

THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL

Written by

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Based on the book THESE FOOLISH THINGS by Deborah Moggach

FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES
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1

OVER BLACK

1

Muffled music; soothing, generic.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Thank you for your patience.
Your call is important to us. We
will be with you shortly.

2

INT. MANSION FLAT, LONDON - DAY

2

A neat, well-appointed flat, tastefully decorated. Framed against a large window which looks out over the city, an elegant woman in her 70's: EVELYN GREENSLADE. She's on the phone, on hold.

On the desk in front of her is a brand new laptop computer; the screen reads '*Getting Started ...*'

AUTOMATED VOICE

(on phone)

Thank you for your patience.
Your call is important to us. We
will be with you shortly.

Evelyn's patience is strained nonetheless. She taps her fingers on the desk.

AUTOMATED VOICE (cont'd)

(on phone)

Thank you for your patience.
Your call is -

A slightly-accented voice finally interrupts.

FEMALE VOICE

Mrs Greenslade, thank you for
waiting -

EVELYN

(overlapping)

Yes, now if you could stay on the phone for a moment and talk to me, just talk to me. I'm not even clear, I don't actually understand what it is I'm trying to order. Is wireless the same as wi-fi? And what do either of them have to do with broadband?

FEMALE VOICE

Mrs Greenslade, since the account is not in your name, before we can make any changes we need to speak to the account holder. Can I please talk to the account holder?

EVELYN

What?

FEMALE VOICE

I'm asking if I can speak to the account holder. Before we can make any changes -

EVELYN

You can't talk to him, no.

(beat)

He's dead. He died. There's only me.

3 INT. CORRIDOR/JUDGES CHAMBERS. INNS OF COURT - NIGHT 3

GILES, a judge in full wig and robes, moves quickly down a corridor. He passes other judges, going the opposite way.

He arrives at the office of GRAHAM DASHWOOD, goes in.

GRAHAM is at his desk. His robes are on a hanger, his wig is on a stand beside him.

GILES

We're late.

4 INT. CORRIDOR. INNS OF COURT - NIGHT 4

Moments later. Graham and Giles walk down the corridor.

GRAHAM

Bloody retirement parties. Hard cheese, soft wine, and endless speeches. Why do people do that? No one ever said about any kind of party: it was a wonderful occasion, just a shame that the speeches were so short.

GILES

It'll be you one day.

GRAHAM

One day very soon.

GILES

You've been saying that for years.

They walk into a large room, full of lawyers.

4A INT. HALL. INNS OF COURT - CONTINUOUS 4A

At one end of the hall, a very old JUDGE is giving a very dull speech.

JUDGE

An occasion such as this leads one to cast ones mind back to the days when I first entered my pupillage. I had the very good fortune of serving as a junior to Mr Justice Stancombe ...

Graham's not listening any more. He's looking around the room. At the old, tired faces.

JUDGE (cont'd)

... the unwelcome news that I would transfer Chambers, bringing to mind the old adage *a fronte praecipitium, a tergo lupi* ...

Everything seems to slow down, the judge's mouth moving more and more sluggishly, though his voice remains the same. The effect is strange ... then the sound of laughter.

GRAHAM

This is the day.

Everyone looks round at him. He's almost as surprised as they are that he's spoken out loud.

GILES

Graham?

GRAHAM

This is the day.

He turns and walks out.

5 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

5

Staff bustle around a busy A & E ward. MURIEL lies on a bed in the corridor.

The Head Nurse, KAREN, rushes past.

MURIEL

Listen, young lady. I want a cup of tea, and I want it now.

KAREN

The trolley will be along shortly.

MURIEL

How hard d'you have to fall down before you get some proper attention? Hours I've been lying here, and not a single doctor has come to see me.

KAREN

Now that's not quite true, is it
Mrs Donnelly?

(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)

A doctor did try and examine you,
and you sent him away.

MURIEL

That one?

She looks up to the far end of the ward, where a doctor is
washing his hands. He's black.

MURIEL

He can wash all he likes, that
colour's not coming out. I want
an English doctor.

KAREN

An English doctor? Why didn't
you say so? I'll get one right
away.

She goes away, comes back moments later with a tall,
handsome doctor. The bad news for Muriel is ...

KAREN (cont'd)

This is Dr Ghujarapartidar. And
this is Mrs Donnelly.

5A EXT. NEW HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

5A

A crescent of identical bungalows, part of a brand new
retirement facility.

A mobility scooter carrying an elderly resident trundles
down the road.

ESTATE AGENT (O.S.)

... with an unlimited range of
leisure opportunities just a
stone's throw away...

6 INT. NEW HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

6

A young estate agent, EVAN, is showing DOUGLAS and JEAN
around a very small, and very beige bungalow.

EVAN

So as I say, what you're looking
at here is very competitively
priced, you can't get better
value for your grey pound.
Another little feature, not
necessary right now, but give it
a couple of years ...

(points)

... rails on the walls to help
you get around, and down here, a
panic button in case of a sudden
fall, brings the Warden running.

JEAN

What if we fell somewhere else?

EVAN

Sorry?

JEAN

It's just that we might not
manage to plan our sudden fall in
the exact corner where the button
is.

EVAN

Yeah. As I say -

JEAN

And would it be possible to get the rail to go through the middle of the room as well?

DOUGLAS

Darling ...

JEAN

To help us get across, not just around?

DOUGLAS

(to Evan)

Could we have a moment, please? Thanks. Thanks so much.

Evan goes.

JEAN

Thirty years in the Civil Service and this is all we can afford?

DOUGLAS

Would it help if I apologized again?

JEAN

No. But try it anyway.

7 INT. BAR - NIGHT

7

JUDITH (40ish) is sitting opposite someone. We don't see whom.

JUDITH

And then after that I worked as a systems analyst for a few years but I just found it so dull, what I really wanted was to do something that was more creative, that matched my ...

(beat)

I'm sorry. On the form they asked for our age bracket, and the age we wanted to meet ... and in both cases I ticked 35-45.

Now we see the man she's talking to. It's NORMAN. He's dapper, nice looking. And at least 70.

NORMAN

That's right, yes. So did I.

They're at a speed dating evening. Numbered tables, etc.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Anyway, don't stop. Something more creative ...

JUDITH
How old are you?

NORMAN
Early 40's.

JUDITH
D'you mean you were born in the
early 40's?

NORMAN
Judy, I know what you're asking -

JUDITH
It's Judith.

NORMAN
Judith. And trust me, I've still
got it.

The bell goes; the signal for the women to get up and move
along to the next table. Judith leaves without looking
back.

NORMAN (cont'd)
I just can't find anyone that
wants it.

Another hopeful candidate arrives opposite Norman. And
looks crestfallen at what's on offer.

8 INT/EXT. BEDROOM/STAIRS/HALL. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY 8

MADGE is in her bedroom. She's arguing with her son-in-law
CRAIG. Madge's suitcases are by the door.

CRAIG
This is crazy. You're crazy.
You can't just up and leave like
this.

MADGE
And yet if you watch me, that's
exactly what you'll see happen.

She picks up her suitcases, heads out of the room. Madge's
daughter JESSICA is on the landing.

JESSICA
What's going on?

CRAIG
Your mother's lost it.

JESSICA
My mother never had it.

CRAIG

Talk to her. She doesn't listen to me.

MADGE

Nobody listens to you.

She heads down the stairs. Craig and Jessica follow.

MADGE (cont'd)

(to Jessica)

It's one of the great mysteries of life that someone so vibrant and fascinating as my daughter should choose to spend her life with this fraction of a man.

JESSICA

I still don't understand what's going on.

CRAIG

I just asked her to babysit. And now she says she's leaving.

They're at the bottom of the stairs. Jessica's children, LIAM and KATIE, are watching.

JESSICA

But you love babysitting.

MADGE

I loved it last night.

LIAM

We had pizza and stayed up late.

MADGE

And the night before.

KATIE

We had Chinese and stayed up late.

LIAM

If you don't go, tonight we could do a curry.

MADGE

It's tempting, my darlings, but you know why I must leave.

LIAM

We know.

KATIE

(to her parents)

Being here is stopping her finding a husband.

CRAIG
Another one?

LIAM AND KATIE
Bye Granny.

MADGE
Don't let the buggers get you
down.

Madge turns to go.

CRAIG
How many husbands have you had,
anyway?

She turns back, smiles.

MADGE
Including my own?

Then she's out of the front door, and heading for the taxi.

JESSICA
Mother? Mother!

9 INT/EXT. TAXI - DAY 9

Moments later. Madge climbs into the back of the cab.

TAXI DRIVER
Name the place, darling. Where
are you going?

Madge smiles.

MADGE
I have absolutely no idea.

10 INT. MANSION FLAT - DAY 10

Evelyn, whom we saw earlier on the phone, is in the living
room. Her son CHRISTOPHER is there. And her lawyer
HAROLD.

CHRISTOPHER
There's no other way . There
just isn't. Harold told us this
three months ago.

*
*

HAROLD
And I'm afraid matters have only
got worse.

CHRISTOPHER

We can't wait any longer. We
need to put this flat on the
market, and at least make a start
at paying off Dad's debts.

*
*
*
*

Christopher turns to Harold. *

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
I've talked it through with Polly
and the boys, and of course we
all agreed. Ma will move in with
us. *

HAROLD
I think that's best, Evelyn.
It's what Hugh would've wanted.

They wait for confirmation from Evelyn. None comes. *

CHRISTOPHER
Good. Settled. End of
discussion.

EVELYN
That's what your father used to
say. *

CHRISTOPHER
Ma - *

EVELYN
When there'd never really been
any discussion at all. *

CHRISTOPHER
I want to look after things for
you. *

EVELYN
Like he did for forty years *

CHRISTOPHER
Yes. *

EVELYN
And look how that turned out. *

She turns to Harold *

EVELYN (CONT'D)
How can any of us know what Hugh
would've wanted? And would he
have seen fit to tell us anyway?
(Best) *

Obviously the flat has to be
sold. *

(Best, then to Christopher) *

And you're very kind. And dear
Polly. But no, I won't be coming
to live with you. *

11 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

11

Muriel has now been transferred to a ward. She is listening to DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR.

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
You need a new hip, Mrs Donnelly.
It's not a difficult operation.

MURIEL
Easy for you to say, you're not
having it.

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
Regardless. You do need a new
hip.

MURIEL
I'm not getting it from you.

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
Not me personally, no.

MURIEL
Not any of your lot.

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
I see.

MURIEL
So when do I have the operation?

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
I'm afraid you'll be on a waiting
list for at least six months.

MURIEL
At my age, I can't plan that far
ahead. I don't even buy green
bananas.

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
There is another way. Our
hospital trust is funding a new
pilot scheme, that will enable us
to out-source you to another
hospital, where they can perform
the procedure almost immediately,
and at a fraction of the cost.

MURIEL
Is it local?

DR GHUJARAPARTIDAR
That depends how you define
local.

12 INT. EVELYN'S FLAT/CHRISTOPHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 12

Evelyn is on the phone to her son Christopher. They're
both sitting at computers. Evelyn's new-found dexterity is
impressive.

Around Evelyn's room are packing boxes, some already full.

CHRISTOPHER
(on phone)
When did you get a computer?

EVELYN
How far along is the progress
bar? The strip at the bottom
that tells you -

CHRISTOPHER
I know what it is. What are you
showing me anyway?

The webpage has come up. It's a picture of a beautiful old building. And underneath is written 'THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL'.

As Christopher gapes in horror, he hears a mellifluous Indian voice.

INDIAN VOICE

'Come and spend your autumn years in an Indian palace with the sophistication of an English country manor. Steeped in the tradition of the Raj, tucked away on the outskirts of Jaipur ...'

13 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY 13

The mellifluous tones continue. Madge mouths the words to herself as she scans the same web-page.

INDIAN VOICE

'... it exudes historical ambience and is graced with breathtaking surroundings ...'

14 INT. SALON - DAY 14

Jean, whom we earlier saw looking at the bungalow, is at the hairdressers. Her stylist ABI listens to her reading a computer printout for the same hotel. Which looks classy, elegant, and welcoming.

Madge's voice bleeds into Jean's.

JEAN

(reading)

'Lofty terraces, open courtyards, domes, arches and canopied balconies transport one back in time.'

ABI

I wouldn't mind going there myself.

15 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 15

In the background, a train rumbles along the Piccadilly Line towards Heathrow.

Douglas, Jean's husband, is on the green with his friend SIMON. Douglas is lining up a tricky putt.

SIMON

There won't be any golf courses.

DOUGLAS
Just as well. I can't afford the
green fees.

SIMON
But a retirement home?

Douglas misses his putt.

DOUGLAS
It's a luxury development, where
all the residents are in their
golden years.

SIMON
Like the Costa Brava.

DOUGLAS
Yes. But with more elephants.

Simon holes out.

16 INT. JUDGES CHAMBERS - DAY

16

Graham, the judge, is in his office. It's nearly empty;
his entire life is being packed away.

His friend Giles watches him put more things in boxes.

GILES
How long have we known each
other? And you've never once
talked about India.

GRAHAM
D'you want these books?

GILES
You might need them again.

Graham smiles at him, calls out.

GRAHAM
Mrs Megson!

His cleaner, MRS MEGSON, comes in.

MRS MEGSON
Sir?

Graham takes a beautiful vase off the shelf, gives it to
her.

GRAHAM
I want you to have this.

MRS MEGSON
Are you sure?

GRAHAM

Absolutely. There's a slight crack on the bottom. But I think you might know something about that already.

Mrs Megson goes.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

I used to live there. A long time ago.

17 INT. BASEMENT BEDSIT. EARLS COURT - DAY 17

A bedsit. Slightly down at heel, and sparsely furnished.

Norman, whom we met speed dating, is talking to someone. We don't see who.

Quietly, in the background, Radio 2 music from an old battery radio.

NORMAN

I have to go. I do. And I could say I wish you'd come, but I've never lied to you. We both know I need more than you can offer. We know that. Don't we?

We see who's sitting in front of him. An ancient dachshund.

NORMAN (cont'd)

(to the dog)

Don't make that face at me.

Norman's Polish landlady, MRS JELLINEK, is at the door.

MRS JELLINEK

(to her dog)

You. Upstairs.

The dog hops off the chair, and leaves. Norman watches him go.

MRS JELLINEK (cont'd)

Any warm clothes you have use for no more, I take them. And not forget to leave keys when you go.

She leaves. Norman is left alone.

NORMAN

I'll miss you too.

18 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

18

The district ambulance driver, JACKSON, is pushing Muriel in a wheelchair across a housing estate.

MURIEL

You know who'll be there, don't you? Indians. Loads of them, A sea of brown faces and black hearts, all greasy haired and reeking of spices. Never see one on their own, do you? No, because they hunt in packs. All the better to rob me blind and -

JACKSON

You know what? You can take it from here.

MURIEL

You're supposed to see me into my flat. That's what they said.

JACKSON

My wife is from Mumbai.

He heads off. Muriel shouts after him.

MURIEL

No good moaning to me, mate. You married her!

But he's gone.

Muriel wheels herself on over the bumpy ground.

19 EXT. PASSENGER DROP-OFF. STANSTED AIRPORT - EVENING

19

A reluctant Christopher is pushing a trolley carrying Evelyn's cases to the terminal.

CHRISTOPHER

You're sure your tickets are in order?

EVELYN

They should be. The hotel paid for them. I'm sure they'd rather have us there than not. And its fantastically cheap for the first three months.

CHRISTOPHER

I wonder why.

They walk on in silence.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

How will we know you're alright?

EVELYN

I'll call. They do have phones there, you know. Or you can just read my blog.

CHRISTOPHER

Your what?

EVELYN

On the interweb. You can log in whenever you like, read my news.

CHRISTOPHER

I just hope the first item will be announcing your return. I don't suppose they'll be paying for the journey back...?

Evelyn stops. They've reached the terminal.

EVELYN

Could you please, before I go, say one thing that is supportive? Because I've never done anything like this before.

CHRISTOPHER

Without Dad, you never did anything at all. And i don't think you'll be able to cope.

EVELYN

Well. I suppose we'll find out, won't we?

They head into the building.

20 INT. CHECK-IN AREA. AIRPORT - EVENING 20

Madge is at the First Class Check-In desk.

MADGE

And the connecting flight to Jaipur is first class too?

The check-in girl nods, hands Madge back her passport.

MADGE (cont'd)

I tell you, it's tough to get upgraded nowadays. I had to flirt so hard with the travel agent, it was practically phone sex.

21 INT. SECURITY AREA. AIRPORT - EVENING 21

The light is fading.

Norman appears to be relishing a detailed search from a female Security Guard.

NORMAN

Come on. Thorough as you like

...

Muriel is waiting to collect her bag from the belt.

SECURITY GUARD

We'd like to take a look in this bag, Madam, if you don't mind.

He lifts the bag onto a table. It's heavier than he thought.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
What you got in here anyway?

He opens the bag, stares in astonishment.

MURIEL
PG Tips. Brown sauce. Ten jars
of Marmite. Thirty one packets
of Chocolate Hobnobs. Pickled
onions. Pickled eggs. And
pickle.

SECURITY GUARD
No liquids on the plane.

MURIEL
What does that mean?

SECURITY GUARD
It means you can't take the
pickled onions. Or the pickled
eggs.
(beat)
The pickle's fine.

22 INT. BOARDING GATE. AIRPORT - EVENING/NIGHT 22

The passengers from Flight 1045 to Delhi are seated at the gate, waiting to board.

Muriel is wheeled up by an attendant and parked at the end of the only remaining row of empty chairs. Douglas and Jean are already sitting there.

Jean smiles politely as Graham sits down a couple of seats away.

Norman arrives, carrying his battery radio, sees an empty place between Jean and Madge, who is sitting at the end. He smiles knowingly at Madge as he sits.

Finally Evelyn takes the only available space, between Graham and Douglas.

And there the seven passengers wait patiently, unaware of their common fate.

The sound of a jet engine, quiet at first, finally engulfs them.

23 EXT. RUNWAY. INDIA - DAWN 23

The plane cruises down through a stunning sunset, and lands at Delhi Airport.

24 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, DELHI - DAY

24

Evelyn, Douglas, Jean and Graham are descending on an escalator. Madge is a few steps up.

JEAN

Obviously one's read one's Kipling, but we view this as an opportunity to explore another culture, as well as making new friends. And a retired judge is just the class of guest one was hoping for, isn't it Douglas?

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry?

GRAHAM

(to Evelyn)

And is this your first time in India?

JEAN

You don't seem like an experienced traveller.

EVELYN

I'm not. Although one has read one's guidebooks.

Jean blinks. Evelyn and Graham share a smile. Douglas hides his. And Madge sees it all.

As they head towards the baggage carousel, they're met by Muriel and Norman, emerging from the elevator. Norman is pushing Muriel's wheelchair.

NORMAN

Norman Cousins.

MADGE

Madge Hardcastle. A pleasure.

NORMAN

Play your cards right, it could be.

Madge stares at him. A voice comes over the tannoy.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to inform you that owing to bad weather, Flight 105 to Jaipur has been cancelled. The airline is happy to arrange ...

CUT TO:

25 INT. AIRPORT. DELHI - DAY 25

Hours later. The airport is deserted, except for the Marigold Hotel party, who sit slumped and exhausted on another row of seats, with Muriel's wheelchair at the other end.

After a moment, Graham says ...

GRAHAM
Alright. Plan B.

26 INT. DELHI AIRPORT - DAY 26

Moments later. They're all moving briskly through the hi-tech, ultra-modern, beautifully air-conditioned building.

JEAN
Of course it's a good idea. Who can you trust if not a High Court Judge?

DOUGLAS
And this way we see more of the country.

Norman is pushing Muriel's wheelchair.

NORMAN
(leaning down, to Muriel)
If anyone asks, say you're my mother. I don't want people to think we're together.

MURIEL
In your dirty dreams.

JEAN
Douglas, these are not words that often pass my lips, but you may actually be right. The country seems to be rather more civilised than one originally thought.

27 EXT. DELHI BUS STATION - EVENING 27

Moments later. Our heroes are in the middle of an extraordinary scene. Stifling heat, deafening noise; the chaos, the bustle, the grime, the crowds, the life.

They're surrounded by taxi drivers, baggage handlers, beggars etc. All clamouring for their attention.

Evelyn looks a little shocked. Jean is traumatized, a handkerchief to her face.

Graham, at the ticket booth, triumphantly holds up a fistful of tickets.

GRAHAM
(shouting over the din)
The bus will drop us in the
centre of town. We can take tuk-
tuks the rest of the way!

They follow him through the hordes. And see their bus.

It's absolutely rammed. People are practically hanging out of the windows.

MADGE
There's not enough room.

GRAHAM
It's time to prove the first and
only rule of India: there's
always room.

He starts to fight his way to the door. Evelyn's at the back. She stops, for a moment, looks around her.

EVELYN
What larks, Pip.

Douglas is just ahead of her. He turns, smiles.

DOUGLAS
Let's hope so.

28 EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING 28

Muriel's wheelchair is strapped to the back of the bus, which is screaming down the six-lane highway. A huge tower of luggage is piled precariously on the roof.

The road appears to be complete chaos; cars, buses, even cows overtaking each other.

The bus pulls into the outside lane to follow a truck which is overtaking some slower vehicles. As the truck pulls back into the inside lane, it reveals a huge truck barrelling towards them on the wrong carriageway.

Norman, sitting at the front, screams his last scream...

NORMAN
NOOOOOOO.....!!

At the last minute, the bus pulls back into the inside lane. The Indians on the bus take absolutely no notice.

29 INT. BUS - EVENING 29

Norman is grinning from ear to ear.

NORMAN

I'm loving this!

Evelyn is sitting next to Madge.

EVELYN

A few months ago I was organising the church flowers.

MADGE

Are you struggling with the feeling you're not in control of your circumstances?

EVELYN

A little.

MADGE

You know what the shortest prayer in the world is?

EVELYN

No.

MADGE

Fuck it.

Evelyn laughs.

MADGE (cont'd)

You're not doing the church flowers any more. May as well enjoy the ride.

Douglas is watching a nice Indian family. They're having a picnic. The father notices Douglas looking, offers him some food.

Douglas makes the *namaste* gesture, takes some happily.

JEAN

Are you insane? "Avoid all food not from a reputable vendor, it will have been washed with impure water."

Douglas keeps eating, with great enjoyment.

DOUGLAS

It's just a sandwich.

JEAN

Marvellous. Then I'll have the ham, cheese, and streptococcus, please. Or perhaps the bacteria, lettuce and tomato.

Douglas turns to Muriel.

DOUGLAS

Would you like some of this? I believe it's aloo ka paratha.

MURIEL

If I can't pronounce it, I'm not eating it.

The cacophony of horns continues. Jean screams, as another collision looms.

30 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK 30

The last of the light. The bus moves on through a beautiful landscape.

31 INT. BUS - NIGHT 31

Everyone is asleep, or trying to sleep.

Except Muriel. She reaches into her bag, and carefully removes a biscuit. She surreptitiously lifts it to her mouth, and starts to chew.

Madge has fallen asleep on Evelyn's shoulder. But Evelyn is still awake, as is Graham.

EVELYN

How long since you were here?

GRAHAM

Forty years.

EVELYN

As long as I was married.

(beat)

He died recently. My husband.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry.

EVELYN

D'you think we're going to be alright?

GRAHAM

God, don't ask me. I'm more scared than you are.

They both smile, sit in silence for a bit.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Yes. I think it's going to be extraordinary.

32 EXT. BUS - DAWN 32

The sun rises. A beautiful, pearly dawn.

The bus drives through the great gates of Jaipur. Below, the city shimmers in the heat. It's a magnificent sight.

EVELYN (O.S.)
What exactly is a tuk-tuk?

33 EXT. JAIPUR STREET - DAWN 33

Our heroes are squashed into a pair of them, facing forwards and backwards, attempting not to swallow too much dust as they wheel crazily through the teeming morning streets of the city. They stare in amazement at the world racing past them.

A scooter overtakes. A young man is driving, his girlfriend riding side-saddle on the back. Her sari billows out behind her. Douglas and Evelyn both watch her, struck by this image of beauty, youth and vitality.

34 EXT. STREET/GARDEN PATH. MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 34

The tuk-tuks have pulled up, and our travellers emerge, exhausted and dirty, staring through some garden gates at the Marigold Hotel. Once a beautiful building, once possibly even luxurious, it is clearly in the process of being given at least half the face-lift it badly needs. Parts of the building are freshly painted, some of the ornate balconies are crumbling, and one wall is clad with crazily skewed bamboo scaffolding. A huge old tree towers over an untended garden, its branches poking into the windows of the building.

34A EXT. ROOFTOP. MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 34A

A young man leans out from an upper balcony to see the arrival below: SONNY KAPOOR (early 20's).

He deposits a paint pot and brush on a parapet, and races off across the rooftop.

34B EXT. GARDEN PATH/COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 34B

Dazed and horrified, the travellers wander up the pathway. A cow standing in front of them is pushed into the garden by a couple of young houseboys who then run to the tuk-tuks to collect their luggage.

34C EXT. STAIRWAY/COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 34C

Sonny clatters down the steep steps, and comes tearing out onto a verandah, as the travellers arrive in the courtyard below. He spreads his arms wide.

SONNY
Welcome to India!!!

They stare up at him.

35 EXT/INT. COURTYARD/HALLWAY.BEDROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 35

The courtyard is not without charm, although somewhat delapidated. A fountain at the centre does not look as if it has seen water in years, and faded awnings are strung up haphazardly.

Sonny is leading Madge into the darkness of the building, towards her room.

SONNY
This is a building of the utmost character, which means that perhaps not everything will function in the way you expect it to. But as the manager and chief executive supervising officer of the Marigold Hotel, I can tell you with great pride that the building has stood for centuries, and will stand for many more, in 100% shipshape condition. Please follow me, carefully avoiding that naughty stone there ... round this corner, leading us most successfully all the way to ... your bedroom!

The room is very small, comfortable, and tastefully decorated. But there's no door.

MADGE
Where?

SONNY
Here. In here.

MADGE
My dear man. Rooms have doors. What you're showing me here is an alcove.

SONNY
The door is coming soon, most definitely.

MADGE
How soon?

SONNY

Let us not concern ourselves with details, Mrs Hardcastle. Rather than speaking of doors, we should instead take pleasure in the freedom to roam.

MADGE

Does your room have a door?

SONNY

Oh yes.

MADGE

Then that's where I'll be staying.

36 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 36

Douglas and Jean arrive at their room. Douglas goes in through the arched doorway, promptly comes back out again.

DOUGLAS

Bird in the room! Bird in the room!

Jean pushes him aside, goes on in. Several pigeons are flying around in some panic.

37 EXT/INT. VERANDAH/BEDROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 37

Evelyn arrives at her room, goes on in.

The room is light and airy. And rather nice. But all the furniture is covered in sheets.

As Evelyn stands there, Sonny comes rushing in, yanks all the sheets off, and runs out again.

38 EXT/INT. BEDROOMS/TERRACE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 38

Muriel wheels herself towards her room. Standing inside is a male nurse, AJIT.

Muriel swivels her chair around. Graham is just going into his room.

MURIEL

There's an Indian in there!

Graham smiles, goes on into his room. Which is dusty, but comfortable and pleasant.

He looks around with satisfaction.

39 EXT. STAIRWAY, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 39

Norman is laboriously climbing the stairs to his room. He stops, catches his breath.

40 EXT. TERRACE, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 40

Ajit is attempting to explain himself to Muriel.

MURIEL

My what?

AJIT

Your physiotherapist. To help with your recovery after the operation.

MURIEL

You're not touching me.

AJIT

Traditionally that is how physiotherapy is practised.

41 EXT. ROOF, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 41

Norman comes out onto the roof of the hotel. His room is right in front of him, a kind of penthouse cabin. A bed, but not much else. The trees poke in through the open window.

He walks through the room, hangs his battery radio on a hook and leans out of the balcony, surveying the view.

NORMAN

This'll do.

42 INT. RECEPTION - DAY 42

Jean is confronting Sonny.

JEAN

I want to stay at the other hotel, the one in the brochure.

SONNY

Mrs Ainslie, prepare to be amazed. This is that very building!

JEAN

You've Photoshopped it!

SONNY

I have offered a vision of the future.

(MORE)

SONNY (cont'd)

Of course I had hoped that by now it would be the present. But in India we have a saying: everything will be alright in the end. So if it is not alright, then it is not yet the end.

JEAN

What will start to make this alright is for you to give us a refund.

SONNY

Of course if that is what you desire, you must have it. Absolutely no problem, I will refund you completely.

JEAN

You will? Straight away?

SONNY

Without question, Mrs Ainslie, I most definitely will. Straight away in three months.

43 INT. GRAHAM'S ROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 43

Graham is taking some things out of his bag: an old map of Jaipur, sepia-tinted photographs of a British family during the Raj, official documents yellowing with age.

He picks up a photograph, looks at it.

From outside, we can hear Ajit, the physiotherapist ...

AJIT (O.S.)

... a stay of five days and it is done under general anaesthesia. A hip replacement usually takes only two hours ...

44 EXT. TERRACE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 44

Ajit's explanation continues. Muriel is trying not to panic.

AJIT

Your surgeon will remove the top end of the thigh bone, and insert an artificial bone instead. A most routine procedure.

MURIEL

Have you got a marker pen on you?

AJIT

Why?

MURIEL

I want to mark it. So you don't
take the wrong hip.

45 EXT. UPPER VERANDAH. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 45

Douglas is on his way down the stairs.

Evelyn comes out of her bedroom.

EVELYN

Oh, hello.

DOUGLAS

Is everything alright?

EVELYN

I was just going to find the
manager.

DOUGLAS

I'm afraid he's dealing with my
wife. Or vice versa.

EVELYN

I promised I'd call my son, to
tell him I'd arrived, and -

DOUGLAS

And the phone in your room
doesn't work. May I?

45A INT. EVELYN'S ROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 45A

Douglas picks up the very old-style phone. Evelyn is
watching.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Now, did you try jiggling it a
bit?

EVELYN

Yes, did that.

DOUGLAS

Did you kind of bang it lightly
on the desk a few times?

EVELYN

That too.

DOUGLAS

Hmm.

He twists off the mouthpiece of the receiver, lifts the
receiver carefully. And blows on it.

EVELYN

How did you come to be here? In India.

DOUGLAS

I invested our - well, my - retirement money in our daughter's internet company. She assured me that as soon as the start-up actually started up, and the conversion from virtual to actual proved sufficiently viable, then she would be able to pay it all back.

EVELYN

I'm not sure I understand what most of those words mean.

DOUGLAS

It turns out neither did she.

Douglas has put the mouthpiece back on, holds the receiver to his ear.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

There you are. Good as new.

EVELYN

Really?

DOUGLAS

No, of course not. I've got no idea what I'm doing.

Evelyn bursts out laughing.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Now, would you like me to not fix that chair? Because I can do that too.

45B EXT. STAIRWAY. MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT

45B

The houseboys are struggling with the unequal task of pulling Muriel's wheelchair, with Muriel in it, up the narrow steps.

SONNY (O.S.)

In honour of your arrival, a special welcome British roast for you all!

46 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD - NIGHT

46

A group of mismatched table and chairs, that constitute the dining area of the hotel.

Sonny is serving up a meal. His guests, wearing garlands of marigolds, listen politely.

SONNY

...Cooked lovingly by myself and my most loyalist factotum and helper, Young Wasim ...

He points to YOUNG WASIM. Who is about 80, and is sitting in the corner, fast asleep.

MADGE

Roast what?

SONNY

A wonderful taste of Blighty.

MADGE

Roast what?

SONNY

Roast goat curry.

DOUGLAS

Yes please.

JEAN

So the upshot is that he's spent all our money getting us here, and we can't leave till he's made some more.

Muriel has arrived at her table.

SONNY

Gentle friends, you have found your way to this place, bequeathed to me by my beloved father, that I have raised from the ruins of his broken dreams, and renamed The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel For The Elderly And Beautiful. Yes, I use the words most deliberately....

Norman is not looking very well at all. Sonny doesn't notice, keeps on going.

SONNY (cont'd)

...You have all heard the chimes at midnight, and long in tooth have you become. Who knows how many days you have left? But we are most honoured that you have chosen to spend that time with us.

Norman's head suddenly tips forward, and he falls from his chair onto the floor.

General panic. Everybody crowds round, but no one knows what to do.

SONNY (cont'd)
Let me through, please. My
brother is a doctor.

He kneels next to Norman, and checks his watch as he feels for a pulse.

Everybody waits. And then ...

SONNY (cont'd)
This man is dead.

An appalled silence.

SONNY (cont'd)
Please, we must cover his face.
We should preserve his dignity at
this terrible moment.

Madge looks around. All there is is a napkin. She passes it Sonny, who lays it over the face of Norman.

Who promptly coughs.

DOUGLAS
He just coughed. I heard him
cough!

EVELYN
He moved! He's alive!

MADGE
He's fainted, that's all.

Sonny shakes his watch next to his ear. It's stopped.

Norman sits up.

NORMAN
What's going on? Did I nod off?

Everyone crowds round Norman, helps lift him back up.

Except Muriel. She just stares at them all.

MURIEL
Hell. I'm in hell.

47 EXT. STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN

47

The sun rises. A washer-man bicycles up to the hotel, a load of clean sheets balanced on his handlebars. Shopkeepers on the street are beginning to set out their wares.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*Day Nine. Old habits die easier
 than we think, and new ones form.*

48 INT. EVELYN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 48

Evelyn is typing - hunt and peck - at her computer. Beside her, the classified pages of the local newspaper.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*No longer do I reach out in the
 morning for Radio 4. My news
 comes instead from the Jaipur
 Herald ...*

49 EXT. STREET, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 49

A sign reads: 'THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL FOR THE ELDERLY AND BEAUTIFUL - OPEN FOR BUSINESS.'

Sonny affixes a sticker: 'NOW WITH GUESTS!'

EVELYN (V.O.)
*... Soon I might even grow
 accustomed to the storm of car
 horns and vendors.*

50 EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - DAY 50

The main road in Jaipur is chaotically busy. Crowds, bikes, cows, dust, noise, and laughter.

Sonny's battered old car has broken down. Madge is in the front seat, Douglas and Jean in the back.

Sonny is aiming a couple of kicks at the engine.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*Can there be anywhere else in the
 world that is such an assault on
 the senses?*

51 EXT/INT. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE, JAIPUR - DAY 51

An office out of a Kafka novel; cloth bags containing files are piled all around the room, floor to ceiling.

Graham is seated at a desk, in front of a sober official. He is filling in a form.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*Those who know the country of old
 just go about their business.
 But nothing can prepare the
 uninitiated for this riot of
 noise and colour ...*

51A EXT. JANTAR MANTAR OBSERVATORY. JAIPUR - DAY 51A

Norman seems less interested in the astonishing geometric devices of the ancient observatory than in the female tourists who have come to see them...

52 EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - DAY 52

The chaos and din of the street is even more mind-boggling.

Madge now has the bonnet up, and is studying the engine. Douglas stands in the street, staring in wonderment around him.

Inside the car, Jean looks utterly traumatized, shrinking lower in her seat as a horde of kids swarm at the windows, shouting, wheedling, gesticulating. Sonny does his best to wave them away.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*... for the heat, the motion, the
perpetual teeming crowds. Sonny
is conducting his own personal
assault on our senses ...*

53 INT. UPPER COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 53

The guests look on with trepidation, as another meal is laid before them.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*... with the flow of exotic
dishes he demands daily from the
kitchen. Mooli Moong Dal.
Baghara Baingan. Banjari Gosht.
Paneer Methi Chaman ...*

As the list unfolds, the guests, one by one, enter their bathrooms; a litany of doors closing ...

Until Norman.

EVELYN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Mutton Vindaloo ...

Norman lies on his bed, reading the Kama Sutra.

He spins the book round, in order to study an illustration more intently.

54 INT. HOSPITAL, JAIPUR - DAY 54

The hospital puts the NHS to shame. It's hi-tech, bright, and spanking clean.

Sonny pushes Muriel through the doors of the lobby. The reception area is a forest of dark skin. Muriel is rigid with fear.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*Initially you're overwhelmed.
 But gradually you realise: it's
 like a wave. Resist, and you'll
 be knocked over ...*

Sonny is in discussion with some doctors.

Then he turns to see that Muriel has vanished. Through the window Muriel can be seen frantically wheeling herself away down the path...

EVELYN (V.O.) (cont'd)
*Dive into it, and you'll swim out
 the other side.*

55 EXT/INT. STREET/ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 55

Madge is exchanging some coins with a street trader in return for a mobile phone.

In her room, Madge scans a phone directory, and dials a number.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*This is a new and different
 world.*

56 INT. EVELYN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 56

Evelyn is finishing her blog. She picks up the paper, checks something.

EVELYN (V.O.)
The challenge is to cope with it.

57 EXT. GARDEN, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 57

Evelyn is coming down the path to the gate.

EVELYN (V.O.)
And not just cope ... but thrive.

58 EXT. STREET, JAIPUR - DAY 58

Evelyn is walking down a rough street on the outskirts of the city. Kids are everywhere, laughing, shouting, doing tricks, begging.

Evelyn approaches them, holding up a piece of paper.

EVELYN

Please, can anyone direct me to
this address?

Evelyn's piece of paper gets passed around: none of the
kids can read. An older boy finally points. Suddenly
there's lots of pointing.

EVELYN (cont'd)

Thank you.

She goes to move, but the kids are still all around her.

EVELYN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I don't ... I don't
really have much ...

She gives them the contents of her pockets.

EVELYN (cont'd)

Alright? Alright now? Goodbye.

She starts to walk, is surprised that the entire posse of
kids walks with her. In fact, the group seems to be
growing exponentially. She looks like the Pied Piper.

59 INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 59

Douglas is getting ready to go out. Jean clearly isn't.

DOUGLAS

Graham was talking about this
marvellous temple. I thought you
might want to come with me.

JEAN

I'm your wife. Have we met?

DOUGLAS

You'd really rather stay here all
day?

JEAN

Given the alternative, yes.

DOUGLAS

When I walk out in the morning,
the street kids all smile at me.

JEAN

Because you give them money.

DOUGLAS

One does this trick where he
holds his hands out in front of
himself, and then swings through
his own arms. Got to be worth a
rupee or two.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

(Beat)

I'll go on my own then.

60 EXT. CHAND POLE STREET. JAIPUR - DAY 60

The road is absolutely rammed; with cars, bikes and rickshaws. All honking horns, all seemingly headed in different directions.

Evelyn has somehow made it to the central reservation. She takes a deep breath, and plunges into the maze of traffic, heading for the other side.

61 EXT. RICKSHAW. SUBURBAN ROAD, JAIPUR - DAY 61

Graham is in a rickshaw. The rickshaw driver, PRAVESH, is driving it through a neighborhood in transition. Skeletal structures of a new India rise above the houses.

61A EXT. BUILDING SITE/STREET. JAIPUR - DAY 61A

Some kids playing cricket.

The rickshaw weaves its way through them and comes to a halt.

Graham gets out, and stands in the street, dwarfed by a huge modern building, some months away from completion.

GRAHAM

This can't be right, surely?

PRAVESH

I am thinking so, saab.

GRAHAM

But there were houses all along here ... these were homes.

PRAVESH

I can take you some other place..?

GRAHAM

No. That'll do for now. Thank you.

He hands over some money, and Pravesh pedals away.

Graham turns to look at the boys playing cricket. One of them, SANJAY, is batting.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Excuse me. There used to be houses here ...

SANJAY

All knocked down.

GRAHAM

And the people? The families?

SANJAY

They move.

Graham nods, turns to look at the giant structure that has taken over, then turns back.

GRAHAM

Don't grip so tightly with your right hand.

Sanjay looks puzzled.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

On the bat. The right is just a guide. Keep your left elbow high, play down the line of your arm, and then you'll hit through the ball ..

Sanjay looks at him, squinting in the sun.

62 INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL - DAY

62

Ajit is wheeling Muriel through the hospital.

MURIEL

When can I go back to England?

AJIT

As soon as you can walk onto the plane. How does the hip feel?

MURIEL

They must have got lucky.

AJIT

It's strange. I think the more operations they perform, the luckier they get.

He glances down at Muriel, who betrays no sign of getting Ajit's joke.

63 EXT. MARKET. BACK STREETS - DAY

63

Evelyn is still searching for the right address. She's turned off the main road, and is heading down a narrow side streets. The city has become denser, and the walls seem to have closed in.

She pushes her way through the crowded market.

63A EXT. PASSAGE/COURTYARD - DAY

63A

Uncertain, Evelyn turns down a narrow alley, and suddenly finds herself in an enclosed courtyard strewn with makeshift washing lines. The atmosphere is faintly threatening.

As she tries to find her way out, she becomes aware that she is being watched: the walls are full of doorways, and people have come out to stare at her. She has stumbled into their home.

Evelyn tries to suppress her panic, turning from one face to another.

EVELYN

I'm so sorry. I didn't realise -

She backs into a kind of flatbed trolley, piled high with cooking utensils, which clatter noisily to the ground. She goes to pick them up.

EVELYN (cont'd)

Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry...

A man is staring at her: SURESH.

SURESH

Yes.

EVELYN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I'm just trying to get to this address.

SURESH

Yes.

EVELYN

Do you understand me? Can you help me find this place?

SURESH

Yes.

EVELYN

Is that yes you understand, or yes you can help me?

SURESH

Yes.

Some of the children who have gathered laugh at this, and the tension is broken slightly.

EVELYN

Let's go with both, shall we?

63B EXT. STREET. JAIPUR - DAY 63B

Suresh's flatbed trike is rolling down the street, piled impossibly high with bundles of brightly-coloured textiles. On the back, enthroned in the fabric, is Evelyn.

64 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY 64

Graham is playing cricket with the teenagers. He's good, too. He whacks a ball off into the distance.

GRAHAM
(triumphant)
YES!

A boy runs off to fetch the ball. Graham half-runs, half-walks to the other end, then turns for a second run, breathing heavily. Then walks back to the crease, gets ready for the next delivery.

It's hot and he's tired, but he hasn't felt this good for years.

SANJAY
Give me the ball. I can take
him.

He turns cheerily to Graham.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Down is where you're going,
Uncle.

GRAHAM
Come on. Do your worst.

They're both enjoying the banter, as Sanjay heads back to the beginning of his run-up, then turns and sprints in to bowl.

As Graham watches Sanjay running towards him, Sanjay seems to slow, his movements becoming sluggish, never seeming to reach the crease. He looks at the faces of the other boys, frozen, waiting. The ball seems to take forever to leave Sanjay's hand.

Graham steps back, completely fails to play a stroke, and is bowled.

SANJAY
That's what I'm talking about! I
felt the need, the need for -

Graham still hasn't moved.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Are you alright, Uncle?

Graham finds his voice at last.

GRAHAM
Yes. Yes, I'm fine.

65 EXT. STREET/CALL CENTRE BUILDING - DAY 65

Suresh brakes, stops outside a glass-clad high-rise building.

SURESH
Yes.

Suresh helps Evelyn down off the back.

EVELYN
Thank you.

SURESH
Yes.

EVELYN
This is it?

SURESH
Yes.

EVELYN
Then thank you. You're very kind.

SURESH
Yes.

He rides off. Evelyn looks nervously up at the building.

66 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. CALL CENTRE - DAY 66

A brightly-lit open plan office on a high floor of the building. The city sprawls magnificently below.

Partitions divide off the cubicles. Within them sit rows of workers, all early 20's, all with headsets clamped to their ears. As chaotic as the streets of Jaipur are, this place is immaculate, controlled and efficient.

We hear snatches of what they're saying.

TELEMARKETERS
Thank you for talking to us today
... We do appreciate your call
... while I have you on the
phone, can I talk to you about
our special offers ... your call
is important to us ... now is
there anything else I can help
you with ... shouldn't take more
than five minutes ... your custom
is valuable to us ...
(MORE)

TELEMARKETERS (cont'd)

I'm afraid I'll have to refer
that to my supervisor ... just a
routine security check before we
start ... Thank you for talking
to us today

Through a glass partition, Evelyn can be seen sitting at a
desk, talking to someone.

67 INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE. CALL CENTRE - DAY 67

JAY (late 20's) is talking to Evelyn.

JAY

You're sure I can't offer you something? We have English Breakfast Tea. Building Tea, as you call it.

EVELYN

Builder's tea. It's called builder's tea. And no, I'm fine. Thank you.

JAY

Tell me then. How can I help you?

Beat.

EVELYN

I don't think you can. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come.

She stands.

JAY

Wait -

EVELYN

I saw your advertisement in the local paper, and it specifically mentioned the ability to talk to older people. But this is not what I imagined ...

JAY

You came for a job?

EVELYN

I've wasted your time.

JAY

Mrs Greenslade. Everyone working here is a graduate of a good university. This is a place for ambitious people. Young people.

EVELYN

I see that. Good day.

JAY

Please. One second.

Evelyn stops.

JAY (cont'd)

It is really builder's tea?

EVELYN

Yes. We dunk biscuits into it.

JAY

You dunk?

EVELYN

It means lowering a biscuit into your tea, letting it soak in there, then trying to calculate the exact moment just before it dissolves to whip it up to the mouth, and enjoy the blissful union of biscuit and tea combined.

(beat)

It's more relaxing than it sounds.

JAY

Perhaps you can help us after all.

68 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. CALL CENTRE - DAY 68

A few minutes later. From the open-plan office Evelyn can be seen talking to Jay.

One person watching is SUNAINA (20's). She's talking on the phone.

SUNAINA

We do appreciate your custom, which is very important to us. And can I draw your attention to our special -

But the person at the other end has hung up. Sunaina starts to dial another number.

Then the clock hits 11, and a buzzer sounds. Sunaina gets up, heads for the door.

69 EXT. FORECOURT. CALL CENTRE - DAY 69

Dozens of motorcycles are parked in front of the building. People are hanging around chatting and smoking.

Sonny arrives on his motorcycle, a bag of marigolds strapped to the pillion seat.

Sunaina, who is with some friends, spots him, comes over. She smiles as he pulls her to him.

SUNAINA

I get two breaks in eight hours. Explain to me why I would want to waste one of them with you -

He kisses her. She kisses him back.

SONNY
Leave this place. Come and work
for me.

SUNAINA
You can't afford me.

SONNY
I cannot afford anything.

SUNAINA
Still tempting. I miss you. Am
I coming round tonight?

SONNY
Let's meet somewhere else. I
will rent a hotel room.

SUNAINA
Sonny, you own a hotel. It has
many rooms.

SONNY
Some of them now occupied. With
actual real guests.

SUNAINA
Paying guests?

SONNY
Why must you nitpick? It is not
an attractive quality.

SUNAINA
It isn't?

They kiss again, start to make out a bit. Then ..

JAY (O.S.)
Sunaina!

They turn to see Jay who has come out of the Call Centre.

JAY (cont'd)
(calling, to Sonny)
You can let go of my sister now.
Break's over.

SONNY
Hello Jay.

JAY
Sonny boy.

SONNY
Don't call me that.

Jay smiles, holds the door open for Sunaina.

JAY

Let's go.

70

EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

70

Jean is sitting in a chair, reading. Graham comes up the path.

JEAN

Good evening, Your Honour.

GRAHAM

Mrs Ainslie. I hope you had a good day. What did you get up to?

JEAN

Well, I started in my bedroom, where I had a lovely couple of hours giving all the cockroaches names. Then after a lunch that will long have a place in my heartburn, I came out here ... and stared blindly at a book waiting for someone - anyone to rescue me. And how glad I am it was you.

GRAHAM

Why would you not go out?
There's so much to see.

Jean had hoped for some appreciation of her wit, and is floored by his question. She can hardly understand, let alone tell him, the depths of her discomfort.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Open your eyes, Mrs Ainslie. All life is here, I tell you.

Jean stares at him. He goes on through the archway into the hotel. Then stops.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

I could talk to the chef, if you like. Perhaps get you some grilled chicken, plain rice.

JEAN

I would appreciate that very much.

Graham goes on in. Jean just sits there. Wishing he'd come back out again.

71 EXT. TERRACE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 71

Muriel is back. She's in her chair, on the terrace outside her room.

A young hotel worker, ANOKHI, brings out a tray of food to her.

Muriel watches her, but Anokhi is deferential, won't meet Muriel's eyes. She puts the tray down and leaves.

Muriel just sits there, glaring balefully into the night, the untouched tray of food by her side.

72 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD - NIGHT 72

Evelyn comes into the dining area. Graham is there, at a table in the corner.

GRAHAM

Good evening.

EVELYN

Good evening.

Evelyn sits at her table.

EVELYN (cont'd)

I trust you had a good day?

GRAHAM

I'd rather hear about yours.

EVELYN

I got a job. My first. Ever.
I'm going to be a sort of
cultural advisor.

GRAHAM

A role I'm sure you'll perform
with great distinction.

He's about to inquire further, when Evelyn sees Douglas and Jean emerge from their room.

EVELYN

Perhaps if you wouldn't mind
keeping that news to yourself.

GRAHAM

I'm flattered you shared it with
me.

He turns to greet the new arrivals.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Good evening, the Ainslies.

EVELYN

Have you had a good day?

DOUGLAS

Spectacular.

(to Graham)

I went to the temple you told me about. A place of meditation and peace, quite stunning.

JEAN

So spiritual, I bet you hardly noticed the smell of elephant dung.

DOUGLAS

No elephants, sadly. Still none.

(to Graham)

I thought I might see you there. Where did you get to instead?

JEAN

Yes, where do you get to every day?

GRAHAM

Well, I've just finished telling Mrs Greenslade all about it.

Evelyn registers the lie, but says nothing.

JEAN

I'm sure she wouldn't mind hearing it again.

She waits. But Graham is as elusive as he is tactful.

GRAHAM

I talked to the chef for you. He said it will be no problem.

JEAN

Did you hear that, Douglas? Plain grilled food; manna from heaven.

DOUGLAS

I don't have to have it too, do I?

JEAN

(to Graham)

I don't know how to thank you.

DOUGLAS

(to Evelyn)

You really should see this temple.

EVELYN

I'd like that very much.

DOUGLAS

But maybe take a clothes peg for
your nose.

73 EXT. COURTYARD/UPPER VERANDAH, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 73

Graham and Evelyn emerge through the arch heading for their
rooms.

Graham starts down the stairs.

EVELYN

Goodnight.

GRAHAM

Goodnight to you.

He seems about to say something else. She waits for a
moment, then walks on.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Mrs Greenslade?

EVELYN

Evelyn.

GRAHAM

Can I show you something?

74 INT. GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

74

Moments later. Evelyn is sitting in front of Graham's
collage.

GRAHAM

I grew up here. Just a short
drive away. It was a big house,
and we had servants, everyone
did. We knew their wives, their
children. One boy, Manoj, became
my friend. We played a lot of
cricket together, played anything
we could. And that's how it
stayed for years. Until one
night, he became something more.

(beat)

We had a few months, we had that.
There was a weekend in Udaipur,
we sat by a lake and watched the
sun go down, and I remember
thinking ... I will never be this
happy again. And I was right.
Because quite suddenly it was
over. We'd fallen asleep, and
they found us.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (cont'd)

(beat)

For me it was bad enough. But I already knew who I was, and I think my family had guessed. For Manoj, the disgrace was absolute; a double taboo. His father was fired, they were sent away, all of them. I don't know what I could've done, but it should've been more than nothing. I put up no fight. I let it happen.

(beat)

Soon afterwards I went to England, to University. I always told myself I'd come back. But I never did.

EVELYN

Until now.

GRAHAM

And now I think .. what if I am the last person on earth he wants to see?

Evelyn says nothing.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

I don't think I can go through with it.

EVELYN

Do you want to see him again?

GRAHAM

Yes. Yes. Oh yes.

EVELYN

Then you must.

75 EXT. TEMPLE/STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 75

As the bell tolls, the faithful arrive at the temple for morning prayers.

75A EXT. UPPER VERANDAH/SERVANTS COURTYARD - DAY 75A

Evelyn stands outside her room, listening to the bells, sipping a cup of tea, pensive. She looks down into a dilapidated part of the building, where the staff are housed. Women in bright saris go about their business.

76 INT/EXT. MURIEL'S ROOM/VERANDAH, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 76

From her wheelchair, Muriel is re-making her bed. She tucks in a perfect hospital corner.

She looks up. Anokhi is on the verandah, replacing her untouched supper tray with breakfast. Anokhi is about to leave, but stops.

Then she goes to fetch Muriel's jar of pickle from the windowsill, and places it on the table.

Muriel watches, then wheels herself outside, looks at the tray.

From outside, Sonny's voice can be heard.

SONNY (O.S.)

And so now that we are fully operational, Mr Maruthi, it is clear that with a small injection of funds for the Phase Two Development ...

77 EXT. GARDEN/COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 77

Brimming with confidence, Sonny is walking a wealthy investor, MR MARUTHI, around the grounds. Some builders are dismantling scaffolding.

SONNY

... the Best Exotic Marigold Hotel can rise like a phoenix to its previous state of glory. And when I say small injection, I mean small in the sense of medium-sized. Possibly larger.

MR MARUTHI

This hotel was never glorious.

SONNY

Just the phoenix part then.

MR MARUTHI

How many rooms will there be?

SONNY

Many.

MR MARUTHI

How many?

SONNY

A great amount. Plenty of rooms, no question.

They've arrived in the courtyard.

SONNY (cont'd)

I am not a details man, Mr Maruthi.

MR MARUTHI
Nor was your father.

They see Muriel on her verandah.

SONNY
Mr Maruthi, I present to you one of our beloved guests. Dear Mrs Donnelly, please describe in as much detail as you desire your experience of the ambience and atmosphere of the Best Exotic Marigold Hotel.

MURIEL
Kill me. Kill me now.

Sonny steers Mr Maruthi towards the reception, speaks quietly.

SONNY
The wheel is spinning. But the hamster is dead.

He stops, as he sees an elegant older woman standing in the doorway. This is the redoubtable MRS KAPOOR.

SONNY (cont'd)
Mummyji! What are you doing here?

MRS KAPOOR
You called. I came.

SONNY
I couldn't have called. The phones don't work.

MRS KAPOOR
That's why I came.

78 INT. SONNY'S OFFICE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 78

Moments later. Sonny closes the door behind him.

His mother starts going through the contents of his desk.

MRS KAPOOR
Who was that man out there?

SONNY
The contents of this desk are mine. Don't open the drawers. I must insist you don't open the drawer.

Mrs Kapoor opens the drawer.

SONNY (cont'd)

Tell me why you have come.

MRS KAPOOR

Do I need a reason to visit my favourite son?

SONNY

No. He is in his mansion in Delhi.

MRS KAPOOR

My second favourite.

SONNY

He went to Kerala to make his fortune.

MRS KAPOOR

But make it, he did.

SONNY

As I will make mine. I have a dream, Mummyji. A most brilliant one: to out-source old age. And not just for the British. There are many other countries where they don't like old people too.

MRS KAPOOR

Your brothers own a third of the hotel each, they are entitled to a third of the profits.

SONNY

Success does not happen overnight, Mummyji. This is blue sky thinking, and it requires long-term strategy and patience.

MRS KAPOOR

How is your girlfriend?

SONNY

I look forward to you meeting her.

MRS KAPOOR

And I look forward to you meeting the woman you will marry. She is from a good family in Delhi.

SONNY

I can marry as I choose, Mummyji. I need no permission.

MRS KAPOOR

I presume it is your girlfriend who teaches you such nonsense. One reason not to marry her.

SONNY

What if I love her?

MRS KAPOOR

An even better reason. Now send Young Wasim to the car for my luggage.

SONNY

He cannot carry, he has a dicky back ... wait, your luggage? How long are you staying?

MRS KAPOOR

As long as it takes.

79 INT. BATHROOM. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 79

Jean is looking out of her bathroom window, down into the courtyard.

She sees Graham come out of his room. She turns back to the mirror, looks at herself.

80 EXT. MURIEL'S TERRACE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 80

Near to Muriel, Anokhi is sweeping the floor.

MURIEL

You won't get the dirt out like that.

Anokhi just smiles at her radiantly.

MURIEL (cont'd)

I worked in service for years, looked after a lovely house. I kept it spotless. You need a bit more pressure on that brush.

Graham walks past, on his way out.

GRAHAM

She won't speak English. She's what used to be called an Untouchable. An outcast, born below society. To a good Hindu, even her shadow is polluted.

He greets Anokhi in Hindi, and heads for the door.

MURIEL

Where d'you go every day? Is it a woman? Nip round there for a curry and a bit of afters?

GRAHAM

I don't think so. I'm gay.
Although nowadays more in theory
than practice. Good day.

He leaves. A moment later, Jean comes rushing out.

Immediately she realises two things; first, that Graham has
already gone. And second, that Muriel is watching her.

JEAN

Good morning.

Muriel says nothing.

JEAN (cont'd)

Lovely day.

Still nothing from Muriel.

JEAN (cont'd)

Lovely.
(beat)
Lovely.

She turns and goes back in.

Muriel thinks for a while, then turns to Anokhi.

MURIEL

Long old life, isn't it?

81 EXT. VICEROY CLUB - DAY

81

A classic colonial building, straight out of the English
Raj.

Madge is being shown around by an elderly secretary, MR
DHARUNA.

MR DHARUNA

The Viceroy Club was opened by
the great Lord Kitchener himself,
and many of the fixtures have
remained unchanged since then.

MADGE

Yes, I see that. Perhaps you
could tell me a little about the
clientele? Any maharajahs?
Wealthy widowed land-owners?

MR DHARUNA

It is not the policy of this club
to divulge details of our
members.

They go past a very handsome older Indian man. Who
radiates wealth and privilege.

MR DHARUNA (cont'd)
Good morning, Your Excellency.

MADGE
Where do I sign up?

MR DHARUNA
The admission fee is 120,000
rupees, and thereafter 15,000
rupees each month.

MADGE
I wonder if I might get a little
discount. Owing to my status.

MR DHARUNA
Your status, madam?

MADGE
Yes. One was rather hoping to
fly under the radar, but one is a
member of the Royal Family.

MR DHARUNA
Which member, madam?

MADGE
I'm Princess Margaret.

MR DHARUNA
(bowing slightly)
It is most surely an honour to
meet you. And may I say how well
you look. Especially taking into
account that you died nine years
ago.
(beat)
Your real name please, madam.
And 120,000 rupees.

82 INT. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

82

Graham comes into the chaotic office.

The bookish official, MR CHIDAMBRAM, is behind the desk.

GRAHAM
Good morning.

MR CHIDAMBRAM
Good morning, Sir. Did I not say
that we will contact you when
there is information regarding
your inquiry?

GRAHAM
Yes, you did say that. You did.

MR CHIDAMBRAM

While it is most pleasant to see you, your presence does not actually accelerate our investigation.

GRAHAM

I'll try not to come in tomorrow.

MR CHIDAMBRAM

I expect I will see you then.

83 INT. CALL CENTRE - DAY

83

None of the operators are on the phone. Instead they are sitting in a semi-circle, looking curiously at Evelyn. Who is sitting next to Jay, a little daunted by the attention.

EVELYN

...You ring in the morning. Let's assume the person answering will be a woman. She will have had her breakfast. Tea or coffee. Semi-skimmed milk, always. If she's under 50 she'll be contemplating yet another diet, over 50 she'll have more or less given up, and be eating toast. The radio may be playing, or more likely daytime TV. A chat show, or a programme with a moderator speaking to a panel of young women whose boyfriends have all slept with their mothers. The girlfriends' mothers, I mean, not their own. Although ... Anyway, then the boyfriends usually come out, and everybody fights.

Sunaina is in the audience. She calls out.

SUNAINA

I'm not surprised people hang up on us.

Laughter.

EVELYN

That's the point. When the phone rings and it's this robot ... nobody wants a machine, but it's almost worse when it's a person behaving like one. All these sales cliches just strung together. 'Your call is important to us'. Is it? Well then sound like it.

SUNAINA

'Your custom is valuable'.

EVELYN

Right. That one. Don't ever say that.

SUNAINA

'Service is our middle name'.

EVELYN

Yes, when your middle name is actually ...

SUNAINA

Shantanu.

EVELYN

Which is beautiful. You people are young, vibrant, real. I'm sure the typical housewife would enjoy talking to each and every one of you.

SUNAINA

Her morning sounds like fun. What are you doing here?

Beat.

EVELYN

I suppose I'm not typical anymore.

(to Jay)

Is that the sort of thing?

84 INT. MADGE'S ROOM - EVENING 84

Madge is at her mirror, doing her make-up with great care. She looks beautiful.

85 EXT. VICEROY CLUB BAR - EVENING 85

Madge walks up the gravel path towards the magnificent building. She's superbly dressed, looks great. She goes up to the BARMAN.

MADGE

Excuse me. Would there be any wealthy single men in tonight?

BARMAN

There is one.

Madge puts some money into his breast pocket.

MADGE

Perhaps you could seat me next to him?

BARMAN

This way, madam.

He leads her along across the terrace. Madge follows, checking her hair, her breath, etc.

The barman reaches an ornate suite of furniture. There's someone sitting there, his back to us, an elegant arm draped over the side of the chair.

BARMAN (cont'd)

His Royal Highness Prince Michael of Kent.

The man rises from his chair and turns. And Madge is left staring at Norman.

There's a pause. Then Madge reaches into the barman's breast pocket, and removes her money.

MADGE

I'll have that back, thank you very much.

86 EXT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING

86

Graham comes through the courtyard, heads for his room.

Muriel is on her verandah.

GRAHAM

Good evening.

Muriel nods at him, and he goes on into his room.

A moment later, Jean sits down next to Muriel.

JEAN

You know where he goes. I know you know. But you won't tell me.

Muriel says nothing.

JEAN (cont'd)

I can get Hobnobs out here, you know. I know a way.

(beat)

As many as you want. Milk or plain.

Long pause.

MURIEL

Public Records Office.

JEAN

Thank you.

87 EXT. WELL - EVENING

87

A huge construction, centuries old, with a series of steps reaching down deep into the earth, so people can climb down to get their water.

Young couples sit on the steps in the evening heat, boys leap into the water.

Sonny and Sunaina are watching the swimmers.

SONNY

My father used to bring me to this well to swim. He said the water was better, and so were the people we would meet.

(beat)

He would have liked you so much.

Sunaina smiles at this.

SONNY (cont'd)

My mother doesn't want us to be married.

SUNAINA

She hasn't met me yet.

SONNY

She doesn't need to meet you .

Sunaina absorbs this.

SONNY (cont'd)

She knows you are not from Delhi. That you have no family money, and work in a call centre. You are a part of a new India she cannot welcome.

SUNAINA

Isn't this where you tell her what you want?

SONNY

That conversation will be easier when the hotel is a success.

SUNAINA

Do you love me?

SONNY

I have found a new investor. I am most optimistic that he will enable us to move forward with Phase Two of the Marigold Hotel Project

SUNANINA

Shouldn't you finish Phase One first?

SONNY

In business, if you stand still, you move backwards. No, I have that wrong. If you stand still, you are overtaken by people going the other way. Wait -

SUNAINA

You didn't answer the question. Do you love me?

SONNY

My feelings for you cannot be reduced to a single word.

SUNAINA

It's a nice word, Sonny. And people like hearing it.

SONNY

Sunaina, please. My mother is wrong. It is you who are too good for me.

SUNANINA

You say that a lot. You shouldn't I'll start to believe you.

They watch the boys in the water.

88 INT. VICEROY CLUB BAR - NIGHT

88

Madge and Norman are sitting together. Norman is looking across at the bar, where an attractive older ex-pat lady is sitting, thus far resisting Norman's attempts to catch her eye.

NORMAN

I still think you're cramping my style.

MADGE

Please. You have no style to cramp.

NORMAN

That lady at the bar keeps
looking at me.

MADGE

As one would something in a
museum.

NORMAN

Why must you mock? I just want
to feel young again, to be needed
as much as I need, if only for
one night, one wonderful night.
Tell me you don't know how that
feels.

Silence for a bit.

MADGE

Give me a minute. Then join us.

She gets up, heads towards the bar. Where she sits a couple of seats away from the woman. Who is called CAROL.

She sits there a moment, then sighs, and starts to talk to the barman.

MADGE (cont'd)

Rejected again. Many years ago, that man over there gave me the most extraordinary night of my life. He may seem coarse and uncouth, but that only disguises a tenderness and an exquisite sensitivity to a woman's needs ...

Norman arrives at the bar.

NORMAN

Those drinks not ready yet?

Madge turns to Carol.

MADGE

They say patience is passion tamed.

Carol smiles.

MADGE (cont'd)

I'm Madge.

CAROL

Carol.

MADGE

And this ... is Norman.

CAROL

How do you do?

NORMAN

Carol? As in Christmas?

Madge winces.

CAROL

I suppose.

NORMAN

Great.

Silence.

MADGE

So what brings you to Jaipur,
Carol?

NORMAN

Yes, Carol. What brings you to
Jaipur?

CAROL

I run a small boutique travel
agency. But I've actually lived
here all my life. My father
worked in the Foreign Office.

Another silence.

NORMAN

You're very fit.

CAROL

I beg your pardon?

MADGE

Oh god.

NORMAN

I mean you look like you keep
yourself in shape. Physically.

CAROL

Well, I did join a gym last year.
It cost a fortune, and I didn't
get any fitter. Apparently you
have to actually go.

Madge laughs. Norman doesn't. Then realizes that it was a
joke, lets out a too-loud bray of laughter.

CAROL (cont'd)

And so what do you do, Norman?

NORMAN

Me?

CAROL

Yes.

NORMAN

Oh. I'm ...

MADGE

Norman's in business.

CAROL

Really?

NORMAN

Yes.

CAROL
What business?

NORMAN
(to Madge)
You tell her.

MADGE
Import-Export.

NORMAN
Although these days there's
rather more Ex- than Im-, if you
see what I mean.

CAROL
I'm afraid I don't.

Madge gets up.

MADGE
I have to splash some water on my
face. Please God I drown in it.

She heads for the bathroom.

Norman and Carol share another silence.

CAROL
Well look, it's been lovely
chatting.

NORMAN
No it hasn't.

CAROL
No. It hasn't. But I really
must -

NORMAN
Carol?

She was about to go, stops.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Can we drop all this pretence?
And start again? I'm not
charming. I'm not good at
repartee. And I'm not a
plutocrat with the sexual
capacity of a rutting rhino. My
name is Norman. And I'm lonely.

CAROL
My name is Carol. So am I.

EVELYN (V.O.)

*Day 22. Like Darwin's finches,
we are slowly adapting to our
environment. And when one does
adapt, my god, the riches that
are available.*

Madge looks across the bar. And is startled to see Norman and Carol chatting up a storm, laughing together.

As she watches, Norman orders more drinks, then turns smiling back to his new friend.

Madge walks slowly out of the bar, and into the night.

90 INT. EVELYN'S ROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 90

Evelyn is at her computer, typing.

EVELYN (V.O.)

*There is no past that we can
bring back by longing for it ...*

91 EXT. PATH/GARDEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 91

Ajit is pushing Muriel down to the gate for her morning constitutional.

EVELYN

*... only a present that builds
and creates itself as the past
withdraws ...*

92 INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE. CALL CENTRE - DAY 92

Jay is counting out cash into Evelyn's hand; her first paycheck.

EVELYN

*And India, like so many things in
life, like life itself I suppose,
is about what you bring to it.*

93 EXT. JAIPUR STREET - DAY 93

Ajit is pushing Muriel through a poor neighborhood. Muriel is looking left and right, astounded by the life she sees.

MURIEL

Where's this? Where are we?

AJIT

Janta Colony Kachi Basti.

MURIEL

What happened to my usual route?

AJIT

Anokhi has invited you to her home.

MURIEL

You didn't tell me.

AJIT

You'd have said no.

94 INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 94

Jean is sitting, reading a book.

JEAN

Will you check in at the bank?

Douglas emerges from the bathroom.

DOUGLAS

I checked yesterday. And the day before. As requested.

(beat)

Will you be staying in again?

JEAN

Why do you ask that every morning?

DOUGLAS

Because I hope for a different answer. Because I think you'll be hurt if I don't. And because it's not healthy for you to spend all day and every day in the confines of the hotel.

He goes back into the bathroom. Jean changes the subject.

JEAN

I didn't sleep a wink. The tap in there never stops dripping.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

I talked to Young Wasim about it.

JEAN

What did he say?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

No idea. It was in Hindi.

Douglas comes out of the bathroom, holding the tap.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

I thought I might get it fixed myself.

JEAN

You? When?

DOUGLAS

No time like the present.
Actually I say that, but I
enjoyed yesterday, and I'm
optimistic about tomorrow too.

JEAN

I wish I could say the same.

DOUGLAS

So do I.

He goes.

Jean sits for a while, looking utterly disconsolate and
lost. Then she gets up, goes over to the balcony.

Down below she can see Graham leaving.

95 EXT. LOWER COURTYARD - DAY

95

Madge is sitting on a chair. Norman arrives.

NORMAN

Your Madgesty.

MADGE

I gather the night went well.

NORMAN

Would you like to hear about it?

MADGE

Not in the least.

NORMAN

Good. Because you're going to.
Two drinks, some sexually charged
banter -

Douglas comes out, carrying a tap. And heads out of the
archway.

DOUGLAS

Morning. Lovely day.

MADGE

Good morning.

They watch him leave.

NORMAN

Two drinks, some sexually charged
banter, and we were heading back
to her place. Bidding the
rickshaw farewell, I walked her
to the door.

(MORE)

NORMAN (cont'd)
And there, my young friend, I
leaned forward, and I kissed her.

Beat.

MADGE
And?

NORMAN
And what?

MADGE
Is that all? You didn't seal the
deal?

NORMAN
We have a date next week.

MADGE
What is wrong with you?

NORMAN
I wanted to prolong the
anticipation. To spend some time
with the knowledge that soon I'm
going to eat, drink, and laugh
with someone, hold her to me,
kiss her softly. Then go back to
her place and get my end away.

96 EXT. MARKET - DAY

96

The market is buzzing with commerce. Evelyn is at a stall
selling fabrics, talking to the vendor, AKRAM.

EVELYN
(holding up a pashmina)
How much for this, please Kitna
paise

AKRAM
One thousand rupees Ek hazaar
rupia

EVELYN
Thank you.

She reaches for her wallet. Then Douglas speaks from
behind her.

DOUGLAS
No no, forgive me. That's not
how it works.

Evelyn turns, happy to see him.

EVELYN

Good morning.

DOUGLAS

And to you. Sorry to butt in, but you don't ask him how much he wants, you just tell him how much you'll pay.

(to Akram)

She'll give you two hundred. Absolutely no more, final offer.

AKRAM

One thousand rupees.

DOUGLAS

Pity.

(to Evelyn)

Now walk away. Walk away.

EVELYN

But -

DOUGLAS

I know what I'm doing.

Evelyn complies, and they turn and walk away.

EVELYN

Yes. The thing is, you see, I did actually want to buy that. To brighten up my room.

DOUGLAS

He'll come after us.

EVELYN

Do you think so?

DOUGLAS

Absolutely. This is how the game is played. Just keep on walking.

They push through the crowds.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

He's playing it cool, but he'll come.

They keep walking.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

He's playing it very cool.

They keep walking. Then Douglas stops. Evelyn looks at him.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
He's not coming.

CUT TO:

Moments later. They're back at Akram's stall. Evelyn counts out the money.

EVELYN
Eight hundred and fifty, nine
hundred, nine hundred and fifty,
one thousand.

She turns to Douglas, smiles.

EVELYN (cont'd)
You'll get him next time.

Then she notices something.

EVELYN (cont'd)
Why are you carrying a tap?

97 INT. MARIGOLD HOTEL, DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM - DAY 97

Jean gives up on the sentence she has already read a hundred times, and snaps her book shut. She stands, then sits again.

Then stands.

98 EXT. SWEEPER COLONY - DAY 98

Ajit is now pushing Muriel through a poverty-stricken slum. The people live on the streets, or in collapsing tin shacks. Everywhere there is struggle and deprivation.

And yet the pervasive atmosphere is nowhere near as depressing as we would expect. The colours are bright, the smiles on the children's faces even brighter.

Not that Muriel can recognise the joy, of course. She's horrified by her surroundings. And acutely aware of the stares of the slum-dwellers.

98A EXT. ANOKHI'S HUT - DAY 98A

A primitive brick and cement hut, one of the few amongst dwellings made mostly from sticks and plastic bags.

A bunch of young kids are fascinated by Muriel's wheelchair, pushing it around and taking turns to sit on it.

99 INT. ANOKHI'S HUT - DAY 99

Muriel sits on the only chair.

Opposite - squashed together as if posing for a photograph - are all the generations of Anokhi's family: Anokhi herself, her husband, mother, grandmother, and several children. They all smile at Muriel.

A long pause. Then Muriel turns to Ajit.

MURIEL

How soon can I leave?

100 INT/EXT. HARDWARE SHOP - DAY 100

Douglas is talking to JAMSHED, who works behind the counter. Evelyn sits outside.

DOUGLAS

You see what I think, and of course I'm no expert, is that the valve seat has eroded, so we'll need the washer changed and a new seat re-ground.

Douglas glances back at Evelyn. Who betrays not the slightest scepticism.

Jamshed studies the tap.

JAMSHED

The gland nut has come away from the spindle.

DOUGLAS

Well of course, it could be that too. Can you fix it?

JAMSHED

Not cheaply. Not cheaply. Most expensively indeed.

Jamshed takes the tap to a workstation at the back, starts to fiddle with it. Douglas joins Evelyn.

DOUGLAS

I was in a tuk-tuk the other day, didn't seem to be taking the usual route back to the hotel. It turned out that the driver had decided to take me to another hotel, that he was sure I would prefer. And of course one wants to believe that he genuinely had my welfare at heart, and that it wasn't run by his brother-in-law.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

One wants to trust, in general,
don't you think? But you never
really know, do you?

Jamshed stops fiddling with the tap. And takes a hammer to
it.

EVELYN

The day I met my husband was the
day the fair came to town. My
girlfriend and I went on the
carousel. Her horse was fine.
But when the ride began I felt
mine give a little, like it might
collapse. Then these strong arms
were around me, holding the horse
together. And a voice in my ear
said "Just trust me". And I did.
Without question. Until the day
he died.

DOUGLAS

How wonderful.

EVELYN

The sale of our flat went through
last week. I had to sell it to
pay off Hugh's debts.

(beat)

I've been forced to get a job out
here. Which, in fact, I love.
But even at Sonny's rates, I
still couldn't make ends meet.
After what my own husband did to
our life savings.

(beat)

So no. You're right. You never
know.

Jamshed holds up the tap. Which is now in several parts.

JAMSHED

No good. You must be buying
another.

101 EXT. PATHWAY/GATE/STREET, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 101

Jean walks down the path to the gate.

She stops, looks fearfully at the chaotic sea of humanity
outside. She's unable to move.

Finally, she steps out. And is of course immediately
assaulted by the assorted kids, beggars, street vendors,
etc.

As anxiety begins to engulf her, she quickens her pace,
brushing through them as best she can, until she is almost
running.

102

INT. ANOKHI'S HUT - DAY

102

Muriel is still at the tea party.

Anokhi speaks. Ajit translates.

AJIT

She wants to thank you for your kindness.

MURIEL

I haven't been kind.

AJIT

You're the only one that acknowledges her.

Anokhi brings out a plate of food.

ANOKHI

Tarkha dhal. Chapati.

MURIEL

I'm not eating that.

AJIT

You will insult her very deeply if you do not.

Muriel looks up. They're all still watching, waiting, smiling.

She looks at Anokhi's grandmother, as dignified as she is old.

Muriel reaches out, takes something off the tray. And has a bite. It's not too bad.

MURIEL

I'd still rather a Scotch Egg.

Then she sees something through the open doorway: the children have turned her wheelchair on its side and are spinning the wheels.

She's on her feet in a flash.

MURIEL (cont'd)

Get off! Get off it, you dirty thieving bastards!

Several terrified faces turn.

One little girl starts to cry.

Everyone is staring at Muriel.

MURIEL (cont'd)

I didn't see. They were playing. I'm sorry. I'm sorry ...

103 EXT. STREET. JAIPUR - DAY 103

Jean is now in a tuk-tuk, lurching and weaving through the traffic, a handkerchief clasped firmly over her mouth, panic in her eyes.

104 INT. STAIRCASE/CORRIDORS/OFFICE. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE. 104
JAIPUR - DAY

The corridors are full of people patiently waiting their turn to grapple with a vast bureaucracy.

Reaching the top of the staircase, Jean takes it all in. She walks down another corridor. Then stops.

Through a doorway, she sees Graham at the desk, talking to Mr Chidambram.

CUT TO:

In the office.

GRAHAM

But I've filled out that form.
I've given it to you. Many
times.

MR CHIDAMBRAM

There is a process. You are
making an enquiry. For each
enquiry a form must be filled in.

GRAHAM

But it's the same enquiry I make
every day.

MR CHIDAMBRAM

And therefore the same form you
must fill in.

Graham glances towards the doorway, catches sight of Jean. Their eyes lock, then Jean pulls back out of sight, panicked.

104A INT.CORRIDOR, PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE. JAIPUR - DAY 104A4A

Jean is hurrying down a corridor. Behind her, Graham emerges from a doorway, and calls to her

GRAHAM

Mrs Ainslie.....?

105 OMITTED 105

106 INT. TEA ROOM. JAIPUR - DAY

106

Later. Jean and Graham are sitting in an elegant tea room. Jean is still very shaken.

JEAN

I don't know how you can bear
this country. What do you see
that I don't?

GRAHAM

Unutterable beauty. Everywhere.
In the light, the colours, the
smiles, the people who see life
as a privilege not a right, and
so teach me something every day.

The waiter brings their tea.

JEAN

Is this milk pasteurized?

WAITER

Yes madam.

JEAN

But that's not true, is it?
You're just lying to me right now
...

GRAHAM

It'll be fine.

The waiter goes.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

It's a pleasant surprise to see
you out and about.

JEAN

Is it?

She looks at him.

GRAHAM

Yes. That's progress. Where
were you going?

JEAN

To the bank. I ... was going to the bank. Not that there's any reason to think something has changed. But our daughter, you see, she did promise, and one does try to remain optimistic. One has to. Otherwise ... otherwise ...

Graham worries she might be about to break down. He reaches across the table, puts his hand on hers.

She leans forward, puts her other hand over his, holds on tightly.

Graham is startled. He tries gently to pull back, but she holds on.

GRAHAM

Jean -

JEAN

Oh god. Is it possible you feel the same?

She brings his hand to her mouth, kisses it.

JEAN (cont'd)

The way you talk to me. Your compassion, your understanding ... the wonderful, tender consideration, it had to be more than just -

GRAHAM

I'm gay.

She stares at him. Beat.

JEAN

As in ... happy?

Graham says nothing. Jean lets go of his hand.

JEAN (cont'd)

Yes. I see. Of course I see.

The ghastly inappropriateness of it all settles on them both.

JEAN (cont'd)

I appear to have humiliated myself. And embarrassed you.

GRAHAM

I'm not embarrassed.

Jean smiles wanly, grateful for his lie.

JEAN

Like I said. This country is
driving me mad.

(beat)

Shall we go?

107 EXT/INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 107

Evelyn is outside in the courtyard. We don't see Douglas.

EVELYN

Anything?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Not yet.

Evelyn waits a moment.

EVELYN

How about now?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

One second.

Another pause.

DOUGLAS (O.S.) (cont'd)

Oh good lord.

EVELYN

What?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Listen.

The sound of a flowing tap.

DOUGLAS (O.S.) (cont'd)

And now ...

The tap stops.

DOUGLAS (O.S.) (cont'd)

No drip.

He appears in the doorway, triumphant.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

No drip!

He walks towards her, hand in the air.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Hi-five!

Evelyn just looks at him. She's never hi-fived anyone in
her life.

After a moment Douglas puts his hand down.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
I've never done that before. It
just seemed appropriate.

Jean has appeared at the other side of the courtyard.
Douglas senses her mood, moves towards her.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
Darling!

EVELYN
Mrs Ainslie, how are you? Did
you have a good day?

Jean doesn't answer. She's staring at Douglas. Who looks
so happy.

DOUGLAS
Let me tell you about ours. Your
husband of many a year, who has
never even known which end of a
hammer to use, has actually
managed to -

JEAN
(suddenly interrupting)
We have to get out of here.

DOUGLAS
What did you say?

JEAN
I can't stay in this country a
moment longer.

DOUGLAS
Why ...?

EVELYN
Do excuse me.

She makes a tactful exit. Jean is going past Douglas into
their room.

DOUGLAS
I don't understand ...

JEAN
(interrupting)
Pick a reason. Pick ten. The
climate, the squalor, the poverty
...

She goes past him into their room.

108 INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

108

JEAN

... we should never have come.
This whole trip is a grotesque
fantasy. It's time to go home.

Jean starts to pack. Irrationally, compulsively.

DOUGLAS

Who's paying for the tickets?

JEAN

(not hearing him)
Look at us. A group of self-
deluding old fossils traipsing
around as if it's our bloody gap
year. Humiliating ourselves ...

DOUGLAS

Not us, we can't pay. And I
don't see you asking our friends
back home ...

JEAN

(overlapping)
... We should just face up to the
truth. That we're all old, we're
all past it. That's the real
truth, the raw, unvarnished fact
of the matter. All we're good
for now is the beige bloody
bungalow with the sodding panic
button in the sodding corner ...

She stops packing, and subsides onto the bed, crying
quietly.

Nobody speaks for a while.

DOUGLAS

(gently)
We just have to make the best of
it, darling. I really think
that's the best thing to do.

JEAN

Yes, well. When I want your
opinion, I'll give it to you.

109 INT. MEEHAR CLINIC - MORNING

109

An impossibly small roadside clinic.

Norman is sitting there, the only man in three rows of
brightly dressed women.

DR RAMA comes out of the consulting area.

DR RAMA
Mr John Smith.

No response. The doctor looks at Norman, who has forgotten his own alias.

DR RAMA (cont'd)
Mr John Smith?

Norman jumps up.

NORMAN
That's right! Me!

110 EXT/INT. MARKET/OPERATIONS ROOM. CALL CENTRE - DAY 110

Sonny is at the flower market, sitting on his motor bike, waiting for the flower vendor to tie up his bundle of marigolds. He's on his phone.

SONNY
Come on. Pick up pick up pick up.

The phone is answered at the other end.

SONNY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Sunaina, I must see you. I must.
If I cannot hold your body
against mine, I swear I will go
mad.

We cut to the call centre. It's not Sunaina on the phone, but Jay, who is standing next to her.

SONNY'S VOICE
(on phone)
I yearn for you, I burn for you,
I -

JAY
I think it's my sister you're
burning for there, Sonny boy.

SONNY
Thank you, Jay. Thank you.

Jay hands the phone to Sunaina.

SUNAINA
Hey.

SONNY
Private line, Sunaina. Do those
words mean nothing to you?

SUNAINA

He took the phone. What could I do?

SONNY

I miss you. I miss you every moment. Come and see me. Tonight.

SUNAINA

I cannot tonight. It is my parents 25th wedding anniversary. Tell your mother that.

SONNY

Come after. Come late

SUNANINA

You'll be asleep.

SONNY

I'll be waiting.

SUNANINA

You'll be asleep. But i can wake you in that special way....

SONNY

You will sneak in?

SUNAINA

I'm not ashamed.

SONNY

Neither am I. Absolutely not. There is no shame. You do not have to sneak.

(beat)

All the same, if you did want to be very quiet, and not let anyone see you, it couldn't hurt.

111 INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

111

Norman is talking to DR RAMA.

NORMAN

I'm worried there's no lead in my pencil.

DR RAMA

OK. I don't know what that means.

NORMAN

No snap in my celery.

DR RAMA

I'm still not quite with you.

NORMAN

I plan to party hearty tonight,
but I can't guarantee that my
love gun will fire.

DR RAMA

Mr Smith -

NORMAN

Will the lance dance, and the
trouser lion roar?

DR RAMA

What is your problem?

NORMAN

I don't know if I can still have sex.

DR RAMA

Ah.

NORMAN

I'm not a young man anymore, doctor. And I'm a little bit scared. Truth be told, I'm a lot scared.

DR RAMA

How long since you've been with a woman?

NORMAN

What's today?

DR RAMA

Monday.

NORMAN

Six years.

DR RAMA

I've got some pills that'll help.

112 EXT. SERVANTS COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 112

The back of the hotel, where Sonny envisages his Phase Two development. Very dilapidated.

Anokhi is cleaning pots. Young Wasim sits in the corner.

Ajit has just wheeled Muriel into the courtyard.

MURIEL

(to Anokhi)

I wanted to tell you something...

Anokhi looks up.

MURIEL (cont'd)

(to Ajit)

Tell her. Tell her I was glad to come, glad she invited me.

Ajit translates.

MURIEL (cont'd)

Glad to meet her family. Her grandmother. Her kids.

Ajit translates. Anokhi speaks.

AJIT

She asks if you have children?

MURIEL

I looked after somebody else's.

Ajit translates.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

This one family, years I was with them. I ran the house, looked after the money, did it all, cared for them like they were my own.

Ajit starts to translate. But Muriel doesn't wait.

MURIEL (cont'd)

That's the mistake, see. You don't want to get like that, to start feeling part of something. One day they decided I needed some help. I was grateful, I tried to teach her. Not just the books, but how to crisp up the bacon like the gentleman preferred it, the way the little one liked to have her hair brushed. The things you only know if you care. But then they said I was no longer useful to them. Thanked me for my service. As if that's all it was.

(beat)

I got a flat in the end. I'm the only one in the building not a foreigner. More Indians there than here! But before I came to this place, my biggest problem was what to do with all the time I had. Because that flat's so small, I can have the whole place spotless in half an hour. And then what am I supposed to do for the rest of the day?

There's silence for a bit. Then Ajit speaks.

AJIT

Did you want me translate that as well?

Muriel smiles. It's the first time we've seen this.

Muriel stops, thrusts something into Ajit's hand.

MURIEL

Give her these.

Ajit hands Anokhi what Muriel gave him: a packet of Chocolate Hobnobs.

This time it's Muriel who cannot meet Anokhi's eye. Tries to hide her desire to leave. Ajit turns her chair and pushes her away.

Over this, the sound of singing ...

113 EXT. ROOFTOP. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING 113

Norman's on his rooftop, under the primitive spout of water that passes as his shower. Hanging from a nail in the wall, the battery radio is pumping out a bizarre Indian cover version of the Chic song "Le Freak".

Norman is naked, and singing along lustily.

NORMAN

Aaaaaah, freak out! Le freak,
c'est chic ... Aaaah, freak out!

Feet slapping in the soapy water, he performs a nifty disco move.

114 INT. SONNY'S OFFICE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING 114

Sonny is in his office, going through the accounts.

There's a strange ringing somewhere nearby. He pays no attention, then stops and thinks for a moment. Then realises what it is.

He sweeps the pile of papers off the desk, starts frantically looking for the telephone.

115 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING 115

Graham and Evelyn are having drinks.

EVELYN

I've been getting out and about
as much as I can, but I feel I've
hardly scratched the surface. And
of course I'd love to see
Udaipur. The lake you talked
about.

GRAHAM

I'd love to take you. Perhaps -

He breaks off. Douglas and Jean have come in. Jean looks rather desperate.

EVELYN AND DOUGLAS

(simultaneously)
Good evening.

An awkward moment. Graham stands.

GRAHAM

Good evening, Mrs Ainslie.
Please allow me.

He pulls a chair out for her. She shoots him a look of passionate gratitude for his exquisite sensitivity.

JEAN

You're very kind. But I rather think I'll turn in early.
Goodnight everyone.

She goes into her room.

116 EXT. COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING 116

Muriel is sitting outside her room, doing the crossword.

Madge is coming through the arch, stops dead.

Norman is standing in front of her, on his way out. He looks transformed. And rather handsome.

MADGE

Is this it?

NORMAN

This is it.

MADGE

You're not worried about the danger of having sex at your age?

Norman shrugs.

NORMAN

If she dies, she dies.

He leaves. Sonny sprints into the courtyard.

SONNY

Progress, Mrs Donnelly, Mrs Hardcastle! The wheel is turning most assuredly in our favour!

He shoots up the stairs.

117 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING. 117

Douglas, Graham and Evelyn are looking at the menu.

Sonny bursts in.

SONNY

Mr Dashwood! Everybody! Great news!

GRAHAM
What is it, Sonny?

SONNY
They are working, they are
working!

GRAHAM
That is great news. What are
working?

SONNY
The telephones of the Marigold
Hotel.

GRAHAM
Well, congratulations.

SONNY
Thank you. I must tell
everybody. I must tell my
mother!

He runs off. Comes back.

SONNY (cont'd)
Oh wait. You have a phone call.

118 EXT. STREET, POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD. JAIPUR - EVENING 118

Graham, Evelyn, and Douglas are walking quickly up a quiet
street.

GRAHAM
It's a false alarm. There's no
way they could find anything in
that office. They probably just
picked an address at random, just
to keep me off their backs. I'm
sure that's what happened. It's
going to be nothing. Don't you
think it's going to be nothing?

EVELYN
I think you should knock on the
door and see.

GRAHAM
Yes. Yes I should.
(beat)
Yes.

119 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING 119

Some men sit under a tree, playing cards.

Across the street, Graham approaches a house. At a polite distance, Evelyn and Douglas wait. Graham knocks at the open door.

A woman, GAURIKA, appears. She stares at Graham.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry to disturb you so late.
My name is Graham Dashwood. A
long time ago I -

GAURIKA
I know who you are.

Beat.

GRAHAM
I am afraid I don't know you.

GAURIKA
I am Gaurika. The wife of Manoj.

GRAHAM
(after a fraction of a
beat)
I'm very pleased to meet you.
And if you could, if you would
tell him that I called around,
I'd appreciate that very much,
and -

He breaks off. She's walked past him, looking to the other side of the road.

He turns to look at the men playing cards. Gaurika calls in Hindi.

A beautiful-looking man looks up. MANOJ.

He looks across at the house. Stands up slowly as Graham walks across the street towards him.

Graham reaches him. The two men just stand there for a moment. Then they hug very tightly.

From the steps of the house, Gaurika watches.

Evelyn looks at her, fascinated.

Across the street, Manoj and Graham are still holding each other, unable to let go.

120 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

120

Douglas and Evelyn are walking.

DOUGLAS
(a tiny bit sloshed)
...
(MORE)

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

First time going in to London
with my dad, on his commute...
He'd always been so extraordinary
to me, so unique. But there he
was standing on the station
platform, utterly
indistinguishable from all the
other men in suits. And then of
course a few years later I was
one of them... Hated my job.
Hated it.

(beat)

Sorry, talking too much. Blame a
good dinner out.

EVELYN

What was she thinking?

DOUGLAS

I beg your pardon?

EVELYN

His wife. Manoj's wife. She
knew who Graham was. Had he told
her?

(beat)

D'you think we'll find out
tomorrow?

DOUGLAS

Not me, I'm heading up to the
Badi Mahal Palace. Very excited,
been reading all about it.

EVELYN

Tell me.

DOUGLAS

I would, if I could remember a
word.

Evelyn laughs. Then Douglas suddenly grabs her. And pulls
her out of the way of a motor bike, zooming past them.

Sunaina hasn't realised she nearly hit them, and powers on
towards the Marigold.

Douglas and Evelyn stand for a moment, startled, holding
each other. Something passes between them that embarrasses
them both. Then they part quickly, guiltily.

They're outside a small restaurant, and with exquisite
timing, a group of musicians start to play a romantic tune.

WAITER

Come, please. Nice meal,
please...

DOUGLAS
 (namaste gesture)
 We've eaten, thank you...

They continue on their way. Slightly further apart than before.

- 121 EXT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 121
 It's the middle of the night, and everything's quiet. Or as quiet as it can be in the middle of the usual night-time Indian cacophony.
 Sunaina parks her bike outside the hotel, goes on in.
- 122 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 122
 Sonny is sleeping peacefully.
- 123 EXT. COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 123
 Sunaina moves across the courtyard.
 Not sneaking, exactly. But making no sound.
- 124 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 124
 Sonny sleeps on.
- 125 INT. CORRIDOR, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 125
 Sunaina is definitely sneaking now. She aims down the passage towards Sonny's room.
- 126 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 126
 Sonny stirs, but doesn't wake up.
- 127 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 127
 Sunaina comes into the bedroom.
 She takes off her clothes. And climbs, naked, into bed beside the sleeping figure.
- 128 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 128
 A loud scream.
 In a different bed, in a different room, Sonny wakes up. And remembers.

129 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 129

It's Sunaina that's screamed. Because she's in bed with Madge.

Who couldn't be happier.

MADGE

A midnight booty call. How utterly marvellous.

130 INT. CORRIDOR, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 130

Sonny hares out of his temporary bedroom, and races down the corridor, towards Madge's room.

131 INT. BEDROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 131

Sunaina has jumped out of the bed and across the room, grabbing one of Madge's generous scarves to cover her nakedness.

SUNAINA

I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry ... I don't know what your name is, but I'm incredibly sorry.

MADGE

Don't be. Most action I've had in weeks.

SUNAINA

If you could just please not mention -

Sonny bursts in.

SONNY

Do not worry, Mrs Hardcastle! I can explain each and every thing!

He sees Sunaina.

SONNY (cont'd)

Oh my god you are naked.

He turns to Madge.

SONNY (cont'd)

Mrs Hardcastle, I must apologise with deep and profound sincerity -

SUNAINA

How could you not tell me you weren't in your room!

SONNY

Yes, Sunaina, to you too I must apologise with equally deep and profound sincerity. Now go. Get out. Quickly.

SUNAINA

I'm going. Just let me get dressed, and -

SONNY

No no, quicker than that. You must leave, before -

Mrs Kapoor flings open the door.

MRS KAPOOR

What is going on here? Who screamed?

She sees the nearly-naked Sunaina.

MRS KAPOOR (cont'd)

No no no no no. No! This is a respectable hotel, not a brothel.

(to Sunaina)

You, get out.

(to Madge)

And Mrs Hardcastle, I expected better of you. Actually, this is exactly what I expected of you, but nevertheless -

SUNAINA

Mrs Kapoor, I'm Sunaina.

MRS KAPOOR

Since I will not be paying for your services, your name is of no interest to me.

(beat)

How do you know mine?

Sunaina is shocked to realise that Mrs Kapoor doesn't know her name. Sonny steps forward reluctantly.

SONNY

Because this ... is my Sunaina.

MRS KAPOOR

The girl who my son described as not too modern.

MADGE

This is getting interesting.

MRS KAPOOR

(to Sunaina)

Tell me, please.

(MORE)

MRS KAPOOR (cont'd)
Is there anyone in this building
you haven't slept with?

SONNY
Mummyji, do not get the wrong
idea. Sunaina was not here to be
with Mrs Hardcastle. She was
here to have sex with me!

Mrs Kapoor turns to Sunaina. Who is speechless.

MRS KAPOOR
This is the sort of woman you
are. OK. Each to her own. But
do not ever try and tell me that
you are suitable wife for my son.
(beat)
Find your clothes and go. I
don't expect to see you again.

132 EXT. GARDEN/PATHWAY. MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 132

Sunaina is leaving the hotel, angry and humiliated. Evelyn
and Douglas are coming up the path.

EVELYN
Sunaina?

And now Sunaina is even more humiliated.

132A EXT. STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 132A

Sunaina roars away on her scooter.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 133

The same street. The sun is just coming up, and traders are
setting up their stalls, spreading their wares on rugs on
the ground.

One trader is unloading some fruit. A few guava roll off
the edge of his wagon.

Someone picks them up for him. It's Graham, who smiles as
he puts them back. The trader gives him a fresh one.

Graham takes it, and walks on, munching the delicious
fruit. A contented man.

134 EXT. GARDEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 134

Norman is sitting on a stone bench under a spreading tree.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
How did it go?

Norman turns, to see Graham standing above him.

NORMAN
I have seen the top of the
mountain. And it is good.

Graham nods, sits down next to him. They gaze out at the
waking city.

GRAHAM
I saw someone yesterday, a man I
hadn't seen for many years. A
man I've loved all my life.

Norman is a bit startled by this.

NORMAN
A man.....?

GRAHAM
Yes.

NORMAN
Carry on.

GRAHAM
(smiling, unperturbed)
I didn't know how he'd been in
the meantime, didn't want to
guess. I brought disgrace upon
him and his family, and imagined
he might hate me for it.
(beat)
But we talked all night. He's
been happy. He's led a peaceful
life, married to a woman who
understood him and loved him
nonetheless. But he's never
forgotten me. That's what he
said.
(beat)
I asked his forgiveness anyway.
He said he had nothing to forgive
me for. That instead I should
forgive myself.
(beat)
All that time. All that time I
believed I'd sentenced him to a
life of shame. When I was the
one in prison.
(beat)
But not any more.

Silence for a while.

NORMAN
Top of the mountain.

GRAHAM
Yes.

Norman smiles, then stands and goes on inside.

Graham settles back into his chair, looks out at the world.

GRAHAM (cont'd)
Not any more.

135 EXT. COURTYARD/VERANDAH, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 135

Norman comes into the courtyard. Madge, sipping from a cup of chai, calls down from her verandah.

MADGE
How was the night?

NORMAN
Rather special.

He leaves. Madge just stares after him.

136 EXT. STAIRCASE. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 136

Norman on the stairs to his room.

He stops, catches his breath.

137 EXT. GARDEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 137

Graham is watching a stunningly beautiful bird. A snow crane; white and magnificent. It's on the grass in front of him.

Then it opens its huge wings, takes off. And flies up into the bright blue sky. It's an extraordinary sight.

As Graham watches the snow crane swoop and dip, it appears suddenly to slow and stall, until it seems to hang in the air, almost motionless.

138 EXT. ROOFTOP. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAWN 138

Norman crosses the rooftop to his bedroom. He comes inside, sits on the bed.

139 EXT. GARDEN, MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 139

Graham is still sitting in the garden.

EVELYN (O.S.)
You're back.

He doesn't turn round. Evelyn has come out to the garden.
She goes over to him.

EVELYN (cont'd)
It's been rather an extraordinary
night all round. First tell me
your news, and then -

She breaks off.

Graham is dead.

139A EXT. COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 139A

EVELYN (V.O.)
*Day 45. Of course it was
inevitable. Put enough old
people in the same place, it
won't be too long before one of
them goes....*

Jean, Douglas, Madge, Norman and Muriel shocked and sobered
...

140 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 140

A train is crossing the endless fields.

141 INT. TRAIN - DAY 141

Evelyn stares out of the window. Madge, Norman, Douglas
and Jean are behind her. Opposite sits Manoj. Evelyn
turns to look at him, and at Gaurika, Manoj's wife, who
sits beside him.

EVELYN (V.O.)
*We all know it'll happen, but few
of us know when. Graham died of
a heart attack, evidently not his
first. So he had a better idea
than most what was coming, he
just neglected to tell us. His
prerogative.*

142 EXT. LAKE - DAWN 142

Three white vehicles are driving across a narrow causeway,
which barely rises above the surface of the lake. They
seem to be floating. Clouds of dust billow behind them.

EVELYN (V.O.)

There was talk of sending the body home, but Manoj felt he should have a Hindu burial. At the place they had visited together. Not a holy place. Although for them perhaps it was.

143 EXT. FUNERAL PYRE, RUINS - DAY 143

A ruined garden, surrounded by the waters of the lake, crumbling pillared porticoes and arches. What must once have been a royal retreat is now long abandoned and overgrown.

Graham's friends stand watching the pyre, transfixed by the flames. Manoj, dressed in white, stands with Gaurika. He recites a Hindi prayer.

EVELYN (V.O.)

A body takes a long time to be consumed. Many hours for the mourners to remember their dead. The fire must be lit at dawn, and by sunset, there must be nothing left but ash.

144 EXT. LAKESIDE - SUNSET 144

Stripped to the waist, Manoj walks into the water, holding a bowl.

EVELYN (V.O.)

Where do our souls go? Is that all of us that is left behind? Perhaps the most we can ask is that when we do shuffle off, we do so knowing that we were loved
...

Manoj pours Graham onto the water. The ashes shimmer and dance, caught in the gentle currents.

145 EXT. SERVANT'S GARDEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 145

Muriel and Anokhi are in the servants' garden. Young Wasim sits silently in the corner.

MURIEL

So there's a process, they call it pickling. I have no idea what it is, or how they do it, but whoever invented it was a smart man. But the real genius was the one who introduced an onion into the system. That I could never have thought of.

Ajit looks at her, ready to translate.

MURIEL (cont'd)
No, forget it.

Muriel is looking out at the yard. She sees Mrs Kapoor, talking to some surveyors. They're mapping out the building.

Mrs Kapoor sees Muriel watching her, comes over to them.

MRS KAPOOR
Mrs Donnelly, what are you doing here? You should not be here, talking with this one.

MURIEL
I'm helping her clean. If these pots get any dirtier, you'll have to serve the food with penicillin.

MRS KAPOOR
We have other rooms. Go to one of them instead. While this is still a hotel.

She turns back to the surveyors.

MURIEL
(to Ajit)
What's her problem? What's happening here?

Ajit can't answer. But he knows a man who can.

He points to Young Wasim.

AJIT
He can tell you.

146 EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, BHARATPUR PALACE HOTEL. UDAIPUR - 146
EVENING

A stunning view over the city. Madge is having a drink with Norman. Douglas is sitting on the wall, but keeps looking down towards the stairs.

MADGE
When someone dies, you think about your own life. And in my case, there is less of it in front of me than behind. And I don't want to grow older. I don't want to be condescended to, ignored and marginalised by society. To become peripheral to the action.
(MORE)

MADGE (cont'd)

I don't want to be the first
person let off the plane in a
hostage crisis.

They laugh together. And don't even see Douglas go.

147 EXT. LANDING. BHARATPUR PALACE HOTEL - EVENING 147

The landing is large, and open to the sky. Evelyn has just come up the stairs to go to her room. She's leaning against the stone baluster.

DOUGLAS

I wondered where you'd been.

Evelyn turns. Douglas is on the stairs above her.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

We're all up top, having a drink.

EVELYN

I went to see Gaurika. Manoj's wife. I wanted to ask her what she knew. And the answer was that she knew everything, that he'd loved another man, and always would. He told her when the marriage was arranged.

(beat)

They had no secrets from each other, none.

Suddenly she's crying. Unable to stop.

Douglas puts his arms around her, and holds her to him.

EVELYN (cont'd)

And that's right, don't you see?
That must be right. Because what
is the point of a marriage in
which nothing is shared?

Her words hang in the air. They stand there for a moment.

Jean has come out of her room, and stands there, watching them.

JEAN

Mrs Greenslade, might I have my
husband back now?

They spring apart.

JEAN (cont'd)

Douglas?

She walks off back into the room. Douglas turns to Evelyn.

DOUGLAS
Forgive me ...

EVELYN
Yes, of course.

DOUGLAS
Forgive me.

Evelyn goes quickly to her room, leaving him standing there.

148 INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM - EVENING 148

Douglas closes the door.

DOUGLAS
She was upset.

JEAN
Spare me your explanations.
D'you think I'm jealous?

DOUGLAS
I don't see why else you would
have embarrassed me. And Evelyn.

JEAN
You were already doing a
perfectly good job of
embarrassing yourself. Can you
imagine how ghastly it's been for
everyone to watch you mooning
around after that simpering doe-
eyed ex-housewife, taking
advantage of her loneliness and -

DOUGLAS
God, can you hear yourself? Can
you? Do you have any idea what a
terrible person you've become?

Jean is stunned into silence.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
All you give out is this endless
negativity, a refusal to see any
kind of light and joy even when
it's right in your face, and a
desperate need to squash any sign
of happiness in me or anyone else
... it's a wonder I don't fling
myself at the first kind word or
gesture that comes my way. But I
don't. Out of some dried-out
notion of loyalty and respect,
neither of which I ever bloody
get in return.

There's a long silence.

JEAN

I checked my emails. This came.

She hands him a piece of paper.

149 EXT. ROOFTOP BAR. BHARATPUR PALACE HOTEL - EVENING 149

Evelyn comes onto the terrace, and heads for Madge and Norman. She picks up Madge's glass.

MADGE

Are you alright?

EVELYN

I just need some water.

She drains the glass.

MADGE

That was a gin and tonic.

EVELYN

Yes. I know that now.

MADGE

What's happened?

NORMAN

Good evening, the Ainslies.

Douglas and Jean are approaching them.

MADGE

How are you both?

JEAN

We're particularly well.
Douglas, tell them our news.

She looks to him, waits. He says nothing.

So she turns, and smiles.

JEAN (cont'd)

We're going home.

150 EXT. EVELYN'S VERANDAH/KITCHEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 150

Sonny is with his investor, Mr Maruthi. They emerge from the upper courtyard onto the terrace overlooking the back of the hotel.

SONNY

And so I would ask you to loosen the strings on your purse, Mr Maruthi, and to do it most rapidly. So that Phase Two Development of the Best Exotic Marigold Hotel can begin with immediate effect.

Mr Maruthi looks down, sees Muriel. She's with Anokhi, Ajit, and Young Wasim.

He calls down to her.

MR MARUTHI

Mrs Donnelly, I believe.

Sonny spots the danger, tries to lead Mr Maruthi away.

SONNY

And now if you would please be following me to the ground floor rooms ...

Mr Maruthi ignores him, calls down again.

MR MARUTHI

How are things at the hotel?

SONNY

Mr Maruthi -

MURIEL

(calling back)

Better. They're going better.

Sonny takes a moment to recover.

SONNY

You see? Profound satisfaction. Such is the inevitable result of a prolonged stay at the Marigold Hotel.

And now Mr Maruthi has spotted something else. The surveyors, who are still taking their measurements.

MR MARUTHI

What are those men doing?

SONNY

(Glancing back for a moment)
Working for me, Mr Maruthi. To create a home for the elderly so wonderful that they will simply refuse to die! Stare death in the face and say-

(MORE)

SONNY (cont'd)
(follows Mr Maruthi's
gaze)
What are those men doing?

151 EXT. KITCHEN/SERVANT'S GARDEN. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 151

Moments later. Through the window, Muriel watches Sonny confronting his mother.

SONNY

Mummyji, what is going on here?

MRS KAPOOR

I have spoken to your brothers. They want to sell the hotel. These men are here to value the building.

SONNY

They are valuing the land. My brothers do not care about the building. They will knock it down.

MRS KAPOOR

They could just wait a month for it to fall down of its own accord.

SONNY

You joke, Mummyji, but inside I know you are not laughing. You do not want to see this dream destroyed. Send these people away.

MRS KAPOOR

No, my son. It is too late.

152 INT. SONNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 152

Mrs Kapoor is at the desk, going through the accounts.

Sonny stands opposite her.

SONNY

Mummyji, please -

MRS KAPOOR

These figures do not support your argument.

SONNY

There is still time to turn things around. With a small injection of funds, we can -

MRS KAPOOR

Who is trusting you with that money? Eh? You, who cannot run a chai stand. Just like your father.

Beat. Then Sonny speaks quietly.

SONNY

Do I remind you of him so much?
Is that why you must be cruel to
me?

MRS KAPOOR

You think I am cruel?

SONNY

You loved my father. And he
loved this hotel.

MRS KAPOOR

(fiercely)

Two mistakes. There will not be
a third.

(beat)

Say goodbye to all this, Sonny.
And come with me to Delhi. Your
life will become easier.

SONNY

Not easier, Mummyji. Smaller.

He leaves.

Mrs Kapoor comes back to the desk, fiddling with some
paperwork, discomfited.

She turns to the doorway. Muriel is there, in her chair.

MRS KAPOOR

Mrs Donnelly. Can I help you?

MURIEL

Depends. Do you know how to use
a computer?

MRS KAPOOR

I assume you are joking.

MURIEL

Mrs Ainslie said she had an
address where I could get some
things I need. Some biscuits.
She said I could get them on the
line.

MRS KAPOOR

I wish you luck.

Mrs Kapoor smiles, and leaves.

Muriel watches her go, then turns to the computer.

Her fingers fly across the keyboard.

153 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT 153

The train rattles its way through the night. Jean is chatting away, in a better mood than we've seen her for some time. Evelyn listens in silence.

JEAN

The whole thing is actually tremendously exciting. Not just getting on a plane, but getting on a plane and turning left.

NORMAN

Turning left?

JEAN

First class. And home in time for our 40th wedding anniversary. We haven't yet decided how to mark the occasion.

MADGE

Perhaps a minute's silence?

154 INT. SONNY'S OFFICE, MARIGOLD HOTEL - NIGHT 154

Ajit keeps watch, while Muriel is at the printer. Waiting as it disgorges pages.

155 OMITTED 155

155A EXT. STREET. JAIPUR STATION - DAY 155A

The tuk-tuks are lined up.

NORMAN

(hailing a tuk-tuk)

Two should fit us all, I think.

EVELYN

I'm actually going to walk. Apparently they're getting ready for a festival.

DOUGLAS

Perhaps you'd like one of us to accompany you.

MADGE

I'm happy to walk with you.

EVELYN
I'll be fine.

Evelyn speaks to both Douglas and Jean.

EVELYN (cont'd)
I'm delighted for your daughter's
success. I wish you all every
happiness.

JEAN
Thank you.

Evelyn turns, and walks away.

156 INT. TUK-TUK - DAY 156

Douglas and Jean are in the tuk-tuk with Madge and Norman.
There is a sombre atmosphere.

A motor-bike hurtles past them, going the other way.

DOUGLAS
Was that Sonny?

157 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 157

A phone is ringing. Christopher is still in bed, his wife
Polly asleep next to him.

He answers.

CHRISTOPHER
Yes ...
(can't believe his ears)
Ma?

158 EXT. PHONE BOOTH. TICKET OFFICE. JAIPUR STATION - DAY 158

Evelyn stands under the awning of the ticket office.

EVELYN
I just wanted to hear your voice.
(beat)
No, I'm sorry, I didn't think
about the time ... How are you?
And Polly? The boys ... how are
the boys?

She listens to him. She's holding back tears.

EVELYN (cont'd)
Oh good, I'm glad you've been
reading it. Yes. Yes, I've made
some very good friends.
(beat)
No, I'm fine, of course I am.

As much as she had wanted to speak to him, she now wants the conversation to be over.

EVELYN (cont'd)
I think my money is running out,
I'd better go. Goodbye for now,
darling. I'll call again later.

She hangs up. And stays there with her hand on the phone.

Out on the street, Sonny is pulling up. She looks over to him.

SONNY
Mrs Greenslade. Where are the
others?

EVELYN
They're on their way to the
hotel.

Sonny looks around, at a loss.

EVELYN (cont'd)
What's the matter?

SONNY
I wanted to warn you before you
see for yourself of the most
momentous changes that are
occurring, absolutely all of them
without question for the very
positive.

EVELYN
What are you talking about?

SONNY
I am delighted to announce the
closing of the Best Exotic
Marigold Hotel, and the joyful
return of all of its inhabitants
to their home country.

EVELYN
What?

159 EXT. GARDEN PATH. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 159

Norman and Madge have arrived back at the hotel.

Mrs Kapoor is breaking the news to them.

MRS KAPOOR
Please relax in the knowledge
that your journey home is being
arranged, and paid for by the
hotel.

MADGE

Our journey here was arranged and paid for by the hotel, and look how that went. I'd rather walk back to England.

NORMAN

I'd rather not go back at all.

A voice comes behind them. Carol has come out of the courtyard.

CAROL

Why would you have to?

160 EXT. JAIPUR STATION - DAY

160

Sonny and Evelyn are still talking.

SONNY

And for myself the news is even better. I shall be moving to Delhi to live with my mother, and furthermore I shall be wed to a most suitable person of her choice, whom I look forward very much to meeting before I spend the rest of my life with her.

EVELYN

But what about your girlfriend?

SONNY

She is no longer my girlfriend.

EVELYN

This is a disaster.

SONNY

Then we must treat it just the same as we would treat a triumph, is that not what your Mr Kipling tells us? Although of course, here we have a problem. Because I, Sunil Indrajit Kapoor, have never had a triumph, so of course I do not know how to treat one. No, all I have had is an constant series of disasters interspersed with the occasional catastrophe, an unending stream of total -

EVELYN

Sonny, do you love her? Sunaina?

SONNY

Most deeply.

EVELYN

Have you told her you love her?

SONNY

It is because I love her that I must not tell her. She can do so much better than me.

EVELYN

And you have told her that?

SONNY

Many times.

EVELYN

Good. Women love it when you say that kind of thing. It's a powerful aphrodisiac.

SONNY

Really?

EVELYN

No, of course not. Go and find her right now, before you lose her forever. Her future is hers to choose, and so is yours. You can have anything you want, Sonny. You just need to stop waiting for someone to tell you you deserve it. Or you can just keep failing yourself, and hurting the ones you love -

SONNY

Mrs Greenslade, stop drilling!
You have struck oil!

He goes to his bike, climbs on, and rockets off.

161 EXT. UPPER COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY

161

Madge is sitting, pensive. Carol comes in.

MADGE

Where's Norman?

CAROL

Packing.

MADGE

But we don't have to leave yet.

CAROL

I asked him to come and stay with me.

MADGE

Is that wise? I'm not sure he's trained.

CAROL

You think it's too soon.

MADGE

It doesn't matter what I think.

CAROL

It is too soon. But at our age we can't afford the luxury of taking it slow. And it's either this or he goes home ... and I don't want him to go home.

Madge looks at her for a while. Then smiles.

MADGE

I wish you both the very best.

CAROL

You haven't met anyone?

MADGE

Single by choice. Just not my choice.

(beat)

I actually think it might be over. For me. With men. And if that's gone, I'm not quite sure what's left.

Beat

CAROL

Did you know Norman brought pills? The first night he stayed with me?

MADGE

They obviously did the trick.

CAROL

I saw them in his pocket. I didn't want it to be like that. So when I had the chance I swapped them.

(beat)

(MORE)

CAROL (cont'd)

He went all night on two aspirin.
(beat)
It's never over.

Norman appears with his one bag and his battery radio.

NORMAN

Ready?

- 162 EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - DAY 162
Sonny roars through the streets on his bike.
- 163 EXT. STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 163
Evelyn approaches.
She sees a taxi waiting outside the hotel.
- 164 EXT. STAIRCASE, MARIGOLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 164
The houseboy is carrying Douglas and Jean's bags down to the car.
- 165 EXT. COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 165
Evelyn comes into the courtyard. Muriel is sitting there.
The two women stare at each other.
- MURIEL
Do you want him to see you?
- 165A EXT. STREET. JAIPUR 165A
Sonny is waiting at a junction, texting into his mobile phone.
- 166 INT. DOUGLAS AND JEAN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 166
Douglas is checking they haven't left anything. Jean is at the door. She's impatient.
- JEAN
Douglas ...
- 166A INT. CALL CENTRE - DAY 166A
Sunaina picks up her mobile, looks at the message.
- 167 EXT/INT. TAXI/STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 167
Jean is sitting in the taxi, which is driven by BARUM.
Douglas climbs in.
A beat.
- DOUGLAS
My wallet, I forgot my wallet.
One second.
- Before Jean has a chance to say anything, he goes back in.

She watches him go.

168 EXT. COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 168

Douglas comes back into the courtyard, heads towards the staircase to Evelyn's room.

Then Muriel speaks from her verandah.

MURIEL
She's not back yet.

Douglas stops. Beat.

DOUGLAS
Right.
(beat)
Then perhaps you could tell her I
said goodbye.

He turns and walks out.

169 INT. EVELYN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 169

Evelyn is at her window, listening. She turns to watch him leave.

170 EXT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 170

Douglas gets back into the taxi.

DOUGLAS
(slamming the door)
False alarm. Had it the whole
time. Let's go.

171 OMITTED 171

172 EXT. CALL CENTRE - DAY 172

Sonny roars into the forecourt, gets off his bike, and runs into the building.

A SECURITY GUARD goes to stop him, but Sonny's already running up the stairs.

172A INT. STAIRWELL/LANDING. CALL CENTRE - DAY 172A

Sonny keeps going up, floor after floor.

SONNY
(yelling)
Sunaina! Sunaina!

He reaches the seventh floor.

Jay appears on the landing above him.

JAY
What's going on?

Sonny is doubled over, totally out of breath. Holds up a finger.

JAY (CONT'D)
Sonny?

SONNY
I need to see Sunaina!

JAY
Her shift's not over. And when it is, she doesn't want to see you.

Beat.

SONNY
Jay, you are the son my mother wished I was; an intelligent man, with a strong head for business. You see things as they are, not as you wish them to be. So fuck off out of my way.

Jay doesn't move.

SONNY (cont'd)
Or you can give her a message.

Sunaina is standing against the wall, unseen by Sonny, listening.

SONNY (cont'd)
Tell her from me what I should have told her the day we met. What I will announce to anyone who asks. And many who do not.

Sunaina speaks to Jay.

SUNAINA
Including your mother?

JAY
(to Sonny)
Including my mother?

SUNAINA
His mother.

JAY
(to Sonny)
Your mother.

SONNY
I will tell every mother in the
land.

SUNAINA
(to Jay)
What will you tell them?

JAY
(to Sonny)
What will you tell them?

SONNY
The only thing that matters in
this world. That I love you.
And always will.
(beat)
And by you, I mean Sunaina, Jay,
not you. Although if you are to
be my brother-in-law, I hope we
can become better friends.

SUNAINA
Why is he only saying this now?

JAY
(to Sunaina)
You ask him.

SUNAINA
Why are you only saying this now?

SONNY
Because, Sunaina, love of my
life, no more will I believe that
I am not worthy, for only by
loving you as you deserve will I
become so.

On Sunaina's face as she hears this.

173 EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - DAY 173

The cacophonous sound of drumming: a small band of players
are beating out a deafening, syncopated rhythm as the
Ganeshi festival begins to unfold.

Sonny is on his bike, Sunaina riding side-saddle on the
back. They're speeding through the city.

Sonny rockets through an arch way up a side street, is
confronted by a huge traffic jam. The Ganeshi procession is
bringing everything to a standstill.

He does a U-turn, speeds off back the way they came.

174 INT/EXT. TAXI/STREET - DAY 174

Douglas and Jean are sitting in the traffic jam.

DOUGLAS

It's funny. They call it rush hour, but nothing actually moves.

(beat)

It's not that funny.

(beat)

Although I suppose it's all about context, isn't it? I mean -

JEAN

Douglas?

DOUGLAS

Yes?

JEAN

If you say one more word, I'll kill you with my thumbs.

174A EXT. COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 174A

Muriel sits alone in the courtyard, under her awning.

Then Carol and Norman appear from reception, followed by Mrs Kapoor. They cross towards the arch.

MURIEL

Where d'you think you're going?

MADGE

You may well ask.

Madge is sitting under the shade of a tree..

NORMAN

We're moving in together.

MURIEL

Already?

CAROL

That point has been made.

MRS KAPOOR

The hotel is closing.

MURIEL

Doesn't have to.

Silence. Everyone stares at Muriel.

She takes out the spreadsheets.

MURIEL (cont'd)
I've been going over the
accounts.

174B EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - DAY 174B

If anything, the traffic is now worse. Jean and Douglas's taxi has progressed a few yards, and is now wedged into the arch. The Ganeshi procession is completely blocking the far entrance to the archway.

Jean gets out, looks at the sea of unmoving traffic ahead and behind.

JEAN
This is ridiculous. It could go on for hours. There's no way we're ever going to get out of here.

DOUGLAS
Maybe there is.

A rickshaw arrives next to them, swerving through the traffic. It is ridden by IFTI.

JEAN
You. Can you get us to the airport?

IFTI
Sorry long way sore legs not possible.

JEAN
I'll give you everything I have.

IFTI
Step right in mind your head let's go.

JEAN
Come on, Douglas. Come on!

Douglas gets the suitcases out of the trunk of the cab.

IFTI
Sorry no manage people and cases.

JEAN
(grabbing her suitcases)
What?

IFTI
Not possible. Two person, no cases; one person, and cases.

JEAN
(taking off her watch)
How about if I give you something
else? My watch?

IFTI
(takes it)
Sure. Thank you. Still not
possible.

DOUGLAS
We'll get another flight. We can
go back to the hotel, and leave
in the morning.

JEAN
No.

DOUGLAS
Jean, you heard what he said. He
can't do it.

JEAN
He can do one person, and cases.

DOUGLAS
Yes, but ...

JEAN
Could fate find a better way to
tell us what we need to hear?

DOUGLAS
Which is what?

JEAN
That it's over. It was over a
long long time ago.

DOUGLAS
This is not the time to talk
about this. Let's wait till we
get-

JEAN
I have to go, Douglas.

DOUGLAS
I won't let you.

JEAN
No, you'll want to come after me.
Chase me to the airport and tell
me everything will be fine.
But please don't. Because the
truth is we both deserve more
than we've had. You're just too
kind and too loyal to admit it.

Beat.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I will be alright.

(she smiles)

I'm turning left.

She climbs onto the rickshaw.

As the drumming intensifies, Douglas stands holding his suitcase, watching her weave through the traffic and out of sight.

174C EXT. STREET. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 174C

Sonny and Sunaina roar towards the hotel, drive into the gate and up the path...

175 EXT. STREET/COURTYARD. MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 175

Mrs Kapoor is studying the spreadsheets.

MRS KAPOOR

I don't know what any of these figures mean.

Sonny and Sunaina drive into the courtyard, screech to a halt.

They dismount.

SONNY

Mummyji? Mummyji!

MRS KAPOOR

Right here, you do not need to shout.

SONNY

Do you remember what my father used to say? That nothing happens unless first we dream. Like him I have dreamt, Mummyji, and like him, I have failed. The Marigold Hotel is crumbling into dust. And it turns out I can live with that. But the one thing I will not do is live without this girl. To whom I did not introduce you properly before.

(beat)

This is Sunaina Shantanu Palawat. The woman I love, and wish to marry.

SUNAINA

I am very pleased to meet you, Mrs Kapoor.

Sunaina puts out her hand. Mrs Kapoor will not take it.

MRS KAPOOR

(shaking her head)

No. I forbid it. I forbid this match. Utterly and completely. Do you hear me, Sonny? This cannot happen.

And then a low, rumbling sound comes from the corner. Like a quiet volcano.

Young Wasim is speaking. It's a long, poetic and heartfelt speech.

Unfortunately it's in Hindi.

MADGE

What is he saying?

MURIEL

What he said to me, I imagine.

She turns to Sunaina.

MURIEL (con'td)

Can you help?

SUNAINA

He is saying ... he is saying that he has been with this family as long as he can remember. Given them a lifetime of service. And that he remembers another fight, between two young people and their parents. And he remembers the moment where the young man stood up to his mother ...

MRS KAPOOR

... and said yes, I want to marry this woman. Yes, she is from a different community. But she is smart, she is beautiful, and I love her.

Long pause.

MRS KAPOOR (cont'd)

I don't know who he's talking about.

She offers Sunaina her hand.

MRS KAPOOR (cont'd)

Take care of my favourite son.

Sunaina shakes her hand.

NORMAN

So I'm not clear now. Am I staying or going?

MURIEL

Depends how you read the accounts.

SONNY

The accounts?

MURIEL

Turns out the original plan is good, it works. Just not in the hands of an imbecile.

SONNY

I knew that plan was good!

MURIEL

What the place needs is more money.

SONNY

Unfortunately my investor, Mr Maruthi has decided that while he greatly admires my endeavors, he cannot -

MURIEL

He's reconsidered.

SONNY

You spoke to him?

MURIEL

So long as there is someone to help the manager.

SONNY

The manager needs no help.

SUNAINA

Sonny...

SONNY

The manager needs a little help.

MURIEL

(to Norman)

So will you stay?

Norman looks at Carol.

NORMAN

I'd like to.

CAROL
In the shack on the roof?

NORMAN
I sleep in the trees.

SONNY
(to Carol)
We have a double room. Bathroom
ensuite. And a fully working
door.

He points to Graham's room.

SONNY (CONT'D)
A guest has recently checked out.

Madge can't believe he just said that.

CAROL
I'll think about it.

MURIEL
(to Madge)
Mrs Hardcastle ? You're staying.

MADGE
On my own?

MURIEL
You're off your game. Lost your
confidence, maybe. But you're a
thoroughbred. You'll be back.

Madge smiles.

MURIEL (con'td)
And what about you, Mrs
Greenslade?

Evelyn has come down, unnoticed by all. Except Muriel.

EVELYN
What about me, Mrs Donnelly?

MURIEL
We haven't talked much, you and
I.

EVELYN
My loss, evidently.
(beat)
I'm not sure what I should do.
Nothing here has quite worked out
as I hoped.

MURIEL

Most things don't. But sometimes
what happens instead is the good
stuff.

(beat)

(MORE)

MURIEL (cont'd)
Haven't you got work in the morning?

Evelyn nods.

MURIEL (cont'd)
Besides, he'll be back.

EVELYN
You don't know him. He's the most loyal man I've ever met.

MURIEL
50,000 rupees says I'm right. At your current salary that should take you three months to pay off.

Muriel stands up. Everybody stares. She starts to walk slowly but proudly across the courtyard. She reaches the doorway, turns back.

MURIEL
If you'll excuse me, someone's waiting to help me make mango chutney. Why did no one tell me about that stuff?

MRS KAPOOR
Who is the new assistant manager?

MURIEL
Why? Are you thinking of applying for the job?

She gestures for her wheelchair.

Sonny rushes up with it. She sinks down.

MURIEL (cont'd)
That's enough exercise for one day.

175A EXT. AIRPORT ROAD. JAIPUR - EVENING 175A

Jean sits in the rickshaw, surrounded by her luggage, carried by Ifti's strong legs towards her future.

EVELYN (V.O.)
Day 51. The only real failure is the failure to try.

175B INT. EVELYN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - EVENING 175B

Evelyn is at her computer typing.

EVELYN (V.O.)

*And the measure of success is how
we cope with disappointment. As
we always must.*

175C EXT. STREET, CENTRAL JAIPUR - NIGHT 175C

Douglas, still holding his suitcase, is surrounded by Ganeshi drummers, silhouetted against the lights of the city.

The sound fades as he disappears into the celebration, and is replaced by the gentle sound of temple bells, ringing for morning prayers.

EVELYN (V.O.)

*We came here, and we tried. All
of us, in our different ways.*

176 INT. EVELYN'S ROOM, MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 176

Evelyn is still sitting, fully dressed in her room. She's been up all night.

Her alarm clock buzzes. She turns it off.

177 EXT. EVELYN'S TERRACE, MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 177

Evelyn comes out of her room, walks across the terrace.

178 EXT. COURTYARD, MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 178

EVELYN (V.O.)

*Some achieved more than others.
but we did our best. Nothing
else matters.*

Evelyn walks through the courtyard, and on out of the hotel.

179 EXT. GARDEN/PATHWAY, MARIGOLD HOTEL - MORNING 179

Evelyn walks down the path towards the street.

Then Douglas comes through the gate, with his suitcase.

They stand there, looking at each other for a moment.

EVELYN

Good morning.

DOUGLAS

It is, isn't it?

EVELYN

You're still here.

DOUGLAS

I missed the plane.

EVELYN

What about Jean?

DOUGLAS

She didn't.

Beat.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

(putting down his
suitcase)

I had quite an interesting night,
actually. I met the same taxi
driver, but this time I let him
take me to his brother's hotel.
Which turned out to be less of a
hotel, and more of a brothel,
really. They gave me this pipe,
said it was apple tobacco, but
that's not what we called it when
I was a student. So I made my
excuses and left, wanted some
time to think. This city at
night is extraordinary.

(beat)

Of course the apple tobacco
helped.

(beat)

Guess what? I finally saw an
elephant.

Silence for a bit.

EVELYN

I'm late for work.

She goes past him.

DOUGLAS

Um ...

She stops, turns.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

What time do you finish?

EVELYN

I get back about 5.

DOUGLAS

Tea time.

EVELYN

Yes.

DOUGLAS

How do you take it?

EVELYN

With a little milk.

She turns and walks away.

She's smiling.

180 EXT. MARKET, JAIPUR - DAY 180

EVELYN (V.O.)

*Perhaps it's true: we don't stop
playing because we grow old, we
grow old because we stop playing.*

Douglas is haggling with a motorbike mechanic. He seems to be having more success with the price than in earlier days.

180A EXT. ROOFTOP, MARIGOLD HOTEL - DAY 180A

Carol is lying on Norman's bed, reading a book, while he washes his socks in a bucket.

EVELYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*All we really know about the
future is that it will be
different.*

181 EXT. VICEROY CLUB. JAIPUR - DAY 181

Madge is chatting vivaciously to someone. It's the elegant older man we saw earlier. And he seems utterly smitten.

EVELYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So we must celebrate the changes.

182 EXT. STREET. JAIPUR - DAY 182

Sonny and Sunaina race through the streets on his motorbike. Sonny raises a fist in salute.

EVELYN (V.O.)

*Let them come. Bring them on.
Because as someone once said,
everything will be alright in the
end ...*

Coming from the other direction, another motorbike, Douglas at the handlebars, returning Sonny's greeting.

And on the pillion seat, riding side-saddle, her scarf flying in the breeze, is Evelyn, on her way home from work.

EVELYN (V.O.) (cont'd)

*So if it's really not alright,
then trust me: it's not yet the
end.*