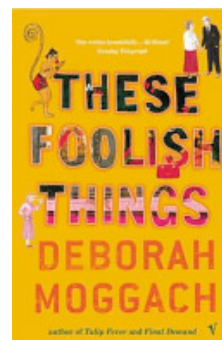


## THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL

Screenplay written by OI Parker 10/01/11

Source: <http://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Best-Exotic-Marigold-Hotel,-The.html> prepared for classroom use by MF (2013)

Based on the **novel** These Foolish Things by Deborah Moggach ([deborahmoggach.com](http://deborahmoggach.com))



### How to use this material

This screenplay has been prepared by Michelle Ford, an English teacher in public/state-run adult language education (EOI in Spanish), for its exploitation in the classroom with Upper Intermediate or Advanced students.

**Before** proceeding to work on the screenplay, students should have **watched the movie/film** in their own houses a minimum of 2 or 3 times (in 2 or 3 months). They should also have attempted to jot down:

1. words and expressions they understood and would like to gather in their notebook section "Useful Language".
2. words and expressions they didn't know and managed to work out, especially if they did so from the transcription or repetition of the sounds!

**In the classroom**, students will read out the **screenplay** as part of the learning year. They will work on its language, in reviewing grammar functionally and functional translation. Apart from developing language awareness, topics will be discussed as they come up, and cultural awareness on life in India and in Britain will be developed. (See Activities on two last pages here.)

**OPs or performances.** An alternative to this or a final follow-up option could be that different groups prepared different scenes of the movie/film so as to act them out in class (for Upper Intermediate) and that different groups prepared an OP (oral presentation) on one (pre-arranged, to avoid repetition) language or culture question.

### Glossary

From <http://www.movieoutline.com/articles/a-glossary-of-screenwriting-terms-and-filmmaking-definitions.html>

- **INT.:** interior.
- **EXT.:** exterior
- **CUT TO:** a transition to another scene over the course of one frame.
- **FADE TO / FADE IN:** DISSOLVE TO
- **CLOSE ON:** a shot description. It's a close-up on some object, action, or person (an expressive body). May also be seen as CLOSEUP / C.U. or CLOSE SHOT
- **BEAT:** to interrupt a line of dialogue. A "beat" suggests pausing a moment, in silence, before continuing the scene.
- **O.C. / O.S.:** Off-Camera or Off-Screen. It means the writer specifically wants the voice to come from somewhere unseen.
- **V.O.:** Voice-over is generally used for narration. Or a character's inner thoughts said out loud such that only the audience will hear.

### 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 that 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) 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.

Wi-fi  
High-fi  
Sci-fi

All "i" = /ai/

### 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 one's 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* [a precipice before (me), wolves behind (me) (i.e., caught between death and dismemberment)]

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.

An **emergency department (ED)**, also known as *accident & emergency*, A&E, *emergency room*, ER, or *casualty department*, is a medical treatment

### 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 do 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? 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 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 well-dressed, 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** Do 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. [USAm Eng: *matters have only gotten 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? Obviously the flat has to be sold. (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 website.

**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 hairdresser's. 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.

The hotel where the movie was shot:

[http://www.mysticindia.co.uk/hotels/ravla\\_khempur\\_-\\_best\\_exotic\\_marigold\\_hotel.php](http://www.mysticindia.co.uk/hotels/ravla_khempur_-_best_exotic_marigold_hotel.php)

**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 [hit with tapping stroke].

**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.



Read <http://spotonlists.com/misc/animals/top-10-most-kept-dog-breeds-in-the-world/>

**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 do 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 it's 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. [*Upgrade your browsers!*] 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.*

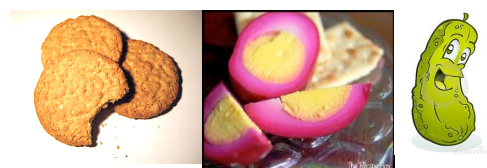
**SECURITY GUARD** We'd like to take a look in this bag, Madam, if you don't mind.

*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 [tea]. Brown sauce [a mixture of catsup and Worcestershire sauce]. Ten jars of Marmite [sticky dark brown food paste with a distinctive, powerful flavour, which is extremely salty]. 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 group is 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.

**Joseph Rudyard Kipling** (1865-1936) was an English writer and celebrator of British imperialism and militarism. In 1907, Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Kipling is perhaps most known for his collection of stories *The Jungle Book*, the novel *Kim*, and many other short stories and poems. Many of his writings for children have been preserved as exemplars of the genre. For the high quality of Kipling's writing had him nominated for the British Poet Laureateship and knighthood. Rudyard Kipling rejected such honors. His talent is undeniable.

However, works like his poem "The White Man's Burden" suggest the extent of his nationalism and racism. As the readership has become less tolerant of chauvinism and nationalism, Kipling's reputation has suffered. This is particularly true for Kipling's reputation in India where his reputation is particularly complicated and controversial since India took the brunt of the Imperial violence that Kipling glorified. Despite this controversy, it was announced that the home Kipling was born in (now on the campus of J J School of Art) would become a museum celebrating the poet of British Imperial.

<http://www.egs.edu/library/rudyard-kipling/biography/>

**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. [≈ *Qué bien nos lo vamos a pasar.* From Dickens' *Great Expectations.*]

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 that 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** NOOOOOOOO...

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** [**'I bow to you'**], 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 / is about to happen.



### 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 crowded 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** (in his 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 dilapidated. 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 & Jean arrive at their room. He 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 in. The room is light and airy, and somehow 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 & 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.

**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 [British rule in India, usually but not exclusively between 1858 and 1947]**, 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* [the person who does it all] 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 [outcome] is that he's spent all our money getting us here & we can't leave till he's made some more.

Muriel has arrived at her table.



**Blighty**  
British English slang term for Britain commonly used as a term of endearment by the expatriate British community or those on holiday to refer to home.

**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 the tooth** [old] 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.

**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!

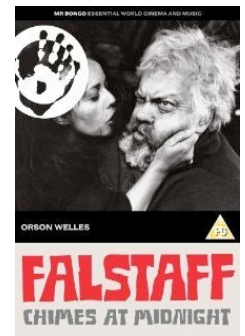
**MADGE** He's fainted, that's all.

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

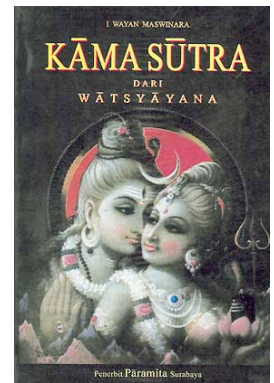
The guests look on with trepidation, as another meal is laid before them.

**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.

**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.

**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 neighbourhood in transition. Skeletal structures of a new India rise above the houses. **EXT. BUILDING SITE/STREET** Some kids playing cricket. The rickshaw weaves its way through them & comes to a halt. Graham gets out & 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** [sir]

**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[d].

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 & is heading down a narrow-side street. The city has become denser & the walls seem to have closed in. She pushes her way through the crowded market.

**EXT. PASSAGE/COURTYARD** 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, & 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?



## EXT. STREET. JAIPUR

Suresh's flatbed trike [tricycle] 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.

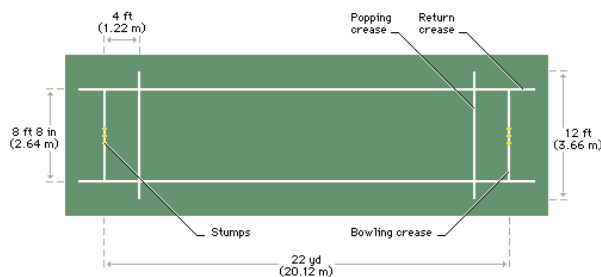
**GRAHAM** Come on. Do your worst.

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 & 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 ... 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?

**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 (in her 20's). She's speaking on the phone.

**SUNAINA** We do appreciate your custom [(for shopping in our store) Patronage, from an English to US American dictionary at <http://www.hps.com/~tpg/ukdict/>] 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.

**A pillion** is a mostly British English term for a secondary pad, cushion, or seat behind the main seat or saddle on a horse, motorcycle, bicycle or moped. A passenger in this seat is said to "ride pillion" or may themselves be referred to as a "pillion." The word is derived from the Scottish Gaelic for a "little rug," pillean, which is itself from the Latin pellis for "animal skin." One or more pelts would often have been used as a secondary seat on horseback; the usage has carried over to motorcycles.

### 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 [stomach ache], 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 [knocked down]** 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.

**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 [rundown, decaying] 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** I'm lost for words.

*Sonny steers Mr Maruthi towards the reception, speaks quietly.*

**SONNY** See? ...

*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 - 79 DAY

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?

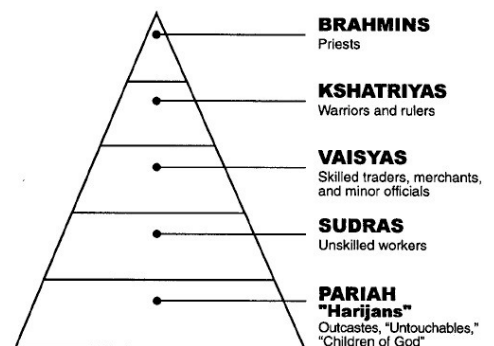
**MADGE** I'm Princess Margaret.

**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 9 years ago... 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 CHIDAMBARAM, is behind the desk.

**GRAHAM** Good morning.



#### Where are the women?

In patriarchy, they have not been allowed to be priests, warriors or rulers, not even skilled traders, merchants or minor officials. They have only been allowed to do some highly-skilled work for their communities: be prostitutes or mothers, and always housekeepers and children carers. But this has not been considered "skilled labour" because the fact is they were slaves, they had no choice, and Man said it was "natural" for them to do that, a "biological" affair, like for them to rape women, be intelligent and kill fellow men. Strikingly slowly, but we are obviously improving as a species!

**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 clichés 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.

**SUNANINA** 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 rude, 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.

## 89 INT. VICEROY CLUB BAR - NIGHT 89

Minutes later. Madge comes out of the bathroom.

**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.

### Boutique Travel

Tailor-made trips. Agencies specialise in taking tourists to sights off the beaten tourist track.

### Animals

Donkeys bray  
Dogs bark/growl  
Puppies yelp  
Cats meow/purr  
Birds chirp/twitter  
Mice squeak  
Frogs croak  
Wolves howl  
Horses neigh  
Pigs grunt  
Cows moo  
Sheep bleat  
Snakes hiss  
Owls hoot  
Lions roar

**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.

**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.

**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

**AKRAM** One thousand rupees.

**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.*

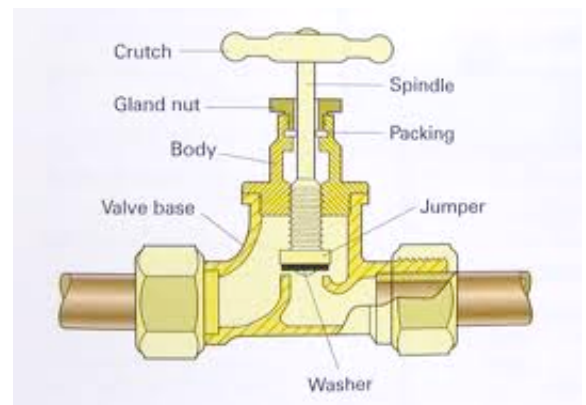
**JAMSHED** The **gland nut** has come away from the **spindle**.

**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.





**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. JAIPUR - DAY 104

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 Chidambaram. **CUT TO:** In the office.

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

**MR CHIDAMBARAM** 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 CHIDAMBARAM** 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 104

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 - DAY107

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.

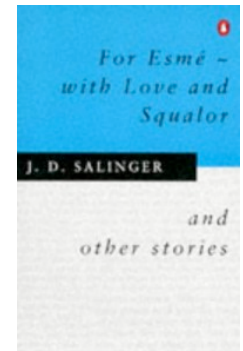
**DOUGLAS** Why...?

**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...

### 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. 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. 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

#### **kennings**

Circumlocution, in the form of a compound.

**blood:** slaughter-dew, battle-sweat (Beowulf), wound-sea

**sea:** whale-road, sail road, whale's way, swan-road (Beowulf)

**battle:** spear-din

**sword:** war-leek

#### **Words coming from kennings:**

**daisy:** day's eye

**nostril:** nose hole

**garlic:** spear leek

**window:** wind eye

**lord:** loaf-keeper

**lady:** loaf-maker

### 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/neat 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.

**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) 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.

**Come on in!**

### 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 [discuss: poverty and generosity]. 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.

**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. *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-TUX - 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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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? Mummyjit

**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** (cont'd) 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** (cont'd) 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.

**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 at 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.

THE END

Next two pages: Activities

## ACTIVITIES

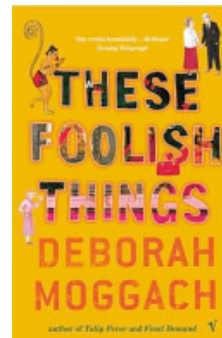
Choose some and add your own!

### THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL

Screenplay written by Ol Parker 10/01/11

Source: <http://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Best-Exotic-Marigold-Hotel,-The.html> prepared for classroom use by MF (2013)

Based on the **novel** *These Foolish Things* by Deborah Moggach ([deborahmoggach.com](http://deborahmoggach.com))



#### How to use this material

This screenplay has been prepared by Michelle Ford, an English teacher in public/state-run adult language education (EOI in Spanish), for its exploitation in the classroom with Upper Intermediate or Advanced students.

**Before** proceeding to work on the screenplay, students should have **watched the movie/film** in their own houses a minimum of 2 or 3 times (in 2 or 3 months). They should also have attempted to jot down:

1. words and expressions they understood and would like to gather in their notebook section "Useful Language".
2. words and expressions they didn't know and managed to work out, especially if they did so from the transcription or repetition of the sounds!

**In the classroom**, students will read out the **screenplay** as part of the learning year. They will work on its language, in reviewing grammar functionally and functional translation. Apart from developing language awareness, topics will be discussed as they come up, and cultural awareness on life in India and in Britain will be developed. (See Activities on two last pages here.)

**OPs or performances.** An alternative to this or a final follow-up option could be that different groups prepared different scenes of the movie/film so as to act them out in class (for Upper Intermediate) and that different groups prepared an OP (oral presentation) on one (pre-arranged, to avoid repetition) language or culture question.

#### Collecting Useful Language and Using it!

##### Describing places and people

- Imagine you are in the Marigold Hotel and you write a letter about it to a friend.

##### Describing places

- Describe the streets of Jaipur (include info for the senses)
- Describe the Ganeshi festival (find out info about it). Compare it to a festival in Spain.
- Write an article about one of your favo(u)rite places
- Write a review about one of your favo(u)rite places

**Movement & Transport(ation).** Collect phrases / sentences describing ways of being still, ways of moving on foot and by transport, and ways of holding.

**Food & Beverages.** What Indian and British food and drinks are mentioned? Can you explain what they are and how you have them?

**Travel.** Useful Language to speak about airport experiences, bus trip experiences.

**Communication.** Useful language to speak on the phone and around call centres.

**Health.** Useful language for hospitals, health and illnesses.

**Business.** Setting up a business. In groups: Imagine you are going to set up a hotel. How would you do it? What kind of hotel would that be? How would you get organized?

##### Describing people

- Choose three characters and describe them physically.
- Describe one or two characters in terms of their personality and vital stage.
- Try to write your own presentation of each character, e.g. *Muriel is someone who grows bitter out of believing she is not getting what she deserves from life.*
- Which are your fav lines in the movie/film? Who says them and why? Why do you like them?
- Which are your fav scenes?

- **The Elderly.** What have you learned/learnt about the elderly and how to approach aging?
- Compare the elderly to the young people in the movie/film. Describe the Sonny-Evelyn relationship. Can young people and elderly people become friends, do you think?
- Do you think it's a good idea for elderly people to gather with other elderly people in some place? Would you spend your old age at the Marigold Hotel?

**Graham** says "people who see life as a privilege not a right". What is he referring to? What do you think it means? Do you agree?

What is it that **Jean** cannot see around her in India and **Douglas** can? Is this related to their attitude towards their own lives?

**Muriel** changes in India. In which ways? What do you think she realizes?

**Sonny** says "Not easier, Mummyji. Smaller." What is he referring to? What strategies can we develop in the face of hardship when we are pursuing a dream?

**Madge** says "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" What does she mean? How can she solve "the problem"?

### Language & Culture

Which new words and expressions do you really like? Why?

What do we learn about traditional India and the modern India?

Find at least an advantage and a disadvantage in arranged marriages.

In which ways have **Indian, British and Spanish cultures** changed in the 20<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup> centuries? (comment also progress in women's rights and homosexuality).

**Poverty and Happiness** - discussion on misconceptions and on things we don't realize:

Why do people say there is a connection between poverty and happiness? Is poverty what causes happiness?

#### Excerpt 1

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.

DOUGLAS (cont'd) (BEAT) I'll go on my own then.

#### Excerpt 2

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 [discuss: poverty and generosity]. Graham takes it, and walks on, munching the delicious fruit. A contented man.