



Scripts.com

London Paris New York

By Ritu Bhatia

'Living With My Brother's Ghost'

Quite a brave subject for a debut feature film?

You can say that.

How do I answer that question.

Someone once told me that I should be true to myself.

And this is the greatest truth of my life.

My brother's death is the reason for my existence.

I was born to fill the void created by his death.

So instead of paying loads of money to a shrink...

I just made a film... simple.

What did your parents have to say about the film?

My father is the producer of the film.

When I showed the film to him he said...

'how can you make a film without songs?'

You have to add an item number.

He is just like that.

- Can I just take that? - No problem.

Sorry, sorry guys.

So where were we?

Okay, you're here in New York for the first time...

what do you think of this city?

That's what I am here to find out.

I share a strange relationship with this city.

I was supposed to come here a few years ago.

I couldn't make it back then. But now that I'm finally here...

I am actually a little nostalgic about this place.

Thanks, Nikhil. It was really nice meeting you.

All the best.

- Thank you. - I am looking forward to your next film.

- Thank you. You're very kind. - Thank you.

- Are we done? - Yes.

Okay.

Hey Nikhil...

So did you come here to see this city or to meet a girl?

Yes, Statue of Liberty.

Tell me all about it over a drink?

I would love to but I have to be somewhere right now.

I'm already late... next time, sorry.

You have just one night, Good luck.

Taxi.

Mr. Chopra...

Mr. Chopra...

Good afternoon Mr. Nikhil Chopra.

Hope you had a good sleep.

We shall be landing in London in a few minutes.

Can I get you something?

Tea? Coffee?

Juice? Milkshake?

Ice cream?

No thanks.

Ma'am, please get back to your seat.

Sorry.

Miss Lalitha Krishnan?

You've missed your London to New York flight.

What do you mean, 'missed the flight'?

Because this flight will be reaching London late...

you've missed the connecting flight.

What rubbish! I have to get to New York on time.

My university begins day after!

You can talk to the ground staff.

They will arrange your accommodation at the airport.

I don't want any accommodation...

I have bought a full fare ticket. You can't treat me like this.

You didn't even say 'Sorry'?

'Sorry'!

Excuse me?

Yeah?

I think you dropped this. Is this yours?

Yeah.

Thanks.

How is the book? Interesting?

Actually... it's about European genocide in Africa,
and how it's a template for the Holocaust.

I guess, you don't read Mills and Boon, and all that stuff.

No way!

I'm a feminist.

Mills and Boon is feminist too.

So, filling the minds of girls with rubbish like...

some tall, dark, handsome guy will come and whisk you away on a white
horse...

that is feminism to you?

The purpose of feminism is freedom, right?

Whether it is the freedom to wait for a tall, dark, handsome guy...
or for that matter, for a tall, dark, handsome girl.

So you read Mills and Boon?

When I was a kid, I read a few.

Actually, quite a few. I found them interesting.

Your parents didn't stop you?

Oh no! They saw I was reading books in English...
So they were quite happy actually.
Is this your first time abroad?
Yes! How did you know?
Well... actually, travelling pouch, passport safely in it...
muffler, gloves, this Alaska jacket.
Actually it's summer in London...
I feel cold!
I'm Nikhil, actually.
- What's your name? - I'm Lalitha.
Lalitha.
England is like India's 25th state.
Indians everywhere.
You mean, 29th!
Sorry?
There are 28 states in India. That makes London the 29th, right?
28?
Where did so many states come from?
Don't you have basic knowledge about your country?
It's not that basic, like not knowing the Prime Minister's name or
something.
Okay. What's our President's name?
Right, you know... what's his name...
He was also on the news last night...
Fine! Who is the President of the US?
That's not fair.
You all know about George W. Bush...
though he is actually worse than a terrorist.
I manage a youth cell for 'Greater Political Participation Amongst Youth'.
So that young people like us... take an active interest in politics.
I think, young people like us don't take an active interest in politics
because...
It is no fun watching 60 year olds tear each others clothes.
But if we don't take an interest, these very 60 year olds will...
destroy our nation and hand it to us.
I'm going to New York University to study politics...
So I can come back and make a difference.
Oh... oh... sorry. I got it!
Abdul Kalam Azad!
Yaay!
I know, I know.
And who's the Vice President?
Tell me.
Are you sneaking in illegal immigrants?

I'm just bringing in spices and pickles.
You get everything here same to same.
When you can buy it with rupees, why waste precious dollars?
I think you should start a corner shop and sell these all in dollars!
Business? I belong to a simple, middle class family and all we can do is,
work.
Business is for...
Business is for people like us.
My father is a film producer... he makes films.
If he could have his way, he'd even sell air.
In my family, education is given so much importance... it's not funny.
Both, Aai and Appa are Brahmins.
Aai and Appa? What does that mean?
Aai is a Maharashtrian Brahmin and Appa is a Tamilian Brahmin.
Maha-Tam-Bram!
Sounds like a dramatic television soap opera.
Well, a lot of drama happens at our place.
Really?
I don't understand why do these parents get so dramatic all the time.
Someone said, if you can figure your parents out...
all the answers to life will be revealed to you.
Why do I have a feeling that you are running away from your parents?
What? No.
No big deal.
I am also running away. At full speed!
I call it independence.
Basically you're running away!
Actually, I've been running all my life. But that race was for my parents.
I had to be first in studies, Bharatnatyam, Carnatic music, tennis...
Somewhere along the way, I forgot in which direction I wanted to run.
Still better.
My parents wanted only one thing from me...
that I shouldn't die.
Are you ill?
I had a brother, who died at the age of 16.
It was a motorbike accident. I never met him.
Ever since my parents have been worried...
what if the other son dies too?
How did they allow you to come to London?
Suicide!
What?
Hmm... Sleeping pills.
What are you saying?
Didn't eat them, just scattered them around...

I struck a dead pose with the bottle in my hand.

Hung a 'suicide' note on the door.

Everyone got scared...

and they put me on the first flight and said...

Go son, make your future.

Wow.

I can't believe I just met you and told you my dark and deep secrets.

And I can't believe I just met you and gave you a lecture on politics!

Really, you need to improve your manners Lalitha.

Oh phone booth!

Actually, I missed my flight because of the airline and...

instead of the hotel room, I got them to give me money.

I have a UK visa and my best friend, Rima, lives here.

So I'll go to her place.

Oh... okay... so...

So then, I'll see you...

Yeah...

Good luck with your 'Greater Political Participation' and all that...

- Thank you. - Yeah.

- Nice meeting you... - Yeah.

Actually... why don't you call Rima from my phone...

In fact, if her house is on my way, I can drop you.

- It's not an issue. - No, no...

It will be international roaming.

Don't worry about it.

Just call from here.

Take your time.

Thank you.

Shit.

What? Is your friend okay?

Her husband has taken her away on a surprise holiday to Paris.

Can you imagine?

That bugger!

Actually, I haven't stayed alone in a hotel room... feels sleazy.

I would have taken you along to my uncle's place...

but he is a true blue Punjabi.

I have stayed with him for a few days.

If he sees me with a girl, he'll have the wedding invites printed!

Come on, I can't come to your uncle's place.

It's okay... you carry on... It's fine.

Are you sure?

Yes, absolutely!

Okay, bye.

Okay.

Listen, I've got an idea.
Let's leave our luggage in the cloakroom...
and spend the money you got from the airline.
Let's take in the sights of London, let's have an adventure.
But your uncle?
I don't think you heard my story properly.
Today is the first day of my freedom...
and I don't want to spend it eating Indian food made by my Aunt.
So come, it will be fun. We'll explore London.
What do you say?
C'mon. I am a safer option than a sleazy hotel room.
C'mon! I'm a good guy.
Your first day of independence.
I will have to call my parents.
And I will have to call my parents.
So, you're joining film school?
That's right.
Actually, I don't watch films.
How can you be a patriotic Indian and not watch films?
I like books.
I like to imagine.
I, Lalitha Krishnan, daughter of Bina Krishnan and Murali Krishnan...
Am soaking in the sun, in Central London.
God... pinch me.
Ouch!
What the...
You said, pinch me...
I said, 'God' pinch me.
Freedom!
This actually feels so good.
Come on, shout with me.
Feels really nice. C'mon.
On three...
One... two...
FREE...
Don't be a bore. Shout with me.
I'm doing no such thing.
You know... all you have to do is...
just feel it from inside and say...
Freedom!
Hey, don't do this.
Lalitha...
You know what. I'll continue shouting like this till you join me.
Freedom! Freedom!

Nikhil, you are crazy.
And you're quite brave to be out with a crazy guy.
I could be a rapist or a killer...
For that you have to first stop being a Mummy's boy!
Freedom!
What's wrong now?
You said, we'll explore London.
That's what we are doing. How else do you want to explore?
What's this?
'To see' list?
You know, every time I read something interesting about a city...
I write it down.
Do you know, why Big Ben is called Big Ben?
Even though it was designed by Charles Barry?
There are two theories to this...
Lalitha-pedia!
Yes, Lalithapedia.
Lalithapedia, that's the right name for you.
What? It's funny.
What the...
I'm to blame for this too?
You said it is summer!
That's how British summer is. Read your book.
What?
You won't melt in two minutes.
Sit down.
Come on, sit.
Be in the moment.
Isn't this a beautiful church?
Yes.
Do you know the church was to be demolished to make way for a parking lot?
Why wasn't it done?
Because... The people protested and saved it.
If this were India...
an ugly shopping mall would have come in its place.
That's a church piano. You can't touch it.
You want to listen to a song?
What are you doing?
I wrote it myself.
If you like it, you can dance to it.
"She looks innocent and nave."
"She says she doesn't understand anything."
"But she's so smart inside."
"Sometimes strange...sometimes she looks beautiful."

"Sometimes she looks like a scene right out of some book."
"I guess she's crazy about philosophy."
"She says it's a phase."
"She looks innocent and nave."
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"But she's so smart inside."
"Sometimes strange...sometimes she looks beautiful."
"Sometimes she looks like a scene right out of some book."
"I guess she's crazy about philosophy."
"She says it's a phase."
"She says it's a phase."
"Darling...sweetheart...
"...Every song's comprised of it."
"Every boy thinks..."
"...he can be like Romeo."
"What do I write..."
"...who should I be?"
"Why do only boys woo girls in the films?"
"I do everything even if I don't want to..."
"But when she comes...I'm on my best behavior."
"This girl's a full on chase."
"She says it's a phase."
You do know that you have broken God's rule in touching that piano.
You'll have to make your confession and burn a hundred candles.
Sir, I told her.
Sir, we're really sorry, sir.
I know how sacred this piano is and...
I respect all religions even though I'm a Hindu.
And in fact, I'm a Tamilian Brahmin and...
my mother is Maharashtrian Brahmin and my father is a Tamilian Brahmin...
Sir, sir, please tell her you're joking.
Otherwise she will go on and on.
Excuse me...
could we have a bottle of one of your best red wines?
Thanks.
Bottle of best red wine?
Don't worry, it's my treat.
I can pay for my share.
So madam has a problem with chivalry?
Just a polite way of showing women their right place.
No, thank you.
You know, I've noticed something about you.
You've formed an image of yourself.
Like, 'I'm very serious...

I'll fight for women emancipation, I'll change the world...'
And you struggle hard to live up to that image.
You're quite sweet, actually.
I don't need a man to run my life.
No? You won't get married?
No!
What?
But I am sure you will.
The only heir to the Chopra fortune. I'm sure people will bid for you!
Alright, don't get married, but you'll at least fall in love?
Depends.
I hate that Valentine's day chocolates and roses kind of love.
What's wrong with that?
Who came up with this Valentine's day?
It was like a race back in college...
which girl would get the most roses.
As if, love can be measured in roses.
If a guy doesn't give you a rose...
does it mean that you don't deserve to be loved?
If I shut my eyes and listen to you speak, it feels like...
you're wearing thick spectacles, lecturing about something...
and at an important point, adjusting your spectacles like this.
I wear contacts!
What?
Actually, you know what I think...
In those thick glasses, you'd look quite hot.
Shut up!
It's a compliment, take it.
Shut Up!
Listen...
the waiter's coming.
He'll ask you to taste the wine.
Why should I taste it? You can also do it.
Dude!
They ask the ladies, alright? It's polite.
What do I have to do?
It's simple, tilt the glass a little...
swirl the wine...
sip it slowly and in a pseudo voice say...
Si, perfecto.
Madam would like to try the wine?
Yes.
Yes, she would indeed.
Si, perfecto.

Yeah... thanks.

Yuck!

Now this is called a 'full bodied' wine!

Yuck Bitter!

You broke the glass.

Shit I broke the glass...

You broke the glass man.

But you said full bodied... like a fat girl!

This is Silk Smitha!

It's full... I was supposed to...

Fat girl... meaning Silk Smitha.

Yes.

I can't believe this...

The guy likes 'macho blue' curtains and the girl wants 'girlie pink'.

What?

The guy is a capitalist and the girl is a communist.

She wants to change the world, he wants to buy it.

They are discussing sex positions.

You want to stay on top every month?

Even I like to be on top sometimes.

Oh... C'mon.

Didn't we decide that one month I'd be on top and the next month you?

So how many days make up your month?

Forty?

You've been counting?

That means you don't enjoy it, you've been faking it.

Of course, you think only you can make noises?

Even I can make them!

Lalithapedia, you watch adult films?

I studied French in school and college.

Yeah, right. Lamé excuse.

If you really want to stay on top, find someone else.

Oops!

This too can happen!

Lalithapedia, you turned out to be a dark horse.

I should take lessons from you.

I just happen to know French. That's all.

Hey Lonely Planet! Not your book again.

Don't be a bore.

You have some other brilliant idea?

Come on, let's drink.

Again?

What?

Moustache...

Hey... my friend over there is getting married tomorrow.
She thinks you're really cute.
Will you dance with her? C'mon show us some Bollywood moves.
She thinks I'm cute!
Oh sorry... you two together?
No... he's all yours!
Yeah C'mon then.
I'm all yours.
Give us a jiggy. C'mon C'mon.
Hi.
Wait... wait... you'll have to...
Show him your ring.
Can you just put this song on?
Yeah okay.
"I don't want to get..."
"...into the hassles of love."
"I don't want to get into the hassles of love."
"I am gonna live like a king."
"I'm never gonna say I love you."
"I'm never gonna endure any of those attitude."
"I am gonna drink some beer..."
"Shoot from my eyes..."
"And sway my hips..."
"And gonna do..."
"Dance...yeah."
"Dance...yeah."
"I'm not gonna look into those eyes."
"I am not going to follow those customs of love."
"If I come after you I'll be ruining my life."
"If I ignore you...I'll live happily."
"If I ignore you...I'll live happily."
"I won't get into this mess."
"And just have a blast."
"I am gonna have all the fun."
"And gonna do..."
"I don't want to get into the hassles of love."
"I am gonna live like a king."
"I'm never gonna say I love you."
"I'm never gonna endure any of those attitude."
"I am gonna drink some beer..."
"Shoot from my eyes..."
"And sway my hips..."
"And gonna do..."
What do you keep writing all the time?

You missed out on all the fun!
- Give my book back. - Those girls really fell for me...
must be my Spanish looks.
You find all this vulgar, don't you?
Did I say anything?
It's written all over your face. In caps!
I met you five hours back.
I don't care if some drunk bimbos drape themselves around you.
Okay tell me...
you don't like the Spanish types even a bit?
Just because you're drunk, doesn't mean you can do anything.
Okay?
Okay, li'l Miss Judgmental...
Hey.
I'm not drunk,
I promise.
I can't kiss you.
Why not?
Because I'll never see you again.
Why won't you see me again?
Because... we will be living in different continents!
So? Planes fly there.
But I can't do this 'long distance relationship' shit, Nikhil.
Wait for your call all day, check emails every two minutes...
have a relationship with the computer and not you!
And then imagine you in a pub with bimbos like these...
Shhh!
It's okay.
You don't have to.
You know, when I was eleven, I found kissing very yucky.
You started kissing at eleven, Lalithapedia?
When I'd see it in movies!
For your information, kissing is more hygienic than a handshake.
Yes! You know...
when two people kiss...
their pheromones exchange biological information...
whether they can produce healthy children or not.
It's damn fascinating!
Thanks for killing all the romance.
Shut up!
What do you want to do, Nikhil?
I want to talk to your pheromones, Lalitha.
What do you want to do in life?
Oh, you mean in life...

What do I want to do in life?
Well, I want to do... something adventurous in life!
Something new every day!
I want to live my life... on my terms.
You've heard the song.. 'living on the edge you can...'
Sorry, but most importantly...
I want to live my life without any fear.
What do you want to do in life?
I want to bring about a change.
Do something that makes a difference, no matter how small...
Why small?
You will make a difference and a big one too!
We will make you the President of India.
And I will remember the name of this President.
Nikhil...
Hmm?
When you make your film, I'll surely watch it.
I'm sure it will be a good film.
What happened?
Nothing!
Why are you so uncomfortable?
You won't understand.
Understand what?
Dude! It's not easy for me.
What?
See, I am a guy...
Yeah, right...
And I'm like...
totally attracted to you...
Okay.
and you are...
What am I doing?
Forget it.
- What? - You are a big 'tease'!
Is it my fault that you are desperate?
- I'm desperate? - Of course.
First you hypnotize me with your big eyes...
then you rest your beautiful face on my shoulder...
and then start purring like a Cat.
A Cat? Me?
What shit?
And I'm not purring!
If it's bothering you so much... I'll sit far away.
Now control yourself.

Hmm...

Shit.

Nikhil, wake up!

- My flight... Nikhil. - What happened?

- My flight.... - What happened?

I'll miss my flight.

I have understood you.

Understood what?

You want me to like you but in return, you don't want to like me.

Your heart, mind and body are in deep conflict.

Is that right, Mr. Freud?

Hello! the cab driver is Indian.

You think he'll tell your parents?

Sir... can I tell you something?

The thing is I'm in love with this girl.

But she's leaving me and going to New York.

I request you, in God's name,

please don't tell her parents that I held her hand.

Because if you do, I'll be ruined.

I saw nothing, I heard nothing.

See?

Did you say, you are in love with me?

This is your boarding pass. Thank you very much.

Thank you.

Okay.

Okay,

time to go...

I am very happy that I spent my first day of freedom with you.

Hmm... Wasn't it fun?

Thank you.

Okay.

Okay.

Come with me.

Mr. Chopra your tickets.

Miss Lalitha Krishnan...

On 15th December 2005, 1800 hours local time...

Nikhil Chopra will land in New York.

It's up to you if you'll pick him up at the airport or not.

You are crazy!

Alright, we won't call or email each other.

Thank God!

I've never written a letter in my life!

Ms Lalitha Krishnan please report to gate A40 immediately.

Shit.

Bye.
Hello...
Yes Monty?
You found her?
Monty promise! Good evening to you madam.
That's enough madam, Hang up the phone madam!
At least stop chasing older women now.
Nikhil...
How are you my brother?
- How are you? - I am fine.
So even you're growing a beard like me?
Exactly!
What have you done to yourself?
In fact, what have you done to yourself?
You told your dad you're selling computer spare parts in Paris.
But there's something else going on here!
You think I'm afraid of him?
Tell him I'm not selling spare parts but bare parts!
You haven't changed a bit.
Will you have something? Tea, coffee...
Nothing at all! I just want the information.
Straight to the point! How nice!
You were in London for two years...
But not once did you visit me here in Paris.
And you made a dash for the girl!
What did you say her name was? Lalitha... right, Lalitha.
I looked her up.
She's here from New York on an Exchange Program.
A friend of mine takes classes with her at Sorbonne University.
What news do you have?
Monty detective got these pictures out for you.
It's her, right?
You had said she is a simple girl...
that she ties her hair in a plait. But she's a hottie.
Dude, she has changed.
Well, it happens.
Middle class girls come to France and get carried away.
They sense the freedom and sprout wings!
It's just a phase.
What's wrong, dude?
Did she break your heart?
No, actually... I think I broke her heart.
What happened? What's the story, dude?
We met two years back in London.

We spent an entire day together.
What a day! I mean.
And I promised her that... I would visit her in New York in six months.
But I didn't go.
I've been missing her a lot these last few days.
I got news from New York that she is in Paris.
So I called you.
Dude, you've come to the right place.
This is the city of love!
Ask your friend where can I find her now.
You think if you ban covering girls from head to toe,
the men are going to say...
it's okay darling, you can go out in your mini skirt.
No! They are just going to be locked up in their own house.
Feminism is about allowing women what they want to do..
..without being judgmental about it.
Because the purpose of feminism is Freedom!
Lalitha!
You look smoking hot!
I knew it was you from afar because...
only Lalithapedia is capable of this feminism blah blah.
Hello!
Lalitha listen. Have you drunk a little too much?
Get lost!
Lalitha, what's the matter?
You were thinking about me a few minutes back.
Trying to impress the Frenchie with my lines.
You're not just a liar, but delusional too!
Lalitha, I'm sorry, I didn't come to New York.
It's not my fault, I promise.
Lalitha...
Shit.
Lalitha...
Are you blind?
What?
Sorry... sorry...
Lalitha what are you doing?
Why are you living so dangerously?
What are you doing in Paris?
Looking for you, I swear.
I had the entire CBI squad looking for you.
I learnt that you left New York to come to Paris for some Exchange Program.
Lalitha, what's wrong?
Lalitha, I'm so glad I found you.

Lalitha, are you... are you okay?
Lalitha, listen, I know you must hate me and all but...
I was a complete wreck.
My life was going through shit and it still is...
I'll explain.
I feel... sick...
Lalitha, just let me explain...
I feel sick... like...
Nikhil!
Ah... mademoiselle is up.
Good morning.
There is hot le 'French' breakfast for you...
Nikhil, where are my clothes?
Last night you puked all over your clothes...
so I've sent them for dry-cleaning.
It's an express service. You'll have them ready by evening.
Come, have breakfast till then.
Lalitha, I know, I owe you an explanation.
I couldn't make it to New York because I...
Nikhil let's not talk about it please.
No! Let's talk about it.
I think we should.
I want to tell you why I couldn't make it to New York.
Nikhil, just leave it...
It's okay, Please.
I even wrote three letters to you but...
You didn't reply to any.
I received one, which said that you aren't coming to New York.
The one that said my dad had a heart attack?
Oh yeah, is he okay?
Wow! Thanks for the sympathy.
No, I really mean that. I hope he is okay.
Yeah, he is okay now.
The dude faked a heart attack so I'd go back to Mumbai.
That's the reason I couldn't make it to New York...
I hope you understand.
I am sorry.
It's fine.
Are we cool now...
just like, no... whatever.
Yeah.
Thanks. So good to see you.
I can't believe this.
I really like your...

this new look. It's really good.

Thanks.

You thought I was bluffing about dad's heart attack?

Just so I could ditch you?

That would be like the world's worst break up line.

I've heard worse!

A friend's boyfriend told her he was breaking up with her because...
he would die soon.

When my friend asked why, he said...

'geniuses die young.'

What rubbish.

Men are shit.

Okay.

As if girls never break up.

They do. But they give a full explanation.

What went wrong, why did it go wrong, whose fault was it and so on...

If you want to break my heart...

please do it with a joke don't give me a complete thesis...

I'll keep it in mind.

Feminine or feminist?

The pink one.

Lalithapedia! You've improved!

"Coming through..."

This thing is speaking in French.

It's saying 'enter your code'.

Okay.

2000 Euros.

Your parents give you their credit cards just like that?

They throw money to make up for love they can't give.

Reduces their guilt.

For not being able to love me as much as their first son...

so this is compensation.

My childhood was quite messed up, you know?

So was mine!

And I am sure so was your parents and their parents.

Point?

Move on!

You mean like you?

Miss Drunk in a bar and hungover in a hotel room.

Well, at least I don't blame my parents for every little thing.

I take responsibility for who I am and what I do.

You grew that to keep you warm in the London cold?

Goatee? It gives you a personality.

Gives me the 'director' look.

Why not just grow a beard?
A beard is so uncool.
I think it's romantic...
That someone is so caught up in his dreams that...
he doesn't have the time to shave.
Wow! Lalithapedia is back in action.
You have a PhD on 'male facial hair'?
Of course.
See, bearded guys are like poets...
Arty, intellectual, romantic!
Stubble means 'sexy, macho, cowboy' type.
A moustache is for thieves and rogues.
And goatee means...
metrosexual.
Really?
Goatee means metro-what?
Those guys who check themselves out in the mirror every few minutes...
who buy moisturizing creams and get pedicures.
I don't go for pedicures.
It's the next step. You already have a goatee.
I think it's sexy.
You should grow one too!
- Hey Gaspard! - Hey Lalitha.
You're look really hot today.
Oh stop it.
You're coming to the party tonight, I hope...
Of course.
See you in the evening.
See you.
Hey Lalitha! How are you doing?
Have you read this book? It has changed the world.
- I will. I promise. - Super. Thank you.
It's important. Don't forget to read the book.
I won't. I promise.
See you then.
Come...
Oh nice.
Nice room.
Your cheeks must be burning.
You must be quite popular with the white guys...
Exotic Indian girl, from the land of Kamasutra and all.
I find it all quite stupid that...
people talk to you just because they are interested in Hinduism..
..or they like Indian food.

They think that talking to me will help them attain nirvana.

Or something like that.

I'll tell you what is stupid.

These white guys find you Indian girls exotic...

but think we Indian guys are all terrorists.

Now that is stupid.

You Indian boys have an inferiority complex.

You have become a crybaby.

Crybaby!

By the way, the guy with the book... was all over you.

Why didn't you introduce us?

I forgot.

Actually, he is my roommate, Cecile's boyfriend.

I mean, one of her boyfriends.

Forgot his name.

So... do you have a boyfriend?

Shut up.

A simple answer, yes or no.

Do you?

No, I don't have a boyfriend. I like girls.

You're so funny!

Let's go.

Come on... tell me.

What?

Do you have a boyfriend?

If I did, would I pass out and wake up in your hotel room?

Or take you around Paris?

I don't have a boyfriend!

Happy?

That's it. You don't do this when hungover!

You're a film school student, I thought you'd like Montmartre.

Did you know that Amlie and Moulin Rouge were shot here?

And all the famous artists lived here...

Van Gogh, Picasso, all of them.

I've heard that these days this has become a red light area.

You only hear what you want to hear.

Oh...

Drama queen!

The only consolation is, if I die it will be in your arms.

If you write such awful dialogues, you'll be thrown out of film school.

I will write what I want to.

They can go shoo themselves.

What happened?

Film school didn't work out?

Our pheromones didn't click.
They are all losers and they are out to judge others.
You know I made a superb film but...
none of them had the maturity to appreciate it.
They enter the film school and start behaving like they are David Lynch.
I've been on film sets since I was a kid.
I know what goes into making a film.
None of these guys will ever make a film.
But I will. My dad is a producer.
Listen, in the creative field it's difficult to say..
..what's right and what's wrong.
It's very easy.
I am right and the others are wrong. Simple!
This is 'vin chaud'. Hot wine.
Perfect for this weather.
I hope this is good wine?
But Of course Mademoiselle, you are in Monmartre...
We'll only serve you authentic French wine.
No, no, no...
Are you sure?
Go on, say it...
The girl from the suburbs of Mumbai has gone all 'lah di dah' French.
I like the 'lah di dah' type.
There was a time when I spoke French like an Indian.
But my roommate Cecile taunted me so much that...
now I speak French just like her.
Cecile and Lolita...
would be great to put a hidden camera in your room?
What do you think we do?
There are a lot of exciting possibilities.
Sorry to disappoint you, but we're both straight.
Oh. Don't ruin my fantasies...
Why did you have to say that?
- C'mon let's go. - Thanks for this.
"Life is still...afraid...let it fly."
"Let it pick some drops from the flowing river."
"Let me hear the silence."
"And weave some dreams."
"Let me change the destiny..."
"...that's already been written for me."
"A faint intoxication in the air."
"A subtle romance in the ambiance."
"Listen to the heart beat if you can."
"Don't keep meeting often."

"What kind of an effect is this..."
"...tell me."
"Without a word being said... I know it all."
"There's a bit pain..."
"...and my breath's also cold."
"I've found my refuge..."
"...what else could I wish for."
You started drinking wine, why not cigarettes?
I wish I didn't have a problem with the smell.
Then I would also eat cheese and drink wine the whole day..
..like these French girls...
and still stay thin.
Don't worry.
We, Indian guys prefer 'full bodied' girls.
You think I'm fat?
Let's check.
Waist... slim.
Hips...
just right.
Arms... long and slender.
And these... 32-B?
You pervert... crazy!
Alright, I wouldn't have touched. What are you doing?
I wouldn't have touched...
without your permission!
"Cooped up and subtle..."
"...that's how this afternoon is."
"The waves..."
"...are restless."
"There's a sweet smell around..."
"...but someone's missing."
"The place where I want to be..."
"...that's where I found you."
Let's go on a road trip across Europe.
I haven't won the lottery.
Don't worry about the money, leave it to me.
Next month I have to return to New York.
Fine, we'll go on a road trip across the US.
And this time I will come, I swear.
You want to make all the plans right now?
I want to travel the world with you.
We'll talk all night and...
we'll make love.
Lalitha...

Hmm?

I think...

I love you.

What?

You don't laugh at my jokes...

and now, when I bare my heart to you, you can't stop laughing!

Strange woman.

Nikhil...

I mean Nikhil...

Move on from Nikhil... Nikhil, I...

Nikhil, I...

Nikhil, I...

I want to watch your film.

Where did the film come from?

When you win your Oscar, I'll tell everyone that...

Nikhil Chopra showed me his first film in Paris...

just after we made love.

And I knew, he was a genius!

Well, it's not that great.

It is somewhat intellectual.

Can I decide?

Hmm?

This isn't like a typical Hindi film.

This film is very subtle.

There's a lot of subtext... a lot of layers.

You must have heard of Tarkovsky.

He is a genius.

I've been influenced by him.

Did you notice her footwear?

So neatly aligned... and suddenly the scar on her back...
quite menacing.

I told you it is intense.

What are you doing?

I told you it is an intense film.

It has an effect on people.

Let's burn the DVD.

And put an end to Nikhil Chopra's film career.

If that makes you happy.

Lalitha, are you taking a shower again?

I'm coming in...

Oh... was it that bad?

Why are you getting dressed up? You were looking so good.

Hey...

everything okay?

What's wrong? What happened?
What happened? Is it my body odor?
What's wrong? Hey... relax. Why are you behaving this way?
What's the matter?
Please talk to me, sit down... relax.
What happened?
What happened?
Tell me.
Jules Renard has said...
Okay... same to you?
Everything you wish is out there waiting for you. You only need to ask for it.
Everything you wish also wants you. But you have to act to get it.
Er... same to you again?
Cecile told me this in New York.
And I was inspired by it.
I realized I was wrong in not replying to your letters.
Yes I got all the three letters you wrote.
I thought why write back...
why not visit you in London!
Rima got your address from the film school and I bought my ticket.
At Heathrow I picked up champagne and chocolates for you.
I paid a month's salary to the taxi driver and got to your apartment.
It was quite cold for March.
Your neighbors were sitting at the window having tea...
holding hot mugs with both hands.
I thanked the taxi driver and climbed the stairs.
I rang the doorbell but got no answer.
As I touched the door, it opened.
I could hear the sound of laughter.
Thought you might be on the phone.
And I'd surprise you.
And I was surprised to see you there...
On top of a girl...
the girl in the nightie from your film.
You were so lost...
that you didn't even realize...
that a bloody idiot had travelled a thousand miles just to meet you.
Freaking shit, Lalitha!
Yes, freaking shit, Lalitha.
Lalitha, come on...
What you saw was just a moment...
You and your bloody moments! Your moments aren't yours alone...
they affect other people too!

Lalitha, please don't overreact.
Whatever you saw... it was nothing... it was just physical.
I feel for you. I love you.
What are you, Nikhil?
You lie as easily as you declare your love.
I'll come to New York to see you.
And then, oh ho!
Papa faked a heart attack!
Then by mistake I slept with a girl?
And then you hunt me down, and so, you love me now?
Lalitha, I swear to you.
I promise, I promise I love you.
I really do love you.
She meant nothing to me.
I love you a lot. Don't leave me.
I never wanted to get into the love trap.
It was a big deal for me, Nikhil.
I let you kiss me.
I kept counting the days to 15th December.
For what?
To see you with that girl?
So, is this payback?
Is this some kind of a revenge?
I wanted you to feel the same pain...
as I did in London that day.
I've succeeded.
How childish!
Congratulations!
I know very well that...
you can afford to buy this hotel with your dad's credit card.
But this is for the dry cleaning and taxi fare.
Can you feel the pain here...
it's called solar plexus...
Slowly the pain will move higher.
Your mind will go numb, you won't be able to see a thing.
Then you will throw up.
Witch!
You are just fake!
You can't be true to yourself...
nor anybody else.
That's why you've made such a shitty and fake film.
Try and be true to yourself, Nikhil.
Someone once told me that I should be true to myself.
And this is the biggest truth of my life.

Hello?

Hey... it's Nikhil...

- Nikhil Chopra. - Nikhil?

Shit... God! Where are you?

Just below your apartment.

- Are you crazy? - Yes.

You already know that. I am a little crazy.

God, it's really you!

Nikhil, you're mad!

I can't believe you're standing below my apartment.

Actually, I can believe it.

Only you are capable of this, out of the blue, no warning, craziness!

You look pretty on your balcony, just like Juliet...

but this Romeo is frozen stiff down here.

Let me in and we'll talk?

No... you can't come in. My parents are here.

Hide me in the bathroom.

Shut up.

Okay I'll come down.

We can go for a coffee.

Just coffee?

Nikhil Chopra, if you talk like that I'll...

Alright, come down first, then...

In a minute.

Hi Nikhil.

Hello...

it's freezing.

How are you?

I was right, you do look hot in thick glasses.

Shut up!

- There you go. - Thank you.

Thank you.

So, how is your love partner... Cecile?

It's been a while, I'm not in touch with her.

That's too bad.

It would have made an interesting film title, 'Lolita and Cecile'.

Your next film is a love story between girls?

No way, I don't make vulgar films.

To face your sexuality is vulgar...

but when little girls dance to 'Munni badnaam hui', that's not vulgar?

You only told me, be true to yourself.

I did just that. And it led to a very different story.

I thought with all that happened in Paris, you'd never want to see me again.

What to do... my self respect is zero.
To be honest, I did try to hate you, but I just couldn't!
You live in Mumbai?
Yes I live in Mumbai.
In my childhood home, with my parents.
I'm also moving to Mumbai, but I won't be living with my parents.
Actually, there's a village in the outskirts of Mumbai...
I'm setting up an NGO there.
Remember, I used to manage a youth cell?
I'm scaling it up.
Of course I remember.
Greater political participation...
28 states...
Abdul Kalam Azad...
I remember everything.
I will join your movement, what say?
Greater Political Participation... Hail GPP!
Nikhil, I'm setting up the NGO with Alan.
Alan is my fianc.
We're getting married.
Is it?
Is it? That's all you have to say?
Okay, let me try again.
Lalitha, please don't marry Alan!
I should leave, Nikhil.
How can you leave?
You have to show me your city. Just like London and Paris.
You want to go around the city at this hour? I mean...
Tomorrow morning is fine too. I have an evening flight.
Nikhil... I am getting married tomorrow.
Wow!
For the first time in life I've reached somewhere in time.
If I had come a day later, your life would have been ruined.
Come on... don't know if we'll ever meet again.
Come on, I'm a good guy.
One hour, that's it.
Fine, let me set the timer.
Two strawberry cones?
Yes.
Two strawberry cones please.
Listen, what's wrong with these Maha-Tam-Bram's?
Think about it,
you'll marry an American only to bring your parent's reputation down.
Alan respects our culture.

He doesn't smoke nor does he drink.
He speaks Hindi better than me.
He is a Sanskrit scholar.
He watches cricket with my father.
He makes my mother laugh. He teaches math to my brother...
Does Alan walk on water also?
What?
Is this Alan or Jesus?
You are so bad.
Your sense of humor is still amazing.
Thanks.
Thanks.
It's really good to see you, Nikhil.
It's really good to see you too, Lalitha.
"He looks innocent and nave."
"He says she doesn't understand anything."
"But he's so smart inside."
"Sometimes strange...sometimes he looks beautiful."
"Sometimes he looks like a scene right out of some book."
"I guess he's crazy about philosophy."
"He says it's a phase."
"He says it's a phase."
Not bad... not bad.
You know something...
I have realized that we aren't together because of you.
Of course, blame me for everything.
Japan's tsunami, Iceland's volcano, it's all my fault.
Exactly!
You liked giving those dumb math lectures.
90% long distance relationships don't work...
you build a relationship with the computer... blah, blah, blah.
If I were chatting with you online everyday...
you wouldn't have been with the girl in the nightie?
No way.
I'd be with you.
Not in some vague dream, but in reality.
And if I were with you, why would I look for someone else?
Actually, what you did was quite normal.
I overacted.
Miss Lalitha Krishnan, are you trying to say Sorry?
You know, we spent such a beautiful day in Paris but...
when I saw you with that girl in the film, it was like a slap on my face.
All the pain came rushing back.
And all I wanted was revenge.

I thought breaking your heart would reduce my pain.
But that didn't happen.
Sorry, Nikhil...
I can't hear you... what did you say?
Sorry!
I still can't hear you... what did you say?
Sorry!
Sorry... she finally said it!
Did you just hear that?
- Did you hear that? - Shut up.
She's just learnt a new word my friend... it's called sorry!
I wrote several emails to you after Paris.
But I didn't receive any.
I never sent them.
Why not?
I decided I'd see you only after I got my life under control.
We did manage to get our life under control, didn't we?
You don't seem to be as angry with the world anymore.
I realized I was angry at myself, not at the world.
When I made peace with myself, I made peace with the world.
It's called old age.
It's called growing up.
Older and wiser.
You know I can't believe that I'm on the Hudson River with you in New York.
You know I was thinking...
we kissed on the Thames...
we kissed on the Seine...
the Hudson would feel bad if we didn't kiss here...
We didn't kiss on the Thames.
And whose fault was that?
Shit.
Do you wake up every morning screaming like this?
Only when you are around.
It's my wedding! Please!
Oh wedding.
My father wakes up at six for coffee and newspaper.
What's wrong?
You're not well?
So, you're just going to ignore what happened?
What happened?
Nothing.
A night before the wedding the bride-to-be was with a guy,
who isn't her fianc.
She kissed him, spent the night in his arms...

But it was all in the moment.
It was all in the moment?
Since when did you start living in moments?
It's not the same thing.
Really? It's not?
Tell me how!
Cut the French. Just speak to me.
Every time we met, there was a deadline.
Even before we met, it was decided that, we'd have to say goodbye in a few hours.
We had to fit everything in a day.
Everything in one day.
It was like, if we didn't talk now, the heart would explode.
It wasn't just your heart it was mine too.
So I know, what was going on.
Alan is a great guy and I know I'll be happy with him.
If he really is that great, what were you doing here all night with me?
But, you gave me no choice.
Gave you no choice?
Did I tie you up and drag you out of your house?
See, I'm getting married today at eleven o'clock at St. Mark's church.
I have to go.
You know what you are?
You are a bloody tease.
Excuse me?
Yes, I am right.
You've made me run around a lot.
You pretended to be so idealistic in London.
You looked at me with your big beautiful eyes..
..and said all those wonderful things that...
I really fell for you.
And what did you do?
You handed me a rulebook.
No calling each other, no writing emails.
Suddenly became mature.
And when I wrote the letters, you didn't even bother replying.
I was trying to move ahead, getting on with my life...
and that's when you decided to surprise me with a visit?
With my pants down, you caught me in a weak moment.
And judged me?
YOU decided that YOU will come to London. YOU didn't bother telling me...
And still it's YOUR heart that broke?
And in Paris...
you were just awesome in Paris.

You should have been an item girl in some Hindi film...
you will do a great job.
Why did you do that?
Just to strip me down and walk all over me on your heels?
Stop it Nikhil!
I've just started.
I am...
I am a loser.
I came here to New York to see you...
thought I'd take a chance.
I stood outside your window...
and you came, you stepped out to meet me.
I thought since you are here...
you came...
but not for love.
You wanted to make sure that you still had Nikhil Chopra's soul in your
hands.
Ladies and gentlemen, now this is what you call...
a real 'bloody teaser'!
Yes, older and wiser! Are we?
Taxi!
Have a happy married life.
Hey. Hi.
"The same old lonely evening."
"The same old pain."
"My eyes are filled with tears."
"O beloved..."
"...listen to me."
Quite a brave subject for a debut feature film? - "You're my love."
You can say that.
How do I answer that question.
Someone once told me that I should be true to myself.
And this is the biggest truth of my life.
But what to do...
cannot bear the separation.
"I kept cajoling my heart..."
"...but I cannot control myself any more."
"Come to me."
"Come to me."
"Come to me."
"Come to me."
"O my tormentor... Come back to me."
"Come to me."
"O my tormentor... Come back to me."

"Come to me."

"Come to me."

"Come to me."

"Come to me."

"Come to me."

Can show just cause...

why this couple cannot...

Lalitha! - be legally joined in marriage...

You are not Lalitha!

What's a Lolita?

Do you have an objection, to this couple getting married?

No... not at all. Actually I was...

Good.

Get out.

Yes.

Is Lalitha there?

And who are you?

Her friend.

And your name is?

Nikhil... Chopra.

What?

You are the rascal because of whom my daughter is refusing to marry.

This is what you film industry guys do.

You trap naive middle class girls with your sweet words and ruin their lives.

Why don't you go after models and actresses?

Sir, sorry to interrupt you, but do you mean...

Lalitha didn't marry that Jesus guy?

I mean, Alan.

She is not getting married... all because of you!

You messed with her mind at the last minute.

If I had a gun right now, I would shoot you.

I can understand your feelings, sir.

Get out of my house, get out of my house!

With all due respect, this isn't your house, it's Lalitha's.

Are you leaving or should I call the cops?

Now, get out, you rascal!

Violent bloody family!

You know who I am?

I'm the shit baby!

Nikhil!

Lalitha!

If you want to live with me, you will have to give up smoking.

What if you die?

Two minutes and you are already lecturing me like my mother!
If it bothers you so much, I'll take a U-turn.
No more U-turns, Miss Krishnan.
Stay right here... like this.
Thank you for not marrying Jesus.
How could I marry Jesus...
I mean, how could I marry Alan...
when every moment I have been thinking of you.
Until yesterday everything was clear and...
you came along and messed it all up!
This is what we call love.
You should try it some time. It's a lot of fun.
Not just once, I fell in love with you three times, Nikhil.
First in London, with that sweet, excited boy.
Then in Paris with the wannabe filmmaker.
And now in New York, with this older and wiser... old man.
Older and wiser... old man?
Should I show you my youthfulness.
Tell me, how did you figure out that I had called off the wedding?
I went to St. Mark's church.
- Which one? - Which one?
How many St. Marks churches are there?
Three in Manhattan alone.
Well, I went to one.
I gate crashed some Pamela and Andrew's wedding...
and then your father stopped me in my tracks!
Your first impression on father wasn't particularly good...
He asked me to get out of his house.
And I told him the house isn't yours, it is Lalitha's.
Women's rights, you know.
Oh god, you are mad!
"From London to Paris."
"From London to Paris."
"Paris to New York."
"Paris to New York."
"I looked everywhere for you."
"And don't want to lose you now."
"And don't want to lose you now."
"If I am lost."
"If you're lost."
"Or if I lose my way."
"Lose your way."
"I'll run into you..."
"...in these lost paths."

"What's this spell..."
"...I don't know."
"What's this intoxication..."
"...I can't say."
"These moments of life..."
"...are so nave."
"All the colors are right here."
"Small reasons to be happy..."
"...and these wide-awake eyes."
"Is life because of you..."
"...or are you my life?"
"You make me feel how..."
"...I just can't say."
"What happens...happens..."
"It's okay."
"These moments of life..."
"...are so nave."
"All the colors are right here."
"Small reasons to be happy..."
"...and these wide-awake eyes."
"Is life because of you..."
"...or are you my life?"