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# A Passage to India

By David Lean

First time in India, Miss Quested?

- First time out of England.

- I envy you. New horizons.

Those are the Marabar Caves,  
about 20 miles from you at Chandrapore.

I see.

Mrs Moore returns on the Rawalpindi  
on May 1 2th and your return is open.

That is correct?

I'll be staying on... probably.

If you decide to return with Mrs Moore,  
let us know as soon as possible.

I will.

Now, labels, stickers,  
your ticket, Mrs Moore's ticket.

You should have an interesting voyage.

The viceroy's on board.

Tends to liven things up.

(military band plays)

(cheering)

Ugh.

I do think it's too bad of Ronny  
not to be here to meet us.

- It is nearly a thousand miles.

- We've come 5,000 miles to meet him.

"No more than two annas each."

Thank you. Thank you.

Now... Victoria Station.

(knocking)

- Oh, dear.

- Don't worry.

- Mrs Moore?

- Yes.

I'm Mrs Turton.

My husband's the collector.

Oh... We gave our tickets  
to the Indian gentleman.

The chief administrator of Chandrapore.

Ronny's "Burra Sahib".

You must be Adela.

Yes.

Please forgive us, Mrs Turton.

We've had a very trying day.

We just wanted to welcome you

to the fold and to say... We're off.  
We must have a drink or something later,  
when you've recovered. Goodbye.  
I believe you and Ronny met  
in the Lake District, Miss Quested?  
- Yes, we did.  
- You must forgive me.  
We have very few secrets in Chandrapore.  
And I'm an incurable romantic.  
Miss Quested was with her aunt  
and I was with Ronny.  
You know, Mrs Moore, Ronny's  
doing splendidly. You'll be proud of him.  
I'll second that.  
He's become a proper sahib.  
Just the type we want, if I might say so.  
(train rumbles)  
You know, Mr Turton,  
when we get settled in,  
we look forward to meeting some of  
the Indians you come across socially  
as friends.  
Well, as a matter of fact,  
we don't come across them socially.  
They're full of all the virtues,  
no doubt, but we don't.  
East is East, Mrs Moore.  
It's a question of culture.  
Could Ronny really have become a sahib?  
He could.  
But that's why you've come here.  
You'll find out soon enough.  
She's a dreadful woman.  
Yes.  
We'd better go to sleep, my dear.  
(coughing)  
Hello, Mother! Where's Adela?  
Here.  
I can't believe it.  
Antony!  
(speaks Urdu)  
Antony will see to the baggage. Forgive  
me, I'm part of the reception committee.  
Guards! Attention!

Sorry to desert you. We had to  
welcome the great man back.

- I'd no idea he was so important.

- You hadn't?

(car horn)

(car horn)

(hoots repeatedly)

Look out!

(car horn)

- That was Turton.

- Turton?

(car horn)

McBryde. When he first came, Hamidullah  
said he was quite a good fellow.

But they all become exactly the same.

I give any Englishman two years.

- The women are worse.

- I give them six months.

Ronny, is that a body?

Yes. I'm sorry.

We'll soon be out of this.

Why do we spend so much time  
discussing the English?

Because we admire them, Doctor Sahib.

That is the trouble.

Tomorrow night!

English!

- Here we are, then.

- Very nice, dear.

- Are those the Marabar Hills?

- That's right.

- With the caves?

- I suppose so.

Look, you've got a busy day tomorrow.

Then we have a show at the club.

- Come on. Let's have tea.

- Yes.

(Ronny) Good night, Mother.

- (knocking)

- Yes?

- Good night, dear.

- Good night.

Having listened to the evidence,  
I find you guilty of cheating

under Section 41 5  
of the Indian Penal Code  
and sentence you  
to two months' hard labour.  
You may take the prisoner down.  
- Well, how did it all go?  
- We must have seen everything.  
Yes, the church, the hospital,  
the war memorial, the barracks.  
- Mr Hadley was most thorough.  
- Splendid. And now you're off to the club.  
Cucumber.  
My dear, life rarely gives us what we want  
at the moment we consider appropriate.  
Adventures do occur,  
but not punctually.  
Doctor Sahib, when are we  
going to get you married?  
I have enough responsibilities, Auntie.  
We ask the poor fellow to dinner,  
avail ourselves of his professional skills,  
- and you always bring up this question.  
- It is the least I can do.  
This should put a stop to the trouble.  
And, Begum Sahiba, I beg you once more  
not to drink water out of a tap.  
Please to boil it, boil it, boil it!  
And now we can eat. Selim!  
(both speak Urdu)  
Why must you always bring up  
this question of marriage?  
He sends the children nearly all his salary  
and lives like a low-grade clerk.  
What more do you require?  
This chitty has just arrived for you  
from Major Callendar.  
I am to report to his bungalow posthaste.  
And my bicycle has a puncture.  
The major sahib left half an hour ago.  
- And left no message?  
- No message.  
Mrs Lesley, it is a tonga. Come!  
Oh, how splendid.  
I suppose this is all right?

My dear, never look a gift-horse in  
the mouth, particularly in this country.

Club!

Club, tonga wallah! Club!

Why doesn't the fool move?

I pay you tomorrow.

(women giggle)

Will you please...

(rustling)

(leaves rustling)

Madam, this is a mosque.

You have no right here.

- You should have taken off your shoes.

- But I have taken off my shoes.

I left them outside.

Then I... I ask your pardon.

- Let me go.

- Madam.

I am right, am I not?

If I remove my shoes, I am allowed?

Of course.

But so few ladies take the trouble.

Especially if thinking

no one is here to see.

God is here.

God is here.

That is very fine.

May I know your name?

Mrs Moore.

Oh.

I came from the club.

They're doing a rather tiresome  
musical play I'd seen in London.

- It was very hot.

- I think you ought not to walk alone.

There are bad characters about,  
and leopards may come from the hills.

- Snakes also.

- But you walk alone.

- I come here quite often. I'm used to it.

- Used to snakes?

I'm a doctor, you see.

Snakes don't dare bite me.

Please.

Mrs Moore, I think you are  
newly arrived in India.  
Yes. How did you know?  
By the way you address me.  
Look.  
Sometimes I have seen a dead body  
float past from Benares.  
But not very often.  
- There are crocodiles.  
- Crocodiles?  
How terrible.  
What a terrible river.  
What a wonderful river.  
Please may I ask you a question now?  
Why do you come to India?  
I come to visit my son.  
He's the city magistrate.  
Oh, no. Excuse me.  
Our city magistrate is Mr Heaslop.  
He is my son all the same.  
I was married twice.  
And your first husband died?  
He did. And so did my second.  
Then we are in the same box.  
And is the city magistrate  
the entire of your family now?  
No. I have a daughter in England by my  
second husband. Stella. She's an artist.  
Ah.  
Mrs Moore, like yourself,  
I have also a son and a daughter.  
Is not this the same box  
with a vengeance?  
But not called Ronny and Stella, surely?  
No indeed. Akbar and Jamila.  
They live with my wife's mother.  
And your wife?  
In giving me a son, she died.  
You have the most kind face  
of any English lady I have met.  
I think I'd better go back now.  
I've got this strange feeling  
I've fallen in love  
- She's fallen in love?

- While I was freewheeling  
And...  
Hooray, hooray, hooray  
It's a wonderful day today  
But I know that at this juncture  
I can't afford a puncture  
And here is my Michael...  
I wish I were a member.  
I could have asked you in.  
Indians are not allowed.  
Oh.  
Good night.  
There you are.  
What have you been up to?  
I'll tell you about it later.  
I had a small adventure,  
and saw the moon in the Ganges.  
Ah, Mrs Moore, Miss Quested,  
have a drink. Have two drinks.  
- It's very kind.  
- My wife's on stage,  
and Ronny's still holding  
the fort for Major Callendar.  
His wretched Indian assistant didn't  
turn up in time, but I got my own back.  
I'm sorry about the show.  
But what else can we do for you ladies?  
Mr Turton, I'm longing to see  
something of the real India.  
Fielding, how is one to see the real India?  
Try seeing Indians.  
- Who was that?  
- Our schoolmaster. Government College.  
As if one could avoid seeing them.  
Well, I've scarcely spoken to  
an Indian since we landed.  
Lucky you!  
If you really want to meet  
some of our Aryan brothers,  
how about a bridge party?  
- Not the game.  
- Oh...  
No. A party to bridge the gulf  
between East and West.



We can produce almost any type you like:  
Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, even a Parsee.

(drum roll)

God save our gracious king

Long live our noble king

God save the king

Send him victorious

Happy and glorious...

(band plays "Tea for Two")

To work, Molly. To work.

I never thought so many would turn up.

They hate it as much as we do.

Ronny.

(speaks Urdu)

Very nice of you to come.

Would you please tell these ladies

I wish we could speak their language?

- Perhaps we speak yours a little.

- Why, fancy, she understands!

- Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner.

- Yes, indeed.

- Rotten Row.

- Marble Arch.

- She knows Paris also.

- They pass Paris on the way, no doubt.

("Roses of Picard")

My only consolation

is that Mrs Turton will soon be retired  
to a villa in Tunbridge Wells.

Who is that man talking to Adela?

Oh, that's Fielding.

Runs Government College.

I don't understand people inviting guests  
and not treating them properly.

You and Mr Turton are the only people  
who've made any attempt to be friendly.

It makes me quite ashamed.

It's awkward, I agree, here at the club.

I envy you being with Indians.

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

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

We've an old Hindu professor who'll tell  
you all about reincarnation and destiny.

- He might even be persuaded to sing.
- I'd like that.
- Tell me, do you know a Dr Aziz?
- I know of him. I've never actually met.

Mrs Moore says he's charming.

- Good. We'll invite him too.
- Good.

Oh, dear. This is for Mrs Turton.

(?"In a Monastery Garden"

bYAIbert KetIbeY)

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

Of course it's unnatural.

Now you see.

I do not see why you all behave  
so unpleasantly to these people.

- We're not out here to be pleasant.
- Ronny, what do you mean?

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

I'm not a missionary  
or a sentimental socialist.

- I'm just a member of the civil service.
- As simple as that.

What do you and Adela want me to do?

Sacrifice my career?

Lose the power I have  
for doing good in this country?  
Good? You're speaking about power.

The whole of this entertainment  
is an exercise in power,  
and the subtle pleasures  
of personal superiority.

(?band plays "God Save the King")

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

Yes, Mother.

Mr Fielding?

(water running)

- Mr Fielding.
- Oh, hello. Is that Dr Aziz?

Yes. I'm afraid I am early.

That's fine. I won't be a jiffy.

Please make yourself at home.

May I really, Mr Fielding?

It's very good of you.

- Mr Fielding!

- Yes?

I have long been wanting to meet you.

I have heard many times about  
your kind heart and your sociability.

My dear fellow!

And I have seen you in the bazaar.

Ah.

(Fielding hums "The Sun, Whose RaYs  
are all Ablaze" by Gilbert & Sullivan)

?The sun, whose rays are all ablaze  
with ever-living glory

?Does not deny his majesty,  
he scorns to tell a story...

- I say, Mr Fielding.

- Yes?

Before you come out,  
guess what I look like.

Well, let's see.

You're about 5ft 9in tall.

- Jolly good!

- I can see that much through the glass.

Blast!

- Anything wrong?

- I've just broken my back collar stud.

Oh. Take mine.

Have you a spare one?

Yes. Yes, one minute.

- Not if you're wearing it.

- No, no. Here in my pocket.

But nobody carries  
a spare stud in his pocket.

I always, in case of emergency.

Here it is.

Many thanks.

Oh, and how do you do?

Sit down while I finish dressing,  
if you don't mind the unconventionality.

I always thought Englishmen  
kept their rooms so tidy.

Everything arranged coldly  
on shelves is what I thought.

There are two English ladies  
coming to tea to meet you.

- Oh.

- Oh, I think you know one of them.

- I know no English ladies.

- Not Mrs Moore?

- Mrs Moore?

- And Miss Quested, her companion.

Oh. Is she an old lady?

She's a young lady,

and she wants to see India.

(both speak Urdu)

They're here,

or will be in a few seconds.

I've also asked our professor  
of philosophy, Narayan Godbole.

Oh, the inscrutable Brahmin.

I hope to goodness his food'll be  
all right. He's orthodox, you know.

(Fielding) Good afternoon. Welcome.

- (Mrs Moore) How kind of you to ask us.

- (Miss Quested) Nice to meet you.

Oh.

It must have been a small audience hall.

Mrs Moore, do you remember  
the tank in our mosque?

- I do indeed.

- Please come and see.

By a skilful arrangement of our emperors,  
the same water comes and fills this tank.

My ancestors loved water.

We came out of the desert.

We came over from

Persia and Afghanistan.

And wherever we went, we created  
fountains and gardens and...

Ah, Godbole! You know Dr Aziz,  
and here are our new visitors.

Mrs Moore, Miss Quested, Professor  
Godbole. We didn't realise you were here.

The sun will soon be driving us  
all into the shade.

And I was enjoying the water.

Now, Mrs Moore, would you like

to have our tea served inside or out?  
Dr Aziz, I wonder if you could explain  
a disappointment we had this morning.  
Ah, yes. I'm afraid we may have  
given some offence.  
That is impossible. May I know the facts?  
Yes. An Indian lady and gentleman, whom  
we met at the club party the other day,  
were to collect us in their carriage  
this morning at nine.  
We waited and waited.  
They never came.  
They even put off  
going to Delhi to entertain us.  
- I wouldn't worry about it.  
- Well, it is very worrying.  
I think perhaps, young lady,  
they grew ashamed of their house  
- and that is why they did not send.  
- That's very possible.  
- I do so hate mysteries.  
- We English do.  
I rather like mysteries,  
but I do dislike muddles.  
I think a mystery is only  
a high-sounding term for a muddle.  
The professor, Aziz and I  
know that India's a muddle.  
Agreed, I'm sorry to say.  
There will be no muddle  
when you come to visit me at my house.  
That would be very nice. Yes, Adela?  
Yes, indeed. Do please give me  
your address, Doctor Aziz.  
- Yes?  
- One moment. I have a better idea.  
Let me invite you all  
to a picnic at the Marabar Caves.  
Ladies, this will be  
a most magnificent outing.  
One is transported by mountain railway  
2,000 feet above the plain.  
And the caves, Mrs Moore,  
are a wonder of India.

- Yes, Professor?

- They have a reputation.

Doctor, how many caves are there?

I'm not exactly sure. Unfortunately,  
I've never been there myself.

My dear chap!

Professor Godbole,

have you seen the caves?

Oh, yes.

Well, could you tell us  
something about them?

With pleasure.

Only a few have been opened.

Perhaps seven or eight.

And?

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

- Big?

- Not big.

- Immensely holy, no doubt?

- Oh, no, no.

Ornamented in some way?

They are all the same. Empty and dark.

Well, there must be something  
to account for their reputation.

Indeed.

Well, well.

Mr Fielding, I should like  
to see something of the college.

Don't you come, Adela.

I know you hate institutions.

You know, Miss Quested, when I first  
saw Mrs Moore it was in the moonlight.

I thought she was a ghost.

- A very old soul.

- An old soul?

The professor is using  
the expression in its Hindu sense.

Someone who has been here  
many times before.

- Mrs Moore - a reincarnation?

- Quite so.

- Please go on, Professor.

- Ah, yes.  
- It is philosophy of some complication.  
- But in simple terms...  
In simple terms, Miss Quested,  
life is a wheel with many spokes.  
A continuous cycle of life:  
birth, death and rebirth  
until we attain nirvana.  
I have contrived a dance  
based on this philosophy.  
Do you dance, Professor?  
- Adela.  
- Oh, Ronny, you're early.  
Let me introduce to you  
Professor Godbole and this...  
What's happened to Fielding?  
And what on earth are you doing?  
They're seeing the college and  
we're eating water chestnuts. Have one.  
No, thank you. We're leaving at once.  
- But we can't leave like this.  
- It's perfectly all right.  
Bearer! Bearer!  
(train whistle)  
You can take it from me  
that picnic will never come off.  
Just like that fiasco this morning.  
He'll forget he invited you.  
- You're wrong.  
- Notice the collar climbing up his neck?  
I like Dr Aziz.  
Aziz was dressed in his Sunday best,  
but he'd forgotten his back collar stud.  
And there you have the Indian all over.  
I bet he forgot the caves  
are miles from the station.  
- Have you been to them?  
- I know all about them, naturally.  
- Naturally.  
- I really cannot have this quarrelling.  
Sorry.  
I don't know why I get so het up.  
Actually, I was taking us all  
to see a game of polo. Should be good.

Not for me, dear. I'm going to rest.

You and Adela can watch the polo.

- Ronny.

- Yes?

- I want to say something.

- Yes?

Something important.

Ronny...

I've finally decided...

we're not going to be married.

You never said we would be married.

But you were quite right to come out.

It was a good idea.

We're being awfully English

about this, aren't we?

I suppose that's all right.

As we are English, yes, I suppose it is.

Let's go for a little drive.

- Oughtn't we get back to the bungalow?

- Why?

I think we should tell your mother,

talk about what we're going to do.

If you don't mind,

let's leave it a day or two.

I don't want to upset her

any more than I have.

And besides,

you're going on that expedition.

And why did you undertake

such an extravagance?

To avoid asking them to my house.

Which you had already done.

Now we must all put

our shoulders to the wheel.

My wife will supply plates,

knives and forks.

And then there is the question of alcohol.

Whisky-sodas for Mr Fielding,

ports for the ladies.

And food. The English are big eaters.

- And Professor Godbole?

- He eats more than the English.

- Nothing but vegetables, fruits and rice.

- And only if cooked by a Brahmin.



And if there is a slice of beef  
in the vicinity, he will throw up.  
The English can eat mutton.  
- Even ham.  
- Ham? Are you suggesting I offer ham?  
Enough, enough.  
English ladies cannot sit upon the ground.  
Not even on a Persian carpet.  
- You must take chairs and tables.  
- So you will need servants.  
Then there is also the question  
of transport after the train journey.  
The caves are a considerable  
distance from the station.  
I've just been to the station.  
The train leaves before dawn.  
Then you must take precaution  
against lack of punctuality.  
Better spend the night there.  
- What was that?  
- Nothing.  
It always happens before the hot weather,  
generally with dust and thunder. Coffee?  
No, thank you. I'm off to bed.  
I know I made myself  
rather ridiculous this afternoon.  
But the truth is, I wasn't  
quite sure of myself, and I'm sorry.  
Very nicely said. Thank you, dear.  
Of course, I have no earthly right to tell  
either of you what you can or cannot do.  
See India if you like and as you like.  
Sometimes I think too much fuss  
is made about marriage.  
Century after century  
of carnal embracement,  
and we're still no nearer  
understanding one another.  
Good night.  
(dogs barking)  
(bicycle bell)  
Adela, are you all right?  
Yes, of course.  
- Well, what happened?

- Nothing.

I want to take back what I said at the polo.

Oh, Ronny... I'm such a fool.

(orchestra plays "Oh, Lady Be Good")

It's a funny thing,

but I don't feel a bit excited.

Well, nothing's really changed, has it?

I feel perfectly ordinary.

It's much the best feeling to have.

I suppose so.

I'm sorry to have been so difficult.

Oh, I shouldn't worry.

It's partly to do with this country  
and the odd surroundings.

Do you mean that my bothers  
are to do with India?

India forces one to come  
face to face with oneself.

It can be rather disturbing.

Odd.

It must be very cold in England.

Now we must go back

and you must dance with Ronny.

Apart from anything else,  
it will serve as a notice of intent.

Hello.

(rumble of thunder)

(groans)

Hassan.

(both speak Urdu)

- It's going to be hot.

- Your famous hot weather.

- Mother?

- You two go ahead.

Ah!

Congratulations.

We've just heard the good news.

Allow me to shake your hand.

Mr Fielding, I'm Dr Lal.

- Ah, yes. How do you do?

- Just making check on doctor sahib.

- Major Callendar's orders.

- And?

A slight fever, perhaps.

Change of season.

- You must get well quickly.

- Yes. There is talk of cholera in the city.

There is always talk of cholera in the city.

Hello! Can I come in?

Mr Fielding. Yes, please come in.

Ah.

- Hamidullah.

- Mr Fielding, how nice of you to come.

- And how's the patient?

- It is very good of Mr Fielding  
to condescend to visit our friend.

We're deeply touched.

Don't talk to him like that.

He does not want it.

And he does not need three chairs.

He's not three Englishmen!

Well, are you ill or aren't you?

No doubt Major Callendar  
told you I'm shamming.

Well, are you?

The hot weather is coming.

I have a fever.

Sit down, sit down.

Sit down, all of you!

Mr Fielding, excuse. A question, please.

- Carry on.

- Nothing personal.

Personally, we're all delighted  
that you should be here.

But how is England  
justified in holding India?

- Unfair political question.

- No, no.

- I'm out here because I need a job.

- Qualified Indians also need a job.

I got in first.

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

- And those who are not delighted?

- Chuck 'em out.

Indians are also saying that.

- (speaks Urdu)

- Mr Fielding...

What are you doing out here?

Please come back.

Of course.

Here you see the celebrated  
hospitality of the East.

Look... look at the mess.

Look at the flies.

- Look at the plaster coming off the wall.

- Oh, please.

Here is my home,

where you come to be insulted  
by my friends.

That was fair enough.

And you'd better get back into bed.

- And then you'll have to be off.

- You should rest.

I can rest all day thanks to Dr Lal,  
Major Callendar's spy.

I suppose you know that.

Major Callendar doesn't trust anyone,  
English or Indian. That's his character.

I wish you weren't under him.

But you are, and that's that.

There we are. Try sleeping for a bit.

Before you go, will you please open  
that drawer under the clock?

There's a grey cardboard folder.

That's right. Open it.

She was my wife.

You are the first Englishman  
she has ever come before.

Now put her away.

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

Oh, it is nothing. She was not a highly  
educated woman, or even beautiful.

But I loved her.

Now put her away.

You would have seen her anyhow.

- Would you have allowed me to see her?

- Why not?

I believe in the purdah, but I would  
have told her you were my brother.

- Would she have believed you?

- Of course not.

Put her away. She is dead.

I showed her to you because

I have nothing else to show.

Mr Fielding, why are You not married?

The lady I liked wouldn't marry me.

That's the main point.

That was a long time ago.

Before the war.

- You haven't any children?

- None.

Excuse the following question.

Have you any illegitimate children?

No.

- Then your name will die entirely out?

- Right.

This is what an Oriental

will never understand.

- There are far too many children anyway.

- Why don't you marry Miss Quested?

- Good Lord!

- But she's very nice.

I can't marry her even if I wanted to.

She's engaged to the city magistrate.

Oh.

So no Miss Quested for Mr Fielding.

However, she is not beautiful,

and she has practically no breasts.

For a magistrate they may be sufficient.

For you I'll arrange a lady

with breasts like Bombay mangoes!

No, you won't.

You must not tell Callendar, but last year

I took sick leave and I went to Calcutta.

- There are girls there with breasts...

- You've made a remarkable recovery.

- I have, I have.

- Please tell your chap to bring my horse.

- He doesn't seem to understand my Urdu.

- I told him not to.

But now I will release you. Hassan!

(both speak Urdu)

By the way, about this Marabar

expedition. It's going to cost an awful lot.

Would you like me to help you call it off?

No, no. Arrangements  
are almost complete.

I shall know exact date tomorrow.

Well, good. Don't leave it too long.

Phew.

Hassan?

(both speak Urdu)

(train whistle)

You've come after all! I was afraid...

How kind, how very kind!

I'm sorry, Dr Aziz, but I've never been  
at my best at this time of the morning.

- We're here anyway.

- Yes. Excuse me. Please come.

(speaks Urdu)

- This isn't all for us?

- For this great occasion

I've had help from all my friends.

I think you will not need your servant.

- No, indeed.

- Then we shall all be Muslims together.

Antony...

I don't like him at all.

Antony, you can go now.

We won't need you any more.

Master told me to stay.

Mistress tells you to go.

Master says

"Keep near ladies all morning."

Please go.

- What's that for?

- A surprise. You will see.

Come, come, come. Please, come.

You are travelling purdah.

You will like that?

- It will certainly be a new experience.

- Yes.

Where's Mr Fielding?

He'll be here.

Englishmen never miss a train.

Mr Fielding! Mr Fielding!

I'm most awfully sorry, Aziz.

Oh, Mr Fielding, you have destroyed me.

It was Godbole's prayers.

They went on for ever.

- Jump on! Jump!

- No, no.

- I must have you.

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

We'll join you... somehow.

Mrs Moore, our expedition is a ruin.

Nonsense.

We shall now all be Muslims together.

- Dear, dear Mrs Moore.

- Go back to you carriage, Dr Aziz.

You make me quite giddy.

Poor Aziz.

We must try and get hold of a car.

Can you think of anyone?

Is anything the matter?

- You saw the gates shut against us?

- Yes.

- Today is Tuesday.

- Go on.

Not a wise day

to undertake such a journey.

Extremely inauspicious, Mr Fielding.

Godbole.

I wouldn't have missed this for anything.

- Memsahib.

- Oh, thank you.

- Tea coming.

- Yes.

What a relief after Antony.

Rather a strange place to do the cooking.

I always feel rather embarrassed

when people I dislike are good to me.

And I really don't care for Mrs Callendar.

But she's visiting a clinic and

the road goes up to just below the caves.

We'd better leave in half an hour.

Would you care for a coffee?

- Miss Quested!

- Oh, no.

Is Mrs Moore awake?

Yes. But please... go in!

Don't worry, Miss Quested.

Look, I am Douglas Fairbanks.  
Tell me, dear. What's going on out there?  
Mrs Moore, we're almost there.  
I will now explain to you about the ladder.  
It is to be your big surprise.  
You cannot imagine how you honour me.  
I feel that I am journeying back into  
my past, and that I'm a Mogul emperor.  
Sometimes I shut my eyes and dream...  
I have splendid clothes again.  
And that I'm riding into battle  
behind Alamgir. He too rode an elephant.  
Horrid, stuffy place, really.  
- Everything is very well arranged.  
- And here, ladies, is your port.  
The best caves are higher up,  
under the Kawa Dol.  
But we start in this one.  
The guide says,  
everyone to go in quietly.  
All sounds make an echo, and many  
sounds create inharmonious effect.  
I do hope I shall be all right.  
In my early days with Ronny's father,  
I made rather a fool of myself  
in the chamber of horrors.  
Horrors? What horrors?  
The waxwork museum.  
He was a very conventional young man,  
which made it all rather worse.  
- This was not Stella's father?  
- No, no.  
He was very unconventional.  
My goodness me...  
Sahib, sahib.  
(both speak Urdu)  
Hassan! Selim!  
(baby cries)  
(echo)  
Shh. Shh.  
(echo dies away)  
(intensifying rumble)  
Kawa Dol.  
(echo)



(rumble)

Mrs Moore!

(echo)

Please, please.

(rumble)

(voices)

- Are you all right?

- Yes, yes.

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Godbole never mentioned the echo.

No. And far too many people.

- Would you like something to drink?

- Oh, thank you.

I suppose, like many old people,

I sometimes think

we are merely passing figures

in a godless universe.

Get me some water.

Oh.

- There you are.

- Thank you, my dear.

I didn't know you'd gone. Now, now.

We should be thinking of moving on

before the sun gets too high.

Do forgive me, Dr Aziz.

I'm rather tired, so I think I'll stay here.

I've never been a good walker, and you  
two will get on much better without me.

Dear Mrs Moore, nothing to forgive.

You're right. It is quite a big climb.

And I'm glad you're not coming,

because you're treating me

with true frankness, as a friend.

I am your friend.

- So may I make a suggestion?

- Of course.

Don't take quite so many people with you  
this time. You'll find it more convenient.

- It does get rather crowded.

- Exactly, exactly.

We shall take just the guide. Right?

Quite right. And enjoy yourselves.

It's almost a mirage.

Dr Aziz,

may I ask you something  
rather personal?

- You were married, weren't you?

- Yes, indeed.

Did you love your wife  
when you married her?

We never set eyes on each other  
until the day we were married.

It was all arranged by our families.

I only saw her face in a photograph.

What about love?

We were a man and a woman.

And we were young.

Dr Aziz,

did you have more than one wife?

One. One, in my case.

I'll be back in a moment.

(both speak Urdu)

- Miss Quested!

- (echo)

(rumble)

Miss Quested!

Miss Quested?

Miss Quested?

(rumble)

- What's happened?

- Elephant taking bath, memsahib.

Something else.

(sobs)

Miss Quested!

Miss Quested!

Miss Quested!

Miss Quested?

Fool!

(car horn)

- Morning, Mrs Moore.

- Mr Fielding.

So sorry about this morning.

Everything going well?

Have you seen Miss Quested and Dr Aziz?

No. I've just walked up from the road.

I'm dying for a drink.

Be with you in a moment.

Good Lord!

Oh, Mr Fielding, I'm so glad you're here.

Oh, I was coming over to you.

Nothing wrong?

Not exactly. But they went off with the guide an hour ago - more, in fact - and somehow...

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

Fielding! Fielding!

Fielding. Fielding, I've so wanted you.

- Where is Miss Quested?

- What is it?

She went down the road.

I think she met Mrs Callendar.

- It looked like her car.

- Of course it was her car.

- She drove me here.

- Oh.

Why did Miss Quested go off with Mrs Callendar?

I don't know.

But, Dr Aziz, when did you part with her?

I don't understand.

Nor do I. I went round the corner to have a cigarette...

And?

Then the guide couldn't recall which cave she'd gone into.

So I looked in all the caves, and when I came out of...

I think it was the third cave, I... I saw these.

And then - I think it was then - I heard the car.

So I ran over to the edge and I saw Miss Quested getting in.

And... and then she drove away with Mrs Callendar.

That's all.

And these.

I think we'd all better go back.

Oh, Mrs Moore...

Our great day is in tatters.

I will never forgive myself.

Hassan!

Selim!

Aziz is an innocent.

Something else must have happened.

Of course something else happened.

This is a dangerous place  
for new arrivals.

(sobbing)

Now lie back, dear.

Do your best to relax.

You'll be better very soon now.

After we've seen off Mrs Moore, I'm going  
to take you back for a good stiff drink.

Here we are.

Good Lord, quite a crowd.

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

- What on earth are you talking about?

- Sir, I am instructed not to say.

Produce your warrant.

Sir, excuse me. No warrant is required  
under these particular circumstances.

- Please refer to Superintendent McBryde.

- We certainly will.

Come along, old chap.

Some ridiculous mistake.

Dr Aziz, will you please come?

A closed conveyance is in the yard.

For God's sake!

Never, never act the criminal.

McBryde's a decent fellow.

We'll see him together.

But my children, my name...

Nothing of the sort.

We're coming, Mr Haq.

- What is it?

- Come. I've got a car waiting outside.

That's Mr Fielding's  
and Dr Aziz's compartment.

- I'll explain outside.

- I can't leave without speaking to them.

Please come along, Mother.

I know what I'm doing. Make way, please!

Come on.

Take my arm. I'll see you through.

Fielding!

Fielding, I want a word with you.

Please... Please don't leave me.

I have to go. I'll be with you  
as soon as I possibly can.

- Please, Mother, come along.

- I will not!

Something very terrible is happening.

- Absolutely impossible. Grotesque.

- I'm afraid not.

But who brings this infamous charge?

Mrs Callendar, who witnessed

the poor girl's flight down the ravine,  
and the victim herself.

Miss Quested accuses

Dr Aziz of attempted rape?

- Yes.

- Then she's mad.

- I cannot pass that remark.

- I'm sorry, sir.

But the charge must rest on  
some dreadful misunderstanding.

- Five minutes will clear it up.

- It does rest on a misunderstanding.

I've had 25 years' experience here. I have  
never known anything but disaster result  
when English and Indians  
attempt to be intimate.

(door slams)

Oh, I hate these damned festivals.

I'll be glad when it's over.

Always have a feeling

they might go over the top.

You have a visitor.

I think I'll be off. See you tonight.

She hit him with these.

That's how she escaped.

If he had assaulted her, he'd scarcely  
bring the evidence back with him.

- Doesn't surprise me.

- I don't follow.

When you think of crime,

you think of English crime.

The psychology's different here.  
And particularly in regard to women.  
I've been going through his wallet.  
Here's a letter from a friend  
who apparently keeps a brothel.  
I don't want to hear his private letters.  
It'll have to be quoted in court  
as bearing on his morals.  
Our respectable young doctor  
was fixing up to see tarts in Calcutta.  
Oh, come on.  
You may have the right to throw stones  
for that sort of thing, but I haven't.  
- Tell them to wait.

- Sir.

Aye, it starts already.

Vakil Hamidullah and Mahmoud Ali,  
legal advisors to the prisoner.

Where is Miss Qusted now?

Staying with the Callendars  
until she's out of danger.

- What danger?

- She has a fever.

But worse, hundreds of cactus spines  
are embedded in her arms and legs.

There's a danger of them  
entering the bloodstream.

Yes.

Her scramble down that ravine  
was so precipitate  
it started a small avalanche of stones  
which stopped Mrs Callendar's car.

She hooted, thinking work was  
going on above, and then she saw her.

She had got among some cactuses  
and was beginning to panic.

I suppose there's no possibility  
of my seeing Miss Qusted?

She's in no state to see anyone.

Callendar's sedated her and proposes  
to keep her like that for days.

- He's worried about shock.

- I see. But afterwards?

Why on earth do you want to see her?

I want to ask her if she's certain,  
dead certain, that it was Aziz.

Callendar could ask her that.

I want someone who  
believes in him to ask her.

What difference would that make?

She is surrounded by people  
who don't trust Indians.

Look, I don't want to be an alarmist,  
but, in my opinion, the situation will  
become very nasty in the next few weeks.

I would think so.

May I see Aziz?

Only on a magistrate's order.

- To whom do I apply?

- The city magistrate.

Nothing else excepting clothes, sir.

But these were under the bed.

- Very useful, Haq.

- Thank you, sir.

And there is also that.

- That's his wife.

- How do you know that?

He showed me that photograph.

She's dead.

I see. Well, I must press on  
with the report.

I hope to see you at the club on Saturday.

I believe Turton wants us all there.

You are very good to greet us  
in this public fashion.

For goodness sake.

Did Mr McBryde say anything  
when my card came in?

- No.

- I'm wanting bail.

- Did my application annoy him?

- He wasn't annoyed.

- And if he was, what does it matter?

- I might prejudice him against Aziz.

Nonsense.

This is no way to be thinking.

Aziz is innocent, and everything  
we do must be based on that.

Mr Fielding, are you on our side  
against your own people?

It would seem so.

I think we'd better go somewhere else.

(speaks Urdu)

- Who should be counsel for defence?

- You, surely.

We need someone from a distance,  
someone who cannot be intimidated.

- Have you heard of Amritrao?

- Amritrao? The Calcutta man?

- A high reputation.

- Notoriously anti-British.

- Freedom Movement.

- That worries me.

Amritrao would be regarded  
as a political challenge.

When I saw my friend's  
private papers carried in just now,  
in the arms of that police inspector,  
I said to myself  
"Amritrao is the man to clear this up."  
Let's not go too fast. We're bound to win.  
She'll never be able  
to substantiate the charges.

(whispers) She's been complaining  
about an echo in her head.

- What about the echo?

- She can't get rid of it.

I don't suppose she ever will.

Back in a moment.

- Mother, that was unkind.

- Unkind? Unkind?

What about poor Dr Aziz  
and those terrible police?

- Mother, quiet, please.

- I won't be quiet.

Aziz is certainly innocent.

- You don't know that.

- I know about people's characters.

It's not the sort of thing he would do.

Whatever you think, the case has got  
to come before a magistrate now.

The machinery has started.



Yes. She has started the machinery.

It will work to its end.

(speaks Urdu)

- Ah, Godbole.

- I see you are in a hurry.

I must get out of these things  
and go back to town.

May I speak to you just for a moment?

Er, yes. Come in,

if you don't mind me changing.

I wanted to apologise for this morning.

Oh, it's all right.

I hope the expedition was successful.

- The news hasn't reached you then?

- Oh, yes.

No. A dreadful thing has happened.

Aziz has been arrested.

Oh, yes. That is all round the college.

An expedition where that occurs  
can hardly be called successful.

- I cannot say. I was not there.

- No.

I must not detain you,

but I have a private difficulty  
on which I require your help.

I'm leaving your service shortly,  
as you know.

I'm returning to the place of my childhood  
to take charge of education there.

I want to start a school that will be  
as much like this as possible.

- The point on which I desire advice is,  
what name should be given to the school?

- A name for the school?

- A suitable title.

Godbole, have you grasped  
that Aziz is in prison?

Yes. I only meant that when you're less  
worried you might think the matter over.

I had thought, with your permission,  
of the Richard Fielding High School.

But, failing that,

the King Emperor George V.

Godbole, let me ask you something. I was

under the impression that you liked Aziz.

- Most certainly.

- Then how can you be so indifferent?

- Don't you care what happens to him?

- It is of no consequence if I care or not.

The outcome is already decided.

- Destiny, karma.

- Just so.

Mr Fielding, we are all part of  
a pattern we cannot perceive.

Why did Mrs Moore bring

Miss Quested to Chandrapore?

To marry the city magistrate.

Yes...

Or to go to the Marabar with Dr Aziz.

- Or perhaps to meet you.

- Very beguiling.

But at this moment my only interest  
is to do something for Aziz.

Excuse me, but nothing you do  
will change the outcome.

So do nothing.

Is that your philosophy?

My philosophy is

you can do what you like,

but the outcome will be the same.

(door opens)

Did you get bail?

They're afraid your presence  
might incite further trouble.

Even riots.

(whispers) We've received  
a telegram from Calcutta.

- From Calcutta?

- Amritrao is going to defend you.

Amritrao?

Read, read.

- What is "disbursement"?

- Fee. He will not accept a fee.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

(crowd shouting)

There's not the least cause for alarm.

I want everything to go on

precisely as usual.  
So don't start carrying arms about.  
Ladies, don't go out  
any more than you can help,  
and don't talk before your servants.  
Remember, one isolated  
Indian has attempted...  
has been charged with  
an attempted crime.  
And he will be brought to trial.  
Those drums are merely  
the festival, of course.  
Yes, indeed. And no doubt they'll be  
banging away throughout the night.  
Apologies, Collector Sahib, everyone.  
Heaslop's just behind me and  
I want to say a word before he comes in.  
- Of course.  
- He needs all our support.  
He blames himself  
for allowing such an expedition,  
as indeed do I for giving the wretch leave.  
And then there's his mother.  
It's been a most unsettling experience.  
The good news is that the victim  
is greatly improved and...  
Ah, Heaslop, come along in.  
Good to have you with us.  
For goodness sake, do sit down, please.  
Up here, Ronny.  
Come and join us up here.  
Thank you, sir. Thank you.  
Thank you, sir.  
- Please, do sit down.  
- (man) Some of us never got up.  
We were delighted to hear  
the major's report on Miss Quested.  
Thank you, sir. I didn't mean to  
interrupt the meeting in this way.  
Not at all. I was saying  
before you arrived that you'd refused bail.  
I was about to add  
that there's a certain member  
here present

who's known to be in contact  
with the prisoner's defence.  
I'd like to say one can't run with the hare  
and hunt with the hounds.  
At least, not in this country.  
- I would like to say something, sir.  
- Please do.  
I believe Dr Aziz is innocent.  
I shall await the verdict of the court.  
If he is found guilty, I shall resign  
from the college and leave India.  
I resign from the club now.  
She's old. You mustn't forget that.  
Old people never take things  
as one expects.  
They can cause a great deal of trouble.  
(knocking)  
- Are you all right, Mother?  
- Just... just having a little rest.  
- It's very hot.  
- Yes, it is.  
I do wish I could persuade you not to  
undertake this journey at this time of year.  
At least stay until the monsoon.  
It's very close now.  
So much to do, so little time to do it.  
To do what, Mother?  
Settle things up. See Stella.  
Get away from all this muddle and fuss  
into some cave of my own, some shelf.  
Quite so. But meanwhile  
the trial is coming on.  
I don't want to have anything to do with it.  
But you are an important witness.  
You dropped off after the first cave  
and let Adela go on with him alone.  
No one blames you, Mother.  
He stage-managed the whole thing  
by frightening you with that echo.  
Mumbo jumbo, but very effective.  
You'll never understand  
the nature of that place,  
nor will anyone else  
in that ridiculous court of yours.

- I don't wish to discuss it further.  
- Very well, Mother.  
Will you at least stay for our marriage?  
- You are getting married?  
- Of course. Why do you ask?  
I wondered.  
All this rubbish about love.  
Love in a church, love in a cave,  
as if there were the least difference.  
And I held up from my business  
over such trifles.  
I don't understand you.  
I've never understood you  
any more than you've understood me.  
But what of Adela?  
I like Adela. She has character.  
Then don't you want to help her?  
Nothing I can say or do  
will make the least difference.  
If that is really how you feel,  
Mother, then you must go.  
Goodbye.  
You mustn't upset yourself, my dear.  
The verdict's a foregone conclusion.  
It isn't that. I'm all right really.  
You almost certainly  
won't be called till tomorrow.  
McBryde will take up  
most of the morning.  
Then there's Amritrao, who'll be up to his  
tricks and playing to the Indian gallery.  
(shouting)  
(smash)  
Come along, dear. We're there.  
What are you doing here?  
I'm an interested party, Mrs Turton.  
I've handed over to my deputy.  
- And who is your deputy?  
- (gavel)  
Das is a good man, Mrs Turton.  
Thank you, sir.  
On April 3rd of this year,  
Miss Quested and her friend, Mrs Moore,  
were invited to a tea party at the house

of the principal of Government College.  
It was here that the prisoner first met Miss  
Quested, a young girl fresh from England.  
Until then, the prisoner had never been  
in such close proximity to an English girl.  
In consideration of the ladies present,  
I will merely allude you to the fact that the  
prisoner is a widower, now living alone.  
And in the course of our evidence,  
I'll be providing proof of his state of mind.  
Before taking you through  
the history of this crime,  
I want to state what I believe  
to be a universal truth.  
The darker races  
are attracted to the fairer.  
But not vice versa.  
Even when the lady  
is less attractive than the gentleman?  
- (laughter)  
- Order! Order!  
Order! Order!  
(heartbeat)  
I must warn members of the public  
and certain members of the defence  
that the insulting behaviour  
which marred yesterday's proceedings  
will not be tolerated.  
Well said, Das. Quite right.  
- Mr McBryde.  
- Thank you.  
I shall begin by reminding you  
of my contention  
that prisoner proposed the expedition  
with a premeditated intention  
of making advances to Miss Quested.  
I've made it my business to visit  
the Marabar during the last few days.  
It's an inaccessible, barren place,  
entailing, as you have heard, considerable  
planning and expense to get there.  
The caves themselves are dark,  
featureless, and without interest,  
except for a strange echo.

A curious place  
for such an elaborate picnic.  
The servants were all supplied  
by prisoner's Indian friends,  
with one exception  
of the witness, Antony.  
Antony had received explicit instructions  
from Mr Heaslop to stay with the ladies.  
Yet he remained behind.  
Yesterday you heard him admit that he  
had accepted money from the prisoner  
minutes before the departure of the train.  
And that brought us to Mr Fielding.  
We are asked to believe he was  
prevented from catching the train  
because another friend of the prisoner's,  
Professor Godbole,  
was saying his prayers.  
Prayers. After a most unpleasant  
altercation, I withdrew my hypothesis  
that similar persuasion had contributed  
towards this excess of religious zeal.  
I object, sir.  
Mr McBryde is quite blatantly using  
this opportunity to repeat the slander.  
- Objection sustained!  
- Ha!  
(laughter)  
Order! Order!  
Order!  
Prisoner had yet to rid himself  
of a third impediment.  
The lady in question  
suffered from what is known in medical  
parlance as "claustrophobia".  
Prisoner achieved his objective  
by entering a cave with Miss Quested,  
leaving this elderly lady in the rear,  
where she was crushed and crowded  
by servants and villagers.  
- Mrs Moore. He's speaking of Mrs Moore!  
- Quiet.  
Are you accusing my client  
of attempted murder as well as rape?

Who is this lady he's talking about?  
The lady I met in the mosque. Mrs Moore.  
Mrs Moore? You speak of Mrs Moore?  
I don't propose to call her.  
You don't propose to call her  
because you can't!  
She was smuggled out of the country  
because she was on our side.  
- She'd have proved his innocence.  
- You could have called her.  
Neither side called her,  
neither may quote her.  
But she was kept from us!  
This is English justice?  
This is your British Raj?  
Just give us back  
Mrs Moore for five minutes.  
If the point is of any interest, my mother  
should be reaching Aden at noon today.  
- Banished by you!  
- Please, please.  
- This is no way to defend your case.  
- I'm not defending a case.  
And you are not trying one.  
We are both slaves!  
Mr Mahmoud Ali, unless you sit down,  
I shall have to exercise my authority.  
Do so! This trial is a farce!  
I'm going! I ruin my career!  
Mrs Moore! Where are you, Mrs Moore?  
We want Mrs Moore!  
Mrs Moore! Mrs Moore!  
Order! Order!  
Farewell, my friend.  
(speaks Urdu)  
They have taken Mrs Moore!  
(speaks Urdu)  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!  
- Mrs Moore!



- (crowd chanting)  
Isn't it strange?  
Rather wonderful.  
- I knew they'd try something like this.  
- (Das) Quiet, please.  
- Poor old Das.  
- Quiet! Order!

I apologise for my colleague.  
He's an intimate friend of our client,  
and his feelings have carried him away.

Mr Mahmoud Ali  
will have to apologise in person.

Exactly, sir, he must.

I must repeat that, as a witness,  
Mrs Moore does not exist.

Neither you, Mr Amritrao,  
nor Mr McBryde, you,  
have any right to surmise  
what that lady would have said.

She is not here and,  
consequently, she can say nothing.

Thou knowest, Lord,  
the secrets of our hearts.

Shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer.  
We therefore commit her body to the deep  
to be turned into corruption.

Looking for the resurrection of the body,  
when the sea shall give up her dead.

I heard a voice from heaven

**saying unto me:**

"Blessed are the dead,  
which die in the Lord."

(chanting) Mrs Moore!

Mrs Moore!

(McBrYde) I now call upon Miss Quested.

Place your hand on the book.

And nothing but the truth.

(Das) Quiet, please. Silence!

Now, Miss Quested...

I'd like to take you back to the moment  
when you came out of that first cave  
and found Mrs Moore  
collapsed in her chair.

- Are you with me?

- Yes.

Did she offer any explanation?

She said she was upset by the echo and that she was tired.

Taking advantage of her fatigue, prisoner instructed the servants to remain behind, and took you off alone with the guide.

Yes. But it was

at Mrs Moore's suggestion.

I don't quite follow.

She'd been worried by the crowd and the stuffiness.

And was concerned that you might be subjected to the same ordeal.

No. She wanted us

to enjoy ourselves. She said so.

She likes Dr Aziz.

Yes, I think I understand the situation.

Yesterday, Mr Fielding said that Mrs Moore was "charmed" by him.

It was more than that. She liked him.

Nevertheless, you'd only met him on two occasions before the day of the crime.

So it might possibly have been a rather impetuous assessment.

Possibly. She's like that.

Miss Quested, you heard this morning the slur cast on British justice by the defence.

It is most important that you tell the court the absolute truth of what took place.

- I was brought up to tell the truth.

- Of course.

I'm sorry.

That's quite all right.

Now, Miss Quested, you went off up the slope with the prisoner and the guide.

Yes.

Take your time and cast your mind back.

Miss Quested?

Miss Quested,

we were going up the slope.

Is something wrong?

I think it may have partly been my fault.

- Why?  
- We'd stopped to look out over the plain.  
I could hardly see Chandrapore  
except through Mr Heaslop's binoculars.  
I asked Dr Aziz if he loved his wife  
when he married her.  
I shouldn't have done that.  
Then why did you do it?  
I was thinking of my own marriage.  
Mr Heaslop and I  
had only just become engaged.  
Seeing Chandrapore so far away,  
I realised I didn't love him.  
(murmuring)  
Quiet, please. Quiet.  
Miss Quested, you and the prisoner  
continued up to the caves?  
- Yes.  
- Where was the guide?  
- He'd gone on ahead.  
- Sent on ahead?  
No, he was waiting for us  
further along the ledge.  
But when you reached the caves, prisoner  
left you and went to speak to the guide?  
- I don't know if he spoke to him or not.  
- But he went off in his direction.  
Yes.  
- And what did you do?  
- I waited.  
(Das) You said just now  
"I think it may have been partly my fault."  
- WhY?  
- I had asked him about love.  
And had thereby introduced  
a feeling of intimacY?  
That is what I meant.  
Thank you.  
Mr McBryde.  
Please tell the court  
exactly what happened.  
I lit a match.  
(Aziz) Miss Quested!  
Miss Quested!

Miss Quested?

- And the prisoner followed you?

- (rumble)

Miss Quested, the prisoner followed you, didn't he?

Could I please have a minute before I reply to that, Mr McBryde?

Certainly.

I'm not...

I'm not quite sure.

(murmuring)

I beg your pardon?

You are in the cave, and the prisoner followed you.

What do you mean, please?

- No.

- What is that? What are you saying?

- I'm afraid I've made a mistake.

- What nature of mistake?

Dr Aziz never followed me into the cave.

Now, let us go on. I will read you the deposition which you signed.

(Das) Mr McBryde, you cannot go on.

I was speaking to the witness.

And the public will be silent!

Miss Quested,

address your remarks to me.

And remember - you speak on oath,

Miss Quested.

Dr Aziz...

I stop these proceedings on medical grounds!

Quiet! Please, sit down!

You withdraw the accusation,

Miss Quested?

Answer me.

I withdraw everything.

Order! Order!

The prisoner is released without one stain on his character!

Dr Aziz is free!

Are you mad?

No.

(rumble)

(banging and screaming)

(chanting) Dr Aziz! Dr Aziz!

Bitch.

We won!

What do you think you've been doing?

Miss Quested!

- Where are you going?

- I don't know.

You can't wander about like this.

- Who did you come with?

- I shall walk.

What madness.

This could turn into a riot.

We'll find my carriage. It's closed.

Richard!

Richard!

- I'm coming back.

- Stay with him, please.

I can't leave you here.

Anything could happen.

- There we are.

- Congratulations, sir!

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Make way, please. Thank you.

- Where shall he take you?

- I don't know.

What do you mean?

Get in.

(cheering)

That was Mr Fielding!

- And Mrs Moore!

- Mrs Moore!

Why did you make such a charge  
if you were going to withdraw it?

- I ought to feel grateful to you, I suppose.

- I don't expect gratitude.

Did you do it out of pity?

My echo's gone.

I call the noise in my head my echo.

I've had it since the cave.

Might the whole thing

have been an hallucination?

I have a hunch that

poor old McBryde exorcised you.

He took you back,  
step by logical step, into that cave,  
and you broke down quite suddenly.

- I thought you meant I'd seen a ghost.

- No, no.

- Mrs Moore believes in ghosts.

- Well, she's an old lady.

No, I only meant that  
it's difficult, as we get older,  
not to believe that the dead live again.  
Because the dead don't live again.  
I fear not.

So do I.

(Fielding) Ranjit!

He must have gone to the tamasha,  
but I can make some tea.

Oh, forgive me a moment.

Oh, dear.

"Annie Blair, fellow passenger."  
I shall never see her again.

- Ah, Godbole.

- The boys said you were back.

Yes.

I'm leaving for Kashmir tomorrow  
morning to take up my duties  
as minister of education.

I came to say goodbye.

Yes? Er... come in.

Thank you. Thank you.

Miss Quested.

Please, I want to give you my address  
and extend an open invitation  
for you to visit me.

Have you seen the Himalayas,  
Mr Fielding?

No.

- Miss Quested has had some bad news.

- Oh, I am sorry.

- Mrs Moore.

- Yes.

- Addressed to you.

- Yes.

- Why did this lady send to you?

- I don't know.

Mr Fielding,  
I would venture to remark...  
Under the circumstances, I don't think  
we should pursue the matter further.  
I'm sorry, Godbole,  
but Miss Quested is extremely upset.  
Of course, of course. Nevertheless...  
I presumably came up  
in a casual shipboard conversation.  
No doubt Heaslop  
will be hearing from the company.  
- I see.  
- I shan't tell Aziz until tomorrow.  
Hamidullah's bound to be putting on  
a celebration, and it'll only upset him.  
Oh, and have you heard  
about the damages?  
- Damages?  
- Amritrao is asking 20,000 rupees from...  
20,000?  
And costs.  
Who could have foretold that Aziz  
would be saved by his enemy?  
What now, Mr Fielding?  
- Aziz!  
- Come in.  
Well, what a wonderful day for you.  
I am an Indian at last.  
Where did you take her?  
I took her back to the college.  
Why?  
After this morning,  
she'd nowhere else to go.  
- No?  
- Heaslop? The Turtons?  
She had the entire British Raj  
behind her pushing her on.  
But when she saw she was wrong, she  
stopped and sent it all to smithereens.  
I wouldn't have had the courage.  
(shouts in Urdu)  
Do you mind if I sit?  
Please.  
What will you do now?

Hamidullah's giving me a victory party  
with fireworks and music.  
Good. But I meant later.  
Now this dreadful business is over.  
I shall look for another job.  
Hundreds of miles from here  
in an Indian state out of British India.  
- And you?  
- I shall go to England for a long leave.  
Will you and she be going back  
on the same boat?  
No. I couldn't possibly get away  
before the end of next term.  
Miss Quested is going  
as soon as she can get a passage.  
I see.  
- Look...  
- I'm looking.  
Godbole tells me that Amritrao  
is asking 20,000 rupees damages.  
And costs.  
I'd hate to see her getting  
the worst of both worlds. It'll ruin her.  
And me? Prison,  
my private letters read out in court,  
my wife's photograph taken to  
the station to be fingered by McBryde,  
all because a girl "fresh from England"  
got too much sun.  
I know.  
And I know what you're going to ask next.  
You're going to ask me to let her off  
paying 20,000 rupees, right?  
Then, if I agree,  
the English will be able to say  
"Here is an Indian that almost  
behaved like a gentleman."  
"But for the colour of his face,  
we might even let him join the club."  
Is that why you came here to see me?  
Answer me.  
In the end, you English  
always stick together.  
I want to have nothing more



to do with any of you.

Any of you!

You can go back to the college  
and tell her to keep the money.  
Tell her to use it to buy herself  
a husband! Tell her...

(speaks Urdu)

(festive music )

(cheering)

Are you coming with me?

I don't think so.

(both speak Urdu)

This is a great honour, Professor.

- Anything wrong?

- No, no.

They arrive at the state guest house  
this afternoon.

How long have you known  
they were coming?

One month, possibly two.

- Why did you not tell me?

- One cannot tell anyone anything  
unless they are ready to hear it.

And what does that mean?

Mr Fielding wrote you letters from  
London and Bombay. You tore them up.

- I did.

- That is my point.

"My dear Aziz,

I have some news for you."

"I am going to marry  
someone whom you know."

The end of a foolish experiment.

I have made a new life for myself  
up here... away from the English.

I shall be going to  
the guest house to greet them.

But my religious duties will be claiming  
my full attention for the next three days.

He's come all this way to find you.

Can you not let bygones be bygones  
and show them around?

I'm sorry, but I've had enough  
of showing Miss Quested India.

Stop. Let's stop for a moment.  
We must be getting on.  
Houseboat, sahib.  
Hello!  
Aziz!  
Well, here you are at last.  
I've been looking for you everywhere.  
Akbar! Jamila!  
Your children?  
Yes.  
I suppose Godbole told you I was here.  
The minister of education never tells  
anyone anything unless he has to.  
His only piece of information was that  
the high school was destined not to be.  
I was supposed to inspect it.  
Anyhow, here I am.  
I've been visiting schools  
all over the country.  
We called in at Chandrapore.  
Your bungalow's been turned into a shop.  
Turton's retired and  
Callendar's been given the push.  
And Hamidullah sends his salaams.  
It was he who told me  
you'd moved up here.  
So I wrote, care of Godbole.  
Why didn't you answer my letters?  
You married my enemy,  
stole my money.  
Aziz, I'm going to surprise you.  
- What do you mean?  
- My wife is Mrs Moore's daughter.  
- Stella?  
- Stella.  
Miss Quested introduced us.  
What a blunder.  
- Where is she?  
- I left her at the guest house.  
You'll meet her tomorrow.  
She mustn't do too much just now.  
She is carrying your child?  
Yes.  
So after all,

your name will not die out.

That's right.

Mrs Moore.

Mrs Moore!

"And Stella believes the evil  
of the Marabar has been wiped out,  
and so do I."

"Dear Miss Quested,  
tonight is the Festival of Light,  
and I am writing this  
to ask You to forgive me."

"It has taken all this time for me  
to appreciate Your courage."

"Because of You, I am happy here  
with my children instead of in prison."

"And because of You,  
I want to do kind actions all round."

"Richard and Stella left this morning."

Goodbye.

"I do not think I will ever see them again."