THE DARJEELING LIMITED

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1 EXT. STREET. DAY 1

A city in India. A crowd of street-children scatters out of the way as a small, sixties-style, black and yellow taxi speeds up a narrow road.

2 INT. TAXI. DAY 2

The driver grips the steering wheel tightly. He wears a black turban, large, plastic sunglasses, and a determined look. A fifty-year-old businessman in a grey suit rides in the back. He checks his watch and stares out the window, anxious. A meter which looks like a slot-machine is mounted on the left side of the hood outside the windshield.

The taxi shoots along the edge of a market. It cuts in-between three bicycles and a buzzing scooter with a family of four on it. The mother in a red sari rides side-saddle. The taxi flies past two rickshaws stacked with table linens and dodges a cow walking in the street.

3 EXT. DEPOT. DAY 3

The taxi skids around a corner and -- with one of the rear doors already swinging open -- slides to a stop at the entrance to a train station. Vendors on the sidewalk sell fruits, vegetables, spices, pottery, textiles, etc. A man at a stand makes fresh-squeezed sugar-cane juice.

The fifty-year-old man jumps out of the car carrying two Samsonite suitcases. The driver shouts something after him in Hindi. The fifty-year-old man looks back at him uncertainly without stopping. He sprints into the building.

4 INT. DEPOT. DAY 4

The fifty-year-old man runs weaving through a bustling crowd of people buying tickets and waiting on benches, past porters in red turbans carrying piles of baggage on their heads, out onto the platform.

5 EXT. PLATFORM. DAY 5

Bells are ringing. Wheels are clacking. Smoke is blowing. The train is already pulling out, and the fifty-year-old man runs alongside the tracks behind it.

A teenager with a faint moustache and a half-unbuttoned shirt watches calmly from a deck at the rear of the caboose. He holds a cricket bat at his side. A sign above his head reads The Darjeeling Limited with a picture of a running elephant below it.

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The fifty-year-old man's shoes slap along the cement. He starts gaining on the train. The train picks up speed. The fifty-year-old man grits his teeth. He clenches his fists. He begins to lose ground. He yells over the sound of the engine's whistle -- but the train pulls further ahead.

A second runner appears behind the fifty-year-old man. He is thirty-five. He is dressed in a navy blue, wool suit with a light blue shirt. He wears slightly tinted aviator sunglasses which sit crookedly on his nose. He carries an old, beaten-up suitcase with a jungle pattern print of small cheetahs, elephants, zebras, palm trees, and pelicans all over it and the initials J.L.W. stencilled onto it. He sprints past the fifty-year-old man, heads full-steam to the back of the train, throws his suitcase onto the deck ahead of him, and leaps on-board, looping his elbow around a pole. He is Peter Whitman.

Peter looks at the teenager. The teenager squints at him. They both turn to look back at the fifty-year-old man, who is slowing down with an expression of sad frustration on his face. Peter watches him sympathetically.

Peter picks up his suitcase and goes into the train.

6 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 6

Peter walks quickly through two cars and enters a third. He pulls a ticket out of his coat pocket and checks the numbers next to each compartment door as he goes down the corridor. He stops at one and double-checks his ticket.

INSERT:

A number plate on the wall. It reads 40/41. Thin cardboard strips inserted in slots have F. Whitman, P. Whitman, and J. Whitman typed on them.

7 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. DAY 7

Peter slides open the door, goes inside, and shuts the door behind him. He sets down his suitcase and sits on a bench seat across from a sleeping twenty-five-year-old man with the side of his face pressed against the window and his mouth open. He has a Beatles-type moustache and wears a grey, wool suit with a black shirt. He is Jack Whitman.

Four old, beaten-up suitcases of various sizes, plus a matching trunk and two duffel bags, all with the same jungle pattern print and the initials J.L.W. stencilled onto them, sit piled on racks and shelves around the small compartment. On a fold-out table, there is a pitcher of water, an empty glass, and a small manila note book with a pen tucked into

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its spine. A transistor radio plays Indian music at a low volume on the windowsill. A small, metal fan whirs on the ceiling.

Peter takes a foil strip-pack of green-striped pills labelled Hypno-Aid with instructions on it in Hindi out of a yellow plastic sack. He pours himself a glass of water and swallows a pill. He is still breathing hard. He lifts up his glasses to look out from under them and says quietly:

PETER
Wake up, Jack.

Jack opens his eyes and closes his mouth. He sits up and looks at Peter. He blinks a few times and clears his throat. He laughs. Peter laughs. They both take out cigarettes and light them. Jack says significantly, raising his eyebrows:

JACK
Have you seen Francis?

Peter hesitates, curious. The compartment door slides open. A forty-year-old man in a light brown, wool suit with a yellow shirt stands in the hallway holding a tray of whiskey highballs (Irish whiskey over ice with club soda and a lemon twist). He has gauze pads over his temples with medical tape holding them in place and white bandages wrapped all around his head. Both of his eyes are blackened and swollen, and he has two sets of stitches plus numerous bruises, scratches, scabs, and three small bandages on his face. He leans slightly on a bamboo cane. He is Francis Whitman. He says softly:

FRANCIS
Hello, Peter.

Peter looks startled at the condition of Francis' face. Francis smiles and laughs. He comes into the compartment, shuts the door behind him, and sits down. He hands one of the whiskey highballs to Jack and one to Peter. They all laugh. Francis lights a cigarette. They drink their drinks quickly. There is a knock on the door. Francis slides it open.

A thirty-year-old man with a beard stands in the corridor with a hole-puncher in his hand. He wears a green silk turban and a Nehru jacket with Chief Steward embroidered onto it.

CHIEF STEWARD
Good afternoon. Whitman?

Francis, Peter, and Jack nod.

CHIEF STEWARD
May I see your tickets, please?

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Francis, Peter, and Jack take their tickets out of their pockets and hand them to the chief steward. The chief steward clicks the tickets with his hole puncher and snaps them into a clip above the door. He points at a small No Smoking sign over the sink.

CHIEF STEWARD
No smoking, please.

Francis, Peter, and Jack hesitate. Francis awkwardly cracks open the window. They all quickly take a last few puffs and blow smoke out before they flick their cigarettes away into the countryside. The chief steward looks annoyed.

CHIEF STEWARD
Welcome aboard.

The chief steward goes out the door. A twenty-five year-old girl in a pale green, silk sari-uniform comes in with a tray of pale green drinks in little cups. She has long eyelashes and a red dot on her forehead. She wears tortoise-shell glasses. She smiles and says:

STEWARDESS
Sweet lime?

Francis, Peter, and Jack stare at the stewardess.

JACK
Yes, please.

FRANCIS
I'll have one.

PETER
That sounds good.

The stewardess sets three cups of juice onto the table. She dips her fingertip into a little, metal bowl of red powder and carefully presses a dot onto each of their foreheads. Francis' dot goes on his bandages.

The stewardess goes back into the corridor, looks at Jack for an instant, and shuts the door. Francis, Peter, and Jack drink their cups of juice. They look pleased. Francis says suddenly:

FRANCIS
Let’s go get a drink and smoke a cigarette.

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8 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 8

Francis, Peter, and Jack walk quickly through the train, balancing against the walls and windows as the cars jolt back and forth. Francis limps and swings his cane. They light cigarettes.

FRANCIS
I want to start by thanking you both for being here. Thank you.

PETER
You're welcome.

JACK
Thank you.

FRANCIS
You're the two most important people in the world to me. I've never said that before, but it's true, and I want you both to know it.

Francis opens a sliding door and stops in-between two cars. The sound of the wind and clacking wheels is extremely loud. He yells over the noise:

FRANCIS
I love you, Peter!

PETER
(moved but uneasy)
Thank you!

FRANCIS
I love you, Jack!

JACK
(moved but curious)
I love you, too!

Francis opens the door to the next car and leads Peter and Jack up the corridor.

FRANCIS
How'd it get to this? Why haven't we spoken in a year? Let's make an agreement.

JACK
OK.

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PETER
To do what?

FRANCIS
A.) I want us to become brothers again like we used to be, and for us to find ourselves and bond with each other. Can we agree to that?

PETER
OK.

JACK
Yeah.

FRANCIS
B.) I want us to make this trip a spiritual journey, and for us to seek the unknown and learn about it. Can we agree to that?

PETER
I guess so.

JACK
Sure.

FRANCIS
C.) I want us to be completely open and say yes to everything -- even if it's shocking and painful. Can we agree to that?

Peter and Jack hesitate. Francis continues:

FRANCIS
I had Brendan make us an itinerary.

Francis takes a small manila envelope out of his pocket and unties a string to open it. He hands Peter and Jack each a small, laminated piece of paper.

INSERT:

A type-written card with Travel Itinerary printed across the top and a detailed list of trains, times, hotels, cities, phone numbers, etc. below.

Peter and Jack look puzzled.

PETER
Who’s Brendan?

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FRANCIS
My new assistant. He's going to give us an updated schedule under our doors every morning of all the temples and spiritual places we need to see and expedite the hotels and transportation and everything.

PETER
(puzzled)
How's he going to do that?

FRANCIS
I had him bring a printer and a laminating machine.

JACK
(more puzzled)
Where is he?

FRANCIS
(slightly defensive)
In a way, it, actually, doesn't matter. He's in a different compartment on another part of the train, but we never see him -- ever.

Peter and Jack look around the corridor, confused. Jack starts to ask something, but Francis interrupts:

FRANCIS
So that's more or less it. Does it sound OK to you?

PETER
It sounds good. Sure.

JACK
Yeah. It sounds good.

FRANCIS
Do you have any questions?

Peter lifts up his glasses and looks out from under them. He says brightly:

PETER
I do.

FRANCIS
OK. Go ahead.

PETER
What happened to your face?

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9 INT. DINING CAR. DAY 9

Clouds, stars, and a moon are painted on the ceiling. The room is filled with people seated for dinner. Waiters in pale green, silk uniforms rush around taking orders. Francis, Peter, and Jack drink whiskey highballs. They share a table with a grey-haired man dressed in a white tunic reading a Hindi newspaper. There is a bowl of nuts in front of them. Peter listens with his glasses lifted up.

FRANCIS
I only remember certain details, but from what I've been able to reconstruct, it was raining, and I was going about fifty miles an hour when I went into a corner, did some wrong steering, and suddenly --
(snaps his fingers)
-- skidded off the road, slammed into a ditch, and catapulted fifty feet through the air. Little bits of glass and particles were stinging me as I flew. For a second, there was just silence. Then the bike crashed to the ground, exploded, and caught on fire, and I smashed into the side of the hill with my face. I was going home. I live alone right now. Anyway, two joggers ran over and dug out all the dirt that was jammed inside my mouth and my nose and my ears (my heart had stopped, and my brain had stopped, so I was technically dead, at this point), and they did all the procedures exactly right, as a result of which I'm still alive.

Peter and Jack look deeply impressed.

PETER
Wow.

JACK
Boy.

Francis stands up. His voice cracks slightly as he says:

FRANCIS
The first thing I thought of after I woke up was: I wish Peter and Jack were here.

Francis hugs Peter tightly. He hugs Jack tightly. He sits back down. He takes a deep breath. He says quietly to Peter:

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FRANCIS
Have you heard anything from Mom?

PETER
No.

FRANCIS
(to Jack)
Have you?

JACK
No.

FRANCIS
Me, neither.

A girl's voice snaps sharply in Hindi at the other end of the dining car. Jack turns to look. The stewardess stands among the waiters and the chief steward with two empty champagne bottles and a bucket of half-melted ice under her arm. She argues with the chief steward at a whisper in Hindi.

Peter squints, mutters, and rubs his temples. He takes the strip-pack out of his yellow plastic sack again. He pops out another pill and swallows it.

JACK
What’s that?

PETER
Some kind of Indian muscle-relaxer. I got it at the pharmacy next to the train station. You don't need a prescription here.

Jack nods. He takes out a bottle of purple syrup labelled Narco-Cough with instructions in Hindi on it out of his own yellow plastic sack. He pours a capful, drinks it, then takes a swig directly from the bottle.

FRANCIS
What's that?

JACK
A type of Indian flu medicine. It's got a tranquilizer in it.

Francis nods. He takes a glass vial of amber liquid labelled Opio-Sedate with instructions in Hindi on it out of his own yellow plastic sack. He unscrews the top and drops three drops under his tongue with a glass pipette.

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PETER
What's that?

FRANCIS
The strongest Indian pain killer you can get. It's for my face.

Peter takes Francis' vial and studies it. He unscrews the top again. Francis says warily:

FRANCIS
Be careful with that. Just take one drop.

Peter and Jack drop drops of amber liquid under their tongues with the pipette. Francis and Jack each swallow one of Peter's pills. Peter and Francis drink sips of Jack's cough medicine. The gray-haired man observes curiously over the top of his newspaper. Two German women at the next table stare, frowning.

Francis reaches into his mouth and digs between two teeth. He takes out something small and white and sets it on the edge of a plate. It is a false tooth. Peter and Jack look repulsed and confused. Francis reaches toward the bowl of nuts but hesitates.

FRANCIS
I also lost a tooth.

Jack picks up the false tooth off the edge of the plate. He examines it. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a thin, folded-up sheaf of pages. He says to Francis and Peter:

JACK
You want to read a short story I wrote in France?

FRANCIS
(reluctantly)
How long is it?

JACK
Never mind. Forget it.

Peter takes the sheaf of pages. He unfolds it and starts reading. Jack hesitates.

JACK
You can save it until after dinner, if you want.

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Peter shakes his head and continues reading. Francis puts his tooth back into his mouth. Peter sees this. He leans forward and says suddenly:

PETER
Maybe right before whenever you're about to take out your tooth, you should say something like, “Please, forgive this.” Because it's, actually, kind of --

Francis recoils slightly, putting his hand to his face.

FRANCIS
Can you back away a little? You just spit in my eye.

Peter looks offended. The German women start arguing loudly. Peter looks at them and frowns. He squints, mutters, and rubs his temples. He resumes reading the short story. Francis says to Jack:

FRANCIS
When was the last time you were in America, by the way?

JACK
I don't know. The funeral.

FRANCIS
In other words, a year.

Jack shrugs. Francis shakes his head.

FRANCIS
I have to tell you, I support this relationship not working out.

Jack nods. Peter laughs suddenly without looking up from the short story. Jack looks pleased.

JACK
What part are you on?

PETER
(shaking his head)
Nothing. It just reminded me of something not related to it.

Jack looks slightly disappointed. The waiter comes over to the table with a tray of whiskey highballs. He serves them and says:

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WAITER
May I take your order, please?

Francis flips open his menu and says immediately:

FRANCIS
Let's see. Do we want meat or fish? I'm going to have the chicken. Jack, you want to try the fish? I bet that's delicious. And Peter? The lamb? A chicken, a fish, and a lamb? How does that sound?

Silence. Francis continues:

FRANCIS
Who wants a soup? Raise your hand.

Francis raises his hand. Peter and Jack reluctantly raise their hands, too. Francis looks at Peter curiously.

FRANCIS
Your glasses are crooked.

Peter adjusts his sunglasses slightly. They are still crooked. Francis frowns. He points at Peter's face.

FRANCIS
Are those Dad's?

PETER
(hesitates)
Yeah.

Francis reaches across the table and takes Peter's sunglasses off. He puts them on himself. He squints.

FRANCIS
You've still got his prescription in here. How can you see in these?

Francis returns the sunglasses to Peter and says to the waiter:

FRANCIS
Three soups.

The grey-haired man looks up from his newspaper and orders in Hindi. The waiter goes away. Peter says calmly:

PETER
Can you not order for me, please?

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FRANCIS
(hesitates)
What?

PETER
Order for yourself.

Peter resumes reading the short story. Francis asks him:

FRANCIS
How's Alice?

Peter stops reading but does not look up. He says softly:

PETER
She's fine. She started a company making these little clay pots. They're, actually, kind of popular. We sent you one.

FRANCIS
Oh, yeah. Thanks!

Jack sees the stewardess come out of the kitchen carrying a broom and a dustpan. She starts sweeping up some broken crackers off the floor. She sees Jack looking at her. She hesitates. Her lips part. Jack's eyes sharpen, and he sits up straight. He says to himself:

JACK
I want that stewardess.

Francis turns around and stares at the stewardess. The two German women start arguing again. Peter gestures toward them and says under his breath:

PETER
These Germans are bothering me.

Peter immediately turns to the women and says aggressively:

PETER
Ladies!

The women turn quickly to Peter, startled.

PETER
Please, keep it down. Lower your voices, thank you.

The women look offended but intimidated. Silence. Francis says abstractly, hopefully:

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FRANCIS
Did I raise us? Kind of.

Peter and Jack stare at Francis, surprised. They shrug and nod slightly, vaguely positive. Francis nods. The chief steward walks by carrying a tray of empty glasses.

FRANCIS
Hang on. I'm just going to ask this guy if he can get me a power adaptor.

Francis stands up and walks quickly after the chief steward. Peter squints, mutters, and rubs his temples.

PETER
She’s pregnant. Alice.

JACK
(hesitates)
Really? You're kidding.

PETER
No.

JACK
(uncertainly)
How long?

PETER
Seven-and-a-half months.

JACK
(surprised)
It’s going to be born in six weeks or something?

PETER
I think so. I'm trying not to get too caught up in it right now.

Jack looks puzzled. Peter sees Francis on his way back the table. He says quickly:

PETER
Don't tell Francis.

Jack hesitates. Francis says as he sits down:

FRANCIS
Brendan got the wrong voltage.

The waiter arrives with four bowls of soup on a tray. Francis says significantly:

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FRANCIS
Please, forgive this.

Francis reaches into his mouth, takes out his false tooth, and sets it on the edge of his plate.

10 CUT TO: 10

Thirty minutes later. The table is filled with plates and serving dishes covered with the remains of their finished meal. The grey-haired man is now gone. Peter turns to the last page and finishes the short story. He says to himself:

PETER
Hm.

Peter folds up the sheaf of pages and puts it into his pocket. Francis and Jack stare at him. Peter says finally:

PETER
Is it supposed to be sad?

JACK
(tentatively)
I think so.

PETER
Well, I'm not crazy about the part where I start screaming at the mechanic. That never happened.

JACK
(hesitates)
The characters are all fictional.

The waiter comes over and sweeps a large number of crumbs and bits of food off the tablecloth with a little tool and says:

WAITER
Would you care for any dessert?

Francis flips open his menu again and says immediately:

FRANCIS
Let's see. Do we want sweets or fruit? I'm going to have the pudding. Jack, you want to try the cake? And Peter? What looks good to you? The cookies?

Peter does not respond. Francis points to Peter and says to the waiter:

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FRANCIS
He's going to order for himself.

PETER
(pause)
The cookies.

The waiter goes away. Peter stands up.

PETER
Excuse me.

Peter walks to the lavatory at the end of the car and goes inside. Francis whispers to Jack:

FRANCIS
Has he been rooting around and taking things?

JACK
(uneasy)
Maybe. I think he's still in mourning.

FRANCIS
Well, I probably am, too, but there's something kind of unethical about it, isn't there? Legally, those glasses belong to all three of us.

11 INT. LAVATORY. NIGHT 11

Peter stands at the sink with the short story in his hands. He re-reads a passage, trembling slightly. He has tears all over his face. He folds up the sheaf of pages and puts it back into his pocket. He pops another pill out of his strip-pack and swallows it. He takes a deep breath.

12 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. NIGHT 12

The bunks have been prepared with white sheets and blankets with The Darjeeling Limited embroidered onto them. The door is open to the adjoining compartment. Francis, Peter, and Jack are dressed in white pajamas. Jack has on a yellow bathrobe with Hotel Chevalier stitched into the lapel. The transistor radio plays the evening news in Hindi on the windowsill.

Francis takes out one of his vials of amber liquid and drops three drops into each of their whiskey highballs. He points at the bottom bunk and says:

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FRANCIS
I'm going to take this bed, since I'm the oldest, and my ankle's fractured. Peter, you don't mind climbing a ladder, as I recall, so why don't you set up shop topside -- and Jack, you're kind of a lone wolf. You can bunk out next door. How does that sound?

There is a shuffling sound outside the room. Three laminated itinerary cards slide awkwardly under the compartment door. Jack slides it open.

A twenty-five-year-old man with a completely bald head is crouched in the corridor. He wears blue top-siders, a beige cap, beige golf pants, and a matching beige polo shirt with Francis Whitman Industries and a corporate logo stitched into the breast pocket. He carries a small note-book and a pen. He looks up, startled.

BRENDAN
Hi. Sorry. I was just --

FRANCIS
Brendan, this is Jack, and this is Peter.

Brendan stands up and shakes hands with Jack and Peter.

PETER
Hello, Brendan.

JACK
Good evening.

BRENDAN
Nice to meet you.

Brendan picks up the three itineraries from the floor and hands one each to Francis, Peter, and Jack. Francis motions for Brendan to step outside.

FRANCIS
Let's update me.

Francis goes with Brendan into the corridor. Francis shuts the door behind them. Jack says to Peter:

JACK
I wonder what he looks like under all that tape and everything?

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PETER
Well, I don't know about his face, but I think his brain might be pretty traumatized. Emotionally, I mean.

13 CUT TO: 13

Francis and Brendan in the corridor. Francis is suddenly very businesslike:

FRANCIS
How's everything going back there?

BRENDAN
Pretty good.

FRANCIS
What does that mean?

BRENDAN
(hesitates)
I never heard back.

FRANCIS
(annoyed)
So try again. What are you waiting for?

BRENDAN
Well, I left a message.

Brendan smiles innocently and shrugs. Francis frowns.

FRANCIS
Why are you smiling?

Brendan stops smiling.

FRANCIS
Call her again right now and keep calling every ten minutes until you get through.

BRENDAN
OK.

FRANCIS
This is urgent. We're almost there.

BRENDAN
OK.

FRANCIS
And, once again, so we're explicitly clear: don't mention this or discuss it
(MORE)

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FRANCIS (CONT'D)
with anyone. In other words, it's a surprise.

BRENDAN
OK.

FRANCIS
Did you find me a power adaptor?

BRENDAN
Not yet.

14 CUT TO: 14

Peter and Jack inside the compartment. Peter lights a candle in a little, clay flower pot on the fold-out table. Jack says discreetly:

JACK
How long are you going to stay here?

PETER
(hesitates)
What do you mean? He said until the end of the month.

JACK
Uh-huh.

PETER
(suspicious)
Why do you ask that?

JACK
I'm just trying to know so I can figure out my plans.

PETER
What plans?

JACK
I don't know yet. Anyway, I have my own ticket, just in case. Don't tell Francis.

PETER
(irritated)
Well, I'm not going to stay here with just me and him.

The compartment door opens, and Francis comes back inside. Jack points at Peter's candle and says immediately:

JACK
Is that one of Alice’s pots?

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Peter nods. Francis picks up the flower pot and examines it.

FRANCIS
We should order some more of these. I'll tell Brendan.

PETER
OK.

FRANCIS
He has this disease where his head is shaved -- except he doesn't have to shave it because he can't grow any hair in the first place. Don't talk about it around him, though. It might offend him.

Jack lights a cigarette and opens the window.

15 CUT TO: 15

Jack's head leaning out the window. He looks ahead, down the tracks, with a cigarette in his mouth. The train passes through a moonlit forest along a high ridge.

The tracks wind around a corner revealing a wide lake, then straighten again -- revealing the stewardess leaning out a window of the next coach. She looks ahead, down the tracks, with a cigarette in her mouth. Her hair swirls and snaps in the wind. She grabs it, pulls it tight, and holds it in her fist. She turns around and sees Jack.

The stewardess looks startled. Jack raises his eyebrows. She takes the cigarette out of her mouth. He takes the cigarette out of his mouth. She raises her glasses up above her eyes and looks out from under them.

The tracks turn another corner, and the stewardess and her car disappear from view.

16 CUT TO: 16

Jack leaning back into the compartment. Peter switches off the vanity lights and places a set of keys on a Porsche key-chain onto the counter beside the sink with his glasses and his money. Francis frowns.

FRANCIS
Are those Dad's keys?

PETER
(hesitates)
Yeah.

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FRANCIS
(edgy)
You've got his car keys, too.

JACK
(to himself)
Where's those nuts at?

Jack presses a buzzer on the wall. He stands up and paces briefly between the adjoining compartments. Francis and Peter watch him curiously. There is a knock on the door. Jack opens it. The stewardess stands in the corridor.

STEWARDESS
Good evening, Mr. Whitman. How can I help you?

JACK
Is it possible for us to get some more of the savory snacks, please?

STEWARDESS
Of course. Can I offer you anything else?

JACK
I don't think so.

STEWARDESS
I'll be right back.

The stewardess closes the door. Jack says suddenly:

JACK
I forgot something.

Jack slides open the door.

17 INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 17

Jack comes out of the compartment and shuts the door behind him. He looks to the end of the car. He sees a light on in a little galley with a shadow moving. He hears cabinets open and close and dishes clink. He turns away and walks to the other end of the coach. He slides open the door and stops in the space between the two cars. He turns around and looks through a window. He watches as the stewardess comes out of the galley with a tray of cocktail nuts and a pitcher. She walks to the compartment. Just as she is about to knock, she sees Jack.

Jack waves for the stewardess to come to him. She frowns slightly. He waves for her to come to him again and keeps waving continuously, switching hands while he takes out a

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cigarette and lights it, until she finally strides down the corridor, slides open the door, and enters the space between the two cars. Jack yells over the noise:

JACK
You want to smoke a cigarette with me in the bathroom?

INT. LAVATORY. NIGHT

The stewardess is on the sink kissing Jack with her sari pulled down and one breast out. Jack spreads her legs apart. He licks his fingers and touches her. She inhales sharply and says with genuine surprise, smiling crookedly:

STEWARDESS
You're crazy.

Jack holds the stewardess by the hips and presses into her. They breathe slowly and quietly.

STEWARDESS
What's your name?

JACK
Jack. What's yours?

STEWARDESS
Rita.

JACK
You're beautiful.

The stewardess arches her back and puts her hands on Jack's face. She whispers:

STEWARDESS
Don't come into me.

Jack looks at the stewardess uncertainly. Pause.

JACK
OK.

The stewardess laughs. She stares into Jack's eyes. She says suddenly:

STEWARDESS
Are you on some kind of opiate?

19 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. NIGHT 19

Francis and Peter take swigs of cough medicine. Peter says suddenly:

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PETER
Jack's got his own return ticket. He says he might leave early.

FRANCIS
(frowns)
What are you talking about?

PETER
Don't tell him I told you.

FRANCIS
(agitated)
Brendan's got all the tickets. There's a whole itinerary. Where's he going?

Peter shrugs. Francis stands up and crosses quickly into the adjoining compartment. Peter listens while Francis roots around, clicking latches and unzipping zippers. Francis says loudly:

FRANCIS (O.S.)
Air-Italiano?

Francis comes back into the room holding an airplane ticket. He says in disbelief:

FRANCIS
What the fuck is this?

Francis turns around and goes into the adjoining compartment again. Peter peers in behind him. Francis comes back into the room with a passport in his hand.

FRANCIS
I'm keeping his passport. In fact, give me yours, too. I'm going to hold onto all the passports, so nothing happens.

PETER
I'm going to keep mine.

FRANCIS
(firmly)
No, I want to keep them all together.

20 INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 20

Jack stands waiting in the corridor outside the lavatory. He looks disheveled and dazed. He drinks a sip from his bottle of cough medicine. The bathroom door slides open. Rita looks out at Jack. She frowns.

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RITA
Why are you standing there?

JACK
(puzzled)
I'm waiting for you.

RITA
Mr. Whitman, the whole point of us coming out separately is so no one sees us together.

JACK
(correcting her)
Jack.

RITA
(hesitates)
Jack.

JACK
Right. I get it. OK. Good-night, then.

Jack starts to kiss Rita furtively, but she shields him away.

RITA
Go back to your compartment.

Jack turns and walks briskly down the corridor.

21 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. NIGHT 21

Francis lies in the bottom bunk, and Peter is in the top bunk. The door slides open, and Jack comes in.

JACK
Move over, please.

Francis props himself up onto one elbow against the wall. Jack lies next to him. Peter leans down from the top bunk, upside down. He and Francis stare at Jack.

FRANCIS
Where's the savory snacks?

JACK
(pause)
Huh?

FRANCIS
(long pause)
Did you just fuck that Indian girl? *

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JACK
(taken aback)
What?

FRANCIS
Sweet Lime.

JACK
Of course, not. I went for a walk.

Francis and Peter study Jack's face skeptically. Jack looks uneasy but slightly electric.

PETER
Something just happened.

Jack gets up and goes into the adjoining compartment. He opens one of his suitcases. He digs among his socks and takes out a small package wrapped in brown paper and string. One end of it has already been opened. He pulls something out of it.

INSERT:

A tiny, pink, cut-glass bottle of perfume with a small squeeze bulb made of red silk. The label reads Voltaire No. 6, La Petite Mort.

22 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. NIGHT 22

Three A.M. The train has stopped at a quiet station. Outside the window, people and dogs sleep on the platform, and a vendor wheels a cart alongside the tracks. Inside compartment 40/41, the lights are out, and a cricket is chirping. Francis wakes up. He sees Peter leaning down over the side of his bunk, staring out the window in the darkness. He turns over and looks out the window, too. Jack stands at a public telephone stand on the other side of the platform listening with the receiver to his ear and a blank expression on his face. He wears his bathrobe and pajamas. A telephone booth attendant sits next to him. A meter clicks numbers. Francis frowns.

FRANCIS
Who's he talking to?

PETER
No one. He got the code to his ex-girlfriend's answering machine, and he's checking her messages.

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FRANCIS
(hurt)
What? When did he confide that to you?

PETER
Just now.

FRANCIS
Why am I not a part of this?

Peter shrugs. Jack hangs up the telephone and pays the attendant. He walks across the platform to the train. Francis whispers:

FRANCIS
I never liked that girl.

PETER
Me, neither. Anyway, I never trusted her.

Francis nods. The compartment door slides open. Jack comes inside and shuts it behind him. He looks sad, confused, and highly emotional. He says quietly in the darkness:

JACK
I don't feel good about myself.

Jack kneels suddenly to the floor and digs between two suitcases. He stands up again with his hands cupped, pulls open the window, and thrusts a cricket fluttering into the air. It flies away under the lights of the platform, off into the distance. The train begins to move. Francis sits up.

FRANCIS
Let's make another agreement: on the spiritual journey, it's crucial that we don't splinter into factions or not include somebody who has advice and might know better. Can we agree to that?

JACK
OK.

FRANCIS
What'd you find out?

JACK
Nothing.

FRANCIS
Good.

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JACK
She put this in my suitcase.

Jack takes the bottle of perfume out of the pocket of his bathrobe and sprays it in the air. Silence. Francis says quietly:

FRANCIS
Is that her?

JACK
That's her.

FRANCIS
How'd she gain access to your personal belongings?

JACK
She came to see me in France for twenty-four hours.

Francis sighs and shakes his head. Peter says bluntly:

PETER
Could she be gaslighting you?

JACK
(hesitates)
What's gaslighting?

FRANCIS
Wait a second. Let's make another agreement: from now on, if you want to talk to her -- or check her messages -- you talk to us, first. Anytime, day or night. Can we agree to that?

Jack nods. Francis points at the bottle of perfume.

FRANCIS
I think we should destroy that.

Jack looks at the bottle of perfume. He sets it on its side on the fold-out table, picks up the transistor radio, and slams it down, obliterating the bottle and smashing part of the radio. Bits of glass, plastic, and liquid scatter everywhere. Francis and Peter look taken aback. Jack tests the radio. Indian music plays.

JACK
It still works.

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FRANCIS
(pause)
Let's look at the itinerary.

Francis turns on the reading light. He, Peter, and Jack examine their itineraries.

FRANCIS
Here we go: the train stops first thing tomorrow morning for an hour and forty-five minutes, which is just enough time for a quick visit to the Temple of 1000 Bulls --

Francis looks at his brothers with building excitement. He says quietly:

FRANCIS
-- probably one of the most spiritual locations in the entire world.

23 EXT. TEMPLE. DAY 23

A stone shrine with gold and marble charging bulls carved into its walls, doors, and columns. Hundreds of people are packed into the square in front of it, and a throng of men moves toward the building carrying huge, brightly painted, wood and papier-maché idols. Music comes from every direction.

Francis walks over to a cart that sells flashlights, headphones, and batteries. He asks a vendor:

FRANCIS
Do you have any power adaptors?

VENDOR #1
(enthusiastically)
Yes! No adaptor! You use battery!

Peter shuffles through a box of shoes, gloves, and hats. He picks up a pair of tan and white rabbit-fur slippers. He asks a vendor:

PETER
Can I get these in, say, a ten-and-a-half, medium?

VENDOR #2
(eagerly)
All size! You try? Take off shoe.

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Jack crouches in front of a blanket covered with wristwatches, key-chains, and pocketknives. He picks up a small aerosol cannister with a red label that reads Pepper Spray. He asks a vendor:

JACK
What ingredients does this have in it? I don't want to kill anybody or anything.

VENDOR #3
(energetically)
Not for killing! For spray in face.

Francis, Peter, and Jack got to a stall selling caged parrots, white pigeons, and canaries. They stare mesmerized into a small aquarium with four black snakes and one tiny, thin, bright red one in it. A vendor says mysteriously:

VENDOR #4
Most rare. From desert. Very poisonous.

Peter nods thoughtfully. His eyes are glued to the snake.

24 CUT TO: 24

Francis, Peter, and Jack carrying three pairs of rabbit slippers and strings of yellow, pink, white, and orange flowers as they come inside the temple. Peter holds a cardboard box the size of a small briefcase with a plastic latch on the top. A black skull-and-crossbones is hand-drawn on it. They all have their shoes and socks off.

Crowds of people walk back and forth from shrine to shrine, praying. A man in a robe rubs dots of red powder from metal bowls onto people's foreheads. Other men pour spoons of water into people's hands. The people press it into their hair. Other men chant and sing. Other men burn incense. One man throws rose petals and repeats a phrase in Hindi over and over.

Francis turns to Peter and Jack with his back to the activity and says wildly:

FRANCIS
This is incredible!

Peter and Jack nod. They look bewildered and amazed. Francis takes Peter and Jack to get holy water and press it into their hair. He gives them each a handful of bills.

FRANCIS
Take some of these rupees and put them in the thing in front of this deity here.

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Francis motions to a statue of a seated god with blue skin and four arms. He sits on the floor with Peter and Jack. They put some money into a slot and place their flowers on a step with piles of other flowers, candles, and bananas. They watch a group of women and children sitting around them, who touch the base of the statue and then their foreheads and chests while praying silently with their lips moving and their palms pressed together. Francis, Peter, and Jack imitate them for a minute.

Francis frowns. He points to a belt wrapped around Peter's waist. It has small cowboys, horses, and Apaches in war-paint all over it and the initials F.C.W. stencilled onto the buckle.

FRANCIS
That's my belt.

PETER
(hesitates)
Can I borrow it?

Pause. Francis says tensely:

FRANCIS
Not right now. I was looking for it.

Peter sighs. He takes off the belt and hands it to Francis. Francis puts it on. He says gently:

FRANCIS
Ask first next time.

Peter nods. A deafening bell gongs in the temple, reverberating like a thunderclap. The sound slowly dies down. Jack pats his breast pocket suddenly.

JACK
Where's my passport?

Jack starts checking every pocket on his body repeatedly in rapid succession. He pulls out matches, bits of paper, and a broken popsicle stick. He holds the can of pepper spray in his hand. He says, stricken:

JACK
I got pick-pocketed. My passport got stolen.

Peter exhales deeply and turns away. Francis says calmly:

FRANCIS
Don't worry. It's not stolen.

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JACK
(panicking)
Yes, it is! It's gone!

FRANCIS
No, it's not. I've got it.

JACK
(long pause)
You stole my passport?

PETER
I'll be right back.

FRANCIS
Where you going?

PETER
I'm going to go pray at a different thing.

Peter stands up and walks away across the temple. Jack stares at Francis.

FRANCIS
I hear you're leaving early.

JACK
What are you talking about?

FRANCIS
I thought we made an agreement.

JACK
That's why you stole my passport?

FRANCIS
Well, I just think we might have a chance for this to be kind of a life-changing experience, and I think we need it. In other words --
(sincerely)
-- I don't want you to leave.

JACK
(pause)
He's going to have a kid in six weeks.

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
Who?

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JACK
(points across the temple)
Him. Rubby. He doesn't want you to know.

Francis looks confused. He repeats:

FRANCIS
Rubby?

JACK
Yeah. You know:

Jack imitates Peter squinting, muttering, and rubbing his temples. Francis laughs sharply. He asks, hurt:

FRANCIS
Why doesn't he want me to know?

JACK
Because we don't trust each other.

25 CUT TO: 25

Peter praying intently at a statue of a man with a monkey's head. He finishes his prayer, crosses himself, and stands up.

26 EXT. TEMPLE. DAY 26

Francis, Peter, and Jack descend the temple steps. Teenage boys behind them walk in pairs, holding hands. Francis says enthusiastically:

FRANCIS
Wow! Right?

Peter and Jack respond without excitement:

PETER
Yeah. Amazing.

JACK
Great. Thanks.

Next to the road: two women in orange saris sit on a sheet sorting grain into piles and weighing them, a man makes sandals out of worn-out tire treads, and a barber cuts a man's hair in front of a mirror nailed to a tree. Francis points to a ten-year-old boy dressed in tennis shorts and no shirt sitting on a shoe-shine box.

FRANCIS
Let's get a shoe-shine.

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Francis sits in the chair. He puts one of his feet on the box, and the little boy starts polishing his shoe with a rag. The shoe is a loafer with an outer space motif of small stars, moons, and planets on it and the initials F.C.W. stencilled across the top. Peter and Jack sit on the curb. They watch as the shoe-shine boy works. He suddenly pulls off Francis' shoe and darts away. Francis sits motionless, stunned. He shouts:

FRANCIS
Get him!

PETER
(confused)
Who?

JACK
(surprised)
What?

The shoe-shine boy sprints at top speed up the road. He looks back over his shoulder. Francis screams, suddenly furious:

FRANCIS
Come back here!

Jack points at the wooden box, a can of shoe polish, and a rag.

JACK
He left his shoe-shine kit.

FRANCIS
Well, he can buy this whole building --

Francis jerks his thumb at a partially demolished storefront where three men sit on the ground weaving baskets.

FRANCIS
-- now. Those are $3000 loafers.

JACK
Yeah, but he only got one of them.

Peter and Jack laugh. Francis points to the rabbit slippers in Peter's bag. Peter hands him one. Francis puts it on. They all stand up. Silence. Francis says forcefully:

FRANCIS
We're in an emergency here! I got my face smashed-in, Jack's heart's been ripped to shreds, and Rubby's having a <u>child</u>! Let's get into it!

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Peter looks to Jack and says in disbelief:

PETER
You told him?

Jack sighs. Francis says eagerly:

FRANCIS
It's OK. That's what we're here for. To start trusting each other. I don't get it, by the way. Why aren't we celebrating?

PETER
(quietly)
Because I don't want to talk about it.

FRANCIS
Why not?

Peter looks away. He squints, mutters, and rubs his temples. He says finally, throwing his hands into the air:

PETER
I guess because I always expected I'd eventually get divorced, so having children wasn't, actually, part of my plan.

FRANCIS
(gently)
Well, you're never going to do better than Alice, and what's the point in getting married if --

JACK
Why'd you expect to get divorced?

PETER
(agitated)
I don't know. I love Alice! Maybe it relates to how we were raised. *

Francis nods. He shakes his head. He says, moved:

FRANCIS
Come here.

Francis takes Peter's and Jack's hands and holds them.

FRANCIS
I was going to save this for later in the itinerary, but I think it's time. There's
(MORE)

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FRANCIS (CONT'D)
a ceremony I want us to do where you each take one of these peacock feathers --
(searching his pockets)
-- and go off into the wilderness and meditate for --
(suddenly realizing)
I gave them to Brendan. Anyway, we'll do it after the next stop.

JACK
Those guys are laughing at us.

Jack points to a group of six thirteen-year-old boys in school uniforms of bright blue shirts and navy blue shorts standing on a patch of hard earth at the edge of a vacant lot with trash all over it. They stare at Francis, Peter, and Jack, smiling and laughing at them good-naturedly. They are playing cricket with a dirty, old, faded tennis ball. Francis shakes his head admiringly.

FRANCIS
I love it here. These people are beautiful.

PETER
They're playing cricket with a tennis ball.

The ball bounces into the street. Peter races over to it and kicks it as hard as he can. It nails a wall and bounces back into him. He stops it and dribbles crazily toward the laughing boys. He feints and dodges one of them, then kicks the ball against a cement post. One of the boys intercepts it on the rebound. Francis and Jack look surprised. Peter keeps his cigarette in his mouth and his hands in his pockets while he plays. He yells sharply:

PETER
Give me the ball!

One of the boys throws the ball to Peter. Peter bounces it a couple of times on the ground, then attempts a wild, windmill-style cricket pitch. A boy with a cricket bat swats it back hard. Peter turns and ducks but gets hit in the back.

The shoe-shine boy watches from over a fence. He holds the snakeskin loafer tucked under his arm.

27 INT. AUTO-RICKSHAW. DAY 27

A green, three-wheeled taxi with a yellow vinyl roof. Francis, Peter, and Jack ride three abreast in the back. The driver has a long moustache with curving, twisted ends. They drive weaving through a chaotic spice market. Francis is

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reading Jack's short story. Peter carefully lifts the top flap of the cardboard box and stares inside. A young man on a bicycle pedals alongside them. He smiles, puts out his hand, and shouts cheerily without slowing down:

MAN ON BICYCLE
Hello! How do you do?

Jack laughs. He shakes hands quickly with the man on the bicycle. Francis folds up the short story and hands it to Jack. Jack puts it into his pocket. He stares at Francis.

FRANCIS
It's great.

JACK
(surprised)
Really?

FRANCIS
It's so well-written. You remember it all so clearly. Peter getting all frantic about trying to get the car started -- and you with the suitcase.

JACK
(hesitates)
The characters are all fictional.

FRANCIS
Well, anyway, I think it's the best thing you've ever written.

JACK
(moved)
Thank you.

Peter stares distantly out the side of the auto-rickshaw.

28 EXT. DEPOT. DAY 28

Francis runs limping and hobbling on his cane with Peter and Jack helping him behind the moving train trying to catch up as it pulls out of the station. They jump onto the rear deck, one by one.

29 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 29

Francis, Peter, and Jack stand in the corridor outside a very small compartment. There are two lap-top computers, a printer, a set of guidebooks, a map of Asia, a bulletin board, and a laminating machine inside. Brendan looks out at them from the open doorway. He hands Francis a manila envelope.

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BRENDAN
Here's the peacock feathers, plus some instructions from the guru.
(curious)
What's in the box?

FRANCIS
We bought a snake.

BRENDAN
(concerned)
It's got a skull-and --

FRANCIS
Let's update me.

Francis goes with Brendan into the compartment and pulls the door partly shut. He whispers:

FRANCIS
Anything?

BRENDAN
(pleased)
Yeah. She got the message.

FRANCIS
(pause)
And?

BRENDAN
(puzzled)
What? That's it.

FRANCIS
That's it? She got the message? You're satisfied with that?

BRENDAN
(defensively)
Well, she knows you're coming.

FRANCIS
(pained)
Does she want to see us?

Brendan looks confused. He swallows. He says quietly:

BRENDAN
But she's your mother.

Francis looks angry, wounded, and bewildered. He makes a dismissive gesture. He goes back into the corridor. He looks

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at Peter and Jack desperately. They look uncertain but concerned. Francis suddenly unbuckles his belt, takes it off, and holds it out to Peter.

FRANCIS
Happy birthday. From last year.

Peter takes the belt and immediately starts putting it on over his suit jacket.

PETER
I can't accept this. It's too valuable.

FRANCIS
It's got one wrong initial, but you can paint over it. It's from me and Jack.

Jack looks at the belt and nods.

30 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. DAY 30

The blinds are shut, and the sun comes in at the edges of the windows. Peter lies in the top bunk under the sheets with a sleeping mask on. The cardboard box with the skull-and-crossbones on it is beside him. Francis reclines in the lower bunk, and Jack is in the adjoining room. They both lie on top of their covers, fully dressed but asleep. Jack has a towel over his face. Numerous drug strip-packs, bottles, and vials cover the vanity. Empty highball glasses and cigarette butts litter the room. There is a knock on the door. Francis opens his eyes. He frowns and shouts:

FRANCIS
Yeah?

Rita's voice says through the compartment door:

RITA (O.S.)
Would you like tea?

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
OK.

Rita slides the door open and comes into the compartment carrying a tea-tray with cups, saucers, and a pot of tea. There is a cart in the corridor. She shuts the door. She studies the room briefly. She sets the tray on the fold-out table and pours three cups. Francis sits up on the edge of his bunk. Peter pulls one edge of his sleeping mask up and looks down at Rita curiously. Jack comes into the room groggily and stands leaning in the adjoining doorway.

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Rita picks up a pack of cigarettes off the floor. She takes one out and lights it. She cracks open the window and sits down in a chair next to the fold-out table. She taps her ashes into Peter's flower pot with the candle in it. Francis, Peter, and Jack stare at Rita as she smokes. Her mascara is smeared. She says quietly:

RITA
I got to get off this train.

Jack hesitates. Rita stubs out her cigarette. She stands up, closes the window, crosses the room, and slides open the compartment door. She looks back. She goes out and shuts the door behind her. Silence.

FRANCIS
What's her name again?

JACK
(quietly)
Rita.

Peter whispers something incomprehensible from the top bunk. Francis and Jack look at each other, puzzled. They climb up to stand on the lower bunk and peer over the side of Peter's mattress. Peter is frozen. He has pulled up the sleeping mask to the top of his head. The lid is open on the cardboard box.

JACK
What'd you say?

PETER
(whispering intensely)
There's a hole in it. He escaped.

FRANCIS
(confused)
No, he didn't. How?

Francis, Peter, and Jack stare into the box. A piece of lettuce is inside, but the snake is gone. A flap on the side is loose. Francis and Jack look at each other, alarmed. Francis motions quickly for Peter to remain still. He whispers to Jack:

FRANCIS
Peel back the sheet.

Jack nods. He slowly peels the sheet off Peter's body. There is nothing there. Peter breathes heavily. Francis says calmly:

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FRANCIS
We're good so far, Peter. Keep going, Jack.

Jack whips the sheet away. Peter screams. He bolts out of his bunk and leaps down, crashing onto the floor. Francis and Jack are knocked aside. They slam into the walls, banging over glasses, bottles, and suitcases. Peter kicks his legs, shaking them in the air, and rubs his hands rapidly across himself, searching. He stops. He looks up and down. He looks to Francis and Jack. He is dressed only in pink boxer shorts.

PETER
Where is he?

Francis and Jack shake their heads. Peter scans the room intently. He looks terrified.

PETER
There he is!

Peter throws open the compartment door and darts out into the corridor. Francis and Jack race out after him, knocking an open suitcase out of the room and breaking a glass.

31 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 31

Francis, Peter, and Jack cower halfway down the car. Peter shouts furiously:

PETER
Now you believe me, assholes?

The two German women, an elderly couple, and the grey-haired all man watch standing in their compartment doorways. The chief steward strides down the corridor with Rita behind him. He sees shirts, socks, and broken glass on the floor. He looks to Francis, Peter, and Jack with an incredulous expression. Francis says reluctantly:

FRANCIS
I think a snake might've gotten onboard.

The chief steward walks past the compartment. Rita starts to peer into the room. Jack pulls her back by the elbow.

JACK
Don't go in there, Rita.

The chief steward looks back at Jack and frowns. He goes into the galley and comes out with a spatula and an ice bucket. He hands the ice bucket to Rita. He disappears into the compartment. There is a loud banging and some shuffling

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sounds. Francis, Peter, Jack, and Rita look at each other nervously. The chief steward lunges into the corridor with the snake looped over the end of the spatula. He flips it around and pinches it by the throat. Francis brightens.

FRANCIS
You got him!

The chief steward goes over to Rita, drops the snake into the ice bucket, and clamps the lid over it. He says something briskly in Hindi, and Rita walks out of the car. He looks at Francis, Peter, and Jack.

32 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. DAY 32

The chief steward moves slowly through the room, observing the clothes, personal articles, airline bottles of liquor, and dirty ashtrays strewn everywhere. Francis, Peter, and Jack watch, uneasy. The chief steward says gravely:

CHIEF STEWARD
I'm kicking you off at the next station.

Francis, Peter, and Jack look stunned. Francis hesitates. He pleads respectfully:

FRANCIS
Please, don't do that. We're very sorry. It won't happen again.

CHIEF STEWARD
I know it won't.

The chief steward sniffs the air. He says sharply:

CHIEF STEWARD
What's that smell?

JACK
(tragically)
Voltaire, number six.

The chief steward looks puzzled. He crosses into the adjoining compartment. He sees the drug strip-packs, bottles, and vials on the vanity. He picks up a handful and examines them. He turns to Francis, Peter, and Jack and says shortly:

CHIEF STEWARD
Do you have a prescription for these?

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
A prescription. I almost died.

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Silence. Francis looks to Peter and Jack.

FRANCIS
Give me a second.

Francis motions for Peter and Jack to step out of the room. He shuts the adjoining door. He stares at the chief steward. He takes a stack of money out of his pocket and holds it out. The chief grabs the bills and jams them into Francis' breast pocket.

CHIEF STEWARD
That animal is deadly poisonous, and you brought him onto my train.

FRANCIS
(wearily)
We didn't know that. It was an accident. We're just trying to experience something.

The chief steward whips open the compartment door. Peter and Jack stand listening in front of it. Francis says earnestly:

FRANCIS
It's important to us.

Peter and Jack look concerned and vaguely menacing. A walkie-talkie on the chief steward's belt makes a static sound, and a voice comes over it talking in scratchy Hindi. The chief steward frowns. He presses a button on the walkie-talkie and responds rapidly in Hindi. He looks at Francis, Peter, and Jack. They deflate. The chief steward softens slightly. He sighs.

CHIEF STEWARD
You're confined to your compartment until further notice.

Francis, Peter, and Jack nod respectfully, relieved. The chief steward starts out of the room. Peter asks sadly:

PETER
Is our snake getting confiscated?

The chief steward looks stupefied. He cannot bring himself to answer. He slides open the door, walks out of the compartment, and slams the door shut behind him. Peter squints, mutters, and rubs his temples.

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35B INT. SIKH TEMPLE. DAY 35B

A vast, white, marble room with an elaborate gold altar at the front. A large number of people sit on the floor chanting and praying. The men have beards and wear turbans, and the women wear long scarves draped over their heads. Two old men type at an outdated computer with a dot-matrix printer. People circled around them sing a changing verse in Punjabi over and over.

Francis, Peter, and Jack sit near the back of the crowd. Each wears a different brightly-colored silk handkerchief knotted awkwardly around his head. Francis' eyes are closed and his hands are folded. He leans forward and presses his face to the floor. Peter bounces and hums with the music, singing along vaguely to himself. Jack looks up at a series of images tacked onto the wall. They depict men being scalped, beheaded, and boiled in oil. Jack looks intrigued. Francis opens his eyes and looks up to Peter and Jack. He frowns.

FRANCIS
Are you guys not going to try to pray?

Peter and Jack lean forward and press their faces to the floor. They pray silently. Jack whispers:

JACK
You think it's working? Do we feel something?

PETER
I hope so.

FRANCIS
It's got to.

32A CUT TO: 32A

Dusk. The rear deck of the caboose. Francis, Peter, and Jack smoke cigarettes.

32B CUT TO: 32B

Night. The dining car. Francis, Peter, and Jack sit at the bar drinking whiskey highballs.

32C CUT TO: 32C

Morning. Compartment 40/41. Francis, Peter, and Jack lie in their bunks. Francis says quietly:

FRANCIS
Do you trust me?

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Loud footsteps stomp past overhead along the roof of the train. Francis flips on a light and sits up quickly. Jack comes in from the adjoining compartment. Peter leans over the side of his bunk and looks up at the ceiling.

Jack opens the blinds, revealing that they are in the middle of the desert. He says curiously:

JACK
Where are we?

33 EXT. DESERT. DAY 33

A high plain with dying trees, scrub, and rocks. There is nothing in sight. Francis, Peter, and Jack come out of the train in their pajamas. Peter and Jack have on rabbit slippers. Francis wears a rabbit slipper on one foot and a loafer on the other. Peter ties knots in one of the handkerchiefs and wears it on his head. A few other passengers and train staff members lean out the windows or stand around curiously. Three maintenance engineers in greasy jumpsuits tinker at the engine hatch with wrenches and a crowbar. A barefoot boy in khaki pants and a T-shirt stands on a cement post chewing on a hunk of sugar cane.

Two waiters and a porter in a red turban sit crouched on the ground around a large map with rocks holding down its corners. They talk quickly in Hindi. Brendan looks over their shoulders. Francis, Peter, and Jack approach them.

FRANCIS
What's going on, Brendan?

Brendan shakes his head. He seems confused and worried.

BRENDAN
I don't know. I guess the train's lost.

JACK
(to Peter)
What'd he say?

PETER
He says the train's lost.

JACK
How can a train be lost? It's on rails.

BRENDAN
Apparently, we took a wrong turn at some point last night.

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FRANCIS
That's crazy.

JACK
How far off course are we?

BRENDAN
(shrugs)
Nobody knows. We haven't located us yet.

FRANCIS
(immediately)
Say that again.

BRENDAN
(hesitates)
What?

FRANCIS
Repeat what you just said.

BRENDAN
(simply)
We haven't located us yet.

FRANCIS
(loudly)
Ho! Ha! Is that symbolic?

Brendan looks confused. Francis turns to Peter and Jack and says energetically:

FRANCIS
We. Haven't located. Us. Yet!
(to Brendan)
Where's those feathers at?

BRENDAN
In the envelope I gave you this morning.

Francis points to a power-line tower in the distance and says to Peter and Jack:

FRANCIS
Meet me on top of that thing out there.

34 CUT TO: 34

Peter and Jack waiting in the shadow of the power-line tower. Francis approaches from the train stopped on the tracks 400 yards away. He carries the manila envelope jammed into his jacket pocket. He stops. He takes Peter’s and Jack’s hands and holds them.

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FRANCIS
The guru told me when the moon turns --

Francis hesitates. He looks frozen. He says suddenly:

FRANCIS
Do you trust me?

Peter and Jack hesitate. Francis says gravely:

FRANCIS
I hired a private detective to track down Mom. She's living at a convent in the foothills of the Himalayas. We'll be there in six days.

Jack looks astonished. Peter stares into space blankly. Francis takes three peacock feathers out of the envelope. He gives one to Peter and one to Jack. Jack says finally:

JACK
How is that possible?

FRANCIS
I guess she became a nun, apparently. You know what she's like.

JACK
A nun?

Francis nods. He shrugs.

JACK
Did you talk to her?

FRANCIS
No, I didn't.

JACK
Does she know we're coming?

FRANCIS
I think so.

PETER
(horrified)
What makes you think she wants to see us?

FRANCIS
I'm sure she doesn't -- but maybe she does.

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JACK
Why didn't you tell us sooner?

FRANCIS
Because I'm trying to protect you from all the painful emotions this is probably going to stir up.

PETER
Well, aren't you kind of doing that right now?

FRANCIS
(solemnly)
Yeah. I'm scared, too. She's obviously suffered some kind of mental collapse, and we got to go get her and bring her back home. Actually, it's in the itinerary, but I put it down as TBD.

JACK
(pause)
What is she says no?

FRANCIS
It's possible. She might resist -- but I learned some suppression techniques for how to handle that safely.

Jack looks surprised. He starts laughing quietly. Peter starts laughing bitterly. Francis smiles.

FRANCIS
Why are you laughing?

PETER
You didn't tell us because we never would've come here if we knew about it.

Francis hesitates. Jack takes a hard swig from his bottle of cough medicine. Peter says to himself:

PETER
I'm going to hold this in for a little while.

A camel walks by slowly in the distance. The chief steward shouts from the train:

CHIEF STEWARD
All aboard!

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Francis collects the feathers from Peter and Jack and returns them to the envelope. They head back toward the train. Jack takes another swig of cough medicine.

FRANCIS
Are you going to drink that whole bottle of cough medicine? That's a dumb way to get loaded.

35 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. DAY 35

The train is moving again. Francis, Peter, and Jack are dressed. They eat grilled cheese sandwiches. Francis says to Peter and Jack:

FRANCIS
Let's look at the itinerary.

PETER
Fuck the itinerary.

Francis sighs. He says suddenly to Peter, aside:

FRANCIS
I think I need to get that belt back, after all, because it cost $6000 and was made special for me. We'll get you a different present.

PETER
(long pause)
I don't think so.

FRANCIS
(frowns)
What does that mean?

PETER
It means there's been too much Indian-giving over the years.

Francis glares at Peter. Peter stares back at him impassively. Jack stands up and walks out of the room.

36 INT. CORRIDOR. EVENING 36 *

Back on the train. Jack knocks on a compartment door. Letters painted above it read Staff Quarters. It slides open, and Rita looks out. She is dressed in a more formal version of her sari-uniform with embroidery and gold trim. She smokes a cigarette. *

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JACK
These guys are driving me crazy. Is there an empty compartment I can move into?

Rita puts on her glasses. She says evenly:

RITA
No, there isn't. We're fully booked.

JACK
I really want to kiss you.

Rita stares at Jack passively. Jack says simply:

JACK
Can I?

Pause. Rita answers in a quiet, resolute voice:

RITA
No.

JACK
(hesitates)
No?

Jack looks confused. A bell rings on the wall next to the window. Rita ignores it. Jack whispers:

JACK
But we already did it. Why --

RITA
I have a boyfriend.

JACK
(pause)
You do.

RITA
Actually, I just broke up with him, or I'm about to. In a way, it's good timing, but it's also bad timing. I'm confused.

Jack presses his hair back off his forehead. The bell on the wall rings twice more. The lavatory door inside Rita's compartment sways with the movement of the train. A mirror on it reveals Rita's back in the reflection. Her sari-uniform is unzipped down to the middle of her ass. She has a tattoo of a little tiger.

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JACK
I really need someone to talk to right now, and I feel like you might be very important to me in my life.

RITA
(surprised)
Really? I thought -- I mean, thank you.

JACK
(long pause)
Can you say anything more about that?

RITA
I would kiss you, but I'm confused.

Jack nods. He says quietly:

JACK
Don't be.

RITA
All right.

Jack comes into the compartment and closes the door. He kisses Rita. He slides his hands down her body. He says suddenly:

JACK
Let's go to Italy.

RITA
(pause)
How?

The bell rings four times in a row. Rita slides the door open and shoves Jack out of the room. She shuts the door. Jack stands slightly dazed with lipstick smeared on his face. He walks down the corridor.

The chief steward comes into the car. He is dressed in a more formal version of his turban and Nehru jacket with embroidery and gold trim. He sees Jack. He says to him furiously:

CHIEF STEWARD
What'd I tell you? Get back in your room!

There is a loud banging sound from inside compartment 40/41. Jack looks to the chief steward curiously. He slides the door open.

Peter holds a lit cigarette in one hand and a flaming newspaper in the other. He shakes the burning newspaper in

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the air, trying to put it out. He throws it in the sink and turns on the tap. He looks to Jack and the chief steward. Jack goes into the room and shuts the door behind him.

Rita comes out of her compartment at the other end of the car. She sees the chief steward. She turns around and goes in the opposite direction. The chief steward says loudly:

CHIEF STEWARD
What's happening?

RITA
(without stopping)
What do you mean?

The chief steward hurries to catch Rita. She slides open the door at the end of the corridor. They stop in the space between the two cars. The chief steward yells over the noise of the wind and clacking wheels:

CHIEF STEWARD
I rang the bell!

RITA
I'll be right there.

Rita opens the door and starts to go. The chief steward grabs her arm.

CHIEF STEWARD
Wait a second!

Rita looks back at the chief steward.

CHIEF STEWARD
What's going on with these brothers?
40/41!

RITA
(pause)
I think they're OK.

CHIEF STEWARD
They're being disorderly!

RITA
I'll talk to them.

CHIEF STEWARD
This car is your responsibility!

RITA
I understand.

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CHIEF STEWARD
Can you handle this?

RITA
Yes.

Rita opens the door and starts to go again. The chief steward grabs her arm again.

CHIEF STEWARD
Wait a second!

Rita looks back at the chief steward and says sharply:

RITA
What?

CHIEF STEWARD
(frustrated)
What's happening?

RITA
(pained)
What do you mean?

CHIEF STEWARD
Have I offended you?

RITA
No.

CHIEF STEWARD
What did I do?

RITA
Let me go.

The chief steward releases Rita's arm. She goes into the next car. The chief steward watches her anxiously. She walks away down the corridor.

37 INT. COMPARTMENT 40/41. NIGHT 37

Peter shaves at the vanity with his shirt off. He uses an old, silver razor. Francis lies on the bottom bunk smoking a cigarette. Jack sits next to the window drinking a whiskey highball. Francis frowns and says to Peter suddenly:

FRANCIS
Is that Dad's razor?

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PETER
(hesitates)
Yeah.

FRANCIS
Can I say something?

PETER
(uneasy)
What?

FRANCIS
You don't have permission to take his property that belongs to all of us and use it for yourself as if it's yours. Jack agrees with that. Right, Jack?

Francis looks to Jack for support. Jack takes a sip of his drink and stares into space blankly. Francis continues:

FRANCIS
Plus, Dad would've hated it.

PETER
(shocked)
Why?

FRANCIS
(shrugs)
That's my opinion. I knew him well.

Silence. Peter says quietly:

PETER
That's a terrible thing to say.

FRANCIS
Well, I don't mean it to be. I just don't want you to feel like you're better friends with him than we are or something weird like that. Also, you can't leave your wife just because she's pregnant. Jack agrees with that, too. Right --

JACK
(quietly)
Stop including me.

PETER
(steely)
I was his favorite. He told me that with blood all over him, lying in the street, right before he died.

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Peter walks out of the room, into the adjoining compartment. Francis looks to Jack and shakes his head.

FRANCIS
How's that supposed to make us feel?

JACK
I want my passport back.

Francis frowns. He raises his voice:

FRANCIS
You know what? You're a drug addict -- all of us!

Peter says loudly from the adjoining room:

PETER (O.S.)
Francis!

Francis leans from the mirror into the adjoining doorway. Peter stands across from him with the belt in his hand. Francis says bluntly:

FRANCIS
What?

PETER
Here's your belt.

Peter throws the belt as hard as he can into Francis' face. The leather slaps across Francis' eyes, and the buckle snaps hard into the bandages on his forehead. A line of blood runs quickly from beneath the gauze above his eyebrow down along the side of his nose. Peter looks angry but worried. Jack's mouth falls open.

Francis charges into Peter, and they tangle into a furious, scrabbling clutch. They smash into the walls and doors as they try to bang their fists into each others' faces. Francis hollers in pain:

FRANCIS
My shoulder!

Peter looks alarmed and eases his hold on Francis. Francis elbows Peter brutally in the jaw. Jack shouts:

JACK
Stop!

Jack drinks his drink in one sip, throws his glass on the floor, and rushes to intervene. He is immediately knocked

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into the side of the washbasin. He retreats. He watches the fight, concerned. He runs back into the adjoining room.

Jack heaves his trunk onto the bench seat, snaps the latches free, and throws open the lid. He digs among stacks of novels, a dictionary, pens, pencils, notebooks, a flashlight, bottles of water, a camera, and piles of clothes. He finds his can of pepper spray. He fiddles with the trigger and snaps a small, metal capsule into the base. It cocks like an automatic. He crosses back into the other room.

Francis holds his cane around Peter's neck in a strict headlock, squeezing vigorously while Peter's face turns bright red. Peter digs his fingers under the bandages on Francis' head. The two brothers buck fitfully on the floor, banging into things, shouting, and grunting.

FRANCIS
You don't love me!

PETER
Yes, I do!

JACK
I love you, too, but I'm going to mace you in the face!

Francis and Peter ignore Jack and continue fighting. Jack takes a deep breath and holds it. He fires the pepper spray at his brothers. It makes a pop and hisses.

Silence. Francis and Peter erupt into crazed screaming, pawing at their eyes and gasping for breath. Jack looks pained and scared. Francis grabs at Jack's ankles. Jack throws open the compartment door and retreats into the corridor. He watches as Francis and Peter slowly stagger to their feet, coughing and wheezing. Francis looks at Jack, squinting. Jack says frozen:

JACK
I had to do it.

Francis lunges at Jack. Jack kicks him. He runs to the end of the car, throws open the door, and heads into the next coach.

Jack turns around to face the door. He takes a step backwards. He inserts a fresh capsule into his can of pepper spray. He raises the cannister and waits. The door opens, and Jack maces Francis and Peter again. Francis and Peter scream and choke, clawing at their eyes. Jack shouts:

JACK
Stop including me!

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Jack turns and sprints away. He runs past the two German women, who look out from their compartment doorway, angry and frightened. He opens the door at the end of the car and races into the next coach. He slams full-speed into the sliding glass door to the dining room and blasts though it, shattering glass everywhere.

The passengers at their tables are taken aback and stare at Jack, stunned. Some people have on party hats. A banner hanging from the ceiling reads Welcome Gala! There are streamers and balloons everywhere. Jack lies on his back on the floor, covered with glittering shards and splinters.

The chief steward strides toward Jack from the other end of the dining car with an icy look on his face.

38 EXT. DEPOT. NIGHT 38

The train is stopped at a deserted station. The doors to the ticket office are closed and padlocked. Francis, Peter, and Jack stand on the platform next to their luggage in a large pile. Their suitcases are partly unlatched, and bits of clothes stick out of them. A laundry bag has been hastily filled with shoes, books, toiletries, etc. Francis and Peter have brightly bloodshot eyes which they blink and squint, rubbing them continuously. Tears continue to stream down their faces. They wheeze. Francis' false tooth is now missing. (NOTE: it is never replaced.)

Two porters in red turbans come out of the train and stack the printer and laminating machine with the luggage. Brendan comes out after them wearing a bathrobe and carrying two duffel bags. He looks confused.

BRENDAN
The next train's in twenty-four hours. I'll find us a hotel. This came in.

Brendan hands Francis a bright yellow envelope.

BRENDAN
Why are your eyes all red?

Francis frowns. He snaps bitterly:

FRANCIS
Why is your head so bald?

Brendan recoils. He says quietly, disappointed:

BRENDAN
Because I have alopecia.

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FRANCIS
(hesitates)
Yeah, I know. That's like albino, right?

BRENDAN
Not really.

Peter shakes his head in disgust. Francis points at Jack and says to Brendan:

FRANCIS
Jack maced us.

Brendan nods. He stares at Francis for a long minute. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a small, plastic, electrical adapter with three large, brass prongs, and hands it to Francis. He turns away and gets back on the train with his duffel bags. Francis stares down at the adapter in his hand. He says, worried:

FRANCIS
Was I just mean to Brendan?

PETER
(with contempt)
He's not coming back. He just quit.

FRANCIS
(sadly)
He did, didn't he?

The chief steward appears in the open doorway and looks out from the train. His eyes are cold. Francis yells desperately:

FRANCIS
Can we at least get our snake back?

CHIEF STEWARD
It's dead.

PETER
(horrified)
You killed him?

The chief steward shrugs. Peter throws his hands up in the air, wounded. The chief steward slams the door shut and pulls the latch closed. Francis grits his teeth and whacks the door with his cane. Peter sees the two German women watching from their open window. One of them says:

GERMAN WOMAN
Shame on you.

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Peter clenches his fists and looks like he is about to explode. He stammers:

PETER
Krauts!

The German women close their window coolly, unfazed. Jack says to Francis:

JACK
Your fake tooth's gone.

Francis checks the gap in his mouth with his finger. He mutters:

FRANCIS
Fuck.

Jack walks alongside the train to the next coach. Rita sits looking out the window with her arms draped over the windowsill. She has tears all over her face.

JACK
Did you get maced, too?

RITA
No, I'm crying.

Rita hands Jack a small, paper sack. She looks to Francis and Peter. They look back at her blankly. She says to Jack:

RITA
What's wrong with you?

JACK
(pause)
Let me think about that. I'll tell you the next time I see you.

RITA
(withdrawing)
Sure. Tell me then.

JACK
(genuinely)
Thanks for using me.

Rita looks puzzled. She smiles sadly:

RITA
You're welcome.

Jack nods. Rita stares at Jack. The train starts to move.

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JACK
Good-bye, Rita.

Jack turns and walks away. Francis yells:

FRANCIS
So long, Sweet Lime!

The train begins to pick up speed. Peter picks up a rock and throws it at one of the cars. Francis and Jack pick up more rocks and pelt the train repeatedly. Frightened passengers watch from their windows. The train pulls away, out of the station. Francis, Peter, and Jack see the old man from the train standing at the other end of the platform. A red car pulls up to the station and honks its horn. Francis, Peter, and Jack hesitate. The old man quickly gets into the car. He says something to the driver in Hindi. He looks briefly at Francis, Peter, and Jack and pulls away, spitting gravel.

Francis, Peter, and Jack stand alone on the platform. Crickets chirp. Francis opens the yellow envelope and takes out a piece of paper and unfolds it. Peter and Jack look at it over his shoulder. It is a typewritten letter. Francis reads out loud:

FRANCIS
Dear boys --

The platform lights automatically switch off with a clack. Silence.

EXT. POTATO FIELD. NIGHT

Francis, Peter, and Jack walk on a rutted dirt road in the dark lugging all their baggage. Jack rolls his trunk behind him. Francis pushes a small trolley with the printer and laminating machine stacked on it and secured with string. Peter carries two suitcases on his head. They carefully cross a narrow board over a dry ditch. Francis stares at the letter as they walk. A woman reads in VOICE-OVER:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
-- bad timing! This morning I received the details of your travel plans in a document sent to me from a man named Brendan.

Francis passes the letter to Peter. The woman's voice continues:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Unfortunately, I cannot receive you now. A neighboring village requires our urgent
(MORE)

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WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
care and assistance due to an emergency, not to mention delays in the construction of our guest quarters and the recent arrival of a man-eating tiger.

Peter passes the letter to Jack. The woman's voice continues:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Also, frankly, there is not much to eat. I suggest you come in the spring when you will be safe with me. You must know how sad I am to experience this long separation. I am yearning to see my boys.

Jack passes the letter back to Francis. The woman's voice continues:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I hope you will eventually understand and forgive me. God bless you and keep you with Mary's benevolent guidance and the light of Christ's enduring grace. All my love, your mother, Sister Patricia Whitman.

Francis folds up the piece of paper and puts it into his pocket. He says quietly:

FRANCIS
That sounds like bullshit to me.

JACK
Me, too.

PETER
Obviously.

FRANCIS
She's trying to sell us a vacuum cleaner.

40 EXT. GRAVEL PIT. NIGHT 40

Francis, Peter, and Jack sit on their suitcases around a small fire made from sticks and garbage. Jack looks inside the paper sack. He takes out a foil packet of cocktail nuts and crackers labelled Savory Snack and a bottle of airline gin and hands them to Francis. He takes out a foil packet of chocolates and caramels labelled Sweet Snack and a bottle of airline vodka and hands them to Peter. He opens a bottle of airline Grand Marnier and downs it in one sip. Silence.

FRANCIS
Let's get high.

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Peter and Jack nod. Francis takes out one of his vials of amber liquid. They each drop three drops under their tongues with the pipette. Peter says suddenly with his voice choking up:

PETER
I'm sorry.

Francis looks surprised. He nods and says with feeling:

FRANCIS
Me, too.

PETER
I wasn't trying to aim for your face.

FRANCIS
It doesn't matter. It's already demolished. Let's go home.

Peter nods. Francis continues sadly:

FRANCIS
She doesn't want to see us, anyway.

JACK
(disappointed)
You don't think so? Not even on some primordial level?

PETER
(softly)
No.

FRANCIS
She's been disappearing all our lives. We weren't raised to be treated like that. It's just not done.

JACK
Maybe this is how it's supposed to happen. It could all be part of it. Maybe this is where the spiritual journey ends.

Pause. Francis suddenly grabs his briefcase, snaps it open, and takes out the manila envelope. He reaches into it. He pulls out the three peacock feathers. He hands one to Peter and one to Jack.

FRANCIS
Did you read the instructions?

Peter and Jack nod distractedly.

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FRANCIS
OK. Let's do it.

Francis, Peter, and Jack each walk away in a different direction, into the darkness, counting fifty paces out loud. They stop in the distance. Francis digs in the ground and chants to himself. Peter spins around in a circle three times and kneels down on one knee. Jack throws his feather into the air, releasing it with the wind. They clench their fists and shout.

Francis, Peter, and Jack reconvene around the fire. Jack says strangely:

JACK
Which direction did yours go?

FRANCIS
(puzzled)
What do you mean?

JACK
Your feathers. Mine blew towards the mountains.

FRANCIS
(appalled)
That's not right. It's not supposed to get blown away. You blow <u>on</u> it --

Francis pantomimes blowing on a feather.

FRANCIS
-- then bury it.

PETER
I didn't get that. I still have mine.

Peter holds up his feather. Francis looks frustrated. He says, pained:

FRANCIS
You guys didn't do it right. I asked if you read the instructions. You did it wrong.

Francis covers his hands over his eyes and shakes his head. He tries to contain himself. He stammers:

FRANCIS
I tried my hardest. I don't know what else to do.

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Francis lifts his hands off his eyes. Peter and Jack look at him desolately. They sit back down around the fire. Peter takes off his sunglasses and looks at them. He says quietly:

PETER
I don't think Dad would've hated it.

FRANCIS
(distantly)
Well, I'm sure he would've been flattered, anyway -- whether he thought it was in good taste or not.

JACK
Did he really say you were his favorite?

PETER
(pause)
I don't know. I could barely understand him. He wasn't really breathing.

Silence. Jack looks up at the stars.

JACK
I wonder if the three of us could've been friends in real life. Not as brothers, but as people.

PETER
(pause)
We might've had a better chance, I guess.

FRANCIS
(brightening desperately)
Let's make another agreement: we'll all come back in the spring when the flowers start to --

PETER
(harshly)
We're never coming back here. Let's just find an airport and go our separate ways.

Jack takes out two airline bottles of rum and cognac and hands them to Francis and Peter. He says wistfully:

JACK
Wouldn't it sound great if you could hear a train going by off in the distance right now?

PETER
Not really.

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FRANCIS
It'd probably be annoying.

41 EXT. RIVER. DAY 41

Daybreak. Francis, Peter, and Jack walk together lugging their baggage along the banks of a fast-rushing river. Francis hits a bump with his trolley. A string snaps, and the printer and laminating machine tip off the top of it and smash down onto the ground. Francis, Peter, and Jack pause. They look down at the damaged printer and broken laminating machine. They look at each other. The start walking again. Francis points:

FRANCIS
Look.

In the middle of the river, there is a flimsy raft mounted on four oil drums with ropes looped under it reaching to the banks. Three boys ride on it. One is ten, one is eight, and one is six. They wear white cloths around their waists and carry large baskets of vegetables. One has a white scarf around his shoulders. They pull the raft across the river, through the swift current, on a rope cable stretched in the air over the water. Francis, Peter, and Jack watch them. Jack's says calmly:

JACK
That's going to tip over.

The raft bounces once, a rope snaps, and it flips. The baskets tumble and radishes spill everywhere. The boys fall into the churning water and hang on desperately. Francis, Peter, and Jack watch, shocked. Peter says under his breath:

PETER
Go.

Francis, Peter, and Jack drop their suitcases, sprint to the river, and splash in, wading quickly into the deeper water. Jack loses his footing and starts to get swept away. He reaches out and shouts:

JACK
Francis!

Francis grabs Jack's hand and grips the cable tightly. Peter leads them hand-over-hand along the rope. The three boys cling to the upturned raft. They look terrified. Francis yells to Jack:

FRANCIS
Grab the little one!

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Jack scoots along the edge of the raft to the smallest of the boys. He grabs the boy's arm and loops it around his neck. He yells:

JACK
Don't let go of me!

Francis and Peter pull themselves onto the upturned raft and crawl over the oil drums to the other two boys on the far side. The raft rocks and tilts. They struggle to balance. Francis tugs the oldest boy out of the water. He and the boy scramble back across the oil drums to the rope.

The current shifts, and the raft flips again, righting itself, with Peter and the middle boy bracing themselves as it swings through the air and slams down with a crash. Francis yanks the oldest boy clear and clutches the cable. He shouts:

FRANCIS
Peter!

Jack yells from the shallow water, rushing back toward the raft. The youngest boy crouches on the shore behind him, shivering.

JACK
What happened?

Peter's voice comes from underneath the raft:

PETER (O.S.)
We're OK! We're OK!

42 CUT TO: 42

Peter and the middle boy in a dark space between the oil drums. Peter clutches the boy with one arm and hangs onto the slats above with the other. The sound of the rushing water echoes against the hollow metal. The boy spits as he bobs in the water. He tugs on a scarf wrapped around him, knotted and twisted, caught on one of the oil drums. Peter jerks at it. He says as he tries to tear the cloth:

PETER
Do you speak English?

The boy nods with his eyes wide, trembling and terrified.

PETER
Great! I'll be right back! I'm going see what's got you!

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Peter ducks underwater. The boy's eyes dart around nervously. Peter resurfaces. He says, smiling warmly:

PETER
You've got yourself all tangled up, don't you, pal? Well, I'm going to get you out of this! Sit tight!

Peter starts ripping away at the tangled fabric. He tries to make conversation:

PETER
How old are you?

The boy does not respond. Peter continues:

PETER
Are you guys brothers?

The boy does not answer. Peter pulls at a hunk of wire, straining to break the boy free.

PETER
You don't want to say anything?
(pause)
Well, here's an icebreaker: my wife's pregnant! She's going to have a baby! Can you believe that? I'm scared!

The boy laughs. Peter laughs.

43 CUT TO: 43

Francis hanging onto Jack's hand, reaching toward the raft, while Jack grips the cable with his other hand. The oldest boy clings to Jack with his arms around his neck. Francis shouts to Peter:

FRANCIS
Why are you still under there?

Peter yells something undecipherable from beneath the raft. The rope slackens with a jolt. Jack turns quickly. The post that the cable is attached to bends slowly. Jack watches, frozen. He says to himself curiously:

JACK
It's stretching.

On the far shore, a knot around a tree breaks, and the rope snaps free. The raft shoots away, spinning. Francis shouts to Jack:

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FRANCIS
Hang on!

Francis and Jack grip the broken cable as they are swept downstream until the rope jerks taut. They whirl into a tangle of reeds and branches at the shore with the oldest boy. They watch the raft careening into the distance. Peter surfaces for an instant, gasping and swimming desperately to try to stop the raft. He goes under again. The raft bumps in the rapids and disappears suddenly over a bank of rocks.

Francis and Jack race up to the dirt road and bolt down the river after Peter. They look freaked out. Francis grimaces and hops a step on his bad leg. The other boys run after them. Jack sprints ahead, hurtling and sliding in the brush. They run one full minute without a word. Jack snaps from the bramble and shouts:

JACK
Peter!

Peter wades from the shallow water below, holding the middle boy tightly in his arms. Planks of the demolished raft and smashed oil drums float behind them. Blood rushes freely from Peter's scalp and flows over the entire side of his face. The boy's arms hang limp, and the wet cloth over his body is red with blood. Jack screams back to Francis:

JACK
He's all bloody!

Jack starts down the embankment and falls, rolling over the gravel. He picks himself up by the river and splashes out to Peter. Francis and the other two boys catch up in the background. Peter shakes his head and says rapidly, matter-of-fact:

PETER
He's dead. He's dead.

JACK
(blankly)
He's dead?

PETER
The rocks killed him.

JACK
You're bleeding like crazy.

Jack presses his hand against a laceration above Peter's temple. Francis yells as he approaches:

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FRANCIS
Peter! You're OK!

PETER
I didn't save mine.

Everyone gathers around Peter, breathing hard. They look at the dead boy. Peter looks to the oldest boy and asks:

PETER
What's his name?

44 EXT. WHEAT FIELD. DAY 44

Francis, Peter, and Jack walk across the scrub, past bony, grazing cows, with the two surviving boys. They are drenched, and Peter is bloody. He carries the dead boy on his shoulder.

A group of old women holding baskets of grain stop and stare. An small man with a wheelbarrow begins to walk alongside them, curious and concerned. Children gather, chattering nervously.

Francis, Peter, and Jack reach the edge of a village. There are thatched huts and clay brick houses. Agitated people run out to meet them, yelling in Hindi. More voices shout in the distance. Dogs circle.

A large man with a thick moustache and a horrified look on his face rushes up to Peter, shouting. He lifts the dead boy away, into his arms. He says something rapidly and grimaces. He is the father. He dashes into the village followed by the two surviving boys and most of the bystanders.

Francis, Peter, and Jack are left standing with the small man and some other children, who all stare at them. A teenaged boy in a school uniform of a red shirt and orange pants says something loudly to them in Hindi and darts off. Francis, Peter, and Jack look at each other, weary and lost. The teenaged boy comes back quickly carrying a metal pot filled with water. He offers it to them. Francis, Peter, and Jack share a drink.

45 INT. HUT. DAY 45

A small, open room on a courtyard. Brightly colored cards depicting deities and mythological scenes are tacked to the walls. Francis, Peter, Jack, and the two surviving boys sit on the dirt floor at a low table. They wear white cloths wrapped around them, and Peter has a large bandage taped over the side of his forehead.

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Numerous people come in and out of the room and cross busily through the courtyard speaking to each other in Hindi and shaking hands with and bowing to Francis, Peter, and Jack. Everyone stares at them continuously with kind eyes. Women in saris attend to them, pouring cups of tea and serving bowls of rice. A thin, smiling man drapes white towels over their shoulders.

A tall man in a long, white shirt and glasses comes into the room and walks through carrying a black doctor's bag. He is bald and has a white beard. He opens the door to the next courtyard. There are chaotic shouts and continual, intense sobbing. He goes out and closes the door.

46 EXT. COURTYARD. DAY 46

Francis', Peter's, and Jack's suits, shirts, and socks hang drying from a clothesline outside. Five men in loin-cloths arrive with Francis', Peter's, and Jack's luggage, carrying the bags and suitcases on their heads and pulling the trunk in a wagon.

Francis lies on his back on a mat on the ground. Crouching children stare down at him.

A woman in a yellow sari holds a sleeping baby with its hair sticking up funny. The baby's hand grips Peter's finger. Three men stand next to them, watching. One of them says something quietly in Hindi. The mother offers the baby for Peter to hold. Peter breathes slowly as he takes the baby and cradles it into his arms. Others gather closer. Peter looks up at the mother. He seems moved and dazed.

Jack sits in the grass with three girls helping them string flowers together in long strands. One of them picks up a beetle off the ground and throws it.

In the next courtyard, the dead boy lies on a rug on the ground in front of a hut with a sheet over the lower half of his body. With the help of two other men, the father pours water over the boy's neck and chest and washes his skin with a sponge. Another man sits on the floor binding bamboo poles together with lengths of rope to make the frame of a stretcher.

A young woman kneels on the ground, watching. She is in shock. She is the mother.

47 EXT. ROAD. DAY 47

Francis, Peter, and Jack wait with their luggage stacked in a large pile at the side of a dirt highway. They wear their suits again. The teenaged boy in the school uniform stands

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next to them. He has a pink handkerchief in his shirt pocket. Silence.

Peter turns to the boy and says suddenly:

PETER
Can you explain that I almost had him?

The boy hesitates. He stares at Peter curiously. Peter continues:

PETER
I lost him when we went off the rocks -- he was too slippery -- but I had him the whole rest of the time.
(with a lump in his throat)
I want them to know that.

The boy says something in Hindi. Peter nods.

A bus appears in the distance. The boy steps into the road and whips the handkerchief out of his pocket. He waves it in the air. The bus approaches and comes to a stop. It is decorated and personalized with colorful, hand-painted stars, flowers, and patterns which cover it entirely.

48 CUT TO: 48

Francis, Peter, and Jack at the top of a ladder attached to the back of the bus. Several young passengers riding on the roof help them strap their trunk and suitcases to a luggage platform. A sign painted above the rear bumper reads Horn Please.

49 INT. BUS. DAY 49

Francis, Peter, and Jack climb into the crowded bus and walk toward the back. The other passengers hold bundles of fabric, bags of grain, etc. They all stare from their seats as Francis, Peter, and Jack make their way down the aisle to the back.

Francis, Peter, and Jack jam their hand-baggage into an overhead rack. A young man with two earrings quickly moves a patched up, old, cardboard box out of the way, and they squeeze into their seats. A skinny, old man in a multi-colored turban smiles at Francis brightly. Francis waves hello and nods wearily. The old man asks politely:

OLD MAN
What are you doing in this place?

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FRANCIS
(distantly)
Well, originally, I guess we came here on a spiritual journey -- but that didn't really pan out.

The old man nods seriously. The bus driver closes the doors. He puts the bus in gear, honks the horn, and hits the gas.

The two surviving boys run into the road in front of the bus waving their arms and yelling urgently. The teenaged boy in the school uniform runs behind them fluttering his pink handkerchief. The bus driver honks again and stomps on the brakes. The bus lurches to a stop. The driver throws the doors open. The two surviving boys poke their heads inside and exchange words rapidly in Hindi with the driver.

The driver looks to the back of the bus. He points to Francis. Francis stands up and walks quickly to the front of the bus. Peter, Jack, and everyone else on-board watch as Francis, the driver, and the two surviving boys speak in hushed voices. Francis nods. He walks back down the aisle. He kneels down on one knee. Peter and Jack lean in close to him.

FRANCIS
We're invited to the funeral.

Pause. Peter and Jack stand up. Francis helps them take their bags back down from the overhead rack. Everyone watches as they make their way to the front of the bus and exit.

50 EXT. VILLAGE. DAY 50

Francis, Peter, and Jack come out of a hut. They are dressed in their white pajamas and rabbit slippers. They walk past a three-wheeled flat-bed truck as two men in white tunics approach carrying the body of the dead boy. It is strapped to the bamboo stretcher and wrapped in white silk with strings of flowers all over it. The men place it on the back of the truck. Francis, Peter, and Jack pick up some stray flowers off the ground and add them to the pile on the body.

Francis, Peter, and Jack walk past a camel towing a cart filled with men in long white shirts and white pants. They help an old woman climb onto the back. They continue around a miniature step-van with three boys in white loin-cloths standing on the rear bumper. Peter takes Francis' and Jack's hands and holds them as they walk. They arrive at a green auto-rickshaw with a yellow vinyl top. They get inside.

The driver puts the auto-rickshaw in gear, and the entire procession pulls away.

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51 CUT TO: 51

A cross-street on the upper east side of Manhattan. Francis, Peter, and Jack ride together in the back seat of a black limousine. They wear black suits with black shirts and black neck-ties. Francis' face is perfectly intact. He has a pencil-thin moustache. Jack has no moustache. A thirty year-old woman in a black coat with a black dress sits opposite them in the jump-seat. She looks calm and concerned. She has freckles and an English accent. She is Alice.

A plastic card tucked under the windshield on the dashboard reads Radio Car 1121 across the top and has Whitman Funeral hand-written beneath. There is a long antenna with a wire coiled in a spiral around the base mounted on the hood and a C.B.-type radio with a handset next to the steering wheel.

Francis, Peter, Jack, Alice, and the driver all smoke cigarettes. Each stares off in a different direction. Silence.

PETER
I can't believe you just said that.

FRANCIS
Why not? It's the truth.

JACK
He didn't really mean it.

ALICE
I think you're all tied for how much grief you feel. Let's leave it at that.

Pause. Jack says suddenly:

JACK
When does Mom get in?

ALICE
She's going straight there from the airport.

Peter leans forward and clasps Alice's hand. She squeezes back. Peter's legs jiggle restlessly. Alice gently places her hands on his knees, calming him. He reaches up and flips a switch on the ceiling. The sunroof begins to open. He says suddenly:

PETER
I want to pick up the car.

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ALICE
(uneasy)
We're already late.

PETER
Tell the driver to take a right.

Alice checks her watch. Peter stands up out of the sunroof. Francis, Jack, and Alice look at each other, uneasy. Francis and Jack stand up out of the sunroof with Peter. Francis says anxiously:

FRANCIS
We don't have time.

JACK
Let's do this later.

PETER
(with finality)
No, I want to get it now.

Peter sits back down in the car. He digs into his pockets. He pulls out a folded up slip of paper and opens it. It is an auto-shop estimate with a business card stapled to the top. He tears the business card off the paper, leans forward, and taps on the divider.

PETER
Excuse me. I'm sorry. We need to make a stop first at this address.

Peter presses the business card to the glass. The driver turns around and looks at it.

INSERT:

The business card. It reads Luftwaffe Automotive: Specialists in Fine German Motor Cars. An address is printed below.

52 CUT TO: 52

The limousine pulling up in front of a service garage. A sign on the front gate says Luftwaffe Auto Repair and Service. Mercedes, BMW, and Porsche logos are painted across the top. Peter jumps out of the car. He looks back and yells:

PETER
Go ahead. I'll be right behind you.

Alice says uncertainly, leaning out of the open car door:

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ALICE
I think we should wait.

PETER
(frowns)
Why?

Peter jogs into the parking lot. Alice looks to Francis. Francis turns to Jack. Jack shrugs. Francis takes a deep breath and nods. He says to Alice gently:

FRANCIS
Tell them we'll be there in five minutes.

ALICE
(reassured)
OK.

Francis and Jack get out of the car. The limousine drives away. Peter knocks on the office door and rings the bell to the shop. He sees something in the corner of the parking lot. He strides over to a car with a canvas cover over it. He whips it off and throws it on the ground. The car is an orange Porsche 911 from the seventies.

A buzzer buzzes and a mechanic in his fifties wearing clean overalls swings the office door open. Peter looks at him, holds up the estimate, and says immediately:

PETER
I'm here to pick up Mr. Whitman's car.

The mechanic answers with a slight German accent:

MECHANIC
Mr. Whitman's car's not ready.

PETER
(blankly)
What do you mean not ready?

MECHANIC
We're still waiting for a part.

PETER
(uncomprehending)
Waiting for a part?

MECHANIC
I left a message with his secretary.

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PETER
That's crazy. It's been three months. He can't wait any longer.

MECHANIC
(impatient)
Well, he's going to have to wait another week. I left a message with his --

PETER
He didn't get the message. Mr. Whitman is dead. You understand?

The mechanic seems confused. He stammers:

MECHANIC
Jimmy Whitman?

PETER
Yeah.

MECHANIC
(quietly)
What happened?

PETER
He got hit by a taxi.

MECHANIC
(stunned)
What? No.

Peter nods once. The mechanic's voice cracks as he says:

MECHANIC
It killed him?

PETER
Yeah.
(strangely)
His change was scattered all over 72nd street.

MECHANIC
(understanding)
You're his sons.

PETER
Right -- and we're going to take this car to his funeral, which we're late for, right now. Where are the keys?

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Peter is emotional and getting agitated. He goes back to the Porsche and opens the door. He pulls a paper protector off the floor and throws it aside. He lifts up the floor-mat and searches for the keys. He flips down the visor. Francis grabs his arm.

FRANCIS
Peter, we'll come back and get the car later, OK? It's not ready.

Peter jerks his arm away. He gets out of the car and walks past the mechanic. He goes into the office. It is very tidy, with photographs of Bavarian landscapes and a racing calendar tacked to the walls. He scans a wooden rack of keys on hooks. He sees the set of keys on the Porsche key-chain. He grabs them and goes out of the office.

Peter walks quickly back to the Porsche and sits in the driver's seat. He puts in the key and tries to turn it over. The car lurches and a puff of black smoke comes out of the exhaust. The mechanic says strangely:

MECHANIC
The battery's dead -- too.

Peter pops the hood-latch and jumps out of the car. He throws open the hood. One of the suitcases with the jungle pattern print and the initials J.L.W. stencilled onto it is inside the trunk. Francis, Peter, and Jack stare at it. Francis points.

FRANCIS
There it is. That's the other one. We found it.

Jack grabs the suitcase out of the trunk and sets it on the hood of a parked station wagon. Peter flips open the battery cover and fiddles with the connections. Francis and the mechanic stand together, watching.

MECHANIC
We're still waiting for a part to come in from Stuttgart.

Francis nods. Jack snaps open the locks on the suitcase and opens it. It is filled with clothing and toiletries. He starts unpacking things. Francis frowns.

FRANCIS
What are you doing?

JACK
This one's mine.

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FRANCIS
No, it's not. We need to take it home and enter it into the inventory along with all the rest of the --

JACK
I'm taking this suitcase.

Peter looks up from under the hood of the Porsche and says suddenly:

PETER
Are you going somewhere?

Jack hesitates. He says quietly:

JACK
I don't know.

Peter turns to the mechanic and says abruptly:

PETER
Where's the charger?

The mechanic shakes his head slightly. Peter strides past him into the garage, shouting:

PETER
Where's the goddamn battery charger?

The mechanic follows Peter inside. Jack stares down at the suitcase and says sadly:

JACK
I guess he never read my book.

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
What are you talking about? He told me he loved it.

Jack holds up a manila envelope with an address, stamps, and a postmark on it.

JACK
The envelope's never been opened.

Jack rips open the envelope.

INSERT:

A hard-back book with a picture of a pink, cut-glass bottle of perfume on the dust-jacket. The label on the bottle reads

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Voltaire No. 6, La Petite Mort. The title of the book is Invisible Ink and Other Stories by Jack Whitman. A card sticking out of the top says Compliments of the Author.

Peter rolls a large console with a power cord trailing behind it out of the garage, over to the Porsche, banging against fenders and walls along the way. The mechanic comes out after him. A bell rings, and a woman's voice says over a loudspeaker:

VOICE
Phone call for Francis Whitman?

Francis looks puzzled. He goes into the office. A black girl in her twenties looks out from a back room. She points to a telephone with a blinking light on it. Francis nods. He picks up the receiver.

FRANCIS
Hello?

Alice's voice says over the telephone:

ALICE (O.S.)
They want to start.

FRANCIS
Send the car back for us. The battery's dead.

ALICE (O.S.)
They can only wait ten minutes. There's another service after us.

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
OK. Well, we might not make it, then. I guess just tell them to go fuck themselves.

ALICE (O.S.)
(pause)
Hold the line.

Francis looks out the window. Peter has connected cables to the battery and is cranking the starter. He shouts and curses. Jack has completely unpacked the suitcase. He has his shirt off and is holding up various shirts and pants against himself and laying them out on the hood of the station wagon.

Francis listens to Alice arguing with someone in the background on the other end of the line. She suddenly snaps aggressively:

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ALICE (O.S.)
No, you're not. You're going to start when they get here. Not one second before. Is that perfectly clear?

Silence. Alice comes back on the line and says to Francis:

ALICE (O.S.)
Try to be quick.

FRANCIS
OK.

ALICE (O.S.)
Wait a second.

FRANCIS
What?

ALICE (O.S.)
(reluctantly)
I spoke to your mother. She's not coming. She didn't get on the plane.

FRANCIS
(pained)
Why not?

ALICE (O.S.)
I don't know. I'm sorry.

FRANCIS
She's not coming. OK.

ALICE (O.S.)
Will you tell Peter and Jack? So they don't expect to see her.

FRANCIS
Yeah.

Francis hangs up the telephone. He turns to the black girl. She is staring at him. He says quietly:

FRANCIS
Thank you.

BLACK GIRL
You're welcome.

Francis looks out the window again. Peter stands poised at the side of the Porsche with the door open. Jack waits behind it in a runner's starting position with one hand holding the

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suitcase and the other pressed against the back of the car. Peter yells:

PETER
Go!

Peter and Jack start pushing the Porsche across the parking lot and down the driveway. Francis runs out of the office after them. He shouts:

FRANCIS
Put it in second! Are you in second?

Francis catches up and pushes with Peter and Jack. The car gathers speed, and they let go. The mechanic runs to the front gate and jerks it open wide. Peter jumps in as the Porsche rolls bouncing into the street. Jack hollers:

JACK
Pop it!

Peter pops the clutch. The car jerks, jolts, and skids to a stop with a screech. A pick-up truck jams on its brakes and nearly slams into the side of the Porsche. Peter yells out the window.

PETER
Watch it, asshole!

Jack runs into the street with the suitcase. A large man with a beard and baseball cap gets out of the pick-up truck. He has a beer bottle in his hand. Jack says angrily:

JACK
What do you want?

The man hesitates. He yells in disbelief:

MAN
Are you kidding me?

The man throws his beer bottle at Jack. Jack side-steps it. It bounces across the pavement. Francis strides into the street and shouts at the man:

FRANCIS
Get back in that car!

The man turns to Francis. Peter jumps out of the Porsche. He points at the man and screams in a rage at the top of his lungs, spitting:

PETER
Get back in your car right now!

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Peter's eyes look blood-shot and wild. He picks up the bottle off the ground and smashes it into the cement. The man gets back into his pick-up truck and drives away. Francis, Peter, and Jack calm down. They look at each other, pleased. The limousine pulls up from the other direction. Peter looks at the Porsche. He seems suddenly deflated.

PETER
It's not going work. Let's put the cover back on.

Francis, Peter, and Jack roll the Porsche back into the parking lot. They put the cover over it and leave it half-blocking the driveway. Peter runs over to the mechanic and hugs him. The mechanic wipes tears away from his eyes. Francis grabs the clothes and toiletries into his arms off the hood of the station wagon and shouts:

FRANCIS
Let's go!

Francis, Peter, and Jack run to the limousine and jump inside with the suitcase, clothes, and toiletries.

53 INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY 53

The driver puts the car in gear and accelerates up the block. Jack says suddenly:

JACK
Who called?

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
Alice.

PETER
What'd she say?

FRANCIS
They're waiting.

JACK
Is Mom there?

FRANCIS
(pause)
Not yet.

Silence. Francis, Peter, and Jack look away from each other in different directions.

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54 CUT TO: 54

The flat-bed truck, the auto-rickshaw, the step-van, and the rest of the procession of vehicles arriving at the entrance to a temple at the side of a river. Francis, Peter, and Jack climb out of the auto-rickshaw.

55 EXT. RIVER. DAY 55

A bank of stone steps descend into the water. Lit candles glow in glass jars. Two attendants carry the body on the bamboo stretcher down the steps with the father, the doctor, and the other men from the village.

The two attendants place the dead boy's body on a platform of stacked logs. The boy's face is circled with flowers. The men from the village place more logs over the body and place hay over the stacked logs. The father shakes badly as he washes the dead boy's feet.

A frail, little man with white hair presses dots of red powder onto Francis', Peter's, and Jack's foreheads. An attendant sprays the funeral pyre with purple fuel from a plastic squeeze-bottle. The father helps one of the surviving boys to light it on fire. The flames jump and spread.

Francis, Peter, and Jack watch the father and the two surviving boys walk in circles around the burning pyre.

56 CUT TO: 56

One hour later. All of the men involved with the cremation, including Francis, Peter, and Jack, wade into the river and pour buckets of water over each other ceremoniously, drenching themselves. A group of young women shampoo their hair in the shallow water downstream. Francis, Peter, and Jack look across at them.

The father's eyes flicker. His legs give out. He drops straight down and disappears under the surface the water.

Everyone's eyes jolt wide open. Three of the men rush to the father and hoist him out of the river. Francis, Peter, and Jack help them lift him onto the steps. He comes to and sits up. The doctor looks into his eyes and slaps the side of his face.

57 INT. HUT. NIGHT 57

Francis and Jack lie asleep on a large cot with a woven rope mattress. Peter sits up in bed between them, smoking a cigarette in the dark. Dogs bark and howl in the distance.

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58 EXT. ROAD. DAY 58

Francis, Peter, and Jack wait with their luggage stacked in a large pile at the side of the dirt highway. They wear their suits again. The teenaged boy in the school uniform stands next to them. Silence.

The doctor from the village comes from around a corner and walks over to Francis, Peter, and Jack. They watch him curiously. He checks his watch. He looks down the highway. He smiles gently.

Three of the men from the funeral walk out of a shop. They fall in with Francis, Peter, Jack, the boy, and the doctor. They look down the highway. Francis, Peter, and Jack stare at them.

Five women in white saris hurry over and join the group. They look down the highway. Francis, Peter, and Jack look at each other, confused.

The dead boy's parents and the two surviving children approach along the side of the road as men, women, and children come from every direction. Francis', Peter's, and Jack's mouths fall slowly open.

The bus appears in the distance. The teenaged boy whips his handkerchief out of his pocket, fluttering it as he steps out into the road. The bus arrives and stops. The doors open.

The men from the village quickly collect Francis', Peter's, and Jack's luggage, hoisting it onto the roof and handing it through the windows of the bus. Francis, Peter, and Jack watch quietly.

All the villagers gather around. They press their hands together and bow. Francis, Peter, and Jack nod and bow in return. They shake men's hands and pat children on their heads and shoulders. They hesitate uncertainly and look one last time at the waiting people. They wave goodbye. Some of the villagers say thank you and goodbye in English, others in Hindi.

Francis, Peter, and Jack climb onto the bus. The doors close, and the bus drives away.

59 INT. BUS. DAY 59

Francis, Peter, and Jack sit together in the front row. They stare ahead in silence. They look suddenly devastated. They light cigarettes. Jack puts his hand out the window to feel the wind.

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60 EXT. AIRPORT. DAY 60

Two black and yellow taxis pull up to the curb in front of an aging, local airport. A sign above the driveway reads Departures. Francis, Peter, and Jack get out of the first taxi. Porters in red turbans quickly gather to help them take their luggage from the trunk. The porters unpack more luggage out of a second taxi. They pile suitcases onto a cart and carry bags on their heads.

Francis pays the drivers. He walks with Peter, Jack, and the porters across the sidewalk, past a soldier wearing a black beret, into the terminal.

61 INT. AIRPORT. DAY 61

Francis, Peter, Jack, and the porters walk through the terminal, over to a ticket counter. The name of the airline is written on the wall in Hindi. A woman behind the counter wears a floral-patterned sari. Francis sets his, Peter's, and Jack's passports onto the counter and says:

FRANCIS
Whitman.

62 CUT TO: 62

Francis, Peter, and Jack with their arms raised in the air while soldiers wearing black berets pat them down and scan their bodies with hand-held metal detectors. They collect their hand-baggage off a conveyor belt and continue toward the gates. They stop in the middle of a small shopping area and light cigarettes as Francis says:

FRANCIS
The flight boards in twenty-five minutes. Let's set aside the next ten minutes to use as free time, do a little shopping, have a snack, make a phone call, then we'll meet in the bathroom next to that statue right there --

Francis points across the terminal to a bathroom next to a large bronze of Gandhi walking in a loincloth. He checks his watch.

FRANCIS
-- at about a quarter after, get cleaned up, brush your teeth, have a shave, or what-have-you, and with our last five minutes, we'll sit quietly in that little shrine over there --

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Francis points to a small shrine next to a cash machine.

FRANCIS
-- say a prayer, and think about everything we've been through.

Peter and Jack nod. Francis turns away and walks quickly into a duty-free store, down an aisle of shelves filled with bottles of liquor. Peter and Jack walk over to a tea stand next to a currency exchange counter. They stand under a sign that reads Chai. A skinny attendant with a moustache smiles at them. Peter holds up three fingers.

PETER
Three, please.

Peter and Jack wait while the attendant prepares their tea. Peter says nostalgically:

PETER
I love the way this country smells. I'll never forget it. It's kind of spicy.

Jack and Peter breathe in deeply, inhaling the air. Jack points across the terminal.

JACK
Who's he talking to?

Peter looks. Francis is at a telephone stand in the middle of a call. A telephone stand attendant waits beside him.

PETER
I think he's trying to re-hire Brendan.

Jack looks surprised. Peter continues:

PETER
He said he's going to offer him a fifty percent raise plus some medical benefits to help with his albino disease or whatever it's called.

Francis comes over carrying a bottle of whiskey and a carton of cigarettes.

PETER
How'd it go?

FRANCIS
He's going to think about it.

Francis sighs. He says quietly:

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FRANCIS
I need him to be hired back, because otherwise I'm probably just a bad person, and, in some ways, I feel like Brendan might be my --

Francis suddenly tilts his head back and holds his finger under his eye to keep a tear from falling. He says finally:

FRANCIS
-- friend, maybe.

Peter and Jack nod sympathetically. Jack says suddenly:

JACK
I'll be right back.

Jack walks away. The attendant sets three tiny cardboard cups of tea in front of Peter and Francis. Peter puts some rupees on the counter. He takes a sip. He says suddenly with conviction:

PETER
He didn't really kill our snake, did he? It's got to be against his religion. I bet he released him in the desert, which is, actually, closer to his natural habitat.

Francis frowns. He points across the terminal.

FRANCIS
Who's he talking to?

Peter looks. Jack is at the telephone stand in the middle of a call.

PETER
He's probably checking his ex-girlfriend's messages again.

FRANCIS
(upset)
I thought we made an agreement! Why didn't you stop him?

Francis shakes his head. He opens the bottle of whiskey and pours shots into the cups of tea on the counter and the one in Peter's hand. Jack comes back over to them.

FRANCIS
What'd you find out this time?

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JACK
She's going to meet me in Italy.

FRANCIS
(pained)
Oh, man! That's terrible!

JACK
(sadly)
I know.

Jack takes a sip of tea. He looks surprised by the taste. He sniffs it. Peter drinks his in one swig and says suddenly:

PETER
I'll be right back.

Peter walks away. Francis says to himself:

FRANCIS
Let's look at the itinerary.

Francis takes one of the itineraries out of his briefcase. He studies it. He suddenly twists and pulls at it, trying to rip it in half, but the lamination is too strong. He gives up and jams it into a trash can. Jack puts his hands into his pockets. A curious look crosses his face. He takes out one of the foil packets labelled Savory Snack. He and Francis stare at it. Francis asks sadly:

FRANCIS
Is that from Sweet Lime?

Jack nods. He tears open the top of the packet and shakes some cocktail nuts and crackers into Francis' palm. They start eating. Francis says quietly, chewing:

FRANCIS
We liked her, didn't we?

JACK
(softly)
Yeah, we liked her.

Francis frowns. He points across the terminal.

FRANCIS
Who's he talking to?

Jack looks. Peter is at the telephone stand pacing with the cord stretched to its limit, yelling into the receiver and shaking his balled up fist angrily. The attendant stares down at the floor.

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JACK
Alice, I guess.

Francis and Jack drink their shots of tea and whiskey. Peter comes back over to them. He looks highly emotional. Francis and Jack watch him tentatively. Peter says finally:

PETER
It's a boy.

Francis and Jack look stunned. Francis says, concerned:

FRANCIS
It got born already?

PETER
(correcting himself)
It's going to be a boy. She had a somnogram or something.

Francis and Jack look excited. They hug Peter and each other.

FRANCIS
Wow! That's incredible!

JACK
It's a boy! Wow!

Peter squints, mutters, and rubs his temples. Jack says delicately:

JACK
Why were you yelling?

PETER
She's angry because I didn't tell her I was coming here.

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
Ever? Until just now?

PETER
Yeah, but I explained everything.

Francis and Jack shake their heads and stare at Peter, marvelling. Peter says quietly:

PETER
Actually, it's kind of lucky, because I just bought this vest --

Peter digs in his duffel bag.

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PETER
-- and it's probably OK for either one, but I think it's better for a man.

Peter holds up a miniature felt vest with intricate, colorful embroidery all over it. Francis and Jack admire it. Francis suddenly takes off his belt and holds it out to Peter. Peter hesitates.

FRANCIS
You can let him inherit this. It's from me and Jack.

Jack nods. Peter takes the belt. He puts it on over his suit jacket. He looks down at it sadly.

63 INT. BATHROOM. DAY 63

Francis, Peter, and Jack stand silently at the mirror. Jack trims his moustache with a pair of tiny grooming scissors. Peter shaves. Francis brushes his teeth. A janitor rummages through a broom closet in the background. He takes out a mop and a bucket, goes to the door, and swings it open. Passengers and baggage handlers criss-cross in the doorway, and the room fills with airport noises. The room goes quiet again as the door swings shut. Francis turns to Jack and says:

FRANCIS
Can I use those scissors?

Jack hands Francis his scissors. Peter and Jack watch as Francis carefully clips the dirty bandages off his face and peels them away. Underneath, he is badly bruised, scratched, stitched, and scabbed. He takes a deep breath.

FRANCIS
I guess I've still got some more healing to do.

JACK
(gently)
You're getting there, though.

PETER
Anyway, it's definitely going to add a lot of character to you.

Francis nods. He, Peter, and Jack stare at his demolished face. Tears suddenly stream down his cheeks. Jack takes him by the arm.

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JACK
Are you OK?

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
Yeah -- but it hurts.

Francis starts laughing quietly. Peter and Jack watch him, uncertain -- then start laughing with him. Their eyes look strange and desperate.

64 INT. SHRINE. DAY 64

An alcove next to the departure gate. There is a statue on an altar of a man with the head of an elephant. Flowers are strewn around its base, and a candle burns in front of it. Francis, Peter, and Jack sit quietly on the floor. They have orange stripes on their foreheads. They wave their hands over the candle-flame and ritualistically presses the warmth into their hair. They close their eyes and press their palms together. Jack says thoughtfully:

JACK
What should we pray for now?

65 CUT TO: 65

Francis, Peter, and Jack walking across the tarmac carrying their hand-baggage. A large, pale blue prop-plane with peeling paint waits alongside the runway with its engine running loudly. The name of the airline is written in Hindi across the side of the fuselage. A flight attendant in a floral-patterned sari greets Francis, Peter, and Jack at the bottom of the steps to the airplane.

Francis extends the tickets toward the flight attendant. She takes a hold of them -- but Francis does not let go. The flight attendant hesitates. Francis turns to Peter and Jack and yells something. Peter and Jack look confused. They yell something back to Francis. Francis takes back the tickets. He Peter, and Jack confer in a huddle. The flight attendant frowns. She tries to grab the tickets again. Francis pulls them away. She yells something and points up the steps urgently. Francis holds up one finger for her to wait. Peter motions to the sky suddenly. Francis points down at the ground. Jack gestures toward the countryside. A pilot comes down to the bottom of the steps. He looks puzzled. He yells something to the flight attendant. She motions to Francis, Peter, and Jack and shouts at them, agitated.

Francis turns back to the flight attendant and yells something with finality. The flight attendant shakes her head, shouting angrily. Peter reaches into his pocket and

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pulls out a lighter. He takes the tickets from Francis, lights them on fire, and throws the burning pieces into the air. Jack goes over to the open baggage compartment door and starts taking out their luggage. *

66 EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY 66

Francis, Peter, and Jack riding in tandem on an old, green motorcycle. A decal on the gas tank reads Hero Honda. Francis drives, smiling fiercely. A small, three-wheeled truck loaded with Francis', Peter's, and Jack's bags, suitcases, and trunk follows close behind them. The vehicles on the road pass within inches of each other, dodging constantly.

66A-B:OMIT 66A-B

67 CUT TO: 67

The foothills of the Himalayas. Turrets and terraces jut out from a colonial fort built into the side of a mountain. A narrow path threads its way up from a chapel to a white cross at the edge of a sheer, blue cliff. There is a large bell mounted on a platform above the precipice. Thousands of yellow butterflies flutter over the treetops.

68 EXT. CONVENT. DAY 68

Francis, Peter, Jack, and a Tibetan guide wearing a stars-and-stripes stocking cap walk four black horses and three mules strapped with all their luggage through the gates of the compound. The tack and saddles are hand-made and brightly colorful, and the horses' ears are distinctively pointed and curved at the ends.

Dozens of children in school uniforms of white shirts and cream-colored pants converge, circling giddily. Francis, Peter, and Jack look exhausted but enchanted. They are unshaven and windburned and wear long, wide, finely-woven scarves. Jack pets a baby lamb with a red dot on its forehead. Two peacocks walk by, stepping slowly.

A tall woman in a white habit with her head bare and wild, long hair comes out of an arched doorway and descends a stone staircase. She is Patricia. She strides out to meet Francis, Peter, and Jack. In one hand, she carries a dog-eared biography of Thomas Jefferson with numerous scraps of paper tucked in-between pages as book-marks. In her other hand, she carries a piece of chalk and an eraser. She wears a thick, leather utility belt with a hunting knife, a flashlight, and a canteen attached to it. A young, Indian nun in a blue habit follows close behind her.

Francis, Peter, and Jack watch intently as Patricia approaches. She starts talking fifty feet before she arrives:

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PATRICIA
Didn't you get my letter? I told you to come back in the spring.

Francis turns to Peter and Jack. He shrugs.

FRANCIS
Should we go?

PATRICIA
(sharply)
Of course not. Welcome! My beautiful boys!

Patricia starts crying. She says as she hugs and kisses Francis, Peter, and Jack:

PATRICIA
Francie. Peter. Little Jack.

The children watch curiously. Patricia takes a deep breath. She says to Francis suddenly:

PATRICIA
What happened to your face?

Francis starts to answer. He changes his mind and starts to say something else. He shrugs. He smiles.

FRANCIS
I crashed my motorcycle on purpose into the side of a hill.

Patricia hesitates. She nods vaguely.

PATRICIA
I'm sorry to hear that. There's so many things we don't know about each other, aren't there? Everyone here's an orphan, by the way. You should feel right at home.

Patricia turns to the Indian nun and says:

PATRICIA
Sashi, let's put them in the white cottage.
(to Francis, Peter, and Jack)
It's got some mice, but there's a glorious view.
(to the nun)
Fill the room with flowers, and tell
(MORE)

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PATRICIA (CONT'D)
everyone my sons have come, after all. I want all of us to meet them.

Patricia turns away suddenly. She hurls her chalkboard eraser with a snap and shouts angrily:

PATRICIA
Get the hell out of here!

Francis, Peter, and Jack look across the compound. A white monkey ducks and scrambles over the wall. Patricia shakes her head.

PATRICIA
Some people seem to think they're charming. They snatch fruit out of your hands with their little leather fingers. I don't find them very amusing.

Francis, Peter, and Jack nod. Patricia turns to the guide and asks warmly:

PATRICIA
Who's this?

FRANCIS
That's Oberoi. He got us here.

Patricia talks rapidly with the guide in broken Tibetan. The guide nods, alarmed. Francis frowns.

FRANCIS
Wait a second. What'd you tell him?

PATRICIA
(with authority)
I told him to lock up your horses. There's a tiger.

JACK
(surprised)
Really? We thought that was bullshit.

PATRICIA
(quickly)
You call that bullshit?

Patricia points to some animal tracks along the edge of the wall. Francis, Peter, and Jack look unconvinced but impressed.

PATRICIA
He ate one of the sister's brothers.

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Francis, Peter, and Jack laugh. Patricia says sternly:

PATRICIA
I'm not kidding.

Francis, Peter, and Jack fall silent. They look all around them and listen. A wind comes through the pass. Patricia closes her eyes and begins to pray quickly under her breath.

68A INT. SERVICE AREA. DAY 68A

A utility room next to a kitchen. Francis, Peter, and Jack hold piles of laundry in their arms. Patricia motions to a teenaged girl standing next to her as she says to Francis, Peter, and Jack:

PATRICIA
Separate the lights from the darks, and give everything to Sandyha.

Patricia points to Peter and says to the teenaged girl:

PATRICIA
Doesn't he have the most beautiful eyes?

The teenaged girl laughs. Patricia walks into the kitchen while Francis, Peter, and Jack hand their laundry to the teenaged girl. They follow Patricia. Patricia picks up a ladle and tastes a broth cooking in a cauldron on the stove.

PATRICIA
This is kind of like soup.
(to Francis and Peter)
You'll like it, and you'll like it.

Patricia holds the ladle while Francis and Peter taste the broth. They look pleased. Patricia turns to Jack:

PATRICIA
You'll like <u>this</u>.

Patricia lifts a little ball of dough out of another pot with a spoon. Jack takes a bite. He nods appreciatively. Patricia says to him regretfully:

PATRICIA
Why'd you grow a moustache?

Jack shrugs. Patricia looks up above her and snaps her fingers. A metal teapot lowers down to her on a rope. She pours herself a cup and leads Francis, Peter, and Jack into a vestibule. There is a silver bowl on a shelf. Patricia dips her finger into it.

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PATRICIA
It's Ash Wednesday.

Patricia marks a cross on Francis', Peter's, and Jack's foreheads with the ash.

69 INT. CHAPEL. DAY 69

A small, white church with a large, bloody crucifix above the altar. Patricia leads a hymn from the pulpit with three Indian nuns in blue habits. Another nun plays a plastic, electric organ. Francis, Peter, and Jack stand in a pew holding hymnals and singing with the rest of the congregation of children, teachers, and workers. A metal fan with fluttering ribbons attached to it whirs, rotating back and forth in the open doorway.

70 INT. GUEST QUARTERS. NIGHT 70

Francis, Peter, and Jack lie on three narrow cots in a spare, white room overlooking the edge of the cliff. They are dressed in their white pajamas. There is a crucifix above one bed, an illustration of St. Francis above another, and the Virgin Mary above the third. There is a plastic bottle of water next to each bunk. An electric mosquito coil is plugged into the wall. Peter's candle burns on a night-table. The trunk and suitcases are laid out in a row on the floor. Some are open with laundry strewn around them. Wind rattles the window-panes, and a light rain falls on the metal roof.

Patricia sits on the end of Jack's bed with her hands folded in her lap. She says energetically:

PATRICIA
What do we want for breakfast? Jack, you'll like the porridge. Peter? Fresh mango? And corn flakes for you, Francie. Now who wants scrambled eggs? Raise your hand.

Patricia raises her hand. Francis, Peter, and Jack reluctantly raise their hands, too.

PATRICIA
OK.

Francis, Peter, Jack, and Patricia lower their hands. Patricia squints at the night-stand.

PATRICIA
What's on fire in that hideous little flower pot?

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PETER
Alice made that.

PATRICIA
(pause)
It's darling. Tell her I said so.

PETER
OK. You want one?

PATRICIA
Of course, I do. Good-night, boys.

Patricia goes from one bed to the next, kissing Francis, Peter, and Jack good-night on the lips. She walks across the room. She stops at the suitcases on the floor and looks at them. The trunk is on its end. On top of it, there are three tiny, hand-cranked music boxes in a row. Patricia winds one a few turns, listening. She smiles at Jack. She switches off the light and opens the door. Peter says softly:

PETER
Mom?

Patricia stops. She turns around and stands darkly in the doorway.

PATRICIA
Uh-huh?

PETER
(pause)
There's one last thing.

Peter briskly stands up out of bed and strides to the door. He turns the light back on. He says to Francis and Jack:

PETER
I don't know what I'm about to do, by the way.

Peter takes Patricia by the arm and draws her quickly back into the room. She looks startled. Francis and Jack sit up in their bunks. Peter shuts the door. He points to a stool. Patricia sits down. Peter returns to his bed. He, Francis, and Jack stare at Patricia.

PETER
I want to tell you about my son.

PATRICIA
(quietly)
What son?

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PETER
The one I'm going to have next month.

Patricia looks taken aback. She is suddenly overwhelmed. She says in a different voice:

PATRICIA
I'm in shock. Is this for real?

Peter nods. Patricia says firmly:

PATRICIA
You should be with Alice.

PETER
You should've been at Dad's funeral.

Patricia falls silent. She stares at Peter evenly. She says finally:

PATRICIA
So that's why you came here. To make me feel guilty.

FRANCIS
We came here because we miss you.

PATRICIA
(pained)
I miss you, too.

JACK
But why didn't you come to Dad's funeral?

PATRICIA
(simply)
Because I didn't want to. He was dead.

Pause. Patricia takes a deep breath. She says, frustrated:

PATRICIA
What's wrong with us? Why are we talking about this?
(to Peter)
We should be celebrating!

PETER
What are you doing here?

PATRICIA
I live here. These people need me.

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JACK
What about us?

Patricia hesitates. She turns around and looks back over her shoulder. She looks back to Francis, Peter, and Jack. She turns around and looks back over her shoulder again. She looks back to Francis, Peter, and Jack. She points to an imaginary person behind her and says:

PATRICIA
You're talking to her.

Francis, Peter, and Jack look confused. Patricia continues:

PATRICIA
You're talking to someone else -- not me. I don't have the answers to these questions, and I don't see myself this way.
(gently)
Pretend I'm a lawyer, and you're paying me $250 an hour. How can I help you?

Francis, Peter, and Jack are speechless. Patricia says finally:

PATRICIA
I'm sorry we lost your father. We'll never get over it -- but it's OK. There are greater forces at work. Yes, the past happened -- but it's over, isn't it?

FRANCIS
(pause)
Not for us.

Silence. Patricia says quietly:

PATRICIA
I told you not to come here. Why is everything so hard for you?

A line of blood runs quickly from Patricia's nose. Francis, Peter, and Jack look stunned.

PATRICIA
It's probably not the best time for us to discuss this right now.

Patricia starts to stand up, but Francis moves toward her and says calmly:

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FRANCIS
Tilt your head back.

Patricia hesitates. Francis puts his hands on the sides of her head and leans back her neck to slow the blood. Peter wipes her face clean with a handkerchief and holds it with gentle pressure to her nose. Jack kneels down on one knee and grasps her hand tightly.

JACK
It's OK.

PETER
Calm down.

FRANCIS
Just relax.

Patricia sits quietly. She turns to Peter.

PATRICIA
What happened? Did the light change? Did he cross without looking? Did the taxi swerve and hit him?

PETER
I don't know. I didn't see it. He sent me to buy cigarettes.

Patricia nods. She stares into space.

PATRICIA
Did I do wrong? I wasn't ready to be a mother. I regret it.
(sincerely)
Of course, I regret it.

Patricia looks down at the floor. Francis says quietly:

FRANCIS
At one point, we thought about trying to kidnap you away by force -- but it seems kind of far-fetched now.

PATRICIA
(smiles)
How sweet. That would've been fun.

JACK
(shrugs)
You want to come home with us, anyway -- voluntarily?

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PATRICIA
(genuinely)
I can't do that, baby.

Silence. Francis says suddenly:

FRANCIS
But you love us, right?

Patricia looks stunned. Her voice breaks as she says quietly:

PATRICIA
Of course. Don't you know that?

Simultaneously: Francis shrugs, Peter shakes his head, and Jack nods. Patricia swallows hard.

PATRICIA
Maybe we can express ourselves more fully if we don't say it in words. Should we try that?

Francis, Peter, and Jack look intrigued. Patricia sits up straight. She waves her hand, signalling to begin. She stares at Francis, Peter, and Jack, focussing intently. They look back at her, slightly confused. They try to communicate with their eyes. Patricia listens and responds silently. She suddenly grasps something.

Outside, a tall boy pulls on a rope, ringing the bell. One of the orphans asleep in a bunk wakes up and listens -- then another and another. Rita leans out the window of the train smoking a cigarette. Her hair is tied in a knot on top of her head, and she eats nuts from a bag of Savory Snacks. The chief steward lies asleep in his bunk on a bedroll with his unrolled turban draped on a hook above him. His compartment is dark except for a small night-light, and the red snake is in a small terrarium on his desk. The two surviving brothers from the village sleep on a hammock in their hut. Their father sits awake outside petting a dog. A very pregnant Alice sleeps in her apartment as the morning light and sounds of the city street filter in through a window. The mechanic from the auto-shop sits alone dressed in pajamas at a kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee. He watches a Formula One race on a portable television set. Brendan sits upright, sleeping peacefully, with a bright blue blanket wrapped around him on an overnight flight. The businessman from the beginning of the movie rides in a chair on the rear deck of a caboose, looking out into the dark plain. Deep in the forest, a tiger lies stretched in the grass under a tree.

(NOTE: with each cut, a sound is added -- bell ringing, wheels clacking, snake hissing, dogs barking, city streets,

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race-cars, jet engines, steam whistle, and jungle birds. The noises build to a roar.)

Silence. The bell rings one last time. The Tibetan guide listens in the dark, sitting on a mat among the horses with a rifle slung over his shoulder. Lights go out all around the compound.

Tears stream down Patricia's face. She wipes her eyes, claps her hands together, and stands up. She says, lost and dazed:

PATRICIA
All right. Let's make an agreement: A.) We'll get an early start tomorrow morning and try to enjoy each others' company here in this beautiful place. B.) We'll stop feeling sorry for ourselves. It's not very attractive. C.) We'll make our plans for the future. Can we agree to that?

JACK
Yeah.

PETER
OK.

FRANCIS
Sure.

PATRICIA
(pause)
To be continued.

Patricia kisses Francis, Peter, and Jack again. She walks to the door, ties the white scarf over her head, goes out, and closes the door behind her. Francis, Peter, and Jack look at each other. They switch off the light and get back into their beds.

71 INT. GUEST QUARTERS. DAY 71

The next morning. Francis and Peter are asleep. Jack sits in an open window seat writing furiously in his manila note book. He still wears his white pajamas. There is a tray of sliced mango, scrambled eggs, corn flakes, porridge, orange juice, and instant coffee on the table behind him. Francis sits up slowly on the edge of his bed. He stretches his arms and yawns. He says groggily:

FRANCIS
Good morning.

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Jack drinks a sip of coffee and answers without looking up from his writing:

JACK
She's gone.

FRANCIS
(hesitates)
What?

Jack finishes a paragraph, caps his pen, and closes his note book. He goes over to Peter's bed and sits on the edge of it, across from Francis.

JACK
I was still asleep, but Oberoi saw her go. She left our breakfast in the doorway.

FRANCIS
(kicking Peter's bunk)
Peter.

Jack pats Peter's legs to wake him. Peter sighs and rubs his eyes.

PETER
What?

FRANCIS
She's gone.

PETER
Who?

Peter sits up in bed. He looks at Francis and Jack. He says sadly:

PETER
She's gone?

Jack nods. Peter sighs.

PETER
Where?

JACK
They couldn't say. They just said she goes away sometimes. *

Silence. Francis, Peter, and Jack go over to the table and sit down. They start eating their breakfast. Francis stops. A light snaps on in his eyes. He stands quickly, knocking away

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his chair, and strides across the room. He opens his briefcase and takes out the manila envelope. He reaches into it and withdraws the leftover peacock feather. He looks to Peter and Jack.

Peter and Jack nod. They follow Francis out the door, through a small kitchen, onto the grounds. They go down a path along the edge of the cliff, past the bell, and stop on a wide, grassy plateau. A curtain of mist hangs over the hillside. A river runs slowly into the distance far, far below.

Francis slowly extends the feather out in front of him. Jack looks hopeful. Peter's eyes narrow defiantly. Francis takes a deep breath, determined. They lean slowly toward the feather and blow on it all at once. They kneel down together, dig a hole in the ground with their hands, and bury the feather. They stand up. They each perform a different, improvised ritualistic gesture. They look off, beyond the edge of the cliff. They look slightly electrified. Francis says gently:

FRANCIS
That went perfectly.

72 CUT TO: 72

Francis, Peter, and Jack racing along a winding hillside road seated three abreast in the back of an auto-rickshaw. Francis checks his watch.

JACK
I'm working on a new short story. I wrote the ending, but I don't know how it starts.

FRANCIS
Read us what you got.

Jack reaches into his pocket and takes out his note book. He opens it and reads:

JACK
Whatever happens in the end, she said, I don't want to lose you as my friend. He looked into her eyes. I promise I will never be your friend, no matter what, ever. Her voice cracked. If we fuck, I'm going to feel like shit tomorrow. That's OK with me, he said. He lifted her shirt over her head. I love you, she said. I never hurt you on purpose. He nodded. I don't care.
(looking up to Francis and Peter)
He would not be going to Italy.

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Francis and Peter smile slightly. Jack shrugs.

JACK
Does that sound OK?

Francis nods, considering this.

FRANCIS
Yeah. It's hard for me to judge the ending without knowing the rest of it.

PETER
I like how mean you are.

JACK
(hesitates)
The characters are all --

Jack sighs. He smiles sadly:

JACK
Thanks.

73 INT. DEPOT. DAY 73

A train station on the edge of a small town in the mountains. Francis, Peter, and Jack run through the terminal carrying their suitcases accompanied by two porters in red turbans pulling the rest of their luggage on a cart. They race out onto the platform.

74 EXT. PLATFORM. DAY 74

Bells are ringing. Wheels are clacking. Smoke is blowing. The train is already pulling out, and Francis, Peter, Jack, and the two porters run alongside the tracks behind it. A teenager with wavy hair and a trumpet at his side watches calmly from a deck at the rear of the caboose. A sign above his head reads The Bengal Lancer with a picture of a leaping tiger below it.

Francis', Peter's, Jack's, and the two porters' shoes slap along the cement. They start gaining on the train. The train picks up speed. The porters grit their teeth. Francis eggs them on. They begin to lose ground. Francis turns to Peter and Jack and yells over the sound of the engine's whistle:

FRANCIS
Dad's bags aren't going to make it!

Francis, Peter, and Jack exchange a quick look. They laugh spontaneously. They drop their hand-baggage, sprint ahead, run full-steam to the back of the train, and leap on-board.

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They turn to look back at the porters, who are slowing down with puzzled looks on their faces. They get smaller and smaller as the train pulls away. Francis, Peter, and Jack watch them sadly. They go into the train.

75 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 75

Francis, Peter, and Jack walk quickly through two cars and enter a third. Francis pulls three tickets out of his coat pocket and checks the numbers next to each compartment door as they go down the corridor.

76 INT. COMPARTMENT 62/63. DAY 76

Francis, Peter, and Jack sit looking out the window. There is a knock on the door. Francis slides it open. A thirty-year-old man with a beard stands in the corridor with a hole-puncher in his hand. He wears a pink silk turban and a Nehru jacket with Chief Steward embroidered onto it.

CHIEF STEWARD #2
Good morning. Whitman?

Francis, Peter, and Jack nod.

CHIEF STEWARD #2
May I see your tickets, please?

Francis takes out their tickets. The chief steward clicks them with the hole puncher and snaps them into a clip above the door.

CHIEF STEWARD
Welcome aboard.

The chief steward goes out the door, and a twenty-five year-old girl in a pale pink, silk sari-uniform comes in with a tray of pale green drinks in little cups. She has a nose-ring and her hair in a braid. She smiles and says:

STEWARDESS
Sweet lime?

Francis, Peter, and Jack stare at the stewardess. Jack says quietly:

JACK
Why not?

The stewardess sets three cups of juice onto the table. She dips her fingertip into a little, metal bowl of yellow powder and presses it carefully onto Francis', Peter's, and Jack's foreheads. She goes back into the corridor. She smiles. She shuts the door.

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Francis looks back and forth between Peter and Jack intently. Peter and Jack stare back at him, curious. Francis reaches into his pocket and takes out Peter's and Jack's passports. He holds them out to them. They do not move. Peter says finally:

PETER
Why don't you hang onto mine?

Francis hesitates. Jack says gently:

JACK
It's safer if you keep them.

Silence. Francis nods slowly. He put the passports back into his pocket. He exhales evenly. He says suddenly:

FRANCIS
Let’s go get a drink and smoke a cigarette.

Francis, Peter, and Jack stand up. Jack slides the door open. Francis and Peter go out. Jack follows them and shuts the door behind him. A cloud rolls away in the sky, and bright sunlight fills the compartment.

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