a half completed PAPER TOWER.

526 MEDIUM CLOSE. Superintendent McBRYDE and MAJOR CALLENDAR at the main door of the POLICE STATION. On SOUND the BAND approaching. They look across the street, McBRYDE an impressive figure in his uniform.

McBRYDE (a Scots accent)
I hate these damned festivals, be glad when it's over. Always have a feeling they might go over the top.

CALLENDAR gives him an uneasy look. Then sees something.

CALLENDAR
You have a visitor.

527 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING jumps down from the TONGA parked outside the Station yard, starts paying off the DRIVER.

528 CLOSE SHOT. CALLENDAR turns to McBRYDE:

CALLENDAR
I think I'll be off. See you tonight.

He turns and goes rather quickly. McBRYDE looks back at the yard, raises a hand in greeting.

529 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING, now inside the yard, returns the greeting.

CUT

530 CLOSE UP. The BINOCULARS are raised into PICTURE by McBRYDE.

McBRYDE
She hit him with these. That's how she escaped.

531 MEDIUM SHOT. The two men are sitting in McBRYDE'S OFFICE facing each other across his desk. The BAND continuous.

FIELDING
If he had assaulted her he'd scarcely bring the evidence back with him.

McBRYDE
Doesn't surprise me.

FIELDING
I don't follow.

McBRYDE
When you think of crime you think of English crime. The psychology here is different, particularly in regard to women. I've been going through his wallet. (unfolds a dingy sheet of paper) Here's a letter from a friend who apparently keeps a brothel.

FIELDING
I don't want to hear his private letters.

McBRYDE
It'll have to be quoted in court as bearing on his morals. Our respectable young doctor was fixing up to see tarts in Calcutta.

FIELDING
Oh, come on. You may have the right to throw stones at a young man for that sort of thing, but I haven't. I did the same at his age.

McBRYDE looks at FIELDING po-faced. A POLICEMAN enters, salutes, and hands McBRYDE two VISITING CARDS.

McBRYDE
It starts already. (to policeman) Tell them to wait.

The POLICEMAN goes. McBRYDE holds up the cards to FIELDING.

McBRYDE
Vakil Hamidullah and Mahmoud Ali - (reading) -
"Legal Advisers to the prisoner."

FIELDING (after a beat)
Where is Miss Quested now?

McBRYDE
She's staying with the Callendars until she's out of danger.

FIELDING
What danger ?

McBRYDE
She has a fever, but much worse, literally hundreds of cactus spines are embedded in her arms and legs. Until they're removed there's danger of them entering the bloodstream.

FIELDING (somewhat sobered)
Yes.

McBRYDE
Her scramble down the ravine was so precipitate it started a small avalanche of stones which stopped Mrs Callendar's car. She hooted thinking some work

was going on above. Then she saw her. She had got among some cactuses and was beginning to panic.

FIELDING, worried, tries to arrange his thoughts.

FIELDING

I suppose there's no possibility of my seeing Miss Quested?

McBRYDE

She's in no state to see anyone. Callendar has her under heavy sedation and proposes to keep her like that for several days. He's worried about shock.

FIELDING

I see. But afterwards?

McBRYDE

Why on earth do you want to see her?

FIELDING

I want to ask her if she's certain, dead certain, that it was Aziz.

McBRYDE

Callendar could ask her that.

FIELDING

I want someone who believes in him to ask her.

McBRYDE

What difference does that make?

FIELDING

She's surrounded by people who don't trust Indians.

McBRYDE leans across the desk, trying not to patronise:

McBRYDE

Look, I don't want to be alarmist, but in my opinion the situation is going to become very nasty in the next few weeks.

FIELDING

I would think so. May I see Aziz ?

McBRYDE

Only on a magistrate's order.

FIELDING

To whom do I apply?

McBRYDE

The City Magistrate.

Stalemate. The silence is broken by the entry of MR HAQ proudly carrying a small DRAWER which he places before McBRYDE.

HAQ

Nothing else excepting clothes, sir.

532 CLOSE UP. FIELDING looks at the drawer with growing indignation. He hears HAQ say:

HAQ (V.O.)

And this was under his bed.

533 CLOSE UP. AZIZ's tattered INDIAN MAGAZINE is slapped down on the DESK, open at the scantily dressed DANCING GIRL.

534 MEDIUM SHOT. MCBRYDE examines the picture, turns the page.

MCBRYDE

Very useful, Haq.

HAQ (delighted)

Thank you sir - and there's that.

He puts his POINTED FINGER into the back of the DRAWER. MCBRYDE takes out the brown CARDBOARD FOLDER and opens it.

FIELDING (wincing)

That's his wife.

MCBRYDE

How do you know that?

FIELDING

He showed me that photograph. She's dead.

MCBRYDE (uncomfortable)

I see. Well, I must press on with the report. Hope to see you at the Club on Saturday. I believe Turton wants us all there.

CUT

535 MEDIUM CLOSE. HAMIDULLAH and ALI, both impeccably dressed, sit nervously on a bench in the OUTER OFFICE. As FIELDING comes out they rise to their feet, hesitant and respectful. FIELDING goes straight over and shakes them by the hand.

HAMIDULLAH

You are very good to greet us in this public fashion, Mr Fielding.

FIELDING

For goodness sake -

HAMIDULLAH

Did Mr McBryde say anything when my card came in? I'm wanting bail. Do you think my application annoyed him?

FIELDING

He's not annoyed, and if he was -

HAMIDULLAH

I might prejudice him against Aziz. If so I will gladly retire.

FIELDING

Nonsense. This is no way to be thinking. Aziz is innocent and everything we do must be based on that.

There is a moment in which HAMIDULLAH absorbs this.

HAMIDULLAH

Mr Fielding, are you on our side against your own people ?

FIELDING

It would seem so. (a glance around) I think we'd better go somewhere else. McBryde will be some time yet.

CUT

536 MEDIUM CLOSE. The three are seated at one of four fly-blown tables in a small Indian TEA SHOP. Behind them A MAN sits cross-legged on a PLATFORM overlooking the STREET frying SWEETS and brewing TEA for passing trade; beyond him the BAND is marching away still playing loudly.

HAMIDULLAH

We have been thinking who should be counsel for defence.

FIELDING

You, surely.

HAMIDULLAH

We should have a man from a distance, someone who cannot be intimidated. (lowers his voice) Have you heard of Amritrao ?

FIELDING

Amritrao ? The Calcutta man ?

HAMIDULLAH (nods)

A high reputation.

ALI (eagerly)

Notoriously anti-British. Freedom Movement.

FIELDING

That worries me.

ALI (quickly)

Why ?

FIELDING

Aziz must be cleared, but Amritrao would be regarded as a political challenge.

ALI (fervently)

Yes.

The BAND has faded away. FIELDING looks from ALI to HAMIDULLAH.

HAMIDULLAH

When I saw my friend's private papers carried in just now in the arms of that jungli police inspector, I said to myself, "Amritrao is the man to clear this up."

FIELDING says with quiet authority:

FIELDING

Don't let's go too fast. We're bound to win,

there's nothing else we can do. She will never be able to substantiate the charges.

CUT

537 CLOSE SHOT. A CEILING FAN. "Ti-tonk - Ti-tonk - T-tonk"

538 MEDIUM CLOSE in the CALLENDARS' guest room. MRS MOORE and RONNY sit facing each other across ADELA's recumbent figure on the BED. She is under the heavy sedation mentioned by McBryde and unaware of what is going on around her. MRS CALLENDAR is bent over the foot of the bed with a MAGNIFYING GLASS and a pair of TWEEZERS, painstakingly removing tiny CACTUS SPINES from ADELA's badly scratched legs. Everyone speaks in a lowered voice.

MRS CALLENDAR

She's been complaining about an echo in her head.

MRS MOORE (sharply)

What about the echo ?

MRS CALLENDAR

She can't get rid of it.

MRS MOORE

I don't suppose she ever will.

MRS CALLENDAR gives her a startled look. Then, forcing a smile:

MRS CALLENDAR

Back in a moment -

And leaves the room.

RONNY

Mother, that was unkind.

MRS MOORE

Unkind? Unkind? What about poor Doctor Aziz and those horrible police ?

RONNY (trying to calm her)

Mother, quiet, please -

MRS MOORE

I won't be quiet, Aziz is certainly innocent.

RONNY gives a haunted look towards the open DOOR.

RONNY

You don't know that.

MRS MOORE

I know people's characters, as you call them. It isn't the sort of thing he would do.

RONNY

Whatever you may think the case has to come before a magistrate now: it really must, the machinery has started.

MRS MOORE

Yes. (looking at Adela) She has started the machinery.

CUT

539 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING arrives back at his house as the light is fading. He jumps down from a TONGA, makes a sign to the DRIVER to wait and hurries into the FRONT DOOR.

540 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE is waiting in the half light of the SITTING ROOM. As FIELDING's footsteps sound along the passage he clasps his hands a little nervously. The light is switched on.

541 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING comes briskly into the room.

FIELDING (preoccupied)

Ah, Godbole.

GODBOLE

I see you are in a hurry.

FIELDING

Yes, I have to get out of these things and go back into town.

GODBOLE

May I see you just for a moment?

FIELDING (on the move)

- er, yes - if you don't mind me changing. (calls to his servant in Urdu) - please come in.

And he disappears into the BEDROOM. GODBOLE follows.

542 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the bedroom FIELDING switches on the light and sits down to remove his dusty shoes. GODBOLE eases himself in.

GODBOLE

I wanted to apologise for . . this morning.

FIELDING (absently)

That's all right.

GODBOLE

I hope the expedition was successful.

FIELDING (looking up)

The news hasn't reached you then?

GODBOLE

Oh yes.

FIELDING

No. A dreadful thing has happened. Aziz has been arrested.

GODBOLE

Oh yes. That is all round the College.

FIELDING

An expedition where that occurs can hardly be called successful.

GODBOLE

I cannot say. I was not there.

FIELDING (controlling himself)

No.

He raises a hand and grips his forehead, then continues with his shoes.

GODBOLE

I must not detain you, but I have a private difficulty on which I require your help. I am leaving your service shortly, as you know -

FIELDING (on the move again)

Indeed.

GODBOLE hovers round FIELDING as he starts to undress:

GODBOLE

I am returning to my birthplace to take charge of education there. I want to start a school that will be as much like this place as possible.

He pauses watching FIELDING unbutton his shirt.

FIELDING

Well ?

GODBOLE

What name should be given to the school?

FIELDING

A name for the school ?

GODBOLE

A suitable title.

FIELDING

Godbole, have you grasped that Aziz is in prison ?

GODBOLE

Yes, yes. I only meant that when you are less worried you might think the matter over. I had thought, with your permission, of the "Mr Fielding High School", but failing that, the "King Emperor George the Fifth".

GODBOLE puts his hands together, looks sly and charming.

FIELDING

Let me ask you something. (Godbole nods) I was under the impression that you liked Aziz.

GODBOLE

Most certainly.

FIELDING

Then how can you be so indifferent? (trying not to shout) Don't you care what happens to him?

GODBOLE

Yes, yes, but it is of no consequence if I care or don't care. The outcome is already decided.

FIELDING

Destiny, karma -

GODBOLE

Just so. Mr Fielding, we are all part of a pattern we cannot perceive.

FIELDING

No doubt.

GODBOLE (warming to the theme)

Why did Mrs Moore bring Miss Quested to Chandrapore ?

FIELDING (not playing)

To marry the City Magistrate.

GODBOLE

Yes? Or to go to the Marabar with Aziz. (a beat)
Or perhaps to meet you.

FIELDING

Very beguiling. But at this moment my only interest is to do something for Aziz.

GODBOLE

Excuse me, but nothing you do will change the outcome.

FIELDING (angry)

So do nothing. Is that your philosophy ?

GODBOLE

My philosophy is that you can do what you like but the outcome will be the same.

FIELDING takes off his SHIRT and throws it on the floor.

CUT

543 MEDIUM SHOT. DAYLIGHT. Outside the POLICE STATION a mob of STUDENTS and people off the streets are parading up and down in a disorganised demonstration. The cry of "Doctor Aziz zindabad!" is being repeated over and over like a chant. There are BANNERS reading "FREE DR AZIZ", others saying "QUIT INDIA".

544 MEDIUM CLOSE. Through the bars of his CELL we see AZIZ sitting dejectedly on his STOOL. On SOUND the chanting continues. There is the clank of a metal lock. AZIZ springs to his feet and looks anxiously through the BARS.

545 MEDIUM CLOSE. HAMIDULLAH and ALI are coming down the corridor towards him. As they reach the cell:

AZIZ

Did you get bail?

HAMIDULLAH (shakes his head)

They are afraid your presence might incite further trouble.

ALI
Even riots.

AZIZ grips the bars, hangs his head. HAMIDULLAH glances up the corridor where a POLICEMAN has stationed himself. He turns to AZIZ and says in an excited whisper:

HAMIDULLAH
We have just received a telegram from Calcutta.

AZIZ looks up. HAMIDULLAH says with barely-controlled emotion:

HAMIDULLAH
Amritrao is going to defend you.

AZIZ gives a quick intake of breath.

AZIZ
Amritrao ?

HAMIDULLAH produces the TELEGRAM from his pocket. He unfolds it with difficulty because his hands are trembling with excitement.

HAMIDULLAH
Read, read.

He passes it through the bars. AZIZ almost snatches it from him. He reads it avidly, then looks puzzled.

AZIZ
What is - "disbursement" ?

HAMIDULLAH
Fee. He will not accept a fee.

546 CLOSE UP. AZIZ stares at him. Tears start to his eyes.

CUT

547 CLOSE SHOT. A DRUM crashes out.

548 MEDIUM LONG. The FESTIVAL PROCESSION of several hundred people is making its way down a street at DUSK accompanying two large PAPER TOWERS. There are TORCHES and LANTERNS and four YOUTHS dressed as MONKEYS who scream and chatter, making sudden dashes into the crowd. The general atmosphere is noisy but good tempered, the MUSIC rather wild.

CUT

549 MEDIUM LONG. Almost the whole of the English community is gathered together in the SMOKING ROOM of the CLUB. A feeling of siege is produced by the fact that several parents have brought their CHILDREN; one or two women hold BABIES. All eyes are on TURTON who sits informally on the edge of a table.

TURTON
There's not the least cause for alarm. I want everything to go on precisely as usual - so don't start carrying arms about. Ladies, don't go out more than you can help and don't talk before your servants. Remember, one isolated Indian has attempted (touches his forehead) - is charged with, an attempted crime -

550 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING sitting among the audience. TURTON's voice continuing:

TURTON (V.O.)
- and he will be brought to trial.

General murmurs of "Hear, hear".

551 MEDIUM SHOT. TURTON concludes in more buoyant tones:

TURTON
So ladies, help us through a difficult time by behaving as if everything were normal. That is all I ask.

There is a buzz of appreciative acceptance. As it dies down the sound of the wild MUSIC floats in through the WINDOWS. Heads turn, all talking stops. MRS TURTON rises to her feet and asks her husband in an assumed public-safety voice:

MRS TURTON
Harry, those drums are merely Mohurrum, of course.

TURTON
Yes indeed, and they'll no doubt be banging away throughout most of the night. Any other questions?

A rather silly looking YOUNG WOMAN carrying a crying BABY puts up a hand.

TURTON
Mrs Blackstone?

YOUNG WOMAN
Where is - (quavering) - the man ?

TURTON
Safely behind bars, Mrs Blackstone. Bail has been refused.

552 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING looks around unhappily as a little wave of approval greets this news.

553 MEDIUM SHOT. MAJOR CALLENDAR enters. He bustles through the room, out of breath and full of self-importance.

CALLENDAR
My apologies Collector-sahib, everyone. Heaslop's just behind me and I want to say a word before he comes in - (to Turton) - if I may.

TURTON signals assent and CALLENDAR turns to his audience. He speaks quickly, one eye on the door:

CALLENDAR
Poor Heaslop's had a rough week and he needs all our support. Fact is he blames himself for allowing such an expedition - as indeed I blame myself, for giving the wretch leave.

554 CLOSE UP. FIELDING containing himself, surrounded by attentive faces.

CALLENDAR (V.O.)

And then there's his mother. It's been a most unsettling experience for an old lady.

555 MEDIUM CLOSE. The group around CALLENDAR and TURTON.

CALLENDAR

The good news is that the victim herself is greatly improved and should be - (he stops)

556 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY is coming through the DOOR.

TURTON (V.O.)

Ah, come in Heaslop. Good to have you with us.

RONNY

Thank you, sir.

557 MEDIUM LONG. One or two MEN get up offering a place for RONNY to sit. "Plenty of room over here", "Come and sit down". As he makes his way through the room more and more rise to their feet.

RONNY (embarrassed)

Oh, for goodness sake, please sit down -

558 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING remains seated. Two men next to him rise to their feet. He hears TURTON's voice:

TURTON (V.O.)

Over here, Heaslop, join us over here.

559 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA follows RONNY passing through the smiling, sympathetic faces, almost everyone on their feet now.

RONNY

Thank you, thank you. Please sit down.

They all begin to sit.

560 CLOSE UP FIELDING, men sitting down around him.

A VOICE

Some of us never got up.

FIELDING ignores the remark.

561 MEDIUM SHOT. RONNY takes a seat near TURTON and CALLENDAR.

TURTON

We're all delighted to hear the Major's report on Miss Quested.

RONNY

Thank you, sir - I didn't mean to interrupt the meeting in this way.

TURTON

Not at all. I was saying before you arrived that you had refused bail. (pauses a moment) I was about to add that a certain member here present is known to be in contact with the prisoner's defence.

He is looking directly at FIELDING. Everyone in the room begins a gradual turn in his direction. TURTON continues:

TURTON

I would like to remind him that one can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, at least not in this country.

All eyes are on FIELDING. He stands up.

FIELDING

I would like to say something, sir.

TURTON

Please do.

FIELDING

I believe Doctor Aziz is innocent. (general astonishment) I shall wait for the verdict of the court. If he is found guilty I will resign from the College, and leave India.

He glances around the upturned faces.

FIELDING

I resign from the Club now.

He turns and walks towards the door. There is complete silence except for the sound of his footsteps. He opens the door and shuts it behind him.

CUT

562 MEDIUM CLOSE. NIGHT. RONNY and CALLENDAR stop on the pavement outside Ronny's BUNGALOW, where a sign reads " R. HEASLOP ". RONNY looks with certain misgivings towards:

563 CLOSE SHOT. A lighted WINDOW. CALLENDAR's voice comes over:

CALLENDAR (V.O.)

She's old. You mustn't forget that.

564 CLOSE SHOT. CALLENDAR and RONNY.

CALLENDAR

Old people never take things as one expects. They can be perverse and cause a great deal of trouble.

RONNY looks back at the window. Nods to CALLENDAR and goes.

565 MEDIUM CLOSE. MRS MOORE sits in her room beside an open CABIN TRUNK. There are shoes and other things lined up in front of it and clothes spread over the bed. She is staring almost straight at us: it takes a moment or two to realise she is experiencing a wave of physical weakness, and that one of her hands is clasped to her chest. On SOUND the front door opens and shuts. RONNY's footsteps come down the passage. MRS MOORE straightens up and puts her hands in her lap. RONNY enters, is surprised to see her sitting so still.

RONNY

Are you all right, mother ?

MRS MOORE

I was having a little rest. It's very hot.

RONNY (coming over to her)

It is. And I do wish I could persuade you not to undertake such a journey at this time of year. At least stay until the monsoon, it's very close now.

MRS MOORE (quietly distressed)

I have so much to do, and so little time to do it.

RONNY

To do what, mother ?

MRS MOORE

To settle things up, to see Stella, to get away from all this muddle and fuss into some cave of my own. Some shelf.

RONNY (his patience going)

Quite so, but meanwhile a trial is coming on.

MRS MOORE

I've told you before. I will have nothing to do with it.

RONNY

The fact remains that you are an important witness. You dropped off after that first cave and let Adela go on with him alone. No one blames you, mother, he stage-managed the whole thing by cramming in all those villagers and frightening you with that echo. Mumbo-jumbo, but very effective.

MRS MOORE

You will never understand the nature of that place, Ronny, nor will anyone else in your ridiculous court. I refuse to discuss it further.

RONNY

Very well, mother. Will you at least stay for our marriage?

MRS MOORE

You are going to get married ?

RONNY

Of course. Why do you ask ?

MRS MOORE

I just wondered. Love in a church, love in a cave, as if there is the least difference. If what is generally referred to as love were everything few marriages would survive the honeymoon.

RONNY (deeply resentful)

I don't understand you, I've never understood you - any more than you have understood me. But what of Adela?

MRS MOORE

I like Adela. She has character.

RONNY

Then don't you want to help her?

MRS MOORE

I will not help any of you to torture Doctor Aziz for what he never did.

A shiver like impending death passes over him.

MRS MOORE

The only man who has behaved well here is Mr Fielding.

RONNY

If that is really how you feel, mother, it is best that you go.

CUT

566 CLOSE SHOT. NIGHT. MRS MOORE seen through the dusty glass of a railway carriage WINDOW. On SOUND the blast of a TRAIN WHISTLE. The train starts with a jolt.

567 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY stands on the platform looking at her, taken aback by the reality of her departure.

RONNY

Goodbye, mother - !

568 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE has also caught the finality of the occasion. She raises a hand, unable to speak.

569 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY stands looking after her a moment, then turns and walks away.

570 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE through the dusty glass. Something attracts her attention: almost as if someone were calling her. She turns and looks through the window. Her eyes suddenly focus on:

571 MEDIUM SHOT. GODBOLE standing in the shadows at the end of the platform, a grey figure through the dusty window. He catches her eye and takes a few paces towards her, stops and raises his hands right above his head in a farewell namaskaar.

572 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE rises quickly to her feet, wrenching at the strap to release the WINDOW. It falls with a bang leaving her in clear focus. She stares back at him, transfixed.

573 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE standing quite still, his hands above his head, looking after her.

574 MEDIUM SHOT, his POV. MRS MOORE receding into the darkness.

CUT

575 CLOSE UP. ADELA, her eyes filled with tears. For a moment it seems she is looking after Mrs Moore, but the SOUND of the train fades and we realise it is DAYLIGHT and that she is seated in a moving CAR. She turns her head to look ahead at:

576 CLOSE SHOT. The UNION JACK streaming out in the wind from the front of the TURTON CAR, a MOTOR CYCLE ESCORT leading the way.

577 MEDIUM LONG. The CAR approaching the outskirts of the town.

578 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the car ADELA on a jump seat, MR and MRS TURTON behind her in the back. It is very hot.

TURTON

You mustn't upset yourself Miss Quested,
the verdict's a foregone conclusion.

ADELA

It isn't that. I'm all right, really.

TURTON

Of course, and you'll almost certainly not be called until tomorrow. McBryde will take up most of the morning - and then there's Amritrao who'll be up to all his tricks playing to the Indian gallery.

579 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ sitting inside a moving POLICE VAN, an Indian POLICEMAN beside him. On SOUND the noise of a big crowd approaches. AZIZ looks up unhappily hearing the chant he heard in his prison cell - "Dr Aziz zindabad!" - becoming louder and louder.

580 LONG SHOT. The TURTON CAR is forced to slow down as it approaches the same crowd which is assembled outside the COURT-HOUSE. There are the familiar banners and boards reading "FREE DR AZIZ" and "QUIT INDIA", but the mood is openly hostile.

581 CLOSE SHOT. MR and MRS TURTON are distinctly uneasy. They sit very straight, their eyes on the windows.

582 CLOSE UP. ADELA, her head up, looking ahead. Through the window beside her peering faces, shouting faces; the car forced to a crawl. On SOUND a sudden, sharp crack. She turns, seeing:

583 CLOSE UP. The GLASS starred and cracked by a STONE. A CHEER goes up followed by the blowing of WHISTLES.

584 CLOSE UP. ADELA turns to look out over the front of the car. She gives a little gasp of dismay.

585 MEDIUM SHOT. The INDIAN POLICE are clearing a way, weighing into the CROWD with LATHIS, hitting them hard without restraint.

586 CLOSE UP. ADELA looks out of the window at her side.

587 CLOSE SHOT. A YOUTH dressed as a MONKEY makes a dash towards the window. He is struck by a LATHI and thrown to the ground, blood streaming down his face.

588 CLOSE UP. ADELA horrified.

589 CLOSE SHOT. A front WHEEL rides slowly over a "QUIT INDIA" placard, splintering the woodwork.

590 MEDIUM SHOT. The CAR passes through the entrance gates into the COURTYARD.

591 CLOSE UP. MRS TURTON relaxes, cooling herself with a small FAN.

592 CLOSE UP. ADELA sits back, the hubbub subsides, the CAR halts. MRS TURTON says brightly:

MRS TURTON (V.O.)
Come along dear, we're there.

CUT

- 593 LONG SHOT. A Court OFFICIAL ushers MR and MRS TURTON up the steps of the COURT-HOUSE, ADELA following behind. They are watched by a large sullen CROWD held back by POLICE.
- 594 CLOSE SHOT. Inside the COURT ROOM a door opens and AZIZ appears. He is accompanied by a GUARD who leads him towards the DOCK.
- 595 MEDIUM LONG. The crowded, chattering COURT ROOM becomes silent.
- 596 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ steps into the DOCK. He looks apprehensively around, then his face suddenly lights up.
- 597 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING is smiling up at him from the well of the court. He raises a hand in greeting.
- 598 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ acknowledges the greeting but almost immediately his expression changes.
- 599 MEDIUM SHOT. MR and MRS TURTON have entered the court with ADELA. There is complete silence as they are escorted past lines of up-turned faces towards the front.
- 600 CLOSE SHOT. HAMIDULLAH and ALI seated on either side of a distinguished looking man with greying hair.
- 601 CLOSE PANNING. ADELA following behind the TURTONS.
- 602 CLOSE UP. AMRITRAO, a fine looking hawk of a man, follows ADELA's progress through the court with a cold, clinical eye.
- 603 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA takes her seat in front of the TURTONS, her head down. After a few moments she looks up.
- 604 CLOSE UP. AZIZ staring down at her from the dock.
- 605 CLOSE UP. ADELA stares back at him, the reality of his presence taking her breath away. She looks down.
- 606 CLOSE SHOT. An almost naked man, the PUNKAH-WALLAH, sits on a raised platform in the middle of the central gangway. He pulls rhythmically on a rope attached to:
- 607 MEDIUM CLOSE. The PUNKAH, a large screen-like fan suspended from the ceiling, sending swirls of air around the court.
- 608 CLOSE SHOT. The empty Magistrate's CHAIR and DESK, the papers on it fluttering in the downdraught.
- 609 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY comes out of the door at the back of the magistrate's platform and hurries towards the well of the court.
- 610 CLOSE UP. MRS TURTON watching him with mounting astonishment.
- 611 MEDIUM CLOSE. RONNY sits himself down next to ADELA.

MRS TURTON
What are you doing here ?

RONNY

I'm an interested party, Mrs Turton, I've handed over to my deputy.

MRS TURTON

And who is your deputy ?

On SOUND the BAILIFF bangs his bamboo staff on the floor and calls for silence. The noise subsides, everyone stands.

612 CLOSE SHOT. MRS TURTON looks towards the platform.

613 CLOSE SHOT. A small, rather timid Indian gentleman enters through the magistrate's door. This is Ronny's deputy, MR DAS. He walks rather too quickly across the platform and sits behind the desk. Everyone sits.

614 CLOSE SHOT. The TURTONS, RONNY and ADELA sit. MRS TURTON leans forward and whispers to RONNY:

MRS TURTON

Do you expect justice from an Indian ?

RONNY

I expect it from us, Mrs Turton. Das is a good man.

615 CLOSE SHOT. DAS shuffles among his papers, looks around the COURT, nods to McBRYDE.

616 MEDIUM LONG. McBRYDE rises to his feet and bows to DAS.

McBRYDE

Thank you sir. On April the third of this year Miss Qusted and her friend Mrs Moore were invited to a tea party at the house of the Principal of Government College.

617 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA.

McBRYDE (V.O.)

It was here that prisoner first met Miss Qusted, a young girl fresh from England.

618 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE continues:

McBRYDE

Until this unfortunate party the prisoner had never before been in close proximity to an English girl. (looking around the court) In consideration of the ladies present I will merely allude to the fact that prisoner is a widower - (pauses to look at Aziz) -

619 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ in the DOCK, listening anxiously.

McBRYDE (.O.)

- now living alone. In the course of our evidence I shall be providing ample proof of his . . . state of mind.

620 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE again looks around the hushed court.

McBRYDE

Before taking you through the history of this appalling crime I want to state what I believe to be a universal truth: The darker races are attracted to the fairer, but not vice versa.

621 CLOSE SHOT. AMRITRAO asks in a cool Oxford accent:

AMRITRAO

Even when the lady is less attractive than the gentleman ?

622 LONG SHOT. The INDIANS present burst into laughter and applause. The BAILIFF bangs his cane but the appreciative uproar continues.

DISSOLVE

623 LONG SHOT. The WAKE of an OCEAN LINER at night. On SOUND the swirling of water and rhythmical beat of a great ENGINE.

624 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE stands at the STERN of the ship in the moonlight. She is looking back at the wake and the distant horizon. For the first time since the picnic she appears untroubled and at peace, enjoying the beauty of the tropical night. After a few moments she looks up at the SKY.

625 LONG SHOT. The STARS in their hundreds swaying gently behind the rigging. On SOUND the distant swish of water and the steady throb of the engine.

626 CLOSE SHOT. MRS MOORE looks down again. She begins to be troubled by a shortness of breath. The THROB of the ENGINE gradually becomes louder and harsher, her breathing deeper. She looks about, openly alarmed. Then suddenly raises both her hands to her chest.

627 CLOSE UP. Her HANDS clasped across her heaving breast, the beat of the ENGINE unrealistically loud: THUMP - THUMP - THUMP -

628 MEDIUM CLOSE. She is seized by a spasm. Fighting for breath she turns and staggers a few paces towards a DECK CHAIR. She collapses into it, her head tilted back against the canvas.

629 CLOSE SHOT. The MOON, big in the night sky.

630 CLOSE UP. MRS MOORE staring at it. The sound of the ENGINE suddenly stops. The distant swish of the waves and the throb of the engine return to normal. MRS MOORE is dead.

CUT

631 LONG SHOT. The deserted COUTROOM in early morning light. SILENCE except for the distant chattering of sparrows. A DOOR clicks open and the PUNKAH-WALLAH comes in. He walks over to the platform, slips off his sandals and squats into his usual position.

632 CLOSE SHOT. The PUNKAH creaks into movement, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. The everyday noise of the courtroom FADES UP on the SOUND TRACK. It is climaxed by the loud banging of the BAILIFF'S CANE.

633 LONG SHOT. The COURTROOM is now full. MR DAS comes onto the platform and hurries across to his desk.

634 CLOSE SHOT. DAS sits, looks nervously round the court.

DAS

I must warn members of the public (looks down)
and certain members of the Defence -

635 CLOSE SHOT. ALI, the principal target of this warning.

DAS (V.O.)

- that the insulting behaviour and rowdiness
which marred yesterday's proceedings -

636 CLOSE UP. DAS, his voice pitched high with strain:

DAS

- will not be tolerated!

637 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA sitting together.

RONNY

Well said, Das. Quite right.

638 CLOSE UP. DAS embarrassed by this commendation glances sheepishly
around the court, then turns to MCBRYDE:

DAS

Mr McBryde -

639 CLOSE SHOT. MCBRYDE rises and bows.

MCBRYDE

I shall begin, sir, by reminding you of my con-
tention that prisoner proposed the expedition
to the caves with the premeditated intention of
making advances to Miss Qusted.

640 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA looking from MCBRYDE to AZIZ.

MCBRYDE (V.O.)

I have made it my business to visit the Marabar
during the last few days. It is an inaccessible,
barren place entailing, as you have heard, con-
siderable planning and expense to get there.
The caves themselves are dark, featureless and
without interest except for a strange echo.

641 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ spellbound by MCBRYDE's interpretations.

MCBRYDE (V.O.)

A curious place for such an elaborate picnic.
The servants were all supplied by prisoner's
Indian friends - with the one exception of
the witness, Anthony.

642 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY and ADELA.

MCBRYDE (V.O.)

Anthony had received explicit instructions from
Mr Heaslop to stay with the ladies at all times.
Yet he remained behind.

643 CLOSE UP. MCBRYDE.

McBRYDE

Yesterday you heard him admit that he had accepted money from the prisoner minutes before the departure of the train. That brought us to Mr Fielding.

644 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING listens with resignation.

McBRYDE

We are asked to believe that he was prevented from catching the train because another friend of the prisoner's, Professor Godbole, was saying his prayers!

645 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE looks around the court.

McBRYDE

Prayers - ! After a most unpleasant altercation I withdrew my hypothesis that similar "persuasion" had contributed towards this excess of religious zeal.

646 MEDIUM SHOT. AMRITRAO is on his feet.

AMRITRAO

I object, sir. Mr McBryde is quite blatantly using this opportunity to repeat the slander.

DAS

Objection sustained.

ALI lets out a derisive guffaw pointing at McBRYDE with outstretched finger. Laughter and applause from INDIAN ONLOOKERS.

DAS

Order! Order - ! -

647 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE waits for the noise to subside.

McBRYDE

Prisoner had yet to rid himself of a third impediment. The lady in question suffered from what is known in medical terms as "claustrophobia".

648 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looking at McBRYDE puzzled.

McBRYDE (V.O.)

Prisoner achieved his objective by entering the first cave with Miss Quested and the guide, leaving this elderly lady in the rear - where she was crushed and crowded by servants and villagers.

AZIZ (shaking his head in disbelief)
Mrs Moore - he is speaking of Mrs Moore!

DAS (V.O.)

Quiet - !

649 MEDIUM SHOT. The BAILIFF bangs his staff but ALI rises to his feet yelling at McBRYDE:

ALI

Are you accusing my client of attempted murder as well as rape? (to Aziz) Who is this lady? I don't understand.

AZIZ

I told you. My friend, the lady I met in the mosque - Mrs Moore - !

ALI (full realization)

Mrs Moore - you speak of Mrs Moore ?

He is so taken aback that he turns to MCBRYDE, speechless.

MCBRYDE

I don't propose to call her.

This sends ALI out from behind his desk, screaming:

ALI

You don't because you can't! (to the Indian onlookers) She was smuggled out of the country because she was on our side! She would have proved his innocence - !

DAS (his voice rising in pitch)

You could have called her yourself! Neither side called her, neither may quote her as evidence.

ALI (to Das)

But she was kept from us! This is English justice, (shouting at the English contingent) this is your British Raj! Give us back Mrs Moore - for just five minutes - !

RONNY rises from his seat, says drily:

RONNY

If the point is of any interest, my mother should be reaching Aden at noon today, their time.

ALI (shouting)

Banished by you!

DAS (desperate)

Please - please - ! This is no way to defend your case.

ALI

I am not defending a case and you are not trying one. We are both slaves!

DAS (near tears)

Mr Mahmoud Ali, unless you sit down I will have to exercise my authority.

ALI

Do so! This trial is a farce. I am going.

He flings his papers on the desk, turns towards the door.

ALI

I ruin my career - !

AMRITRAO (with quiet dignity)
I apologize for my colleague. He is an intimate friend of our client, and his feelings have carried him away.

DAS
Mr Mahmoud Ali will have to apologize in person.

AMRITRAO
Exactly, sir, he must.

DAS
I must repeat that as a witness Mrs Moore does not exist. Neither you Mr Amritrao, nor Mr McBryde you, have any right to surmise what that lady would have said. (with emphasis) She is not here, and consequently she can say nothing.

CUT

660 CLOSE SHOT. DAWN. MRS MOORE's body, wrapped in white canvas and secured by rope, lies on a board at the STERN of the SHIP. On SOUND the chant continues high above the deep throb of the ship's engines. The VOICE of the CHAPLAIN comes over:

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts:
shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer.

CHANT
Esmiss Esmoor - Esmiss Esmoor.

661 MEDIUM CLOSE. Two SEAMEN stand at the head of the body and two at the RAIL. Two OFFICERS are present together with the BOATSWAIN, an OLD LADY PASSENGER and a small group of LASKARS who have stopped their work of swabbing down the deck.

CHAPLAIN
We therefore commit her body to the deep,
to be turned into corruption.

CHANT
Esmiss Esmoor - Esmiss Esmoor.

The SEAMEN at the head are lifting the board slowly upwards above their shoulders. The body begins to slide.

CHAPLAIN
Looking for the resurrection of the body,
when the sea shall give up her dead.

662 CLOSE SHOT. The LASKARS watch indifferently as the body goes over the side.

663 CLOSE SHOT. The two SEAMEN lower the empty board.

664 CLOSE SHOT. The OLD LADY steps up to the rail, raises a small floral WREATH in both her hands and throws it over.

665 MEDIUM SHOT. The WREATH falls into the wake. The CAMERA pans up with it as it floats away, the CHAPLAIN's voice continuing:

650 CLOSE UP. AZIZ, also desperate:

AZIZ
Oh, Mrs Moore - Mrs Moore.

651 MEDIUM CLOSE. ALI turns, halfway to the exit.

ALI
Yes. Mrs Moore - ! -

He turns to the INDIAN ONLOOKERS opening his arms to them in a gesture of entreaty:

ALI
We want Mrs Moore! Mrs Moore - !

ONLOOKERS
Mrs Moore! - Esmiss Esmoor!

DAS (shouting)
Silence - ! Quiet - !

ALI reaches the door and turns to AZIZ.

ALI
Farewell my friend - ! (and goes)

652 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looks after him, deeply upset.

653 MEDIUM LONG. ALI walks into the sunlight at the top of the COURT-HOUSE steps. He shouts at the CROWD, they turn to look at him.

ALI
They have taken Mrs Moore - ! Mrs Moore - !
Mrs Moore - !

CROWD
Esmiss Esmoor - ! Esmiss Esmoor - !

654 LONG SHOT. Inside the COURT uproar continues. In vain DAS calls for order. The BAILIFF bangs his staff. The cries for Mrs Moore have turned into a chant: "Esmiss Esmoor - Esmiss Esmoor".

655 CLOSE UP. ADELA raises her head, looking up at:

656 MEDIUM CLOSE. A sloping GLASS SKYLIGHT in the roof, the chant floating in through the opening.

657 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA turns to RONNY.

ADELA
Isn't it strange? Rather wonderful.

RONNY (practical)
I thought they'd try something like this.
Poor old Das.

658 CLOSE SHOT. The BAILIFF suddenly bangs his staff on the floor in a series of hammer strokes.

659 LONG SHOT. Everyone becomes silent. From outside the distant chant continues.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,
from henceforth blessed are the dead which
die in the Lord.

The CAMERA is now showing a LONG SHOT of the wake leading to the horizon, the WREATH lost to view.

CUT

666 CLOSE UP. ADELA sits in the COURT looking straight in front of her. She hears McBRYDE'S VOICE, unnaturally loud and commanding:

McBRYDE (V.O.)

I now call upon Miss Quested!

His voice echoes a little, as if he might be in the cave. ADELA drifts to her feet in slightly dreamlike SLOW MOTION.

667 CLOSE SHOT from her point of view. AZIZ looks down at her, a little distorted. The CAMERA moves on.

668 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA turning away, walking across the COURT, the CAMERA tracking with her. She sees:

669 CLOSE TRACKING. FACES staring up at her. An artificial silence except for her echoing FOOTSTEPS.

670 CLOSE TRACKING. ADELA looks from the faces to:

671 CLOSE TRACKING. DAS looking down at her, owl-eyed.

672 CLOSE TRACKING. The WITNESS BOX approaching, twisting across SCREEN as she goes up the steps.

673 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA coming to a standstill in the WITNESS BOX. She looks down:

674 CLOSE SHOT. The Indian CLERK of the court reaches up with a BIBLE which comes into unnaturally big CLOSE UP.

CLERK

Put your hand on . . .

675 CLOSE SHOT. The PUNKAH swings, backwards and forwards.

676 CLOSE UP. ADELA, her hair ruffled by the draught.

ADELA

. . . and nothing but the truth.

677 MEDIUM CLOSE. The SCREEN filled by the expectant faces of the English contingent.

678 MEDIUM SHOT. The CLERK takes the Bible from ADELA and goes. There is a little upsurge of whispering and comment.

DAS

Quiet please. Silence.

679 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE arranges his notes, looks around, rises.

McBRYDE

Now, Miss Quested, I would like to take you back to the moment when you came out of that first cave and found Mrs Moore collapsed in her chair. Are you with me?

680 CLOSE UP. ADELA answers steadily:

ADELA

Yes.

681 MEDIUM SHOT.

McBRYDE

Did she offer any explanation?

ADELA

She said she was upset by the echo - and that she was tired.

McBRYDE

And taking advantage of her distress and fatigue prisoner instructed the villagers and servants to remain behind and took you off alone with the guide?

ADELA

Yes. But it was at Mrs Moore's suggestion.

McBRYDE

I don't quite follow.

ADELA

She had been worried by the crowd and the stuffiness.

McBRYDE

And was concerned that you might be subjected to the same ordeal.

ADELA hesitates, not liking the implication.

ADELA

No. She wanted us to enjoy ourselves - she said so. She likes Doctor Aziz.

682 CLOSE UP. AZIZ smiles through his anxiety. A murmur of appreciation comes from the Indian onlookers.

683 MEDIUM SHOT. McBRYDE collects himself.

McBRYDE

I think I understand the situation. Mr Fielding said yesterday that Mrs Moore was what he described as, "charmed", by him.

ADELA

It was more than that. She liked him.

McBRYDE

Nevertheless, she had only met him on two occasions before the day of the crime.

ADELA

Yes.

McBRYDE

So it might possibly have been a rather impetuous assessment?

ADELA

Possibly. (affectionately) She's like that.

McBRYDE

Now, Miss Quested, you heard this morning the slur cast on British justice by the defence. It is most important that you tell the court the absolute truth of what took place - painful as it may be.

ADELA

I was brought up to tell the truth.

McBRYDE

Of course -

He is about to proceed but ADELA is pouring out a glass of water. Everyone waits as she drinks and replaces the glass.

ADELA

I'm sorry.

McBRYDE

That's quite all right.

He pauses like a tennis player about to serve. ADELA unconsciously raises her hands and grips the rail.

McBRYDE

Now, Miss Quested, you went off up the slope with the prisoner and the guide?

684 CLOSE UP. ADELA listening to him with great attention.

ADELA

Yes.

McBRYDE (V.O.)

Take your time, and cast your mind back.

ADELA nods and looks down, thinking.

CUT

685 CLOSE UP. AZIZ and ADELA's hands clasped together on their way up the SLOPE.

CUT

686 CLOSE UP. ADELA in the courtroom. McBRYDE'S VOICE:

McBRYDE (V.O.)

Miss Quested ?

She looks up, glances at AZIZ, then back to McBRYDE.

687 MEDIUM SHOT. McBRYDE smiles at her reassuringly.

McBRYDE

We were going up the slope - (hesitates)
Is something wrong?

ADELA

I think it may have been partly my fault.

McBRYDE

Please explain.

ADELA

We had stopped to look out over the plain.
It's so big I could hardly see Chandrapore -

688 CLOSE UP. RONNY watching her uneasily.

ADELA (V.O.)

- except through Mr Heaslop's binoculars.

689 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA hesitates.

ADELA

I asked Doctor Aziz if he loved his wife when
he married her. I shouldn't have done that.

DAS leans forward and asks gently:

DAS

Then why did you do it?

Another painful hesitation.

ADELA

I was thinking of my own marriage - we had only
just become engaged. Looking at Chandrapore,
so far away, I realized I didn't really love him.

690 CLOSE SHOT. RONNY looks down at the floor. The TURTONS stare at
the back of his neck. A low buzz of comment. DAS calls for quiet.

691 CLOSE SHOT. The PUNKAH-WALLAH pulling on his rope completely
unaware of the tense atmosphere.

692 CLOSE UP. ADELA raises her head to the PUNKAH as if coming up
for air.

693 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING looking at her intently. DAS'S VOICE:

DAS (V.O.)

Mr McBryde -

694 MEDIUM CLOSE. McBRYDE is drinking a glass of water. He replaces
it on the table and turns to ADELA determined to get back on course.

McBRYDE

Now, Miss Quested. You and the prisoner
continued up to the caves.

ADELA

Yes.

McBRYDE

Where was the guide?

ADELA
He had gone on ahead.

McBRYDE
Sent on ahead?

ADELA
No. He was sitting waiting for us further
along the ledge.

McBRYDE
But when you arrived at the caves, prisoner
left you and went to speak to the guide?

ADELA
I don't know if he spoke to him or not.

McBRYDE
But he left you and went off in his direction.

ADELA
Yes.

McBRYDE
And what did you do?

ADELA
I waited.

CUT

695 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA leans back against the cliff face beside the
black entrance to the CAVE, exactly as we saw before, but the
VOICES from the COURTROOM continue over:

DAS (V.O.)
Mr McBryde is suggesting that Doctor Aziz was
preparing the way for the crime of which he is
accused. You understand that?

ADELA (V.O.)
Yes.

DAS (V.O.)
You said just now, "I think it may have been
partly my fault". Why?

ADELA, standing by the entrance to the cave, turns and looks
moodily in the direction of AZIZ. Her voice replies:

ADELA (V.O.)
I had asked him about love.

DAS (V.O.)
And had thereby introduced a feeling of -
intimacy?

ADELA (V.O.)
That is what I meant.

CUT

696 CLOSE SHOT. FACES of the BRITISH CONTINGENT appear to be looking at

her standing by the cave. They gape open-mouthed at the admission.

DAS (V.O.)

Thank you, Mr McBryde -

697 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA in the WITNESS BOX.

McBRYDE (V.O.)

You waited outside the cave for several minutes. Then you went into it - alone.

ADELA

Yes.

McBRYDE (V.O.)

Please tell the court exactly what happened.

ADELA looks straight in front of her, concentrating.

ADELA

I lit a match.

CUT

698 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA in the CAVE. She lights the match, as before, and looks around as its snake-like echo chases around the walls.

CUT

699 CLOSE UP. ADELA in the COURT watching herself in the CAVE. The echo fades and she turns to McBRYDE:

ADELA

As soon as the echo died away I heard him calling my name.

CUT

700 MEDIUM SHOT. The TUNNEL and the entrance to the cave outlined against a white glare of daylight. The distant VOICE of AZIZ:

AZIZ (V.O.)

Miss Quested - !

701 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA immediately becomes uncertain and fearful. She blows out the match.

ADELA (V.O.)

Then I heard his footsteps approaching.

The footsteps and their echo as before. The footsteps stop and she holds her breath, looking at:

702 MEDIUM CLOSE. The black silhouette of AZIZ framed in the entrance. He peers in and calls:

AZIZ

Miss Quested - ?

CUT

703 CLOSE UP. ADELA in the WITNESS BOX staring at her memory of AZIZ in the entrance. Standing there in the COURT she is engulfed by

the echo of her name, and again she sees:

CUT

704 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ in the entrance. McBRYDE'S VOICE can just be heard above the echo:

McBRYDE (V.O.)
And the prisoner followed you ?

CUT

705 BIG CLOSE UP. ADELA in the WITNESS BOX staring at her memory of AZIZ in the entrance. McBRYDE'S VOICE, more forceful:

McBRYDE (V.O.)
The prisoner followed you, didn't he?

She lowers her head and closes her eyes exactly as she did in the CAVE.

706 MEDIUM SHOT. McBRYDE, his assistants and people in the court staring at her.

707 CLOSE UP. ADELA manages to raise her head and open her eyes.

ADELA
May I please have a minute, before I reply to that, Mr McBryde?

McBRYDE (V.O.)
Certainly.

Feeling the strength of concentration on her, ADELA looks round the COURT. She finds herself looking at:

708 CLOSE UP. AZIZ staring at her, his whole future in the balance.

709 CLOSE UP. ADELA looking at him. Then she turns back to McBRYDE.

ADELA
I am not - I am not quite sure.

710 CLOSE UP McBRYDE.

McBRYDE
I beg your pardon ?

A wave of fear passes through him. Then he says firmly:

McBRYDE
You are in the cave. (louder) And the prisoner followed you.

711 CLOSE UP. ADELA pauses for a moment. Then shakes her head.

712 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING rises to his feet. On SOUND a distant rumble of thunder. He glances at McBRYDE, hears him say:

McBRYDE (V.O.)
What - what do you mean please ?

713 CLOSE SHOT ADELA. She says flatly:

ADELA

No -

The CAMERA is moving imperceptibly closer. DAS' voice:

DAS (V.O.)

What is that - what are you saying?

ADELA

I'm afraid I have made a mistake.

DAS (V.O.)

What nature of mistake?

She is now in CLOSE UP.

ADELA

Doctor Aziz never followed me into the cave.

714 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ stands quickly to his feet.

715 MEDIUM CLOSE. MCBRYDE glances around the court. People are just beginning to appreciate what is happening.

MCBRYDE

Now, Miss Quested, let us go on. (seizes a document from the table) I will read you the deposition which you signed when you arrived back with Mrs Callendar -

716 CLOSE SHOT. DAS is leaning over his desk towards him.

DAS

Mr McBryde, you cannot go on. I was speaking to the witness. And the public will be silent. (turns to Adela) Miss Quested, address your remarks to me -

717 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA listening to him.

DAS (V.O.)

- And remember you speak on oath, Miss Quested.

ADELA

Doctor Aziz never -

718 CLOSE SHOT. CALLENDAR leaps to his feet, red-faced.

CALLENDAR

I stop these proceedings on medical grounds !

719 CLOSE UP. ADELA turns in his direction. A commotion is starting.

720 MEDIUM SHOT. The ENGLISH are rising from their chairs, the Indians too. The noise increases.

721 CLOSE SHOT. DAS in fear and dread that order is about to pass out of his control.

DAS

Order! Quiet - !

Only a slight response. He turns to ADELA, shouting:

DAS
 You withdraw the charge, Miss Quested ?
 Answer me - !

This produces a slight lull.

722 CLOSE SHOT ADELA. A last effort.

ADELA
 I withdraw everything.

The noise starts again.

723 CLOSE SHOT. HAMIDULLAH pushes back his chair, jumps to his feet and runs towards the door. People are screaming, weeping, kissing.

724 CLOSE UP. DAS near the end of his strength calls above the hubbub:

DAS
 The prisoner is released without one stain
 on his character.

725 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ collapses into his chair with a thump.

726 MEDIUM CLOSE. Outside, HAMIDULLAH runs to the top of the COURT-
 HOUSE STEPS. He yells to the CROWD for silence. Then at the top
 of his voice, in Urdu:

HAMIDULLAH
 Doctor Aziz is free - ! -

727 LONG SHOT. The CROWD let out a triumphal roar. Then they break
 the POLICE CORDON.

728 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA in the WITNESS BOX looking around the turmoil.

729 CLOSE SHOT. McBRYDE steps up to her, beside himself.

McBRYDE
 Are you mad ?

730 CLOSE UP. ADELA looking down at him.

ADELA (quietly)
 No.

731 CLOSE UP. McBRYDE stares at her, turn and goes.

732 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA feels suddenly drained of energy. She turns
 and slumps into a chair. She sits looking up at:

733 MEDIUM CLOSE. The SKYLIGHT in the roof. A loud crack of THUNDER.
 Behind the dusty glass a great bank of billowing CLOUD.

734 CLOSE UP. ADELA watches as:

735 CLOSE SHOT. Big drops of RAIN begin to spatter the DUST and wash
 it away.

736 CLOSE UP. ADELA looking at the rain, somehow comforted by it.
 Then a great yelling and shouting approaches. She sees:

737 MEDIUM SHOT. The courtroom DOOR thrown open by a group of young

INDIANS headed by ALI and two of the youths dressed as MONKEYS. They flood across the court screaming and shouting. The TURTONS and CALLENDARS back in fear towards a SIDE DOOR but the CROWD are making for AZIZ, unconcerned with anyone else. They take hold of him, lift him shoulder high, carry him towards the door.

- 738 CLOSE SHOT. The PUNKAH-WALLAH pulling on his rope, unconcerned.
- 739 CLOSE PANNING. AZIZ is carried across the court, gasping, laughing. Onlookers shout greetings to him, try to touch him.
- 740 CLOSE UP. ADELA watches, her emotions exhausted. On SOUND the door bangs to. Comparative silence. Something causes her to look down at her hand and she gives a little start. She raises her hand into PICTURE. Sitting on the back of it is a yellow INDIAN WASP. She looks at it for a moment, no longer frightened. Then it suddenly flies away.
- 741 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ is carried shoulder high down the COURTHOUSE STEPS into the pouring RAIN. He looks up at it, opens his arms to it and is soaked by it. Another crash of THUNDER almost overhead. A cheer goes up. A BAND starts to play.
- 742 MEDIUM SHOT down onto a sea of shining UMBRELLAS. The ENGLISH are being escorted to their CARS and CARRIAGES.
- 743 CLOSE TRACKING. TURTON walking with his hand on RONNY's shoulder.
- 744 CLOSE TRACKING. MRS TURTON with MRS CALLENDAR crouched under an umbrella. They reach the TURTON CAR. MRS CALLENDAR turns back towards the courthouse, rain streaming down her face. She shouts:

MRS CALLENDAR

Bitch - !

CUT

- 745 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA comes out of the courthouse DOOR onto the PORCH at the top of the steps. A gang of screaming YOUTHS rush past, knocking her off balance and:
- 746 CLOSE SHOT. She is almost flung against FIELDING. Both stand looking at each other, one as surprised as the other. Then he says:

FIELDING

What do you think you have been doing?

She hesitates, tries to speak, fails and goes. FIELDING stands looking after her.

- 747 MEDIUM SHOT, his POV. ADELA wandering away through the crowd towards the steps.
- 748 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING hesitates torn by conflicting reactions. He goes after her calling "Miss Quested!" - and catches her at the top of the steps.
- 749 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and ADELA against the background of the rain-drenched CROWD below.

FIELDING

Where are you going?

ADELA
I don't know.

FIELDING
You can't wander about like this. Who did
you come with?

She tries to answer. Then:

ADELA
I shall walk.

FIELDING
What madness - this could turn into a riot.
(takes her firmly by the arm) We'll find my
carriage - it's a closed one.

She gives him a look. He leads her down the steps into the rain.

750 MEDIUM CLOSE. The BAND enters the COURTYARD, at the head of the
CROWD carrying AZIZ around for the second time.

751 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ has garlands of FLOWERS around his neck, is
soaked to the skin and more bewildered than happy. Then he sees:

752 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING and ADELA, their backs to him, going away
through the crowd.

753 CLOSE UP. AZIZ is so shattered it takes a moment for him to scream
above the MUSIC and the CHEERING:

AZIZ
Richard - ! Richard - ! -

754 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and ADELA stop and turn.

755 CLOSE PANNING. AZIZ looking at them aghast.

756 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and ADELA.

FIELDING
I'm coming back - !

ADELA (to Fielding)
Stay with him - please.

FIELDING
I can't leave you here - anything could happen.

He takes her arm again, makes a desperate wave towards AZIZ, turns
and pushes off through the mob.

757 CLOSE PANNING. AZIZ staring after them, rain streaming down his
face.

758 CLOSE TRACKING. FIELDING and ADELA push their way past CARS,
TONGAS and BULLOCK CARTS. FIELDING sees his carriage:

FIELDING
There we are.

A YOUTH rushes up.

YOUTH

We are waiting for you, sir!

And throws a garland of ROSES around his neck. FIELDING looks ahead:

759 TRACKING, his POV. More of his STUDENTS are pushing towards him holding garlands aloft.

760 CLOSE TRACKING. FIELDING and ADELA surrounded by the STUDENTS who proceed to garland both of them with MARIGOLDS, JASMINE and ROSES. FIELDING pushes on saying "Please, please, make way, thank you". They come to a stop in front of the CARRIAGE. The DRIVER steps up to FIELDING and salutes.

FIELDING (to Adela)
Where shall he take you?

ADELA
I don't know.

FIELDING
What do you mean?

ADELA
I -

Then the truth of the situation dawns on him. He looks around the laughing, excited STUDENTS momentarily at a loss. Then turns to ADELA:

FIELDING
Get in -

He follows her into the CARRIAGE. A cheer goes up from the BOYS. The CARRIAGE moves. One of the boys turns to the curious crowd and shouts:

BOY
It's Mr Fielding - !

- and points after the departing carriage.

CROWD
Fielding - ! Fielding - !

Another BOY points and shouts:

BOY
And Mrs Moore - !

CROWD
Esm^{iss} Esmoor - ? -

And the CHANT begins again.

761 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING and ADELA seated in the CARRIAGE, garlands around their necks. On SOUND the CHANT grows fainter and is taken over by the click of the horse's hooves and the clatter of the wheels on a cobbled surface. Finally FIELDING says:

FIELDING
Why did you make such a charge if you were going to withdraw it ?

No reply. Just the noise of the cobbles and the hooves.

FIELDING

I ought to feel grateful to you, I suppose.

ADELA

I don't expect gratitude.

A pause.

FIELDING

Did you do it out of pity?

On SOUND the wheels run onto a smooth surface. Then ADELA says, almost to herself:

ADELA

My echo's gone. (to Fielding) I call the noise in my head an echo. I've had it since the cave.

FIELDING looks at her, hesitates, then gently:

FIELDING

Might the whole thing have been an hallucination?

She looks at him. Touches the side of her head. Then shakes it.

FIELDING

Such things can occur - not that I know anything about psychology.

On SOUND the road surface changes again. She looks away from him out of the window. He tries to bring her back:

FIELDING

I have a hunch that poor, honest-to-goodness McBryde exorcised you. (she looks at him) He took you back, step by logical step, into that cave and you broke down, quite suddenly.

ADELA

I thought you meant I had seen a ghost.

FIELDING

No, no -

ADELA

Mrs Moore believes in ghosts.

FIELDING

She's an old lady.

ADELA (defensively)

Mrs Moore -

FIELDING

I only meant it's difficult, as we get older, not to believe that the dead live again - our own dead anyway.

ADELA

Because the dead don't live again.

FIELDING

I fear not.

ADELA

So do I.

A silence except for the horse's hooves.

CUT

762 CLOSE UP. A TELEGRAM lies on a small table in Fielding's GARDEN ROOM. It is addressed to: "FIELDING. GOVERNMENT COLLEGE. CHANDRAPORE. INDIA." On SOUND the front door opens and a carriage pulls away. The CAMERA remains on the TELEGRAM. FIELDING's voice:

FIELDING (V.O.)

I told him to collect your things and tell them where you are - come in.

The FOOTSTEPS enter the hallway. FIELDING shouts:

FIELDING (V.O.)

Ranjit - ! (no reply) He must have gone off to join the tamasha - but I can make some tea.

Their SHADOWS cross the TELEGRAM.

FIELDING (V.O.)

I'll get you a dressing gown - be a bit big - and there are plenty of towels - oh - forgive me a moment.

His FOOTSTEPS return, his HAND enters PICTURE and picks up the TELEGRAM.

763 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA stands waiting in the middle of the room as FIELDING opens the envelope and takes out the telegram. Silence except for the splashing of rain outside on the terrace.

FIELDING

Oh dear.

He looks up at ADELA. She watches him coming towards her holding out the telegram, almost snatches it from him. Another silence as she reads it through until the end.

ADELA (reading)

" Annie Blair. Fellow passenger. "

She looks up at FIELDING, trying to take it in. After a moment:

ADELA

I shall never see her again.

A beat. Then she throws her arms around him.

764 MEDIUM SHOT. Beyond the rain-spattered TANK a FIGURE hurries towards the sitting room DOOR under an umbrella.

765 CLOSE SHOT. The FIGURE reaches the shelter of the porch and the umbrella is lowered to disclose PROFESSOR GODBOLE. He knocks on the door, furls the umbrella and waits with barely-suppressed excitement. The door is opened by FIELDING.

FIELDING (without enthusiasm)
Oh, Godbole.

GODBOLE
The boys said you were back.

FIELDING
Yes ?

GODBOLE
I am leaving for the south early tomorrow morning, to take up my duties as - (slightly sheepish) - Minister of Education. I came to say goodbye.

He looks at the half open door.

FIELDING
Yes. Er - come in.

GODBOLE
Thank you, thank you -

766 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the sitting room ADELA stands where she was. GODBOLE enters.

GODBOLE
Miss Quested -

He raises his hands in a namaskaar as if her presence were perfectly normal. Turns to FIELDING and starts fumbling in his clothes.

GODBOLE
I want to give you my address and extend an open invitation for you to visit me.

He produces a neatly folded piece of paper, holds it up in front of FIELDING and says seductively:

GODBOLE
Blue seas, coconuts and peace.

FIELDING takes the paper, rather touched.

FIELDING
Thank you very much.

GODBOLE
One arrives by boat.

GODBOLE glances at ADELA who is seating herself on the sofa. Sensing an awkwardness he looks at FIELDING.

FIELDING
Miss Quested has just had some bad news.

GODBOLE
Oh, I'm sorry -

He watches FIELDING as he goes off a few paces and picks up the TELEGRAM.

GODBOLE
Mrs Moore.

FIELDING turns, but GODBOLE is putting on his pince-nez.

FIELDING
Yes.

GODBOLE takes the telegram and reads.

767 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA on the sofa, her head down, trying to keep control of herself.

768 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE finishes reading, takes off his pince-nez and says quietly and confidentially:

GODBOLE
Addressed to you.

FIELDING
Yes.

GODBOLE
Why did this lady send it to you ?

FIELDING
I don't know.

GODBOLE
Mr Fielding, I would venture to remark -

Recognizing this familiar line of speculation FIELDING says:

FIELDING
Now, listen Godbole - (glances towards Adela) -
under the circumstances I don't think we should
pursue the matter further.

GODBOLE finds himself being shepherded quite firmly out of the door and onto the terrace.

769 CLOSE SHOT. Outside under the porch FIELDING pulls the door to behind him.

FIELDING
I'm sorry, Godbole, but Miss Quested is
extremely upset.

GODBOLE
Of course, of course, but nevertheless -

FIELDING attempts to head off further hypotheses with common sense:

FIELDING
I presumably came up in a casual shipboard
conversation. I have an easily-remembered
name and an easily-remembered address. It
was kind of the lady to break the news in
such a personal manner and no doubt Heaslop
will be hearing from the Company.

GODBOLE has been looking at him unconvinced.

GODBOLE

I see. (starts putting up his umbrella)

FIELDING

I shan't tell Aziz until tomorrow - Hamidullah is bound to be putting on a celebration tonight - and it'll only upset him.

GODBOLE

Oh - and have you heard about the damages ?

FIELDING

Damages ?

GODBOLE

Amritrao is asking twenty thousand rupees damages from - (a look towards the room) - and costs.

FIELDING (appalled)

Twenty thousand ?

GODBOLE

Hamidullah sent his clerk, before you returned.

Both of them look towards the door, drawn by the unseen figure behind it. GODBOLE turns back to FIELDING.

GODBOLE (quietly)

Who could have foretold that Aziz would be saved by his enemy ?

He glances slyly at the door and back to FIELDING.

GODBOLE

What now, Mr Fielding ?

He raises his hands in a namaskaar, somewhat hampered by the umbrella, and goes off into the rain.

CUT

770 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ in his BEDROOM standing in front of the chest of drawers combing his hair in the SWIVEL MIRROR, the small drawer underneath not yet returned by the police. He turns from the mirror to HASSAN who is holding out a beautifully embroidered Muslim kumeez for him to put on.

771 MEDIUM SHOT. Outside the BUNGALOW it has stopped raining for the moment. FIELDING, now dressed in a change of clothes, is picking his way through the puddles towards the steps. There are half a dozen CHILDREN waiting outside and the verandah is stacked with BANNERS and BOARDS from the demonstrations, much of their lettering blurred by the rain.

772 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING comes up the steps and crosses the verandah to the partly open door which still bears the marks of forced entry by the police. FIELDING knocks and calls:

FIELDING

Aziz!

AZIZ answers from the bedroom:

AZIZ

Come in - !

773 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING enters the FRONT ROOM and crosses to the bedroom where HASSAN stands waiting by the door.

774 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING enters the small untidy BEDROOM. It is the first time he has seen AZIZ in full Muslim dress. He looks not only handsome but impressive.

AZIZ

I am an Indian at last.

FIELDING smiles, gives him a well-executed Muslim salaam.

FIELDING

What a wonderful day for you -

And he holds out his arms. They embrace, then stand back looking at each other.

AZIZ (hard)

Where did you take her ?

FIELDING (taken by surprise)

I took her back to the College.

AZIZ

Why ?

FIELDING

After this morning she's nowhere else to go.

This surprises AZIZ.

FIELDING (gently)

Heaslop? The Turtons? She had the entire British Raj behind her pushing her on. But when she saw she was wrong she stopped, and sent the whole thing to smithereens. I wouldn't have had the courage.

AZIZ, at a loss for a suitable response, turns on HASSAN:

AZIZ

Chulloh - !

HASSAN

Huzoor - !

And bolts, closing the door behind him.

FIELDING

Mind if I sit ?

AZIZ (stiffly)

Please -

FIELDING sits on the bed. AZIZ picks up a Muslim cap from the chest of drawers and puts it on in the mirror.

FIELDING

What are you going to do now ?

AZIZ (a touch haughty)
Hamidullah is giving me a victory party, with fireworks and music.

FIELDING
Good, but I meant later, now this dreadful business is over.

AZIZ (relaxing a little)
I shall look for another job, hundreds of miles from here - in an Indian state - out of British India. And you ?

FIELDING
I think I shall probably go to England for a long leave.

AZIZ
Will you and she be going back on the same boat ?

FIELDING
Good heavens no. I couldn't possibly leave until the end of next term. Miss Quested's going as soon as she can get a passage.

AZIZ
I see.

A hesitation, each very aware of the other.

FIELDING
Look -

AZIZ
I'm looking.

FIELDING
Godbole tells me Amritrao is asking twenty thousand rupees damages.

AZIZ
And costs.

FIELDING
I'd hate to see her get the worst of both worlds. It'll ruin her.

AZIZ
And what about me? Prison, my private letters read out in court, my wife's photograph taken to the police station to be fingered by McBryde - all because a young girl (imitates McBryde) - "fresh from England" got too much sun.

FIELDING, sympathizing, nods his head and mutters:

FIELDING
I know, I know.

AZIZ
And I know what you are going to say next. You are going to ask me to let Miss Quested off paying.

Right? Then, if I agree, everyone will be able to say: "Here is a native who actually behaved like a gentleman - but for the colour of his face we might even allow him to join the Club." Is that why you came here to see me?

FIELDING looks miserably at the floor.

AZIZ

Answer me - ! (he can't) In the end you English always stick together and I want nothing to do with any of you - any of you - ! Go back to the College and tell her to keep her money. - ! Tell her she can use it to buy herself a husband - tell her . . .

During this outburst the cheerful blaring of a BRASS BAND has been approaching the bungalow. Now there is an agitated knocking at the door and HASSAN bursts in.

HASSAN

Huzoor - ! (points wildly towards the door)

775 MEDIUM SHOT. The BAND followed by a happy CROWD of some two hundred people leads a gaily decorated HORSE and CARRIAGE to the foot of the bungalow steps where they all halt. The BAND stops playing, the milling CROWD begins to chant: "Dr Aziz zindabad! - Dr Aziz zindabad!"

776 MEDIUM CLOSE. Inside the sitting room HASSAN is salaaming FIELDING as he comes out of the bedroom followed by AZIZ. They cross the room in silence to the accompaniment of the chant outside. HASSAN runs forward to open the front door, FIELDING stands aside to allow AZIZ to be first on the verandah.

777 MEDIUM CLOSE. The CROWD let out a cheer as they see him.

778 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ on the verandah, FIELDING close behind him. AZIZ salaams the crowd. He turns to FIELDING.

AZIZ

Are you coming ?

FIELDING (shakes his head)

I don't think so.

A moment's hesitation as they look at each other. Then AZIZ goes off down the steps.

779 MEDIUM SHOT. The CROWD cheer and press forward as he walks to the CARRIAGE. He climbs in and sits. The BAND strikes up, the procession moves off.

780 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING looking after the carriage, a battered "FREE DR AZIZ" placard behind him.

781 CLOSE UP. AZIZ seated in the carriage, tears welling up in his eyes. On SOUND the music, the cheering and the laughter.

782 CLOSE UP. FIELDING looking after him, the music moving away. A few spots of rain cause him to look up into the sky. The rain increases and he goes, leaving a CLOSE SHOT of the PLACARD, rain streaming down it.

DISSOLVE

- 783 MEDIUM CLOSE. Moving patterns of sunlight on BLUE WATER.
- 784 CLOSE SHOT. COCONUTS growing in the shadows of a PALM.
- 785 LONG SHOT. A dazzling BLUE SEA stretching to the horizon. A distant MOTOR BOAT chugging towards us.
- 786 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE stands on the shore watching the approaching boat with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. He turns and hurries off through the palms past FISHING BOATS and NETS towards a VILLAGE.
- 787 CLOSE SHOT. A SIGN BOARD with an elaborate crest: "OLD PALACE HOSPITAL", a large white building behind it.
- 788 MEDIUM CLOSE. AZIZ sits writing at a desk in a large airy OFFICE overlooking a pleasant tropical garden. He is dressed in a white doctor's coat and looks completely at home in his new surroundings.
- 789 MEDIUM SHOT. GODBOLE scurries across a marble HALLWAY disclosing a glimpse of an ornate room now converted into a hospital ward.
- 790 MEDIUM SHOT. GODBOLE enters Aziz's office out of breath.

GODBOLE

They're here . .

AZIZ looks up, sits back in his chair.

AZIZ

I'm sorry, Godbole. I really won't meet them.

They look at each other unhappily.

GODBOLE

They are only here for a few hours. Why not show them around ?

AZIZ (stands)

I have had enough of showing Miss Quested around.
(hangs up his coat) I'm taking the children to the Point. I'll be back tomorrow when they've gone. (goes towards the door)

- 791 CLOSE SHOT. GODBOLE puts out a restraining hand, hesitates, says anxiously:

GODBOLE

Perhaps I should -

But AZIZ has gone.

CUT

- 792 CLOSE SHOT. A coloured KITE flutters in a blue sky.
- 793 CLOSE SHOT. Aziz's two children, KARIM and JAMILA, holding the taut string, their faces upturned.
- 794 LONG SHOT. An ANCIENT TEMPLE beside the sea. A sandy beach and lines of breakers stretching into the distance. The two small

figures of the children flying the kite in the blue above the temple.

795 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ sits watching, his back against a flight of stone steps leading up to the temple. He becomes aware of someone approaching and turns.

796 MEDIUM SHOT. FIELDING is plodding towards him through the sand.

797 CLOSE SHOT. The sight of the well known figure catches AZIZ off guard. He rises to his feet torn between affection and hostility.

798 MEDIUM CLOSE. FIELDING walking the last few steps, out of breath and smiling broadly.

FIELDING

Well, here you are at last.

He holds out his hand. AZIZ hesitates, then takes it.

FIELDING

The Minister of Education has never been known to tell anyone anything, but under pressure he suggested I might take a walk along the beach.

AZIZ (stiffly)

I'm sorry it was so far.

FIELDING

Far? We've come something like twelve hundred miles to find you. (looking around) It's beautiful here. Whew -

He turns and sits down on the steps. AZIZ stands looking down at him.

FIELDING

We first tried to trace you through Godbole, as soon as we landed in Bombay, but he didn't answer my letters.

AZIZ

I know.

FIELDING

So off we went to Chandrapore.

AZIZ is touched despite himself.

AZIZ

You went to Chandrapore? To find me?

FIELDING (nods)

Your bungalow's been turned into a shop. Callendar's been given the push. Hamid-dullah sends his salaams. (looks at Aziz) It was he who told me where you were and why you were so evasive.

AZIZ (a sudden flash)

You married my enemy. Stole my money.

FIELDING takes a breath.

FIELDING
Aziz, I am going to surprise you.

AZIZ (faltering)
What do you mean ?

FIELDING
My wife is Mrs Moore's daughter.

AZIZ is so bowled over it takes him a moment to collect himself.

AZIZ (a whisper)
Stella - ?

FIELDING
Stella. Miss Quested introduced us.

AZIZ is unable to speak. He goes over to the steps, sits down beside FIELDING, shakes his head in despair at himself.

AZIZ
What a blunder.

FIELDING puts a hand on his shoulder. AZIZ looks at him mortified.

AZIZ
Worse than the caves.

FIELDING laughs. AZIZ has a sudden thought:

AZIZ
Did Godbole know ?

FIELDING (smiling)
Oh yes.

AZIZ
What a fool I have been.

Then he turns and looks back along the beach, his spirits rising.

AZIZ
Where is she ?

FIELDING
She's in the Rest House. You'll meet her tonight.
She mustn't do too much just now.

AZIZ
She's carrying your child ?

FIELDING
That's right.

AZIZ
So after all, your name will not die out.

FIELDING
It may not be a boy.

AZIZ

Of course it will be a boy - oh, Mrs Moore.

Looks up at the sky.

AZIZ

Oh, Mrs Moore . . Mrs Moore - !

He stands up and the CAMERA pans with him into LONG SHOT as he runs across the sand towards his children calling their names.

799 CLOSE SHOT. FIELDING watches him a little wistfully.

CUT

800 CLOSE SHOT. AZIZ sits at a desk lit by an OIL LAMP. It is late at night and he is bent over a letter he is writing with pen and ink, the nib scratching on the paper. He comes to the end of a sentence and studies what he has written, his VOICE coming over as he reads:

AZIZ (V.O.)

" Stella believes that the evil of the Marabar has been wiped out for ever.

He puts pen to paper again, his voice following as he writes:

AZIZ (V.O.)

" And so do I. Dear Miss Quested -

CUT

801 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA is reading the letter, AZIZ's VOICE over. As the scene proceeds the CAMERA slowly pulls back to disclose her sitting at a table where she has been having breakfast. Her flat is small and nicely furnished; rain-spattered windows look out upon BARE TREES and the identical facades of Victorian buildings across the street.

AZIZ (V.O.)

" - I am writing this to ask you to forgive me for my foolishness and lack of true perspective. It has taken me all this time to appreciate your courage. Through you I am happy here with my children instead of in prison, of that I make no doubt. My children shall be taught to speak of you with the greatest affection and respect, and because of you I want to do kind actions all round.

802 CLOSE SHOT. She turns the page.

AZIZ (V.O.)

" Richard and Stella left this morning. I don't think I will ever see them again.

ADELA looks up.

CUT

803 LONG SHOT. The MOTOR BOAT chugging away, far out in the blue. Two tiny FIGURES, their arms raised.

804 CLOSE UP. AZIZ looking after them. He lowers his arm.

805 LONG SHOT. The BOAT further away.

CUT

806 CLOSE SHOT. ADELA looking after them from her room. She looks at the letter again:

AZIZ (V.O.)
" With respectful good wishes.
Your friend, Aziz. "

She folds the sheets of paper and returns them to their envelope. Sits staring unseeingly before her. On SOUND the plaintive miaow of a CAT breaks into her thoughts. ADELA looks down impatiently, pours out a saucer of milk and gets up.

807 CLOSE SHOT. The saucer of milk is put down on the floor beside a very ordinary CAT which begins to lap it up.

CUT

808 MEDIUM CLOSE. ADELA comes out of the front door of her Victorian block of flats, looks up at the sky and raises her umbrella. The CAMERA follows her down the steps onto the pavement where passers-by, most of them carrying umbrellas, are hurrying through the rain to work. We are able to follow ADELA for a little while, then she is lost in the crowd.

The TITLES FADE IN. They become superimposed over a series of STILL PHOTOGRAPHS from the film, but with the events reversed, so that the last title appears over the gleaming model of the "VICEROY OF INDIA" which opened the PICTURE.

THE END

September 4th. 1982