

**GANDHI**

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Final

Draft

**EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY**

The camera is moving toward an Indian city. We are high  
and far away, only the sound of the wind as we grow nearer  
and nearer, and through the passing clouds these words  
appear:

"No man's life can be encompassed in one telling. There  
is no way to give each year its allotted weight, to  
include each event, each person who helped to shape a lifetime.  
What can be done is to be faithful in spirit to the record,  
and to try to find one's way to the heart of the man..."

And now we are approaching the city, the squalor of the  
little shanty dwellings around the outskirts, the shadows of  
large factories... And as we move nearer, coursing over the  
parched terrain, the tiny fields of cultivation, strands of  
sound are woven through the main titles, borne on the wind,  
images from the life we are seeking:

British: "Who the hell is he?!", lower class British:  
"I don't know, sir..." "My name is Gandhi. Mohandas K.  
Gandhi..." A woman's voice, tender, soft: "You are my

best

man  
aristocratic  
about

friend, my highest guru... and my sovereign lord."... A  
(Gandhi): "I am asking you to fight!"... An angry  
English voice: "At home children are writing 'essays'  
him!"... the sound of massed rifle fire, screams...

**EXTERIOR - CITY - DAY**

particular  
are a  
crowd

And now we are over the city, coming in toward a  
street in the affluent suburbs of New Delhi... there  
few cars (it is 1948), and we are closing on a milling  
near the entrance to one of the larger homes.

We see saris, Indian tunics, a sprinkling of "Gandhi"  
caps,  
shreds  
intimate:

"You're the only man I know who makes his own clothes."  
Gandhi's laugh... The sound of rioting, women's cries  
and  
peace"...

screams of terror... An American voice: "This man of

the  
correspondent...  
on

And as the titles end we begin to pick up the sounds of  
street... an Australian and his wife, a BBC  
all in passing, as the camera finally closes and holds  
one young man: Godse.

**BIRLA HOUSE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

toward

Godse steps from a tonga as the crowd begins to move  
an entrance-way at the back of a long wall.

**HOUSE SERVANT'S VOICE**

He will be saying prayers in the  
garden -- just follow the others.

Godse's

In contrast to those about him, there is tension in  
face, an air of danger in his movements.

absorbed  
tonga  
of

He glances at two policemen who are talking casually, in their own gossip -- then he looks back at another that pulls up just behind his. Two young men (Apte and Karkare) meet Godse's gaze, and again we get the sense of imminent danger.

They descend and pay their driver absently, their eyes watching the crowd.

little  
a  
of a

Sitting along in the shadows of a stationary tonga a distance down the street an elderly man (Prakash) with a short, close-cropped beard and the taut, sunken flesh of a cadaver is watching...

slightest  
gate,

Apte and Karkare look back at him. There is just the acknowledgment and then Prakash lifts his eyes to the gate, as though to tell them to be about their business.

#### **THE GATE AT BIRLA HOUSE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

who  
then  
gaze is  
back,  
of a

Godse hesitates before approaching the two gardeners nonchalantly flank the entrance. He stiffens himself, cautiously touches something under his khaki jacket, glances back at the stoic face of Prakash. Prakash's as firm and unrelenting as a death's head. Godse turns wetting his lips nervously, then moves into the middle of a group going through the gate.

#### **GARDEN - BIRLA HOUSE - EXTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

filling  
pavilion --  
the

A fairly numerous crowd is gathering here, informally the area on one side of a walk that leads to a little pavilion -- some devout, some curious, some just eager to be near the great man.

as  
comes!"

Godse moves forward through them toward the front just  
hushed voices begin to remark -- "I see him." "Here he  
"Which one is Manu?"...

staying a  
people

Apte and Karkare move to different sides of Godse,  
little behind, their movements sly and wary, aware of  
watching.

crowd.

The brown, wiry figure cloaked only in loincloth and  
shawl,  
customary  
nieces,

still weak from his last fast and moving without his  
spring and energy as he is supported by his two grand  
his "walking sticks," Manu and Abha.

only  
jokes  
support  
greeting to  
hand

We do not see him clearly until the very last moment --  
glimpses of him as he smiles, and exchanges little  
with some of the crowd and the two young women who  
him, occasionally joining his hands together in  
someone in particular, then once more proceeding with a  
on the shoulder of each of the girls.

is

The camera keeps moving closer, and the point of view  
always Godse's, but Gandhi is always in profile or half  
obscured by the heads and shoulders of those in front.

We  
with  
Apte  
with

hear the occasional click of a camera, and we intercut  
shots of Godse moving tensely up through the crowd, of  
and Karkare on the periphery of the crowd, watching  
sudden fear and apprehension, like men paralysed by the  
presence of danger.

rank.

Featuring Godse. He slides through to the very front  
His breathing is short and there is perspiration around  
the

Gandhi  
away,  
Manu

sides of his temples. And now, for an instant we see  
close from his point of view. He is only a few steps  
but turned to speak to someone on the other side, and  
half obscures him.

he  
knocking

Godse swallows dryly, tension lining his face -- then  
moves boldly out into Gandhi's path, bumping Manu,  
a vessel for incense from her hands.

**MANU**

(gently)

Brother -- Bapu is already late for  
prayers.

his

Ignoring her, his nerves even more taut, Godse joins  
hands together and bows in greeting to the Mahatma.

the

And now we see Gandhi in full shot. The cheap glasses,  
nut-brown head, the warm, eager eyes. He smiles and  
joins his hands together to exchange Godse's greeting.

joins

prayer

Godse moves his right hand rapidly from the stance of  
to his jacket, in an instant -- it holds a gun, and he  
fires point blank at Gandhi -- loud, startling -- once,  
twice... thrice.

fires

twice...

Gandhi's white shawl is stained with blood as he falls.

**GANDHI**

Oh, God... oh, God...

through to

Amid the screams and sounds of chaos we dissolve

**KINGSWAY - NEW DELHI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

half-

Close shot. Soldier's feet moving in the slow step,  
step, step of the requiem march...

Full shot. The huge funeral procession -- crowds such  
as  
route.  
standards,  
cortege  
We  
sailors  
seemingly  
Navy  
bears the  
grief

have never been seen on the screen massed along the  
People everywhere, clinging to monuments, lamp  
trees -- and as the camera pulls back from the funeral  
it reveals more and more... and more. All are silent.  
only hear a strange, rhythmic shuffling, pierced by an  
occasional wail of grief. We see the soldiers and  
lining the route, their hands locked together in one  
endless chain. We see the two hundred men of the Army,  
and Air Force drawing the Army weapon-carrier that  
body of Gandhi.  
And finally we see Gandhi lying on the weapon-carrier,  
surrounded by flowers, a tiny figure in this ocean of  
and reverence.

**EXTERIOR -**  
**THE COMMENTATORS' ROSTRUM - KINGSWAY - NEW DELHI -**  
**DAY**

R.  
microphone

Commentators from all over the world are covering the  
ceremony. We concentrate on one, let us say the most  
distinguished American broadcaster of the time, Edward  
Murrow, who sits on the makeshift platform, a  
marked "CBS" before him, describing the procession as  
technicians and staff move quietly around him.

**MURROW**

(clipped, weighted)  
...The object of this massive tribute  
died as he had always lived -- a  
private man without wealth, without  
property, without official title or  
office...

**KINGSWAY - NEW DELHI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

the  
As the cortege continues on its way, we get shots of

Anglo-  
south,

marching soldiers, of the faces of Sikhs, and Tamils,  
Indians, Moslems from the north, Marathas from the  
blue-eyed Parsees, dark-skinned Keralans...

**MURROW'S VOICE-OVER**

Mahatma Gandhi was not a commander  
of great armies nor ruler of vast  
lands, he could boast no scientific  
achievements, no artistic gift...  
Yet men, governments and dignitaries  
from all over the world have joined  
hands today to pay homage to this  
little brown man in the loincloth  
who led his country to freedom...

Gandhi

We see the throng, following the weapon-carrier bier of  
as it slowly inches its way along the Kingsway.

head

Mountbatten, tall, handsome, bemedalled, walks at the

broad

of dignitaries from many lands... and behind them a

feet

mass of Indians. For a moment we see their sandalled

rhythmic

moving along the roadway and realize their quiet,

produced.

shuffling is the only noise this vast assemblage has

**MURROW'S VOICE-OVER**

Pope Pius, the Archbishop of  
Canterbury, President Truman, Chiang  
Kai-shek, The Foreign Minister of  
Russia, the President of France...  
are among the millions here and abroad  
who have lamented his passing. In  
the words of General George C.  
Marshall, the American Secretary of  
State, "Mahatma Gandhi had become  
the spokesman for the conscience of  
mankind..."

English

In the crowd following the bier we pick out the tall,

a

figure of Mirabehn, dressed in a sari, her face taut in

flood.

grief that seems ready to break like the Ganges in

powerful of  
suggest  
marches  
for

Near her a tall, heavy-set man, Germanic, still  
build and mien though his white hair and deep lines  
a man well into his sixties (Kallenbach). He too  
with a kind of numb air of loss that is too personal  
national mourning.

(Walker)  
notes,  
from  
by.  
there  
bring  
it  
the

On the edge of the street an American newspaperman  
watches as the bier passes him. He has been making  
but his hand stops now and we see the profile of Gandhi  
his point of view as the weapon-carrier silently rolls  
It is personal, close. Walker clenches his teeth and  
is moisture in his eyes as he looks down. He tries to  
his attention to his pad again, but his heart is not in  
and he stares with hollow emptiness at the street and  
horde of passing feet following the bier.

**MURROW'S VOICE-OVER**

...a man who made humility and simple  
truth more powerful than empires."  
And Albert Einstein added,  
"Generations to come will scarce  
believe that such a one as this ever  
in flesh and blood walked upon this  
earth."

carrier  
shattered  
face  
and  
hero,  
of a

The camera picks out those who ride on the weapon-  
with Gandhi's body... the stout, blunt, but now  
Patel, Gandhi's son, Devadas, the strong, almost fierce  
of Maulana Azad, now angry at the Gods themselves...  
finally Pandit Nehru -- a face with the strength of a  
the sensitivity of a poet, and now wounded like the son  
loving father.

**MURROW'S VOICE-OVER**



... but perhaps to this man of peace, to this fighter who fought without malice or falsehood or hate, the tribute he would value most has come from General Douglas McArthur: "If civilization is to survive," the General said this morning, "all men cannot fail to adopt Gandhi's belief that the use of force to resolve conflict is not only wrong but contains within itself the germ of our own self-destruction."...

their  
features  
with  
famous  
watches  
are  
see  
impact

A news truck is parked in the mass of the crowd. As the cortege nears, the photographers on it stand to snap pictures. There is a newsreel crew center. The camera a woman photographer (Margaret Bourke-White) who sits her legs dangling over the side of the truck, her camera held loosely in her hand, un-regarded, as she watches the body of Gandhi approach. The intelligent features are betrayed by the emotion in her eyes. For an instant we see Gandhi from her point of view, and read the personal impact it has on her.

**MURROW'S VOICE-OVER**

Perhaps for the rest of us, the most satisfying comment on this tragedy comes from the impudent New York PM which today wrote, "There is still hope for a world which reacts as reverently as ours has to the death of a man like Gandhi."...

rear,  
parting  
fades

The camera is high and we see the cortege from the rear, moving off down the vast esplanade, its narrowing path parting the sea of humanity like a long trail across a weaving plain... and as the shuffling sound of sandalled feet fades in the distance we dissolve through to

**RAILROAD - SOUTH AFRICA - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

out  
of a  
dwelling  
then  
rear of  
in the  
such  
better  
young  
1890s.

With the camera high we see a railroad track stretching across a darkly verdant plain, and suddenly the whistle of a train as its engine and light sweep under the camera, startling us as it sweeps across the moonlit landscape. Tracking with the train. We begin at the guard's van, for a moment on the words "South African Railways," pass on to the dimly lit Third Class coaches in the rear of the train, moving past the crowded Blacks and Indians in the spare wooden accommodation... There are two or three such coaches, then a Second Class coach... cushioned seats, better lighting, a smattering of Europeans: farmers, clerks, young families. Their clothes indicate the date: the early 1890s.

checking  
--  
We  
back of  
attire,

The conductor is working his way through this coach, checking tickets... The track continues to the First Class coach -- linen over the seats, well-lit luxurious compartments. We pass a single European, and then come to rest on the back of a young Indian dressed in a rather dandified Victorian attire, and reading as a Black porter stows his luggage.

**FIRST CLASS COACH - SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

full  
help  
the  
there  
idea.

Featuring the young Indian. It is the young Gandhi -- a full head of hair, a somewhat sensuous face, only the eyes help us to identify him as the man we saw at Birla House, the figure on the bier in Delhi. He is lost in his book and there is a slight smile on his face as though what he reads intrigues and surprises him. He grins suddenly at some insight, then looks out of the window, weighing the idea.

stops  
section.  
pivots  
the  
altogether. We  
You,

As he does the European passes the compartment and  
dead on seeing an Indian face in the First Class  
The porter glances at the European nervously. Gandhi  
to the porter, holding his place in the book, missing  
European, who has moved on down the corridor,  
see the cover of the book: The Kingdom of God is Within  
by Leo Tolstoy.

**GANDHI**

Tell me -- do you think about hell?

**PORTER**

(stares at him blankly)  
"Hell!"

**GANDHI**

(the eternal, earnest  
sophomore)  
No -- neither do I. But...  
(he points abruptly  
to the book)  
but this man is a Christian and he  
has written --

his  
with

The porter has glanced down the corridor, where from  
point of view we can just glimpse the European talking  
the conductor.

**PORTER**

Excuse me, baas, but how long have  
you been in South Africa?

**GANDHI**

(puzzled)  
A -- a week.

**PORTER**

Well, I don't know how you got a  
ticket for --

work.  
him

He looks up suddenly then turns back quickly to his  
Gandhi glances at the door to see what has frightened

so.

stride The European and the conductor push open the door and  
in.

**CONDUCTOR**

Here -- coolie, just what are you  
doing in this car?

such a Gandhi is incredulous that he is being addressed in  
manner.

**GANDHI**

Why -- I -- I have a ticket. A First  
Class ticket.

**CONDUCTOR**

How did you get hold of it?

**GANDHI**

I sent for it in the post. I'm an  
attorney, and I didn't have time to --

in He's taken out the ticket but there is a bit of bluster  
the his attitude and it is cut off by a cold rebuff from  
European.

**EUROPEAN**

There are no colored attorneys in  
South Africa. Go and sit where you  
belong.

nonplussed He gestures to the back of the train. Gandhi is  
The and beginning to feel a little less sure of himself.  
porter, wanting to avoid trouble, reaches for Gandhi's  
suitcases.

**PORTER**

I'll take your luggage back, baas.

**GANDHI**

No, no -- just a moment, please.

which he He reaches into this waistcoat and produces a card  
presents to the conductor.

**GANDHI**

You see, Mohandas K. Gandhi, Attorney at Law. I am going to Pretoria to conduct a case for an Indian trading firm.

**EUROPEAN**

Didn't you hear me? There are no colored attorneys in South Africa!

beginning  
Gandhi is still puzzled by his belligerence, but is  
to react to it, this time with a touch of irony.

**GANDHI**

Sir, I was called to the bar in London and enrolled in the High Court of Chancery -- I am therefore an attorney, and since I am -- in your eyes -- colored -- I think we can deduce that there is at least one colored attorney in South Africa.

The Porter stares -- amazed!

**EUROPEAN**

Smart bloody kaffir -- throw him out!

He turns and walks out of the compartment.

**CONDUCTOR**

You move your damn sammy carcass back to third class or I'll have you thrown off at the next station.

**GANDHI**

(anger, a touch of  
panic)

I always go First Class! I have traveled all over England and I've never...

**MARITZBURG STATION - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

blast  
Gandhi's luggage is thrown onto the station platform. A  
of steam from the engine.

the  
A policeman and the conductor are pulling Gandhi from

by  
breaking  
across  
the  
start.  
impotence.  
train  
train.  
into  
window  
watching  
Class  
Gandhi --  
few  
touch of  
train  
aware  
platform  
express  
from

First Class car. Gandhi is clinging to the safety rails  
the door, a briefcase clutched firmly in one hand. The  
European cracks on Gandhi's hands with his fist,  
Gandhi's grip and the policeman and conductor push him  
the platform. It is ugly and demeaning. Disgustedly,  
conductor shakes himself and signals for the train to  
start.  
Gandhi rights himself on the platform, picking up his  
briefcase, his face a mixture of rage, humiliation,  
The conductor hurls Gandhi's book at his feet as the  
starts to move.  
Gandhi picks up the book, looking off at the departing  
A lamp swinging in the wind alternately throws his face  
light and darkness.  
His point of view. The Black porter stares out of a  
at him, then we see the European taking his seat again,  
righteously. The conductor standing in the door,  
Gandhi even as the train pulls out. Then the Second  
coach, with people standing at the window to stare at  
then the Third Class coaches, again with Blacks and a  
Indians looking at Gandhi with mystification and a  
fear.  
Gandhi stands with a studied air of defiance as the  
pulls away -- but when it is gone he is suddenly very  
of his isolation and looks around the cold, dark  
with self-conscious embarrassment.  
A Black railway worker looks as if he would like to  
sympathy, but he cannot find the courage and turns away

piercing

Gandhi's gaze, pulling his collar up against the wind.

with  
of

The policeman who pulled Gandhi from the train talks the ticket-taker under the gas-lit entrance gate, both them staring off at Gandhi.

sari, her  
there  
away  
itself.

An Indian woman near the entrance sits in a woolen face half-veiled. A small child sleeps in her arms, and is a tattered bundle of clothing at her feet. She turns from Gandhi's gaze as though it brought the plague

**MR. BAKER'S LIVING ROOM - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

previous

Featuring Gandhi. As if a reverse angle from the shot, he is angry, baffled, defiant.

**GANDHI**

But you're a rich man -- why do you put up with it?

home.  
Singh,  
capable  
Khan's

We are in a large Victorian parlor in a well-to-do home. Facing Gandhi are Khan, a tall, impressive Indian, slighter and older than Khan, but wiry and looking of physical as well as intellectual strength, and twenty-year-old son, Tyeb Mohammed.

**KHAN**

(a shrug)  
I'm rich -- but I'm Indian. I therefore do not expect to travel First Class.

whose  
Gandhi's

It is said with a dignity and strength that makes the statement all the more bewildering. Gandhi looks around helplessly. We see Mr. Baker, a wealthy white lawyer, home this is, poking at the fire, slightly amused at Gandhi's naïveté.

**GANDHI**

In England, I was a poor student but  
I --

**KHAN**

That was England.

Gandhi is holding a British legal document; he lifts it pointedly.

**GANDHI**

This part of "England's" Empire!

**SINGH**

Mr. Gandhi, you look at Mr. Khan and see a successful Muslim trader. The South Africans see him simply as an Indian. And the vast majority of Indians -- mostly Hindu like yourself --

(there is a moment of  
blinking embarrassment  
from Gandhi at this  
mention of his own  
religion)

were brought here to work the mines and harvest the crops -- and the Europeans don't want them doing anything else.

Gandhi looks at Mr. Baker almost in disbelief.

**GANDHI**

But that is very un-Christian.

Mr. Baker smothers a smile.

**TYEB MOHAMMED**

Mr. Gandhi, in this country Indians are not allowed to walk along a pavement with a "Christian"!

Gandhi looks at Khan incredulously.

**GANDHI**

You mean you employ Mr. Baker as your attorney, but you can't walk down the street with him?

**KHAN**

I can. But I risk being kicked into the gutter by someone less "holy"



than Mr. Baker.

He smiles, but his eyes show that it is no joke.

the  
innocence  
it

Gandhi glances from one to the other them -- absorbing  
inconceivable. And then almost before our eyes his  
of the world fuses with his anger at the injustice of  
all.

**GANDHI**

Well, then, it must be fought. We  
are children of God like everyone  
else.

**KHAN**

(dryly)

Allah be praised. And what battalions  
will you call upon?

**GANDHI**

I -- I will write to the press --  
here -- and in England.

(He turns to Baker  
firmly)

And I will use the courts.

He lifts the documents threateningly.

**SINGH**

You will make a lot of trouble.

Its tone is chilling, and Gandhi's firmness is shaken a  
little.

**GANDHI**

We are members of the Empire. And we  
come from an ancient civilization.  
Why should we not walk on the  
pavements like other men?

interest.

The sturdy Khan is studying him with a look of wry

**KHAN**

I rather like the idea of an Indian  
barrister in South Africa. I'm sure  
our community could keep you in work  
for some time, Mr. Gandhi -- even if  
you caused a good deal of trouble.

(Gandhi reacts  
uncertainly.)  
Especially if you caused a good deal  
of trouble.

stiffens,  
plainly  
Gandhi glances at Tyeb Mohammed and Baker, then  
plainly frightened by the challenge, but just as  
determined to take it.

**MOSQUE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Party  
stands  
in the  
placed  
mostly  
drawn  
crowd.  
We see a rather crudely stitched sign: "Indian Congress  
of South Africa." Gandhi, now sporting a moustache,  
with Khan and Singh near a fire that has been started  
open area before the Mosque. A wire basket has been  
on supports over the fire. Before them, a small crowd,  
Indian (Hindus, Sikhs, Muslims), but with a few Whites  
by curiosity. Gandhi whispers, trying to ignore the

**GANDHI**

There's the English reporter. I told  
you he'd come.

him,  
crowd,  
A  
We see the English reporter waiting skeptically. Near  
trying to be inconspicuous on the edge of the small  
are five policemen (one sergeant and four constables).  
horse-drawn paddy wagon is drawn up beside them.

**KHAN**

You also said your article would  
draw a thousand people.  
(If the crowd numbers  
100 they're lucky.)  
At least some of the Hindus brought  
their wives.

We see five or six women in saris standing together.

**GANDHI**

No. I asked my wife to organize that.

the  
with  
this  
herself to

We feature Gandhi's wife, Ba, standing at the front of women. She possesses a surprising delicacy of feature, large expressive eyes and a beautiful mouth -- but at moment she is ill at ease and uncertain, forcing do that which she would rather not.

**SINGH**

(alarmed)

Some of them are leaving...

little  
his  
his  
reading --

Gandhi wets his lips nervously. He glances with a apprehension at the police, then takes his notes from pocket and moves to the front of the fire. He holds up hand for attention. He forces a smile -- then starts

**GANDHI**

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have asked you to gather here to help us proclaim our right to be treated as equal citizens of the Empire.

before  
is  
but

It is flat and dull, like someone reading a speech to themselves, and those in the crowd who had hesitated wandering off shrug and continue on their way. Gandhi unnerved by it a little but he struggles on -- louder, just as colorlessly.

**GANDHI**

We do not seek conflict. We know the strength of the forces arrayed against us, know that because of them we can only use peaceful means -- but we are determined that justice will be done!

to the  
committed

This last has come more firmly, and he lifts his head crowd, as though expecting a reaction. Three or four

inexpert  
them.  
both  
lips  
pocket --

supporters applaud as on cue, but his technique is so  
that it draws nothing but blank faces from the bulk of  
He glances nervously at Ba, who is embarrassed for them  
now. She wraps her sari more closely around her and her  
expression is a wife's "I told you so" -- sufferance,  
mortification and loyalty, all in one. Gandhi wets his  
again -- and takes a square of cardboard from his  
his "pass."

**GANDHI**

The symbol of our status is embodied  
in this pass -- which we must carry  
at all times, but no European even  
has to have.

sergeant.

He holds it up. A constable glances at the police

**GANDHI**

And the first step to changing our  
status is to eliminate this difference  
between us.

the  
crowd  
but the  
so  
the  
just  
ripples

And he turns and drops his pass in the wire basket over  
fire. The flames engulf it.

The police sergeant's eyes go wide with disbelief. The  
murmurs in shock. At last Gandhi has got a reaction,  
dropping of the card has been as matter-of-fact as his  
speaking, with none of the drama one might expect from  
startling a gesture. Even so, a constable glances at  
police sergeant again, "Do we take him?". The sergeant  
shakes his head, "Wait."

Khan moves up to Gandhi as the tremor of reaction  
through the crowd.

**KHAN**

(quietly)  
You write brilliantly, but you have

much to learn about handling men.

He takes Gandhi's notes from him, and faces the crowd.

**KHAN**

(the reading not  
fluent, but firm and  
pointed)

We do not want to ignite... the fear  
or hatred of anyone. But we ask you --  
Hindu, Muslim and Sikh -- to help us  
light up the sky... and the minds of  
the British authorities -- with our  
defiance of this injustice.

one  
a  
rather  
It is the end of the speech. He looks at the crowd. No  
knows quite what to do. Gandhi harumphs -- gesturing to  
shallow box Singh holds. Kahn turns back, extemporizing  
lamely.

**KHAN**

We will now burn the passes of our  
committee and its supporters. We ask  
you to put your passes on the fire  
with --

**POLICE SERGEANT**

Oh, no, you bloody well don't!

faced  
He has stepped forward with his constables, who have  
the crowd, halting the tentative movements of the few  
committed supporters toward the fire.

**POLICE SERGEANT**

Those passes are government property!  
And I will arrest the first man who  
tries to burn one!

erect  
it  
basket.  
see  
He is facing the crowd. Behind him, Khan holds himself  
and slowly takes his own card from his pocket. He holds  
aloft and then lowers it resolutely into the wire  
The crowd reacts and the sergeant turns just in time to  
it dropped in the flame.

**POLICE SERGEANT**

Take him away!

and  
him to  
sergeant  
club

He gestures to a constable, who turns from the crowd  
marches to Khan, seizing him by the arm and marching  
the paddy wagon. As he passes the sergeant, the  
takes his billy club, and faces the crowd, rapping the  
menacingly against his hand.

**POLICE SERGEANT**

Now -- are there any more?!

takes  
hand  
turns  
eyes  
takes a

Behind him, Gandhi wavers indecisively a moment, then  
the box from Singh and moves to the fire. Ba holds her  
to her mouth -- terrified. Again the crowd's reaction  
the sergeant. Gandhi is at the fire. For a second, his  
lock with the sergeant's -- and then nervously, he  
card and drops it in the wire basket, and another.

**POLICE SERGEANT**

You little sammy bastard -- I --

the  
shoving  
angrily,

He has leapt across the distance between them, knocking  
box from Gandhi's hands, sending the cards flying and  
Gandhi to the ground. He turns and faces the crowd  
pointing the billy club threateningly.

**POLICE SERGEANT**

You want that kind of trouble -- you  
can have it!

his  
cheek, has  
he  
bursts --

Again, a murmur from the crowd turns him. Gandhi, on  
hands and knees, blood trickling from his abraded  
picked up a card from the ground and he leans forward  
apprehensively, his eyes fearfully on the sergeant, but  
drops it defiantly in the basket. The sergeant's fury

Gandhi  
him,

and he slams the billy club down on Gandhi's head.  
sags to the ground. Ba screams. She starts to run to  
but the other women seize her.

**BA**

Let me go!

firmly.

She fights loose, but one of the constables takes her

Gandhi,  
and is  
newspaper  
the  
emotions

The sergeant turns from the commotion to see that  
his head oozing blood, has crawled to his knees again  
picking up another card. The crowd watches. The  
reporter watches. Ba stares in anguish. Gandhi lifts  
card. The sergeant stares at him, angry but his  
somewhat in control after the first blow.

**SERGEANT**

Stop!

into  
again.  
Gandhi

An instant of hesitation, then Gandhi drops the card  
the basket. The sergeant almost stops, but he strikes  
A quiver of distaste at his own act crosses his face as  
sags.

reporter  
watches

Ba's anguished face is wet with tears. The newspaper  
stares without making notes. Khan, at the paddy wagon,  
in wonder.

-- a  
card. His

Gandhi, his head bleeding badly now, rises to his knees  
breath and he gropes around the ground for another  
fingers finally clutch one.

and

The sergeant stares, his face wracked with uncertainty  
confusion.

fire,  
Gandhi lifts the card and painfully holds it over the  
then drops it in the basket.

but  
The sergeant slams the billy club down again -- firmly,  
breathlessly,  
with a manifest reluctance. The crowd watches  
breath,  
the newspaper reporter stares. The sergeant draws a  
Gandhi  
grasping the club, but he bites his lip as he sees  
his  
lift his head feebly, his shaking hands, stained with  
own blood, groping for another card...

**GANDHI'S BEDROOM - SOUTH AFRICA - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

fearfully  
Ba is gently removing Gandhi's suit coat, staring  
face.  
at a bandage on his head, another along the side of his  
manner.  
The room is gaslit, overfurnished in the Victorian  
some  
Middle class. Gandhi sits carefully on the bed, where  
them.  
newspapers are spread out, English-language ones among

**GANDHI**

You saved the papers.

head.  
Ba reaches forth, gently touching the bandages on his

**BA**

I wish you were still struggling for  
work in Bombay.

shakes  
Gandhi doesn't take his eyes from the papers, but he  
his head.

**GANDHI**

I hated that -- all the pettiness,  
the little corruptions.

(A reflective grin.)

And I was more laughing stock than  
lawyer.

He smiles whimsically, then turns back to the papers.



**GANDHI**

But they needed me here. If I'd never been thrown off that train, perhaps no one would ever have needed me.

remark,  
him.

Ba stares at the back of his head, wounded by that bearing it as stoically as he bore the blows against

**GANDHI**

(reading)

"A high court judge has confirmed that Mr. Gandhi would have been within his rights to prosecute for assault since neither he nor Mr. Khan resisted arrest." -- I told you about English law.

**BA**

As I told you about English policemen.

Before Gandhi can retort there is a knock on the door.

**GANDHI**

Yes?

the  
Harilal  
dressed  
forward,  
greeting),  
Gandhi's

A small, round ayah (an Indian nursemaid) pushes open door and proudly admits her charges, Gandhi's sons: (ten), Manilal (six) and Ramdas (two). They are all in European suits, ties and stiff collars. They step one by one, making the pranam (the Hindu gesture of then bending and touching the hands and lips to feet in the traditional obeisance of child to father.

**HARILAL**

We are glad to have you back, Bapu.

Gandhi smiles.

**GANDHI**

And I am glad to be back.  
(He holds his hands  
out to Ramdas.)  
Come...

Ramdas                   And Ramdas runs to him and Gandhi bends to kiss him as  
put his arms around his neck.

**BA**

Be careful!

erect,                   Gandhi pats him indulgently, then carefully stands  
looking at them all with satisfaction.

**GANDHI**

Tomorrow I will tell you what it  
feels like to be a jailbird.

and                   The two older boys show the expected apprehension --  
interest. Gandhi nods to the ayah. She claps her hands  
smartly.

**AYAH**

Come. Come.

discipline.           The boys bow and leave like boys used to household  
they                   The ayah closes the door and we hear their chatter at  
go down the hall.

**GANDHI**

Just like proper English gentlemen.  
I'm proud of them.

**BA**

They are boys. -- And they're Indian.

paper.               Gandhi is stretching out on the bed, taking up another

**GANDHI**

Hm. Will you take this off?  
    (he touches the bandage  
    on his cheek)  
It pinches every time I speak.

maneuvering so      Ba comes and sits down on the bed beside him,  
that she can get at the bandage.

**GANDHI**

Here, you see? Even the South African  
papers apologize -- "a monstrous

attack."

**BA**

(of the tape, as she  
is about to pull it)  
Are you sure?

**GANDHI**

(impatiently)  
Yes -- I can't talk like this.

that's  
"joke"  
Ba pauses and looks at him mischievously, as though  
not a bad idea. He scowls at her, then recognizes her  
and grins.

**GANDHI**

Pull!

flinches.  
Ba pulls one of the strands of tape and Gandhi

**GANDHI**

Oww!

**BA**

(mockingly)  
Mr. Khan said they called you brave.

Gandhi is nursing the moustache; he looks at her wryly.

**GANDHI**

If you would let me teach you to  
read, you could see for yourself.

She leans forward to pull at the remaining piece.

**BA**

I could have told them you were merely  
foolish.

beauty  
Gandhi is watching her as she leans across him, her  
and proximity obviously stirring him.

**GANDHI**

It proves what I told you. If I had  
prosecuted him as everyone advised --  
even you -- they would have hated me --  
by showing forgiveness I -- ouch!

She has pulled the other piece.

**BA**

There...

hair  
more

And she slowly pries the gauze free from the strands of  
above his lip. As she does Gandhi watches her more and  
intently, and slips his arms around her back.

**GANDHI**

(as though continuing  
the argument)

You see there is such a thing as  
moral force -- and it can be  
harnessed.

but  
back.

Ba examines the bandage and gently touches the wound,  
she is aware of his burning eyes and arms around her

**BA**

Not always. You have told me twice  
now that you were giving up the  
pleasures of the flesh.

at  
but

It slows Gandhi uneasily for a moment and Ba must grin  
his discomfiture. He leans back -- still holding her,  
looking at the ceiling.

**GANDHI**

I am. I am convinced the holy men  
are right. When you give up, you  
gain. The simpler your life the  
better.

of him --  
lies  
at  
head.  
Gandhi

Ba makes a moue of acceptance and starts to pull free  
but his arms still hold her. She smothers a smile and  
down, her face next to his, but neither of them looking  
each other. A long beat... and then Gandhi turns his  
She is aware of his eyes on her, but she doesn't move.  
leans forward and touches his lips to her neck.

**GANDHI**

I will fast tomorrow -- as a penance.

hand Ba smiles. Still not looking at him, she places her  
behind his head, gently.

**BA**

If you enjoy it a great deal you  
must fast for two days.

Gandhi laughs... and buries her in love.

**JOHANNESBURG - STREET AND COURTYARD OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING -  
EXTERIOR - MORNING**

beautiful General Smuts -- sitting erect and imposing on a  
wears chestnut horse -- rides down a tree-lined street. He  
him, civilian clothes with riding boots and breeches. Behind  
the a junior British officer rides as escort. He turns into  
entrance-way of an imposing building.

as The hooves of Smuts's horse clatter on the cobblestones  
horse, the General rides into the courtyard. Two sentries come  
as he smartly to attention. A stable boy rushes to take the  
and a tall civil servant approaches the General busily  
dismounts.

**TALL CIVIL SERVANT**

The London papers have arrived from  
the Cape, sir.

**SMUTS**

Yes -- ?

The tall civil servant checks his notes.

**TALL CIVIL SERVANT**

The worst was the Daily Mail, sir.  
They said, "The burning of passes by  
Mr. Gandhi was the most significant  
act in colonial affairs since the  
Declaration of Independence."

Smuts has given the reins to the stable boy.

**SMUTS**

Did they? Well, they'll find we're a little better prepared this time. Mr. Gandhi will find he's on a long hiding to nothing.

saluting  
And he strides into the building, past the smartly sentries.

**GANDHI'S HOUSE - JOHANNESBURG - EXTERIOR - MORNING**

briefcase and  
elegant  
his  
stops  
tall,  
clerical  
carries  
Gandhi comes from the house door. He carries a is still dressed in European clothes, though far less than we have seen him in before. His mien, the cut of hair, all suggest a passage of time. As he turns, he because he is face to face with Charlie Andrews, a very thin Englishman, who wears a rumpled white suit and a collar. He has descended from a horse-drawn taxi that his luggage. He too has stopped. For a moment they both appraise each other, neither speaking. Then

**CHARLIE**

You'd be Gandhi --  
(Gandhi nods.)  
...I thought you'd be bigger.

**GANDHI**

I'm sorry.

**CHARLIE**

I -- I mean it's all right. It doesn't matter.

(He suddenly steps forward and thrusts out his hand.)

I'm -- my name is Andrews, Charlie Andrews. I've come from India -- I've read a great deal about you.

**GANDHI**

Some of it good, I hope.

are  
they all  
hilly

He turns and waves to the parlor window. The three boys  
there -- all bigger -- and Ba holds a new addition;  
wave. And Gandhi turns back, and starts down the long,  
street.

**GANDHI**

(to Charlie)  
Would you care to walk?

He gestures Charlie on and starts walking.

hurries on

Charlie nods uncertainly. He looks back at the cab in  
confusion, then signals the driver to follow and  
to match strides with Gandhi's brisk pace.

**GANDHI**

(noting Charlie's  
collar)  
You're a clergyman.

**CHARLIE**

Yes. I've -- I've met some very  
remarkable people in India... and --  
and when I read what you've been  
doing here, I -- I wanted to help.  
(He looks at Gandhi,  
then smiles awkwardly.)  
Does that surprise you?

**GANDHI**

Not anymore.  
(And now he smiles.)  
At first I was amazed... but when  
you are fighting in a just cause,  
people seem to pop up -- like you --  
right out of the pavement. Even when  
it is dangerous or --

**JOHANNESBURG SUBURB - EXTERIOR - MORNING**

poorer,  
one) in  
against  
sight

They have come to a turning, nearer to town, the area  
run-down. Ahead of them three youths (twenty, twenty-  
working clothes, carrying lunch boxes, lean indolently  
a building directly in their path. They react to the

One

of Gandhi -- fun. Then stride the pavement menacingly.  
of them tosses aside his cigarette.

**FIRST YOUTH**

Hey -- look what's comin'!

**SECOND YOUTH**

A white shepherd leading a brown  
sammy!

**CHARLIE**

Perhaps I should --

Gandhi restrains him and shakes his head.

**GANDHI**

Doesn't the New Testament say, "If  
your enemy strikes you on the right  
cheek, offer him the left"?

follows

He starts to move forward. Charlie hesitates, then  
nervously, more nervous for Gandhi than himself.

**CHARLIE**

I think perhaps the phrase was used  
metaphorically... I don't think our  
Lord meant --

whispering.

They are getting closer. The youths laughing,

**GANDHI**

I'm not so certain. I have thought  
about it a great deal. I suspect he  
meant you must show courage -- be  
willing to take a blow -- several  
blows -- to show you will not strike  
back -- nor will you be turned  
aside... And when --

at

One youth has flicked his cigarette -- hard. It lands  
Gandhi's feet. He pauses, looking at the youth.

**GANDHI**

...and when you do that it calls  
upon something in human nature --  
something that makes his hate for  
you diminish and his respect increase.  
I think Christ grasped that and I --



I have seen it work.

clearly He starts forward again, he is almost on the youths --  
frightened, but...

**GANDHI**

Good morning.

**FIRST YOUTH**

Get off the pavement, you bloody --

but -- And he reaches forth to haul Gandhi from the pavement,

**A WOMAN'S VOICE**

Colin! Colin! What are you doing?

down A woman is leaning out of an upstairs window, looking  
mother at the fracas disconcertedly. It is the first youth's  
and her presence reduces the pitch of his hostility  
considerably.

**FIRST YOUTH**

Nothing... nothing. We were just  
cleaning up the neighborhood a little.

are A snickering response from the other youths -- but they  
mother's embarrassed by the questioning disapproval of Colin's  
at attitude. There's no note of apology in her cold stare  
doing Gandhi, but she clearly believes her son should not be  
what he is doing.

**COLIN'S MOTHER**

You're already late for work. I  
thought you'd gone ten minutes ago.

while The moment of crisis has passed. Nothing will happen  
she is there.

youth. Gandhi steps back on the pavement, addressing the first

**GANDHI**

You'll find there's room for us both.

youth

And he steps around him, Charlie trailing, as the first  
stares at them sullenly.

As they stride on, Charlie glancing back --

**CHARLIE**

(relieved)  
That was lucky.

**GANDHI**

I thought you were a man of God.

**CHARLIE**

(wittily, but making  
his point)  
I am. But I'm not so egotistical as  
to think He plans His day around my  
dilemmas.

Gandhi laughs as they turn the corner.

**BUSY STREET - JOHANNESBURG - EXTERIOR - MORNING**

Charlie

A busy street in the center of the town. Gandhi and  
come around the corner into it.

**GANDHI**

...you could call it a "communal  
farm," I suppose. But we've all come  
to the same conclusion -- our Gita,  
the Muslim's Koran or your Bible --  
it's always the simple things that  
catch your breath -- "Love thy  
neighbor as thyself" --

(He smiles, thinking  
back at the youths.)  
not always practiced -- but it's  
something we Hindus could learn a  
lot from.

has

urgency, but

He has paused before an office and a young girl (Sonja)  
come from it to speak to him about something of  
she hovers, not interrupting.

**CHARLIE**

That's the sort of thing you'll be  
seeking on this "farm"...

**GANDHI**

(a smile)

Well, we shall try.

office  
them  
foreboding.

And now he turns to Sonja. Behind her we see the small  
"M.K. Gandhi/Attorney." Several clients waits, most of  
conspicuously poor. Sonja's tone is loaded with

**SONJA**

They're going to change the pass  
laws.

Gandhi absorbs the news stiffly.

**SMUTS'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

document.  
A strong masculine hand scrawls a signature across a

**SMUTS'S VOICE-OVER**

It's taken time, but it needed to be  
done fairly. We didn't want to create  
an injustice simply because Mr. Gandhi  
was abusing our existing legislation.

Beneath the signature we see the boldly printed  
identification: Jan Christian Smuts.

**SECOND VOICE**

Just one second, sir, please.

flash  
office,  
removes

Another angle. A cameraman records the moment with a  
photo. General Smuts, whose presence is equal to his  
addresses someone out of shot as a male secretary  
the document.

**SMUTS**

But on a short trip, I wouldn't spend  
too much time on the Indian question,  
Mr. Walker. It's a tiny factor in  
South African life.

much

The reporter who stands opposite him is Walker, much,

at the younger, almost boyish compared to the way we saw him funeral.

**WALKER**

(a helpless shrug)  
It's news at the moment. I will certainly report on your mines and the economy -- but I would like to meet this Mr. Gandhi.

Smuts has risen. He knows how to concede with grace.

**SMUTS**

Of course. We Westerners have a weakness for these -- these spiritually inclined men of India. But as an old lawyer, let me warn you, Mr. Gandhi is as shrewd a man as you will ever meet, however "otherworldly" he may seem. But I'm sure you're enough of a reporter to see that.

The gaze is firm, strong, cynical...

**TENT - THE FARM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

where The sides are half up, but it is dusty and hot. This is stacks of the magazine Indian Opinion is printed and we see running it lying around. A short Westerner (Albert West) is a the simple printing press which is powered by a crude generator. A small staff helping him. A Sikh, a Muslim, couple of Hindus, two young boys. river, Gandhi and Walker are approaching the tent from the Gandhi discoursing earnestly.

**GANDHI**

...so it's not "spiritualism" or "nationalism" -- we're not against anything but the idea that people can't live together.

gestures They've reached the entrance to the tent, and he in.

**GANDHI**

You see -- Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs,  
Jews -- even Christians.

Andrews,  
old  
over  
This last remark has been directed toward Charlie  
who sits near them at a cluttered table, typing on an  
typewriter. He waves, and Gandhi shouts out to them all  
the putt-putt of the generator:

**GANDHI**

Mr. Walker! Of The New York Times!

and  
some  
watches  
They nod. One of the Hindus bows with his hands clasped  
together. Gandhi hands Walker a copy of Indian Opinion  
they start across the relatively barren field toward  
other tents, Walker glancing at the paper. Gandhi  
him, grinning.

**GANDHI**

Without a paper -- a journal of some  
kind -- you cannot unite a community.  
(A teasing smile.)  
You belong to a very important  
profession.

**WALKER**

Hm. And what should an "important  
professional" write about your  
response to General Smuts's new  
legislation?

**GANDHI**

I don't know... I'm still searching  
for a "response."

**WALKER**

(a leading question)  
You will respect the law.

**GANDHI**

(a beat)  
There are unjust laws -- as there  
are unjust men.

rest  
little

This carries a weight and apprehension that none of the  
of the conversation has. Walker measures Gandhi with a  
surprise.

**WALKER**

You're a very small minority to take  
on the Government -- and the Empire.

Gandhi seems trapped by an ineluctable fact.

**GANDHI**

If you are a minority of one, the  
truth is the truth.

Walker  
building is  
above  
level.  
him,

Reluctant as it is, it too carries commitment and  
senses it. But they have come by a site where a  
being erected, and a European (Kallenbach) is perched  
a doorway on the half-completed structure, getting a  
Some Indians are working below him. Gandhi turns to  
light-hearted again.

**GANDHI**

This is Mr. Kallenbach. He is our  
chief carpenter -- and also our chief  
benefactor. He has made this  
experiment possible.

his  
of  
We

Walker waves his notebook at him and Kallenbach lifts  
level in greeting. On his bronzed chest there is a Star  
David. Walker looks around, grinning, shaking his head.  
see two women in saris trying to quell some squabbling  
children in the background.

**WALKER**

Well, it's quite a place, your  
"ashram" -- is that right?

**GANDHI**

That's right. The word only means  
"community." But it could stand for  
"village"... or the world.

Walker looks at him appraisingly.

**WALKER**

You're an ambitious man.

**GANDHI**

(uncertainly)

I hope not.

half-  
still  
Walker's  
the  
cleaning a

A moment of embarrassed doubt, then he starts toward a finished building -- wooden sides, door, but canvas covering the roof. It has an awning spread before it. Walker's carriage is tethered nearby, a Black driver standing in the sun, waiting. In the background we see two women cleaning a latrine. Walker glances at the latrine.

**WALKER**

They tell me you also take your turn at peeling potatoes and cleaning the "outhouse" -- is that part of the experiment?

the  
is  
She  
speaking or

As we have approached we see a table set for tea under awning. There are two places. Having set the places, Ba walking along the side of the building, away from them. She glances at Gandhi tautly and deliberately avoids acknowledging him.

**GANDHI**

(a little surprised,  
a little annoyed)

Ba -- we will need another place set for Mr. Walker's driver.

Ba looks at him coldly.

**BA**

I will tell Sora.

he

She turns back and walks into the building by the rear entrance. Gandhi is disconcerted by her attitude, but tries to answer Walker.

**GANDHI**

It's one way to learn that each man's  
labor is as important as another's.  
In fact when you're doing it,  
"cleaning the outhouse" seems far  
more important than the law.

calls  
A grin -- but forced. When a girl (Sora) comes from the  
building bringing another cup and place setting, Gandhi  
to the driver.

**GANDHI**

Please come and join us -- you'll  
need something before your journey  
back.

(He nods to Walker.)

Excuse me a moment.

source  
And he goes into the building, determined to find the  
of Ba's aloofness.

**GANDHI'S HUT - INTERIOR - DAY**

entrance to  
is  
of her  
aware  
suppressed  
Ba is sitting sullenly on a carpet near the rear  
the building. She does not look up at Gandhi, but she  
aware of his presence. He crosses and stands in front  
with all the irritation of a husband. It is hushed,  
that Walker might overhear them, but bristling with  
anger.

**GANDHI**

What is it?

Now Ba looks at him hostilely.

**BA**

Sora was sent to tell me I -- I must  
rake and cover the latrine.

**GANDHI**

Everyone takes his turn.

**BA**

It is the work of untouchables.



**GANDHI**

In this place there are no  
untouchables -- and no work is beneath  
any of us!

**BA**

(she looks up at him)  
I am your wife.

**GANDHI**

All the more reason.

He holds her gaze as angrily as she holds his.

**BA**

(finally, scornfully)  
As you command.

As she starts to rise he grabs her arm, but she pulls  
free.

**BA**

The others may follow you -- but you  
forget, I knew you when you were a  
boy!

She says it derisively and it stings, but Gandhi is  
aware of  
Walker and he fights to hold his temper.

**GANDHI**

It's not me. It's the principle. And  
you will do it with joy or not do it  
at all!

Ba settles back defiantly.

**BA**

Not at all then...

For a moment Gandhi stares at her, and she back at him,  
resentfully. He suddenly reaches down and grabs her  
arm,  
pulling her roughly to her feet.

**GANDHI**

All right, go! You don't belong here!  
Go! Leave the ashram! Get out  
altogether! We don't want you!

rear  
against

It is hushed but violent as he pulls her toward the door, opening it to push her out as she struggles him.

**BA**

Stop it! Stop it! What are you doing!?

For a  
their

She lurches free of his grip, glaring at him angrily. moment they both stare at each other, shattered by violence.

**BA**

(bitterly)

Have you no shame? I'm your wife...

(Like lead)

Where do you expect me to go?

into  
holding  
and  
moves

Gandhi stares at her breathlessly, his temper subsiding a dazed remorse. He sinks numbly to a stool, sitting, his head in his hands. Ba studies him for a moment -- she sighs, her temper and breathing subsiding too. She and kneels before him.

**GANDHI**

What is the matter with me...?

the

A moment, then she soothes the top of his head -- like mother-wife she is.

**BA**

(a beat)

You are human -- only human.

Gandhi looks up at her, blankly, abjectly.

**BA**

And it is even harder for those of us who do not even want to be as good as you do.

back,

And Gandhi grins weakly. Ba catches it and sends it

putting  
their  
heads are touching.

warmer, less complicated by doubts. Gandhi sighs,  
his arms around her and she leans into him so that

**GANDHI**

I apologize...

Ba mutters "Hm" and holds him a little firmer. A  
moment.

**GANDHI**

I must go back to that reporter.

Ba nods.

**BA**

...And I must rake and cover the  
latrine.

looks  
eyes.

Gandhi holds her back so that he can look at her. She  
at him evenly -- no smile, but the warmth still in her

**IMPERIAL THEATER - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

are  
with  
Parsee,  
-

The theater is packed. The front rows near the stage  
held by rich Muslim merchants, the back of the stalls  
small traders, peddlers, artisans -- Muslim, Hindu,  
Sikh. The gallery is bulging with indentured laborers -  
largely Hindu. The mood is restless, belligerent.

hand  
more  
Herman  
Gandhi  
from  
European  
row.

On the stage. Gandhi moves forward and he holds up his  
for silence. Seated on the stage are Khan, Singh, three  
leaders of the Indian community. Charlie Andrews and  
Kallenbach sit at the very end of the line of chairs.  
looks around the audience and we see the packed house  
his point of view, ending with two plainclothes  
policemen conspicuous in seats at the end of the front

A uniformed policeman stands near them.

**GANDHI**

(to the house)

I want to welcome you all!

subsides  
his

A buzz, then applause -- loud and defiant. When is Gandhi looks down at the plainclothes policemen, fixing gaze on them.

**GANDHI**

Every one of you.

(Then, still at them)

We -- have -- no -- secrets.

policemen  
rhetoric.

And again the audience bursts into applause. The just sit like stone -- confident, sure, immune to

**GANDHI**

Let us begin by being clear about General Smuts's new law. All Indians must now be fingerprinted -- like criminals. Men and women.

(A rising, angry response; Gandhi just waits.)

No marriage other than a Christian marriage is considered valid. Under this Act our wives and mothers are whores... And every man here a bastard.

and  
stare  
Gandhi.

In the gallery a rhythmic pounding signals the anger protest and is taken up around the hall. The police imperturbably. Khan leans towards Singh, nodding to

**KHAN**

He's become quite good at this.

hand,

Singh smiles at the understatement. Gandhi holds up his silencing the hall.

**GANDHI**

And a policeman passing an Indian

dwelling -- I will not call them  
homes -- may enter and demand the  
card or any Indian woman whose  
dwelling it is.

**A VOICE**

God damn them!

Gandhi just waits.

**GANDHI**

Understand! He does not have to stand  
at the door -- he may enter.

rises  
Now a violent response -- a large, powerful merchant  
in the third row.

**MERCHANT**

I swear to Allah I will kill the man  
who offers that insult to my home  
and my wife!

(A guttural cheer; he  
glares at the police.)

And let them hang me!

near  
young  
men.  
Another cheer. When it subsides, Tyeb Mohammed rises  
the back, where he is seated with a number of other  
men.

**TYEB MOHAMMED**

I say talk means nothing. Kill a few  
officials before they disgrace one  
Indian woman -- then they might think  
twice about such laws!

a  
The police half rise to look back at him, but there is  
smattering of applause and several stand to look back.

**TYEB MOHAMMED'S FRIEND**

In that cause, I would be willing to  
die!

And now there is general applause. Gandhi waits, then

**GANDHI**

I praise such courage. I need such  
courage -- because in this cause, I  
too am prepared to die...

(A response; he looks  
at Tyeb Mohammed)  
But, my friend, there is no cause  
for which I am prepared to kill.

they He looks at the audience. This is the more sober Gandhi  
have come to know.

**GANDHI**

I have asked you here tonight because  
despite all their troops and police,  
I think there is a way to defeat  
this law. Whatever they do to us we  
will attack no one, kill no one...  
But we will not  
(the climatic point)  
give our fingerprints -- not one of  
us.

There He looks down at the police, making the point stick.  
is a tentative reaction from the audience, but  
uncertain.

**GANDHI**

They will imprison us, they will  
fine us. They will seize our  
possessions. But they cannot take  
away our self-respect if we do not  
give it to them.

**VOICE FROM THE GALLERY**

Have you been to prison? They'll  
beat us and torture us! I say --

**GANDHI**

I am asking you to fight -- !  
(It catches the  
audience a little,  
holds them.)  
To fight against their anger -- not  
to provoke it!

He has their attention now.

**GANDHI**

We will not strike a blow -- but we  
will receive them. And through our  
pain we will make them see their  
injustice  
(quickly)

and it will hurt, as all fighting hurts!

(Utter silence.)

...But we cannot lose. We cannot.

(He looks down at the police.)

Because they may torture my body, may break my bones, even kill me...

(Up to the house)

They will then have my dead body -- not my obedience.

mature, And now he gets the response he has wanted. Firm, determined. Gandhi holds up his hand.

**GANDHI**

We are Hindu and Muslim -- children of God, each of us. Let us take a solemn oath in His name that -- come what may -- we will not submit to this law.

stands, He looks at the audience. A second, then a merchant  
Mohammed signifying his pledge. And then another. Then Tyeb  
they and the youths about him. Then all over the theater  
standing. begin to stand and on the stage until everyone is  
theater -- It is all done is silence. Gandhi looks at the full  
all standing. He takes a step forward.

**GANDHI**

(a coarse singing)

God save our gracious King... Long live our

(the audience takes it up)

...noble King.

(And their voices

fill the auditorium)

God save the King!!

slam, A prison door slams: we are close on one face, another  
marching another face, and again and again in the rhythm of  
feet...

**MINE AREA - EXTERIOR - DAY**

procession  
complex --  
city.

Gandhi, Singh and Tyeb Mohammed are leading a large  
of Indian mine workers along a dirt road from a mining  
sheds, elevator platforms, pulleys -- toward a distant

the  
ahead.

We see crude, handworked banners: "We are Citizens of  
Empire," "Justice for All," "One King -- One Law"...  
Tyeb Mohammed suddenly touches Gandhi's arm and nods

(circa  
buildings

Their point of view. A canvas-topped open touring car  
1910) pulls out from a turning between two factory  
and comes towards them.

ranks as  
policemen

Resume Gandhi. There is a little hesitation in the  
the car approaches. In it we can see two uniformed  
and a civilian.

right

The car swings across the center of the road and stops  
in front of Gandhi.

**CIVILIAN**

These men are contracted laborers.  
They belong in the mines.

**GANDHI**

You have put their comrades in jail.  
When you free them they will go back  
to work.

The civilian smiles slowly. He looks from Gandhi to the  
miners.

**CIVILIAN**

I've warned you.

**GANDHI**

We have warned each other.

derisively,

The civilian looks at him sharply, then smiles



and  
evident

signaling the car off. As it pulls away, Tyeb Mohammed  
Singh come up to Gandhi, both made wary by the man's  
satisfaction with what has transpired.

**SINGH**

I don't think that is very good.

turns

Gandhi watches the disappearing car worriedly, then  
and signals the miners on. They start forward.

police  
procession.

Their point of view. The car rides on past the factory  
building out of which it turned, and suddenly mounted  
come swinging out from the buildings and face the

they  
labored.

Tracking back before Gandhi, Singh and Tyeb Mohammed as  
move forward, fear suddenly making their pace more

Tracking back before the mounted police.

**SERGEANT**

At the canter -- for-ward!

up his  
defiance.  
mounted

They come on fast, batons at the ready. Gandhi screws  
courage, marching on. Tyeb Mohammed sets his jaw in  
Singh forces himself along at Gandhi's side. The  
police riding on, batons at the ready.

the  
blunt

Featuring an Indian miner. He is in the front rank of  
procession, watching the horses approach. He has a  
farmer's face.

**MINER**

(half to Gandhi)

We should lie down -- the horses  
won't tramp on us.

(Then shouting out)

Down! Down! Everyone lie down!

by

He starts to go down, and others around him, convinced

the authority of his voice.

of the The sense of the idea seizes Gandhi, and as the sound galloping horses nears, he turns and shouts too.

**GANDHI**

Lie down! Lie down!

shielding And the miners begin to go down, some face up, their faces with their hands, some burying their faces in the earth and covering their heads with their hands.

arrive Close fast traveling, the sergeant's point of view. We at the prone miners.

Close on Gandhi, his arms crossed in front of his face, staring up, frightened, but determined to bear it.

gallop Wide angle. The horses cannot bring themselves to over the human carpet; they rear, plunge, swerve.

through knowledge Close shot -- miner who shouted "down." He is peering his crossed hands, a tight smile of satisfaction at confirmed. He turns to see:

scrambles hear The sergeant thrown off his horse. He lands heavily, up, furious, darts after it. Mounting, he is enraged to laughter.

kneeling, Close shot. Singh and the miner who shouted "Down" grinning at the chaos.

**MINER**

The horses have more mercy than the men.

sergeant Singh smiles, but suddenly looks up fearfully. The looms over them.

**SERGEANT**

You're right!

swings  
their  
"Jackal!"  
he can

And without taking his booted foot from the stirrup he  
it into the miner's face. The man goes down, bleeding.  
An angry roar from the miners. Several stand and shake  
fists. "Bastard!," "God damn you, Englishman!,"  
The wounded miner himself starts to stagger up.  
The sergeant sweeps them, his eyes glittering -- this  
deal with. But --

**GANDHI**

Lie down! Lie down!

carries  
go  
at

It is a command, and angry in its own way, but it  
all the weight of his influence on them. They begin to  
down again and the sergeant wheels his horse and rides  
Gandhi.

first  
the  
swerves

With deliberate, almost fatalistic pace, Gandhi goes  
to his knees and then sprawls down flat, his hands over  
top of his head, awaiting the blow of the horse's hoof.  
Close shot, the horse's head, its eyes rolling as it  
again.

unable

Close shot, the sergeant controlling it, cursing, but  
to make it plunge down on the man.

sprawled  
them,

Full shot, the sergeant wheeling his horse, angrily --  
surveying the whole of the procession as they lie  
on the ground, his mounted police circling in front of  
not knowing what to do.

**SERGEANT**

Follow me!

He turns his horse angrily and gallops back toward the  
factories.

returned in  
Gandhi, Singh and Tyeb Mohammed are looking off at the  
retreating horses. The car with the civilian has  
the distance.

smile,  
rubbing at  
praise.  
Gandhi looks at the miner who first shouted "Down" -- a  
a nod of recognition and thanks. The miner grins,  
the blood on his face, shrugging off Gandhi's implied

with  
across  
Featuring the police. The sergeant wheels by the car  
the civilian; his police turn their horses, lining up  
the road again.

once  
King! One  
Their point of view. Gandhi and the miners coming on  
more, chanting forcefully. "One King! One Law! One  
Law!"

**SERGEANT**

What the hell are we supposed to do  
now?

**CIVILIAN**

(watching the  
procession narrowly)  
Let them march... In our own sweet  
time, in our own sweet way -- we'll  
get them.

**SMALL CHURCH - SOUTH AFRICA - INTERIOR - DAY**

We are close on Charlie Andrews.

**CHARLIE**

Some of you may be rejoicing that  
Mr. Gandhi has at last been put into  
prison.

assent  
use of  
The congregation is listening to him stiffly,  
unsympathetically, and there is more than one murmur of  
at his words. The clergyman who has given Charlie the  
his pulpit sits beneath it, embarrassed, but sticking  
resolutely to his decision to give Charlie a hearing.

**CHARLIE**

But I would ask you -- assembled here in this house of God -- to recognize that we are witnessing something new, something so unexpected, so unusual that it is not surprising the Government is at a loss. What Mr. Gandhi has forced us to do is ask questions about ourselves.

their  
A few men in the congregation rise and pointedly escort families from the church. Charlie struggles on.

**CHARLIE**

As Christians, those are difficult questions to answer. How do we treat men who defy an unjust law -- men who will not fight, but will not comply?

church...  
More of the congregation rise and march from the though a few pointedly do not.

**PRISON YARD - EXTERIOR - DAY**

for  
prisoners,  
Small, packed. Gandhi is threading his way in a line soup. But it is a line that winds through masses of some with bowls, eating, some not yet in the line.

of  
bandage  
Gandhi --  
As Gandhi near the two stone blocks that hold the large barrels of soup, he sees that Khan is serving from one them. He too wears a prison uniform and there is a on his head. When he turns and reacts to the sight of

**GANDHI**

They're sparing no one, I see.

**KHAN**

No. You were the surprise. It's been all over the prison. We thought they'd be too afraid of the English press.

**GANDHI**

So did I.

He takes his soup from Khan.

**KHAN**

(acidly)

Don't worry about the meat -- it's  
Hindu

(referring to the  
soup)

-- there's not a trace.

paddy

shakes his

Gandhi smiles, but they turn as the gate opens and a  
wagon is backed into the press of prisoners. Khan  
head.

**KHAN**

I don't know who they've left out  
there to do the work. There can't be  
one mine left open. Have they touched  
the women?

**GANDHI**

My wife publicly defied the law.  
They've arrested her and four others.

**KHAN**

(angrily)

The fools!

(He spills some soup.)

Sorry...

**GANDHI**

It's split the Government.

**KHAN**

Well, that's one victory.

bandages,

Gandhi looks around the crowded yard at the soiled  
the defiant, determined faces.

**GANDHI**

If we hold firm, it won't be the  
last.

**KHAN**

Don't worry -- I've never seen men  
so determined. You've given them a  
way to fight... And I don't think --

four He is distracted by a phalanx of guards (an officer and men) pushing their way through the prisoners.

**PRISON OFFICER**

Gandhi! I want Gandhi! Which sammy is it?

their The prisoners are moving back from them resentfully but fall glances reveal who Gandhi is. The prison officer's eyes on him.

**CITY STREET - JOHANNESBURG - EXTERIOR - DAY**

being A side street, but active. Gandhi -- now manacled -- is stop marched down the pavement before two guards. The prison the officer strides in front of them. People in the street him and turn, staring. That part of Gandhi that is still dandy is discomfited, but there is a growing part of that defies appearances.

imposing Featuring a doorway. It is the side door of a large procession building. The prison officer leads his little reaches toward it. He knocks and the door opens. The tall civil servant has been waiting for them. The prison officer forward and undoes Gandhi's manacles.

**GOVERNMENT BUILDING - INTERIOR - DAY**

his The tall civil servant, moving with aloof distaste for followed assignment, walks ahead of Gandhi, who in turn is that by one of the prison guards, toward a grand staircase the is at right angles to them (i.e. facing the front of Gandhi building). People working in offices pause to stare at prison as he moves along, more uncomfortably aware of his garb than ever.

starts  
everyone's  
stairway. He  
the  
the

The grand staircase. The tall civil servant turns and  
up the staircase. Gandhi is even more exposed to  
surveillance on the wide, white expanse of the  
hesitates, looking around in discomfort, then follows  
tall civil servant on toward the large, white doors at  
top of the staircase.

**SMUTS'S ANTEROOM - INTERIOR - DAY**

indicates  
and  
knock  
gestures

The tall white doors open, the tall civil servant  
that Gandhi enter. Gandhi passes two male secretaries,  
the tall civil servant scoots decorously around him to  
once on the inner doors. Then he pushes them open and  
Gandhi in.

**SMUTS'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

now  
Smuts

We have seen it before when Walker spoke to Smuts, but  
we see its full breadth -- and the imposing figure  
makes as he stands behind the grand desk.

**SMUTS**

Ah, Mr. Gandhi. I thought we might  
have a little talk.

the

He nods to the tall civil servant, who bows and closes  
door. Smuts crosses the room toward a small cabinet.

**SMUTS**

Will you have a glass of sherry?

**GANDHI**

Thank you. No.

tone

Smuts looks at Gandhi, a little surprised at the frigid  
of that refusal.

**SMUTS**



Perhaps some tea?

**GANDHI**

(a shake of the head)  
I dined at the prison.

**SMUTS**

Ahh.

his  
opportunity  
gestures

He appraises Gandhi, measuring the irony of his words, determination. Then with a little sigh at the lost he replaces the stopper on the sherry, turns and Gandhi on into the room.

**SMUTS**

Please -- please do come and sit down. It's prison I wanted to talk to you about.

goes  
a  
headline  
Africa/Mines  
Non-  
passing

He has indicated a chair near his desk, but as Gandhi forward he pauses by a spread of papers from England on a long table near the middle of the room. We see one in close shot: "Thousands Imprisoned in South Africa/Mines Close. Crops Unharvested," a subhead, "Gandhi Leads Violent Campaign." He looks at Smuts. Smuts smiles, a nod at the papers.

**SMUTS**

Mr. Gandhi, I've more or less decided to ask the House to repeal the Act that you have taken such "exception" to.

**GANDHI**

(a beat)  
Well, if you ask, General Smuts, I'm sure it will be done.

Smuts smiles.

**SMUTS**

Hm. Of course it is not quite that simple.

**GANDHI**

Somehow I expected not.

has  
absolutely  
to

A wry smile, and he sits on the edge of the chair Smuts directed him to. Smuts measures him again, not certain how to deal with him. A pause, and he affects to take Gandhi's irony at face value.

**SMUTS**

I'm glad to hear you say that...  
very glad. You see if we repeal the  
Act under pressure  
    (a nod at the papers  
    again)  
under this kind of pressure it will  
create a great deal of resentment.  
Can you understand that?

**GANDHI**

Very well.

principle.

And Gandhi does understand it -- as a guiding  
Never humiliate your enemy. And his tone conveys it.

**SMUTS**

(a bit surprised)  
Good. Good.  
(The bland politician:  
the compromise.)  
I have thought of calling for a Royal  
Commission to "investigate" the new  
legislation.  
(He gestures, implying  
they'll do what  
they're told.)  
I think I could guarantee they would  
recommend the Act be repealed.

**GANDHI**

(waiting for the catch)  
I congratulate them.

"tough"

Smuts does a slight double take, a smile, then the  
politician.

**SMUTS**

But they might also recommend that future Indian immigration be severely restricted -- even stopped.

some He measures Gandhi challengingly, obviously expecting contest. Gandhi mulls it, then

**GANDHI**

Immigration was not an issue on which we fought. It would be wrong of us to make it one now that we -- we are in a position of advantage.

Smuts stares at him... a moment, then

**SMUTS**

You're an extraordinary man.

**GANDHI**

(his grin; he brushes at his prison garb)  
I assure you I feel a very ordinary man at this moment.

signs a And now Smuts smiles with him. He bends suddenly and group of documents.

**SMUTS**

I'm ordering the release of all prisoners within the next twenty-four hours. You yourself are free from this moment.

change in Gandhi's Gandhi stands, a little uncertain about the sudden his status. Smuts signs the last document, then sees doubt -- and misreads it.

**SMUTS**

Assuming we are in agreement?

**GANDHI**

Yes -- yes. It's just that... in these clothes I'd -- I'd prefer to go by taxi.

**SMUTS**

(confused by his hesitation)

All right. Fine.

**GANDHI**

I'm -- I'm afraid I have no money.

**SMUTS**

Oh!

(He quickly feels in  
his waistcoat pockets --  
and realizes he has  
no money!)

Neither have I.

(He reaches forth and  
touches a buzzer.)

I'm awfully sorry.

The tall civil servant (Daniels) enters.

**SMUTS**

Daniels, would you lend Mr. Gandhi a  
shilling for a taxi?

Daniel stares.

**DANIELS**

I beg your pardon, sir?

**SMUTS**

(a second thought)

How far will you be going, Mr. Gandhi?

**GANDHI**

(a mischievous smile)

Well -- now that this is settled --  
I had thought seriously of going  
back to India

(he faces the startled

Daniel)

but a shilling will do splendidly  
for the moment.

and Still a little confused, Daniels reaches in his pocket  
produces a shilling. He hands it to Gandhi.

**GANDHI**

Thank you.

(To Smuts)

Thank you both for a very enlightening  
experience.

immediately He bows slightly and starts out the door. Daniels starts to accompany him, but Gandhi stops. A beat.

**GANDHI**

(ice)

I'm obliged, Mr. Daniels, but I will find my own way out.

just And his own steel shows in the oblique reference to the grand ignominy of his way in. Daniel bows, and he and Smuts stare as the uniformed "prisoner" goes out through the doors, past the stunned men in the office to the outer doors and on to the grand staircase. The prison guard appears in the doorway, looking off in confusion at Gandhi, then back at the office for guidance. Daniels simply shakes his head "Let him be."

Daniels Finally, when Gandhi has disappeared down the stairs, turns to Smuts.

**SMUTS**

(a shake of the head)

He's either a great man or a colossal fraud... Either way, I shall be glad to see the last of him.

**THE PIER AT BOMBAY - EXTERIOR - DAY**

pier, Ship's siren, military band... a jubilant crowd on the First passengers waving to the receiving crowd. A group of from the Class passengers, ninety percent English, look down upper deck.

the From their point of view. We see the main section of pier, a crowd of mostly European civilians on one side. A mass of military on the other: European officers, topees and swagger sticks, Indian cavalry, Gurkha infantry, Sikh lanoers --

showy turbans, rifles, bugles, an Indian military band -- a  
awe-inspiring display.

suits, Featuring two Englishmen. First Class passengers, white  
older, Oxbridge accents; one quite young, the other a bit  
both civil servants coming to "administer" India.

**YOUNG ENGLISHMAN**

By God, he loves it...

the Their point of view. A British general is coming down  
commanding and gangplank accompanied by his ADC. The officer  
the Guard of Honor await him.

**SECOND ENGLISHMAN**

I'm sure he hates it.

General The young Englishman glances at him quizzically. The  
the has taken the salute and moves to inspect the troops to  
accompaniment of the military band.

**SECOND ENGLISHMAN**

Generals' reputations are being made  
in France today, fighting on the  
Western Front. Not as Military  
Governors in India.

listening He is suddenly aware of a well-dressed Indian half-  
dressed to their conversation. He glances at him and the well-  
second Indian simply nods slightly and moves off a little. The  
down Englishman grimaces at the young Englishman and looks  
again.

**SECOND ENGLISHMAN**

What the devil's going on back there?

aft He is looking aft. His point of view.

Another far less elaborate gangplank extends from the

disembarking  
rest  
excitedly  
see

section of the ship. Third Class passengers are here, and on shore, separated by a wire fence from the of the pier. A large crowd of Indians is reacting to someone coming down the gangplank but we can't yet see that person.

Indian

The young Englishman glances back at the well-dressed to make sure of his distance, then speaks quietly.

**YOUNG ENGLISHMAN**

It must be that Indian that made all that fuss back in Africa. My cabin boy told me he was on board.

**SECOND ENGLISHMAN**

Why haven't we seen him?  
(Finding the name)  
Gandhi?

**YOUNG ENGLISHMAN**

Yes. That's it. He was traveling Third Class. There he is.

Their point of view.

but now  
and  
people  
Andrews.  
he has  
top.

There has been a little hiatus in those disembarking Gandhi has appeared, coming down the gangplank with Ba the children (grown-up sons now), and three or four behind them, including the tall figure of Charlie But Gandhi is wearing an Indian tunic and sandals and shaved his hair except for a central section on the

**SECOND ENGLISHMAN'S VOICE-OVER**

God -- he's dressed like a coolie! I thought he was a lawyer.

well-

The young Englishman glances back cautiously toward the dressed Indian again, then

**YOUNG ENGLISHMAN**

After he came out of jail he refused to wear European clothes.

**THE PIER - THIRD CLASS AREA - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Gandhi is smiling, trying to move on, but answering the questions of an Indian journalist.

**GANDHI**

No, no, I haven't "refused"... I -- I simply wanted to dress the way my comrades in prison dressed.

had  
reception.

He speaks with an uncertainty and tentativeness that he lost in South Africa, patently overwhelmed by the

An English journalist catches him as he turns.

**ENGLISH JOURNALIST**

Will you support the war effort, Mr. Gandhi?

An exuberant woman puts a garland over his shoulders.

**GANDHI**

I -- I have demanded rights as a British citizen, it is therefore my duty to help in the defense of the British Empire.

face

He smiles uncertainly again. As he turns he is face to with an American reporter.

**AMERICAN REPORTER**

What are you going to do now that you're back in India?

**GANDHI**

I don't know... I don't know...

An Indian reporter has cornered Ba behind him.

**SECOND INDIAN REPORTER**

As an Indian woman how could you accept the indignity of prison?

taken  
Another

Gandhi half-twists to hear Ba's answer, but his arm is by a young Indian (Nehru) in elegant European clothes.



garland is thrown over his shoulders.

**NEHRU**

Please, Mr. Gandhi.

Featuring Ba. Offhand, her eyes on Gandhi ahead.

**BA**

My dignity comes from following my husband.

around  
helps to  
She joins her hands, acknowledging a garland placed  
her shoulders, and pushes on after Gandhi. Charlie  
guide her.

all  
little  
PARTY  
Featuring Gandhi. The young Nehru, somewhat amused by  
the excitement, leads Gandhi through the crowd to a  
flower-covered platform. We see a banner: THE CONGRESS  
**WELCOMES GANDHI.**

**NEHRU**

(he too speaks with  
an Oxbridge accent)  
Just a few words -- then we'll get  
you to civilization.

platform.  
we  
troops  
He grins. He has guided Gandhi to the first step of the  
platform. Another garland is wrapped around Gandhi's  
shoulders, and in some embarrassment, he mounts the  
There is a great cheer, but in the silence that follows  
hear the military band from across the way as the  
prepare to march off. Gandhi looks around at the crowd.  
Finally he speaks out.

**GANDHI**

I -- I am glad to be home.  
(A little round of  
applause.)  
I -- I thank you for your greeting.

is a  
applause.  
He makes the pranam and starts for the steps. The crowd  
little disappointed, but they manage a cheer and

world-  
Nehru is standing next to a heavy-set, well-dressed man  
(Patel). They exchange a wry glance, "Not exactly a  
beater."

slammed  
A car door slams. The camera pulls back. Nehru has  
down.  
the door of a gleaming Rolls Royce touring car, the top  
Gandhi's  
He has seated Gandhi in it beside Patel, taking  
still  
knapsack. An Indian chauffeur rides in front. The crowd  
for  
surges around and Gandhi is looking apprehensively back  
Ba.

**NEHRU**

We'll follow with your wife -- don't  
worry, everything's arranged.

to  
He grins boyishly, in part to comfort, in part unable  
confusion.  
contain his amusement at Gandhi and his evident

**PATEL'S CAR - STREETS OF BOMBAY - EXTERIOR - DAY**

off.  
With Gandhi still looking back anxiously, the car pulls  
He finally turns to Patel.

**GANDHI**

Who is that young man?

**PATEL**

That's young Nehru. He's got his  
father's intellect, his mother's  
looks and the devil's charm. If they  
don't ruin him at Cambridge -- Wave!  
Wave! -- he may amount to something.

surprise  
There are crowds along the street, and Gandhi -- in  
too  
that they are for him -- waves tentatively. Patel waves  
but he eyes Gandhi rather critically.

**PATEL**

I must say when I first saw you as a  
bumbling lawyer here in Bombay I

never thought I'd be greeting you as  
a national hero.

**GANDHI**

I'm hardly that, Mr. Patel.

**PATEL**

Oh, yes, you are. It's been two  
hundred years since an Indian has  
cocked a snoot at the British Empire  
and got away with it. And stop calling  
me Mr. Patel, you're not a junior  
clerk anymore.

**GANDHI**

(a beat; still hesitant)

No.

lines  
see  
staring  
listless  
squatters'

They have come to a main thoroughfare. A crowd still  
the streets but it is thin and around and between we  
groups of desperate poor, parked on the pavement,  
with blank curiosity at the passing car, but too  
and too out of touch to move from their little  
patches.

Patel looks at Gandhi's clothes rather disapprovingly.

**PATEL**

The new Military Governor of the  
North West Province was on that ship.  
Too bad you came back Third Class --  
he might have been impressed by a  
successful barrister who had  
outmaneuvered General Smuts.

we  
wrapped in  
child

Gandhi is staring at the street. From his point of view  
hold on a gaunt young, aged woman holding a baby  
rags as threadbare as her sari. Another hollow-faced  
leans against her.

**GANDHI**

(leadenly)

Yes... I'm sure...

**PATEL'S GARDEN - EXTERIOR - DAY**

display,  
sari  
reception  
fine  
fountain,  
dignitaries  
South

A splendid peacock, its tail fanned in brilliant  
lords it on a velvet lawn. A woman in a sumptuous silk  
is trying to feed it crumbs. Behind her, Gandhi's  
is in full spate -- silver trays, tables covered in  
linen, Indian servants, a swimming pool, a small  
the grounds filled with Indian millionaires and  
gathered with their wives to meet the new hero from  
Africa.

stands

A beautiful and beautifully dressed woman (Mrs. Nehru)  
next to her distinguished husband (Motilal Nehru).

**MRS. NEHRU**

(wittily)

No, I leave practical matters to my  
husband and revolution to my son...

She nods lightly toward Nehru.

one  
flowing  
radical  
in

Featuring Nehru who is introducing Gandhi to two men,  
tall, slender, ascetic looking, but dressed impeccably  
(Jinnah). The other with a haunting face -- beard,  
dark hair, the air of a poet or a ruthlessly dedicated  
(Prakash -- whom we recognize from the opening sequence  
Delhi at Gandhi's assassination).

**NEHRU**

Mr. Jinnah, our joint host, member  
of Congress, and the leader of the  
Muslim League and Mr. Prakash, who I  
fear is awaiting trial for sedition  
and inducement to murder.

startled  
Gandhi.

Gandhi has bowed to Jinnah, now he looks a little  
at Prakash. Prakash grins and makes the pranam to

**PRAKASH**

I have not actually pulled a trigger, Mr. Gandhi, I have simply written that if an Englishman kills an Indian for disobeying his law, then it is an Indian's duty to kill an Englishman for enforcing his law in a land that is not his.

Gandhi nods...

**GANDHI**

It is a clever argument; I am not sure it will produce the end you desire.

have He meets Prakash's gaze firmly, the first moment we seen any sign of the Gandhi of South Africa.

**JINNAH**

(testingly)

We hope you intend to join us in the struggle for Home Rule, Mr. Gandhi.

**GANDHI**

(a pause)

I --

to Charlie Andrews touches Gandhi's arm, excusing himself the others.

**CHARLIE**

May I? Mohan -- I would like you to meet someone.

bishop Gandhi bows to the others and is led off to an Indian regaling a in full clerical robes. Behind him we see Patel small group with some story of court or society.

Indian As Gandhi leaves, Jinnah, Nehru and Prakash watch him clinically. Except for the servants, Gandhi is the only male not in European clothes.

**NEHRU**

He told the press he would support the British in the war.

**PRAKASH**

(acidly)  
That's non-violence for you.

**JINNAH**

Is he a fool?

Nehru grins slowly, thoughtfully.

**NEHRU**

I'm not certain... But I wouldn't be surprised.

We get a shot of Ba in a gathering of Indian women. She stands listening, seemingly tongue-tied in the sophisticated patter. And we cut to Charlie introducing Gandhi to a man in obvious ill health, but well dressed, looking like the professor, philosopher and elder statesman he is (Gokhale).

**CHARLIE**

I lied to you, Mohan, when I told you I decided to come to South Africa to meet you. Professor Gokhale sent me.

Gokhale is pleased, Gandhi amused. He bows very respectfully.

**GOKHALE**

We're trying to make a nation, Gandhi -- and the British keep trying to break us up into religions and principalities and "provinces." What you were writing in South Africa -- that's what we need here.

He has offered his hand during this, and Gandhi has helped him from the garden chair he has been seated on, handing him the cane that is resting against it.

**GANDHI**

(a smile)  
I have much to learn about India. And I have to begin my practice again -- one needs money to run a journal.

looking

Another grin. Gokhale has started to walk with him,  
at him intently, penetratingly.

**GOKHALE**

Nonsense.

(He turns to Charlie)

Go on, Charlie. This is Indian talk --  
we want none of you imperialists.

Charlie

It is brusque but affectionate; we know he regards  
as Gandhi does... and Charlie does too.

**CHARLIE**

(a mock threat)

All right -- I'll go and write my  
report to the Viceroy.

**GOKHALE**

Go and find a pretty Hindu woman and  
convert her to Christianity -- that's  
as much mischief as you're allowed.

He still hasn't smiled, but Gandhi and Charlie have.

**ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN**

along

This is private -- beautiful and still. Gandhi walks  
slowly, taking the pace of the ailing Gokhale.

**GOKHALE**

Forget your practice. India has many  
men with too much wealth -- it is  
their privilege to nourish the efforts  
of the few who can raise India from  
servitude and apathy. I will see to  
it -- you begin your journal.

**GANDHI**

I have little to say. India is an  
"alien" country to me.

He grins self-deprecatingly but Gokhale persists.

**GOKHALE**

Well, change that. Go and find India.  
Not what you see here, but the real  
India. You'll see what needs to be  
said. What we need to hear.

he He pauses and looks at Gandhi -- and for the first time smiles. When he speaks his voice is thick with feeling.

**GOKHALE**

When I saw you in that tunic I knew...  
I knew I could die in peace.  
(A dying man's command)  
Make India proud of herself.

Gandhi His eyes are watery with emotion, but he stares at rigidly.

**CUT TO:**

**TRAIN - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

Indian. Steam. A breed of its own.

**THIRD CLASS COACH - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

sleeps on Gandhi sits by a window in the dimly lit coach. Ba  
to the seat next to him, another member of the party next  
humanity her. Gandhi's solemn eyes are studying the huddled  
some in the rocking coach. People are sleeping everywhere,  
bundles half-erect on the benches, many on the floor among the  
children, and trunks and bedrolls and baskets. Some have  
stares some are very old. One old man, sleepless like Gandhi,  
mother. back at him across the shadowed squalor of the coach;  
somewhere unseen a crying baby is soothed by his

Andrews, Gandhi looks at the bench across from him. Charlie  
window his tall frame cramped in a tiny space between the  
then looks at Gandhi dozily, a little smile of sufferance,  
rocking he closes his eyes again, leaning his head against the  
window frame.

**NARROW STREET - A SMALL TOWN - EXTERIOR - DAY**



the  
the  
street. Ba  
bedecked  
around

Gandhi is carried along in a ceremonial chair borne on  
shoulders of some trotting men. The chair is swathed in  
flowers, and flowers are being showered on Gandhi by  
running children and the crowd lining the narrow  
and Charlie and two others are following in a flower-  
ox-cart, lost in the mass of people that are swirling  
Gandhi.

emotionlessly as  
and  
their

On a building top a British officer watches  
Gandhi and the crowd pass below him. On this building  
others we see some on his Indian soldiers watching with  
rifles beside them.

**INDIAN VILLAGES - EXTERIOR - DAY**

of  
women in  
distant

As from a train... but the shots are varied; some close  
farmers and water buffalo, and ragged children and  
colorful saris carrying pots on their heads, and some  
of villages as units, one and another and another.

**INTERCUT ALWAYS WITH:**

**TRAIN - INTERIOR - DAY**

looking out  
cramped  
of  
tries

Gandhi's face in the window, he and Ba standing,  
together, neither speaking. Gandhi writing in the  
chaos of the Third Class coaches. Gandhi sweeping part  
the carriage, making disgruntled passengers move as he  
to bring some cleanliness to their surroundings.

**RIVER VISTA - EXTERIOR - DAY**

purple  
train

A broad alluvial plain, the river threading through it,  
and gold in the rising sun. The camera races with the

the  
along the river's edge, the reflected sun glimmering on  
windows.

**RIVER BANK - EXTERIOR - DAY**

People  
the  
have come out of the coaches to cool their heads with  
touch of water, to stretch their legs.

We see an English clergyman from the Second Class  
coaches,  
some  
alight  
dipping a toe cautiously into the water, children of  
British enlisted soldiers wading, splashing, faces  
with fun.

English  
delicately  
smoking a  
his  
And, farther along, the parasols of one or two of the  
First Class passengers, a woman dousing her neck  
with perfume. A British officer, tunic unbuttoned,  
long cigar as he walks along in a few inches of water,  
trousers rolled up, his shoes off.

small  
washing  
on,  
Across the river down from the Third Class coaches a  
group of Indian women is squatted by the river's edge,  
clothes. Some carry infants on their backs. Some small  
children stand near them. Their ritual of washing goes  
but they are all watching the passengers of the train.

with a  
white  
eyes  
river.  
Gandhi stands with Ba and Charlie among the Third Class  
passengers. Ba cools her face with water. Charlie, his  
trousers rolled up, plays a tentative splashing game  
skinny little Indian boy. Gandhi is holding a large  
head cloth which he is soaking in the water, but his  
have been arrested by the sight of the women across the

view, the  
And now we see the women closely from his point of

and  
the  
hung on  
staring  
arm,

their  
Though  
scarred  
is  
met

moves  
from  
floats

sense  
moves  
hands  
Gandhi.  
reacting

her.  
manner  
almost

camera panning slowly along them. Their bodies are skin  
bone. The clothes they wear, which looked normal from  
distance, are rags -- literally, shredded rages, one  
another. The children are hollow-eyed and gaunt,  
listlessly at the train. One boy, with a stump for an  
aimlessly pushes at the flies that buzz around him.

Gandhi stands erect, lost now in the revelation of  
poverty. His eyes hold on one woman at the river bank.  
her frail face is almost skeletal, it is beautiful but  
by a severe rash down her cheek and neck. The cloth she  
washing is a shredded piece of muslin. Her eyes have  
Gandhi's as he watches her.

Gandhi stares for a moment, a long beat. Then he slowly  
his arm out into the water and, without taking his eyes  
her, releases the head cloth he has been rinsing. It  
along on the water down toward the woman.

She looks from Gandhi to it with sudden excitement, a  
of incredulity. As the cloth nears her, she rises and  
almost greedily out into the water to take it. Her  
snatch at it quickly. Then she stands, looking at  
The infant on her back shifts, its huge hollow eyes  
to the movement.

Gandhi smiles slowly, tilting his head just slightly to  
And now that she has possession of the cloth, her  
calms again. And she looks back at him, and her lips  
part with a tiny smile of thanks.

eyes... Hold Gandhi, staring at her, fighting the pain in his

**TRAIN - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

of a Threading like a lighted necklace across the darkness  
vast plain.

**TRAIN IN HILLS - EXTERIOR - DAY**

and Climbing green hills -- a totally different terrain --  
and again we intercut, this time the train climbing: a boy  
climbing; buffalo running a huge, crude grinding wheel, train  
farmers in terraced fields, train climbing faster and  
faster... until suddenly with a hoot of the whistle and  
the screech of brakes it stops!

**TRAIN - EXTERIOR - DAY**

coach. Gandhi is leaning out of a window in a Third Class  
have Ahead of him other passengers are looking too; some  
jumped down.

they Gandhi and Charlie jump down too. As they come clear  
has can see that a military train of an engine and two cars  
are been derailed ahead of them. A small troop of cavalry  
them. coming slowly along the line of Gandhi's train toward

leader Featuring the cavalry. They are British and their troop  
is viciously angry.

**TROOP LEADER**

Clear the way! Get out of the way!

threateningly at He is swinging his sword, not lethally, but  
the Indian passengers from the train. His British NCOs  
are  
passengers, equally angry and deliberately ride close to the

forcing them back against the train.

past we  
litters --  
each  
be

Gandhi and Charlie step back. And as the troop goes  
see from their point of view a group of Indian bearers,  
trotting in the middle of the horsemen, carrying two  
covered, each hanging by straps from a long pole -- and  
bearing a badly wounded British soldier; one appears to  
dead.

**OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

sense  
slowly.  
too. Ba  
deliberately

The shadow of a train moves slowly along the ground, a  
of tension and foreboding. We hear the engine chugging  
The camera lifts. Gandhi and Charlie stand at a window,  
staring out grimly. Other passengers are looking off  
is seated, staring straight ahead, her face taut,  
not seeing what the others are seeing.

**GALLOWS - EXTERIOR - DAY**

track  
thick  
gallows  
dhoti,

Their point of view: On a hill across from the railroad  
part of a prison wall is visible. In front of it a  
pole is straddled across two others. From this crude  
two Indian men hang by the neck. One is in turban and  
the other in a tunic. The sound of the train stopping.

**VILLAGE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

back  
before  
valley  
Indian  
before  
behind

Close shot. Incense rising in shot. The camera pulls  
and back. The incense is burning in a bowl sitting  
Gandhi on a make-shift platform set in the little  
between the train line and the little hill where the  
men have been hanged. A small crowd sits in a crescent  
him, Ba and Charlie are bent in prayer on the platform

gallows  
We  
the

him. When the camera comes to rest, the edge of the  
and a portion of one of the hanged men is in the frame.  
know we are looking from someone's point of view near  
prison wall.  
Finally, Gandhi lifts his head.

**GANDHI**

(at first distant, as  
from the hill)  
I ask you to pray for those who died.  
(Closer)  
For the English soldiers...  
(a murmur)  
who were doing what they thought was  
right.  
(Closer)  
And for the brave terrorists whose  
patriotism led them to do what was  
wrong.

this.

The murmur of resistance from the crowd is louder at  
Gandhi shakes his head at the dissent.

**GANDHI**

It is not my law, it is the law of  
creation. We reap what we sow. Out  
there in the fields -- and in our  
hearts. Violence sows hatred, and  
the will to revenge. In them. And in  
us.

He looks up.

**HILLSIDE - HIS POINT OF VIEW**

the  
his.  
down

The troop leader, on horseback, is on the hill beside  
gallows. The first view of Gandhi on the platform was  
Some of his troops are lined up beside him. He stares  
at Gandhi coldly.

**PATEL'S SWIMMING POOL - EXTERIOR - DAY**

large

Patel lounges in the water on his back, supported by a

swimming  
an  
one  
fountain of

air pillow. Nehru sits at the side of the pool in a  
suit, his feet dangling in the water. Jinnah sits under  
umbrella in an elegant white suit, being served tea by  
of three or four servants around. Patel spews a  
water.

**PATEL**

I agree with Jinnah. Now that the  
Americans are in, the war will end  
soon. The Germans are worn out as it  
is...

(he rolls over, facing  
Nehru)

and our first act should be to convene  
a Congress Party convention and demand  
independence.

Nehru takes an iced drunk from a servant.

**JINNAH**

And we must speak with one voice --  
united.

The others assent. Nehru shakes his head wistfully.

**PATEL**

(it reminds him)

Ah -- we should invite Gandhi. What  
the devil has happened to him anyway?

**NEHRU**

He's "discovering" India.

**JINNAH**

(cynically)

Which is a lot better than causing  
trouble where it matters. Invite him --  
let him say his piece about South  
Africa -- and then let him slip into  
oblivion.

**CUT TO:**

**TRAIN - EXTERIOR - DAY**

A fireman heaps coal into an engine's boiler.

which  
of  
wooden

The train passes camera to the Third Class section,  
seems besieged by humanity. People cling to the outside  
each door and many more are seated on the central  
planks on the roofs of the two coaches.

**THIRD CLASS COACH - EXTERIOR - DAY**

coach,  
immensely.  
has

Gandhi and Charlie are riding on the outside of the  
hanging on through the door, and both enjoying it  
Ba, inside the jammed coach, finds it very unfunny. She  
a grip on one of Gandhi's arms.

**BA**

(quietly, private)  
Please! You're being foolish!

**GANDHI**

There's no room! And the air is  
lovely.

She grimaces severely and tugs at him.

**CHARLIE**

No violence, please.

**GANDHI**

Let me hang on with two hands or I  
will fall.

of  
hand.

Featuring the roof. And Indian squats right on the edge  
the roof above Charlie. He is looking down, offering a

**INDIAN**

(over the sound of  
the engine)  
Englishman Sahib!

not

Charlie, who has been grinning, suddenly looks baffled,  
to say appalled.

**INDIAN**

Come! Come! There is room!



where  
counterforce

His hand still dangles in offering to the tall Charlie.  
Another angle. Two other Indians on the roof move to  
they can grip the first Indian's other arm, as  
to the weight of Charlie.

**FIRST INDIAN**

(to Charlie)

Place the foot on the window.

the  
window

Featuring Charlie. Hesitatingly, he grips the inside of  
window higher, and starts to swing one foot onto the  
ledge.

**GANDHI**

(amused, but  
disconcerted)

What are you doing?

**CHARLIE**

(grimly)

Going nearer to God!

above  
up.

Gandhi, baffled a second, sees the outstretched hand  
them, and in puckish complicity, helps boost Charlie

and he

Long shot. As Charlie reaches up, his hand is grasped  
starts to scramble and be pulled up to the roof.

Gandhi,  
suddenly

Featuring Gandhi and Ba. As Charlie's leg, assisted by  
starts to leave its lodging on the window ledge Ba  
turns, sees it, and grabs for it in alarm.

**BA**

Charlie! Be careful!!

train  
is

Close shot. Charlie. His face flat on the roof of the  
as his arm is still gripped by the Indian, but his leg  
being pulled from behind.

**CHARLIE**

(desperately)  
Mohan -- !!

hand  
Resume Gandhi and Ba. Gandhi quickly moves to free Ba's  
from Charlie's leg and almost loses his own grip.  
He grabs the window again.

**GANDHI**  
Let go! You'll kill him!

Ba is confused.

**GANDHI**  
Let go! Let go!

and Ba  
sure  
With one hand he pries at her grip. In the chaos of  
instructions others in the coach are helping Gandhi,  
senses she is doing something wrong, but is still not  
what. She lets go.

coach.  
Close shot. Charlie. A desperate sigh of relief.  
Long shot. Charlie is pulled on up to the top of the

from  
Featuring Charlie as he sits, puffing and recovering  
the fright.

**FIRST INDIAN**  
You see -- most comfortable.

tips  
desperately.  
Charlie nods grimly.  
Featuring Gandhi and Ba. Gandhi, smiling, goes on the  
of his toes to get a better view. Ba grabs him

**BA**  
Please, God, no!

clutched  
all  
Featuring Charlie. He looks around at the rest of the  
passengers on the roof, their bundles and baskets  
beside them. Their poverty is appalling, but they are  
smiling at him, a sense of gaiety made in part by his

must

Englishman's participation in their experience. They  
shout over the train.

**SECOND INDIAN**

(grinning)  
Are you Christian, Sahib?

**CHARLIE**

(nods)  
Yes, yes, I'm a Christian.

**SECOND INDIAN**

(proudly)  
I know a Christian.  
(Charlie acknowledges  
it politely.)  
She drinks blood.

Charlie stares at him in surprise.

**SECOND INDIAN**

(explaining -- obvious)  
The blood of Christ -- every Sunday!

understanding.

He is nodding, smiling, expecting Charlie's  
And Charlie gives it -- somewhat bleakly. Suddenly

**GANDHI'S VOICE**

(alarmed)  
Charlie!!

The Indians turn. Charlie turns.

**TRAIN AND TUNNEL - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Resume Charlie and the Indians.

**FIRST INDIAN**

It's all right, Sahib! Very safe --  
bend -- bend!

gets

All the Indians are crouching. Charlie closes his eyes  
ruefully -- he's had better ideas than this -- and he  
as flat as he can.

**TRAIN AND TUNNEL - EXTERIOR - DAY**

riding

The train, with passengers clinging to the sides and

sounding. on the top, steams into the tunnel, its whistle

**THE TUNNEL**

echoing. Black. A glimmer of light, through steam, the whistle

**INDIAN'S VOICE**

Pray to God, Sahib! Now is when it  
is best to be Hindu!

staring Close shot. Charlie. In a flash of steamy light,  
wide-eyed at the Indian.

Black, and sudden silence.

**AND WE DISSOLVE**

**THROUGH TO:**

**CONVENTION TENT - INTERIOR - DAY**

the High. Coming into focus is a lighted platform, and as  
and the scene becomes clearer we see figures on the platform  
hear the banner which reads INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS, and we  
emotional voice of Jinnah at the microphone.

**JINNAH**

(gradually fading in)

We were asked for toleration. We  
were asked for patience. Some gave  
it and some did not. Well, their war  
is over! And those of us who supported  
it, and those of us who refused must  
forget our differences!

in The camera has been moving in; now it jumps to Jinnah  
close shot and intercuts with the impact of his fervid  
delivery on the audience.

**JINNAH**

And there can be no excuses from the  
British now! India wants Home Rule!  
India demands Home Rule!!

crowded And the audience cheers him. Newspaper cameramen

from around the platform photograph him. Patel comes forward  
the back of the platform, clapping. He is chairing the  
the Congress. Jinnah bows, taking his notes, gesturing to  
the auditorium. A man made for the spotlight, a man loving  
spotlight.

Nehru At last he moves back to his place on the platform.  
him. clasps his hand in congratulation. Others crowd around  
Gandhi -- And fleetingly, just in the edge of picture, we see  
the end again, the only one in an Indian tunic -- sitting at  
the of the second row on the platform. He is just watching  
flood of enthusiasm for Jinnah.

the Featuring Patel approaching the microphone, stilling  
house with upraised hands.

**PATEL**

And let no one question that Mr.  
Jinnah speaks not just for the Muslims --  
but for all India!

coda. And again the audience cheers and applauds his little  
He raises his hands, stilling them again.

**PATEL**

And now I'm going to introduce to  
you a man whose writings we are all  
becoming familiar with... a man who  
stood high in the esteem of our  
beloved Professor Gokhale... a man  
whose accomplishment in South Africa  
will always be remembered. Mr.  
Mohandas Gandhi.

He is Gandhi has already started to come toward the podium.  
is greeted with mild applause, but already the convention  
Jinnah's performing like a convention now that the spell of  
podium, major speech has dissipated. As Gandhi reaches the

Patel gestures him to it.

**PATEL**

(politely)

Your journal has made a great impact.

Gandhi nods to him and acknowledges the residue of  
applause.

**GANDHI**

I am flattered by Mr. Patel

(His grin.)

I would be even more flattered if  
what he said were true.

He means about the journal.

Patel has wandered back toward the others, his mind  
already  
turns --  
on them. But he has half heard Gandhi's comment and  
a smile, a politician's flexibility --

**PATEL**

(loudly; he is away  
from the mike)

But it's true! I -- I read it...  
often.

Again Gandhi grins -- and takes glasses from his  
sleeve.  
This is the first time we have seen them. He has one  
slip of  
paper with notes on it which he has put on the podium.  
He  
puts his glasses on and faces the convention.

**GANDHI**

Since I returned from South Africa,  
I have traveled over much of India.  
And I know I could travel many more  
years and still only see a small  
part of it.

On the platform, the whispered politics go on. On the  
floor  
of the convention, some listen, some talk of other  
things.

**GANDHI**

...and yet already I know what we  
say here means nothing to the masses

of our country.

touches Nehru has turned, having caught that last remark. He  
Patel on the shoulder "Listen."

**GANDHI**

Here we make speeches for each other --  
and those English liberal magazines  
that may grant us a few lines.

floor of And now they are beginning to pay attention on the  
the hall too.

**GANDHI**

But the people of India are untouched.  
Their politics are confined to bread  
and salt.

Jinnah too is listening now -- aloofly, challengingly.

**GANDHI**

Illiterate they may be, but they are  
not blind. They see no reason to  
give their loyalty to rich and  
powerful men who simply want to take  
over the role of the British in the  
name of freedom.

but it There is dissent on the floor and on the platform --  
is muttered and English "polite." Gandhi goes on.

**GANDHI**

This Congress tells the world it  
represents India. My brothers, India  
is seven hundred thousand "villages"  
not a few hundred lawyers in Delhi  
and Bombay. Until we stand in the  
fields with the millions who toil  
each day under the hot sun, we will  
not represent India -- nor will we  
ever be able to challenge the British  
as one nation.

starts He takes off his glasses and folds them and in silence  
flashes a back toward his place on the platform. A cameraman  
here picture, and someone begins to applaud; it is taken up

in  
which we  
outsiders

and there, tepidly. On the platform, the leaders join  
perfunctorily. We see one peasant face (Shukla) --  
will come to know -- watching from the crowd of  
who stand in the doorways.

some

Nehru, who has been looking at Gandhi with interest and  
surprise turns to Patel.

**NEHRU**

Have you read his magazine?

**PATEL**

No -- but I think I'm going to.

**THE TRAIL TO GANDHI'S ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Nehru  
dressed in

An open touring car struggling along the bumpy trail.  
drives, four friends as young as he with him, all  
the same expensive, British manner.

**FIRST FRIEND**

This can't be the way!

is  
finished,  
completed  
outpost.  
tethered

Nehru is looking a little harassed, from the ragging he  
taking and from the ride. The ashram is only half-  
the ground unworked, the buildings only partially  
and the whole looking like some primitive frontier  
They are finally brought to a halt by a goat that is  
right across the path.

**SECOND FRIEND**

(a mocking quote)

Yes, I'm sure this is the direction  
India is taking.

The others laugh; Nehru suffers.

**SECOND FRIEND**

To think I almost got excited by Mr.  
Jinnah when all this was awaiting  
me.



**ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Andrews,  
has  
sheaves of

Nehru has half risen in his seat to address Charlie who, walking from one somnolent building to another, stopped dead at the sight of the car. He carries page proofs.

**NEHRU**

We're looking for Mr. Gandhi!

**CHARLIE**

Ah, you'll find him under the tree by the river.

(He points off, then  
glances at the car.)

You'd better leave the car -- the ground is rather soft.

**NEHRU**

Thank you . . .

He looks around the ashram a little dismally.

**FIRST FRIEND**

(drolly, as he climbs  
out)

Come on! I'm anxious to meet this new "force"!

**ASHRAM - TREE BY RIVER - EXTERIOR - DAY**

his  
river;

Gandhi sits under a tree, peeling potatoes. Nehru and friends are sprawled out around him. Beside them, the in the background the business of the ashram goes on.

**GANDHI**

I try to live like an Indian, as you see... it is stupid of course, because in our country it is the British who decide how an Indian lives -- what he may buy, what he may sell. And from their luxury in the midst of our terrible poverty they instruct us on what is justice and what is sedition.

(He looks at them, a

teasing but mordant  
grin.)

So it is only natural that our best young minds assume an air of Eastern dignity, while greedily assimilating every Western weakness as quickly as they can acquire it.

and His smile is sardonic, but genuine, theirs embarrassed self-conscious.

**NEHRU**

(defensively)

If we have Home Rule that will change.

Nehru Gandhi has finished the last potato. He glances at then drops the potato in the bowl. He lifts the pail of peelings to Nehru.

**GANDHI**

Would you, please?

His Nehru in his fine linen suit takes the pail awkwardly. friends watch with amusement, but they too rise to follow as they head for the kitchen.

**GANDHI**

And why should the English grant us Home Rule? Here, we must take the peelings to the goats.

goats He re-directs Nehru toward a trough where two or three are tethered, but he keeps right on talking.

**GANDHI**

We only make wild speeches, or perform even wilder acts of terrorism. We've bred an army of anarchists but not one single group that can really fight the British anywhere.

**NEHRU**

(surprised)

I thought you were against fighting.

They have reached the trough.

**GANDHI**

Just spread it around -- they like the new peelings mixed with the rotting ones.

on  
and  
from

Nehru has carefully walked around something distasteful the ground, now he dumps the peelings along the trough spreads them "delicately." Gandhi scoops some peelings the trough to feed a goat that nudges him.

**GANDHI**

Where there is injustice, I've always believed in fighting.

(He looks at Nehru.)

The question is do you fight to change things, or do you fight to punish.

(His smile.)

For myself, I have found that we are all such sinners we should leave punishment to God. And if we really want to change things there are better ways of doing it than by derailing trains or slashing someone with a sword.

deeper  
catches  
waiting.

He meets Nehru's gaze, and for a moment something than argument passes between them. Then something Gandhi's eye. He looks off. Ba stands, watching him,

**BA**

The fire is ready.

potatoes.

Gandhi turns. The goat is reaching for his bowl of He pushes it away and starts for the kitchen.

**GANDHI**

You see, even here we live under tyranny.

humor.  
watch

Nehru grins, captured by Gandhi's seriousness, and his He hasn't moved, and neither have his friends. They Gandhi as he carries his bowl of potatoes to Ba.

**NEHRU**

(reflectively)

I told you...

**FIRST FRIEND**

Hm... but look at him. Some "fighter"!

I can see the British shaking now.

of  
Gandhi plods on toward the kitchen, carrying the bowl  
potatoes.

**THE RIVER BED AT THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

ashramite  
past  
riverbed  
Clothes are dipped in the brownish water. Ba and an  
woman squat by the river, washing clothes. It is long  
the monsoons and they have had to come far out in the  
to the water. But they are laughing at their task.

**BA**

But it's the ink that is the most  
diffic --

them is  
weary  
She stops, because coming along the riverbed toward  
a man (Shukla) who looks as though he has come a long,  
way. His face is gaunt, his little bundle of belongings  
pathetic. As he nears them, he pauses.

**SHUKLA**

I am looking for Mr. Gandhi...

**GANDHI'S HUT - ASHRAM - INTERIOR - DUSK**

into a  
the  
Shadowed, the end of the day. Gandhi sits cross-legged,  
watching solemnly as Shukla reaches with his fingers  
bowl to eat. The fingers are thin, half-starved, like  
man himself.

**SHUKLA**

...I've wanted to speak to you for a  
long time.

eat  
He looks up at Gandhi almost sheepishly. He does not

the  
yet, but his hunger is evident. Ba sits at one side in  
shadows watching him as intently as Gandhi.

**SHUKLA**

...our crops... we can't sell them...  
We have no money... but the landlords  
take the same rent.

the  
like  
puts  
trying  
His voice is choked and near to tears, resonant with  
unspoken agony his words mean for him and the others  
him. He looks at Gandhi nervously for a moment, then  
the food to his mouth like a man who is starving, and  
desperately not to show it.

reflects  
at  
Close shot. Ba. The solemn intensity of her gaze  
her identification with the man's agony. She glances up  
Gandhi...

**TRAIN STATION - CHAMPARAN - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

light  
see  
waiting,  
The camera is low, shooting along the track toward the  
of an approaching train. From its distant glow we can  
that people line the platform of the small station,  
but we cannot tell how thick the crowd may be.

the  
pushes  
platform.  
of  
The station house. An open staff car pulls up through  
press of the crowd. An English captain leaps out and  
aggressively through the mass of bodies toward the  
Again the darkness of the ill-lit station and the angle  
the camera limit our vision.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Clear the way there! Get out of the  
way!

moves in  
A detail of British troops, already on the station,  
his wake, just as aggressive toward the crowd as he is.

**SERGEANT PUTNAM**

Sir! Up here!

The  
The sergeant is on the low sloping roof of the station.  
captain turns briskly to two of his detail.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Give me a leg up, will you!

with an  
The two men join hands and the captain is hoisted up  
the  
assist from Sergeant Putnam. We hear the train stop in  
background.

On the roof. The captain stands erect.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

What the hell is it, Sergeant?

answer  
He is now standing and his face has frozen. It needs no  
from Putnam.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Jesus...!

of  
He turns his head slowly, his mouth agape at His point  
covered  
view. The whole of the obscurely lit platform is  
house,  
thick with waiting crowds. They engulf the station  
people  
back and front, and on the other side of the train more  
the  
are packed all along its length, and beyond them along  
collection  
narrow street that stretches through the little  
covered --  
of houses adjoining the station, every rooftop is  
congregation  
men, women with babes in arms, children. There is no  
the  
excitement, hardly any movement -- just a vast  
indiscernible,  
of people, waiting silently is the darkness -- and as  
camera pans we see that the crowd extends,  
even beyond the range of light.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

(awed, a little  
frightened)

What the hell is going on?

**SERGEANT PUTNAM**

I don't know, sir. The agent says  
they got a telegram and it just said,  
he is coming... and gave the time of  
the train.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Who the hell is he?

**SERGEANT PUTNAM**

I don't know, sir.

Shukla  
moves  
bowing a  
-- it  
area  
Gandhi  
and  
boots on  
his  
that  
detail  
Gandhi.

Featuring Gandhi. He has stepped down from the train.  
guides him, Ba and Charlie a step or two behind. Gandhi  
through the silent crowd, his hands in the pranam,  
little to either side. As he advances, the crowd parts  
is almost eerily silent. As their clothes indicate, the  
is Muslim, so some salaam (a touch of the hand to the  
forehead) and a few tentatively make the pranam back to  
as he moves through them. Most of the faces are gaunt  
lean. A destitute people.  
And suddenly there is a commotion and the sound of  
the concrete platform, and the English captain shoves  
way through to confront Gandhi down the little aisle  
was being made for him. The sergeant and part of the  
and behind the captain.  
The captain stares. Then he looks around at the crowd,  
suspiciously, a touch of inner fear, then back to

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Who the devil are you?

**GANDHI**

My name is Gandhi. Mohandas K. Gandhi.

captain  
crowd,  
There is a flicker of recognition, but uncertain. The  
stiffens; a steeling of the will. Another glance at the  
this time with an air of outraged authority.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Well, whoever you are, we don't want  
you here. I suggest you get back on  
that train before it leaves the  
station.

**GANDHI**

(calmly, a glance at  
the crowd)  
They seem to want me.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Now look here. I'll put you under  
arrest if you'd prefer?

**GANDHI**

On what charge?

is a  
behind  
It has the cold assurance of a lawyer, and the Captain  
little shaken by it. He glances at Charlie who stands  
Gandhi now, and it makes him all the more uncertain.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

I don't want any trouble.

He tries to make it severe, but it is a comedown.

**GANDHI**

I am an Indian traveling in my own  
country. I see no reason for trouble.

that  
stare  
It is firm and there is an edge of assertiveness to it  
the Captain doesn't like, but Gandhi's unrelenting  
unnerves him. He glances at Charlie again.

**ENGLISH CAPTAIN**

Well, there'd better not be.

then  
Again, the empty severity of weakness. He looks around,



the  
begins to  
of  
he  
with  
Gandhiji"...

turns and marches off briskly shoving his way through crowd. "Out of my way, there! Come on, move!" Gandhi smiles reflectively, and the crowd suddenly buzz. Where all was silence before there is now the hum excitement. Already he has scored a victory -- and as moves forward again, making the pranam, they return it flushed greetings. "Gandhi -- Gandhi -- Bapu --

#### **PEASANT'S DWELLING - INTERIOR - DAY**

feature  
(Meha).  
He lies on a straw mat.

The early light of the sun illumines the dwelling. We a man in middle age, but one who looks ill and drawn

#### **MEHA**

For years the landlords have ordered us to grow indigo, for dyeing the cloth. Always they took part of the crop as rent.

villagers  
their  
under  
through.

Gandhi sits cross-legged, listening. It is the kind of listening that opens the heart. Behind him a mass of sits stoically, outside the dwelling, waiting while case is heard. Meha tries to speak unemotionally but Gandhi's sympathetic gaze his despair keeps cracking

#### **MEHA**

But now the English factories make cloth for everyone. No one wants our indigo. And the landlords won't take their share. They say we must pay our rent in cash.

Near to breakdown, he gestures around the empty house.

#### **MEHA**

What we could, we sold... The police have taken the rest. There is no food, we --

He cannot go on.

**GANDHI**

I understand.

(He examines his hands  
a moment.)

The landlords are British?

It's a rhetorical question. Meha nods.

the  
wife,  
Meha's  
dead

Gandhi looks around the crude dwelling, almost nothing remains. We see two young men, one seventeen perhaps, other older, and a girl, sixteen. And finally Meha's sitting near Ba, the two women listening together but wife looks like a woman who has given up, her hair is and hardly combed, her sari dirty.

Gandhi

Meha looks at Gandhi and shakes his head hopelessly. nods... He stands slowly.

**GANDHI**

What we can do... we will try to do.

He  
she  
clasps

The words are said bleakly, not to raise false hopes. glances at Meha's wife. Water comes to her eyes, and lowers her head. Ba puts her hands on her shoulders and her to her, and the woman breaks, and sobs and sobs...

**TILLED FIELD - CHAMPARAN - EXTERIOR - DAY**

locked  
but

Gandhi rides on an open howdah on an elephant, his mind in sober reflection. Shukla shares the howdah with him, does not dare break Gandhi's black mood.

**GANDHI**

Is all Champaran like this, Shukla?

**SHUKLA**

Yes, Bapu...

(He looks across the  
field.)

The whole province... hundreds --  
thousands.

It registers with Gandhi -- but inside. A moment.

**CHARLIE'S VOICE**

Mohan -- !

back. Ba  
pointing  
policeman  
comes  
but

Gandhi shakes himself from his absorption and looks  
and Charlie are mounted on a similar howdah on another  
elephant, both being led by peasant boys. Charlie is  
behind them. Coming along the path is a tall Indian  
on a bicycle. He rides right past Charlie and Ba and  
alongside Gandhi. His attitude is superficially polite,  
he is full of righteous authority.

**POLICEMAN**

(he knows)

Are you Mr. M. K. Gandhi?

**GANDHI**

Yes.

**POLICEMAN**

I'm sorry but you are under arrest.

**GANDHI**

I am not sorry at all.

anyone

It contains more anger than we have seen him display to  
but Ba.

**CHAMPARAN CRICKET CLUB - EXTERIOR - DAY**

verdant  
dressed  
the  
and  
cool

A ball is hit. The camera pulls back to reveal a lush,  
pitch, white-garbed players, English, a few ladies  
in First World War fashion watching under parasols near  
clubhouse and in the shade of trees with a few officers  
civil servants, while Indian servants discreetly serve  
drinks.

pitch

The batsman has hit a four and we see him run down the  
with his partner until the four is certain, then

**BATSMAN**

(to the wicket keeper)  
Who did you say would be buying the  
drinks?

as

The wicket keeper makes a rude, facetious gesture, but  
the batsman turns to settle in his crease again

**BATSMAN**

Oh, no --

the

He has looked up. A car is pulling hurriedly in near  
clubhouse, an officer in it, and people are streaming  
it.

toward

Indian

The car. A major is standing on the back seat. An  
corporal drives.

**MAJOR**

...I've got no idea. All I know is  
there's a riot or something at  
Motihari in Champaran, and the whole  
company is ordered out.

**A VOICE**

It's two days' march!

**MAJOR**

That's why the match is off. It's  
mostly Muslim territory and the old  
man's taking no chances.

walk

Featuring the batsman and some of the players as they  
across the field toward the car. They know something's

up.

**BATSMAN**

(disgusted)  
God, and it's the best innings I've  
had since Oxford.

**WICKET KEEPER**

(dryly)

India's full of grief, old man.

The batsman "takes" on him facetiously, and we cut to:

**THE COURTHOUSE AND JAIL - MOTIHARI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

A small building on a little Anglicized square. It is surrounded by a milling angry throng of peasants.

Featuring the front entrance. The English captain who was at the station when Gandhi arrived is on the top step, looking harried and tense. A small detachment of Indian troops lines the step below him. Charlie Andrews is pushing through the crowd toward the captain. As he approaches, the Indian sergeant holds up his hand.

**CHARLIE**

(firmly)

I wish to see the prisoner, please.

The captain looks at his clerical collar, his English face, his determination.

**CAPTAIN**

(reluctantly)

All right, Sergeant.

Charlie moves through the Indian soldiers and up toward the entrance. The captain stares out worriedly over the unruly crowd.

**COURTHOUSE JAIL - INTERIOR - DAY**

A basement chamber -- dark, thick-walled and poorly lit. The camera has panned off a close shot of Gandhi as he turns in his cell at the sound of a door opening and approaching footsteps. We have seen only his head and shoulders, which are covered in a shawl.

A police guard leads Charlie across the rough, unfinished

glimpse floor. As he comes to Gandhi's cell we get a fleeting  
of Gandhi sitting on a low pallet bed.

Close shot. Gandhi as he recognizes his visitor.

**GANDHI**

Charlie--

his Reverse on Charlie. He looks down at Gandhi and shakes  
head.

**CHARLIE**

(a somber grin)

...Shades of South Africa.

grin, Close shot. Gandhi. Head and shoulders. He returns the  
but anger and determination still dominate his mood.

**GANDHI**

Not quite. They're only "holding me"  
until the Magistrate's hearing. Then  
it will be prison.

**CHARLIE**

(sympathetically)

Did they take your clothes?

He is And now we see Gandhi in full shot for the first time.  
shoulders wearing only a white loincloth, the shawl over his  
his and sandals -- the costume he will wear for the rest of  
life.

**GANDHI**

These are my clothes now.

Charlie studies him a moment, and being Charlie, he  
understands.

**CHARLIE**

(affectionately)

You always had a puritanical streak,  
Mohan.

He grins, and it elicits a little grin from Gandhi.

**GANDHI**

(in a tone of  
defensiveness)  
If I want to be one with them, I  
have to live like them.

**CHARLIE**

I think you do.  
(A smile.)  
But I thank God we all don't.

And Gandhi laughs.

**GANDHI**

I'm sure your legs are quite as  
handsome as mine.

**CHARLIE**

Ah, but my puritanism runs the another  
way. I'm far too modest for such a  
display.

And again Gandhi laughs. Charlie turns to the guard.

**CHARLIE**

Couldn't I be let in with the  
prisoner? I am a clergyman.

The police guard hesitates, and then unlocks the cell.

Charlie enters and sits on a little wooden stool  
opposite  
space  
Charlie  
Gandhi, his long legs awkwardly filling most of the  
between them. Gandhi has remained seated, pensive.  
studies him a moment.

**CHARLIE**

(a bit puzzled)  
They're calling you "Bapu." I thought  
it meant father.

**GANDHI**

(wistfully)  
It does. We must be getting old,  
Charlie.

A little grin, but his mood remains pensive -- and  
remote.

**CHARLIE**

What do you want me to do?

but Gandhi looks up -- his anger, his determination there,  
then broken by a hopeless sigh.

**GANDHI**

I think, Charlie, that you can help  
us most by taking that assignment  
you've been offered in Fiji.

more Charlie is stunned, and obviously hurt. Gandhi proceeds  
gently.

**GANDHI**

I have to be sure -- they have to be  
sure -- that what we do can be done  
by Indians... alone.

purposefulness, a And now Charlie understands. Gandhi smiles; warmth, and  
friend's trust. sadness. Then he speaks with a determined

**GANDHI**

But you know the strategy. The world  
is full of people who will despise  
what's happening here. It is their  
strength we need. Before you go, you  
could start us in the right direction.

bedding and He has taken some scratched notes from under the  
rises handed them to Charlie. Charlie nods. He sighs, and  
slowly.

**CHARLIE**

I must leave from Calcutta, and soon.  
You'll have to say goodbye to Ba for  
me.

nods. Gandhi rises, glancing wryly at the prison walls. He

**GANDHI**

When I get the chance.

farewell. And now he faces Charlie; this is the moment of

**CHARLIE**



Well, I --

meets his  
returns  
He doesn't know what to say, how to say it. Gandhi  
eyes -- a smile that shelters Charlie's vulnerability,  
his love.

**GANDHI**

There are no goodbyes for us, Charlie.  
Wherever you are, you will always be  
in my heart...

contain  
The very English, very steadfast Charlie fights to  
his emotions.

**THE COURTROOM - MOTIHARI - INTERIOR - DAY**

the  
order,  
Gandhi"  
the  
It is packed to overflowing; restless. Gandhi sits in  
dock. One or two sergeants-at-arms are trying to keep  
but it the uneven and menacing chanting of "Gandhi...  
coming from the mobs outside the courtroom that fills  
atmosphere with threat.

The magistrate (English) is surveying the courtroom; he  
signals his clerk (English) to him.

**MAGISTRATE**

(whispered conference)  
I am going to clear the courtroom.

**CLERK**

(politely)  
I'm not sure we'd be able to. And it  
is a first hearing, it's supposed to  
be public. And he's a lawyer.

The magistrate frowns.

**MAGISTRATE**

(worried, angry)  
I don't know where they found the  
nerve for all this.

**CLERK**

I'm sure I don't either, but the  
troops won't be here until tomorrow.

**MAGISTRATE**

How the press get here before the  
military?

three

We see the front row from his point of view. Two or  
Indian journalists and one European.

**CLERK**

That English clergyman sent a number  
of telegrams yesterday afternoon. I  
understand one of them even went to  
the Viceroy.

The magistrate receives that news with some alarm. He  
indicates that the clerk take his place.

still

Gandhi stands. The courtroom is silent, but we can  
hear the sound of the chanting outside.

**MAGISTRATE**

You have been ordered out of the  
province on the grounds of disturbing  
the peace.

**GANDHI**

(defiantly)

With respect, I refuse to go.

The magistrate stares. The journalists write. The clerk  
swallows.

too

The magistrate looks around the courtroom and is only  
aware of the mob outside.

**MAGISTRATE**

(sternly)

Do you want to go to jail?

**GANDHI**

(not giving him an  
inch)

As you wish.

searches

hands

The clerk lowers his eyes to his pad. The magistrate  
the distant wall, the top of his desk, his twitching  
for an answer. Finally

**MAGISTRATE**

(as much sternness as  
he can muster)

All right. I will release you on  
bail of one hundred rupees until I  
reach a sentence.

**GANDHI**

I refuse to pay one hundred rupees.

Again the magistrate stares. And so do the journalists.

The  
magistrate wets his lips --

**MAGISTRATE**

Then I -- I will grant release without  
bail -- until I reach a decision.

and  
and  
And now the court explodes. In the chaos of cheering  
delight, the magistrate rises, looks around the room  
heads for his chambers.

The journalists are scribbling furiously.

cries  
Gandhi turns and starts out of the courtroom. We hear  
of "Gandhi! -- Gandhi! -- Bapu!"

**THE COURTHOUSE BALCONY**

huge  
smiles  
Gandhi steps down from the courtroom to the balcony. A  
cheer comes up from the massed peasants below. As he  
down at them, he is turned by

**A VOICE**

Gandhiji! -- Gandhiji! Mr. Gandhi!

clothes --  
the  
him  
Four young Indians -- elegantly dressed in English  
are following him, having plunged through the crowd in  
courtroom. A beat -- and the first young man addresses  
over the chaos.

**FIRST YOUNG MAN**

(his accent is as

refined as his clothes)  
Gandhiji -- we are from Bihar. We  
received a cable this morning from  
an old friend who was at Cambridge  
with us.

(A smile.)

His name is Nehru and I believe you  
know him.

Gandhi reacts -- with surprise and caution.

**GANDHI**

Indeed.

**FIRST YOUNG MAN**

He tells us you need help. And we  
have come to give it.

Again Gandhi is surprised -- but even more cautious.

Behind

him, the crowd begins to chant "Gandhi -- Gandhi."

**GANDHI**

I want to document, coldly,  
rationally, what is being done here.  
It may take months -- many, many  
months.

**FIRST YOUNG MAN**

(they're eager,  
impressed)

We have no pressing engagements.

It sounds casually ironic, but they look determined,  
angry.

even

**GANDHI**

You will have to live with the  
peasants.

(They nod.)

I have nothing to pay you.

(They only smile.)

Hmm.

He is looking at them with a soupçon of skepticism but  
beginning to smell victory. His name echoes around him  
is taken up even louder as the news spreads to the  
street.

he is

and

street.

**GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - CHAMPARAN - INTERIOR - DAY**

imposing --  
Sir  
Tory --

Almost total silence. The room is long, large and  
hardwood floors, overhead fans, an aura of wealth and  
permanence. Footsteps pace its acres of space... and  
George Hodge comes into frame. He is rich, middle-aged,  
and at the moment feeling impotent and harried.

**SIR GEORGE**

I don't know what this country is  
coming to!

King  
George  
several  
covers --  
We  
the

The Governor, Sir Edward Gait -- the portrait of the  
prominent behind him -- is feeling as cornered as Sir  
but for different reasons. His desk is arrayed with  
tall stacks of folders -- all with exactly the same  
and on one corner of the desk, some folded newspapers.  
can just read "Gandhi" in a headline. He taps one of  
folders irritably with his hand.

**SIR EDWARD**

But good God, man, you yourself raised  
the rent simply to finance a hunting  
expedition!

defiant.  
social  
an  
But  
played

Sir George looks at him -- half defensive, half  
They are old friends -- the same school, the same  
class, long together in India -- and their argument is  
argument between friend who accept the same premises.  
even so the Governor feels the game has not quite been  
fairly.

**SIR EDWARD**

And some of these others --  
(he gestures to the  
folders again)  
beatings, illegal seizures, demanding  
services without pay, even refusing

them water! In India!...

bristling  
Sir George is staring out of the window, vexed,  
but defensive.

**SIR GEORGE**

Nobody knows what it is to try to  
get these people to work!

**SIR EDWARD**

Well, you've make this half-naked  
whatever-he-is into an international  
hero.

Daily  
He picks up one of the papers irritatedly, the London  
Chronicle.

**SIR EDWARD**

"One lone man marching dusty roads  
armed only with honesty and a bamboo  
shaft doing battle with the British  
Empire."

(He lowers the paper  
dismally; then the  
ultimate bitterness)

At home children are writing "essays"  
about him.

stares  
Sir George looks at him and sighs heavily. Sir Edward  
back, then drops the paper back on his desk.

**SIR EDWARD**

I couldn't take another two years of  
him to save my life.

first  
civil  
highly  
Sir George turns, and paces back toward him. For the  
time we see Sir Edward's personal secretary (a male  
servant) sitting at a small desk and listening with  
developed unobtrusiveness.

**SIR GEORGE**

What do they want?

his  
It is the first sign of concession. Sir Edward lifts  
eyes to his personal secretary.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(reading precisely  
from a document)

A rebate on rents paid.

(Sir George huffs.)

They are to be free to grow crops of  
their own choice. A commission --  
part Indian -- to hear grievances.

Sir George looks from him to Sir Edward. A beat.

**SIR GEORGE**

(wearily)

That would satisfy him?...

**SIR EDWARD**

(a nod; then pointedly)

And His Majesty's Government. It  
only needs your signature for the  
landlords.

desk. A  
him.  
picks up  
the pen

Sir George looks at the document on the secretary's  
moment. The secretary turns it slowly so it is facing  
Sir George looks at it like a snake. The secretary  
a pen and offers it. A second, then Sir George takes  
and signs angrily.

**SIR GEORGE**

It will be worth it to see the back  
of him.

(A flourish at the  
end of his signature,  
then he stands.)

We're too damn liberal.

Sir Edward is at the liquor cabinet.

**SIR EDWARD**

Perhaps. But at least all this has  
made the Government see some sense  
about what men like Mr. Gandhi should  
be allowed, and what they should be  
denied.

glass  
of crystal.

He turns, offering Sir George a whiskey in a finely cut

**SIR EDWARD**

(firmly)

Things are going to change.

**JINNAH'S RESIDENCE - BOMBAY - EXTERIOR - DAY**

expensive  
the

Jinnah moves from under the portico. His shining, car is coming in the drive and stops by him. He opens back door, but only the chauffeur is in the car.

**JINNAH**

(in annoyance)

Where is Mr. Gandhi?

**CHAUFFEUR**

(distastefully)

He said he preferred to walk, sir. I followed him most of the way. He's just turned the corner.

in

Jinnah closes the door and looks across at the entrance in exasperation.

**JINNAH**

The Prophet give me patience.

**CHAUFFEUR**

He came Third Class.

toward

It's a disdainful comment and he drives the car off toward the garage.

entrance.

Gandhi comes around the corner of the wall into the entrance. He is carrying a bedroll and a bamboo walking stick.

Herman

carrying a

Kallenbach is with him, dressed informally, also carrying a bedroll. Jinnah makes a "sophisticated" salaam.

**JINNAH**

(with effort)

My house is honored.

Gandhi grins, dismissing the formality.

**GANDHI**



(he makes the pranam)  
The honor is ours. May I introduce  
Mr. Kallenbach. He's an old friend  
(anticipating Jinnah's  
objection)  
and his interest is in flowers. I  
presumed to tell him he could wander  
your gardens while we talked.

**JINNAH**

(the suave, but  
slightly ironic host)  
I'll send my gardener. I'm sure you'll  
have much to discuss.

**JINNAH'S DRAWING ROOM - INTERIOR - DAY**

introduces It is spacious, "English." At the door, Jinnah  
Gandhi to the room.

**JINNAH**

Gentlemen -- the hero of Champaran.  
Again Gandhi grins at the extravagance.

**GANDHI**

Only the stubborn man of Champaran.  
A polite little laugh; Jinnah introduces him.

**JINNAH**

Mr. Patel you know.  
(Patel bows.)  
Mr. Maulana Azad -- a fellow Muslim...  
recently released from prison.

after Gandhi makes the pranam, studying him with interest  
that comment. Azad gives a gentle salaam.

**JINNAH**

Mr. Kripalani.  
(A bow -- we have  
seen him at the  
Congress Conference.)  
And of course you know Mr. Nehru.

Gandhi turns.

attention. All Featuring Nehru. He stands, awaiting Gandhi's

handsome  
like  
  
smile.

the others have been dressed in European clothes. The Europeanized Nehru now wears an Indian tunic -- much the one that Gandhi once wore.

For a moment Gandhi studies the costume, then a broad

**GANDHI**

(a play on Jinnah's introduction)

I am beginning to know Mr. Nehru.

**PATEL**

(to business: Gandhi has been admitted to the power circle, he is not the power)

Well, I've called you here because I've had a chance to see the new legislation. It's exactly what was rumored. Arrest without warrant. Automatic imprisonment for possession of materials considered seditious...

He looks at Gandhi.

**PATEL**

Your writings are specifically listed.

angered by

Gandhi nods at the "compliment," but they are all the severity of it.

**KRIPALANI**

So much for helping them in the Great War...

**JINNAH**

(fire)

There is only one answer to that. Direct action -- on a scale they can never handle!

Again the temper of it produces a little silence. Then

**NEHRU**

I don't think so.

with

He moves to a servant who stands, holding a large tray

the a silver service of tea. Of them all, Nehru's manner is most naturally patrician and Jinnah watches him with a somewhat envious awareness of it.

**NEHRU**

Terrorism would only justify their repression. And what kinds of leaders would it throw up? Are they likely to be the men we would want at the head of our country?

His stand has produced a little shock of surprise. Holding his tea, he turns to Gandhi with a little smile.

**NEHRU**

I've been catching up on my reading.

He means Gandhi's of course. Jinnah looks at the two of them. Gandhi has removed his sandals and is sitting cross-legged on a fine upholstered chair. Jinnah's eyes rake him with anger and distaste.

**JINNAH**

(coldly)

I too have read Mr. Gandhi's writings, but I'd rather be ruled by an Indian terrorist than an English one. And I don't want to submit to that kind of law.

**PATEL**

(to Nehru --  
diplomatically --  
but with a trace of  
condescension)

I must say, Panditji, it seems to me it's gone beyond remedies like passive resistance.

**GANDHI**

(in the silence)

If I may -- I, for one, have never advocated passive anything.

They all look at him with some surprise. As he speaks, he rises and walks to the servant.

**GANDHI**

I am with Mr. Jinnah. We must never submit to such laws -- ever. And I think our resistance must be active and provocative.

fervor

They all stare at him, startled by his words and the with which he speaks to them.

**GANDHI**

I want to embarrass all those who wish to treat us as slaves. All of them.

and

it

the

been

pours

-

He holds their gaze, then turns to the immobile servant with a little smile, takes the tray from him and places on the table next to him. It makes them all aware that servant, standing there like an insensate ornament, has treated like a "thing," a slave. As it sinks in, Gandhi some tea then looks up at them with a pleading warmth - first to Jinnah.

**GANDHI**

Forgive my stupid illustration. But I want to change their minds -- not kill them for weaknesses we all possess.

they

It impresses each one of them. But for all his impact, still take the measure of him with caution.

**AZAD**

And what "resistance" would you offer?

**GANDHI**

The law is due to take effect from April sixth. I want to call on the nation to make that a day of prayer and fasting.

"Prayer and fasting"? They are not overwhelmed.

**JINNAH**

You mean a general strike?

**GANDHI**

(his grin)

I mean a day of prayer and fasting.  
But of course no work could be done --  
no buses, no trains, no factories,  
no administration. The country would  
stop.

Patel is the first to recognize the implications.

**PATEL**

My God, it would terrify them...

**AZAD**

(a wry smile)

Three hundred fifty million people  
at prayer. Even the English newspapers  
would have to report that. And explain  
why.

**KRIPALANI**

But could we get people to do it?

**NEHRU**

(he is half sold  
already)

Champaran stirred the whole country.  
(To Gandhi)  
They are calling you Mahatma -- the  
Great Soul.

**GANDHI**

Fortunately such news comes very  
slowly where I live.

**NEHRU**

(continuing, to the  
others)

I think if we all worked to publicize  
it... all of the Congress... every  
avenue we know.

"papers,"  
Gandhi  
light  
The idea has caught hold. As the others talk of  
"telegrams," "speeches," Jinnah looks over his cup at  
with an air of bitter resignation, but he tries to make  
of it.

**JINNAH**

Perhaps I should have stayed in the garden and talked about the flowers.

**THE GARDEN - VICEROY'S PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

band  
maharajahs,  
ladies  
flowers.  
one or  
taxis  
And  
door of  
forms.

A garden party in full imperial splendor. A military plays discreetly in the background. Princes, generals, ranking British civil servants and their taking tea on the manicured lawns among the exotic But over all there is a thread of anxiety, we pick up two nervous phrases: "At the West Gate there were no at all!," "Of course, the Army will always be loyal." the camera picks out a civil servant stepping from a the palace carrying a sheaf of telegrams and cable

almost  
Lord  
camp,  
commanding  
the

He searches the assembled guests, then heads with indecorous haste toward his target. It is the Viceroy, Chelmsford. With him, talking quietly, are his aide-de-camp, the Governor of the province and his ADC, and the general of the Army in India. Lord Chelmsford's ADC is first to react to the civil servant's arrival and his impatient attendance.

**ADC**

Sir -- it's Mr. Kinnoch.

Lord Chelmsford turns expectantly.

**CHELMSFORD**

Yes?

**KINNOCH**

(hesitant, stunned)  
Nothing... nothing is working, sir -- buses... trains... the markets...  
(Personal, incredulous)  
There's not even any civilian staff

here, sir... Everything has stopped.

**CHELMSFORD**

(curt, firm)

Is it simply Delhi and Bombay?

He

His firmness doesn't restore Kinnoch's normal aplomb.

holds the telegrams forward.

**KINNOCH**

No, sir -- Karachi, Calcutta, Madras,  
Bangalore. It's, it's total.

He glances at the general.

**KINNOCH**

(the ultimate)

The Army had to take over the  
telegraph or we'd be cut off from  
the world.

and

That takes the wind out of all of them. Grimly, Lord  
Chelmsford looks out across the palace's ordered lawns

gardens.

**CHELMSFORD**

I can't believe it...

**KINNOCH**

He's going to sell his own paper  
tomorrow in Bombay. They've called  
for a parade -- on Victoria Road.

**CHELMSFORD**

(clenches his jaw and  
turns to the General)

Arrest him!

**THE JAIL - BOMBAY - INTERIOR - DAY**

along

A prison door opens. Gandhi, in prison clothes, is led

prison

a small corridor to a room. The door is held open by a  
guard.

**ROOM - THE JAIL - BOMBAY - INTERIOR - DAY**

The

Nehru waits for Gandhi. He rises when Gandhi enters.

table  
the  
a  
guard signals Gandhi to a chair across a small wooden  
from Nehru. The guard closes the door, but remains in  
room. Nehru's face is a map of concern, but he manages  
small smile of greeting.

**NEHRU**

Bapu...

whimsically  
Gandhi, who also looks worn, rises his eyebrows  
at the use of that name.

**GANDHI**

You too...

He means "Bapu" -- "Father."

**NEHRU**

(a real smile, but  
the same affection)  
It seems less formal than "Mahatma."

somber  
Gandhi sighs, and their faces and minds go to more  
matters.

**NEHRU**

Since your arrest the riots have  
hardly stopped. Not big --; but they  
keep breaking out. I run to stop  
them... and Patel and Kripalani --  
they are never at rest. But some  
English civilians have been killed,  
and the Army is attacking crowds  
with clubs -- and sometimes worse.

despair.  
Gandhi has listened to it all with a growing sense of

**GANDHI**

Maybe I'm wrong... maybe we're not  
ready yet. In South Africa the numbers  
were small...

**NEHRU**

The Government's afraid, and they  
don't know what to do. But they're  
more afraid of terrorists than of  
you. The Viceroy has agreed to your



release if you will speak for non-violence.

**GANDHI**

(a sad smile)

I've never spoken for anything else.

**THE STREETS OF AMRITSAR - EXTERIOR - DAY**

shimmering.  
back  
then  
blunt,  
righteousness.  
the  
with  
a  
street

The golden dome of the Temple fills the screen,  
The sound of a car, and marching feet. The camera pulls  
from the dome, revealing the rooftops, the trees and  
suddenly, center of frame, the face of General Dyer --  
cold, isolated in a cocoon of vengeful military  
He is traveling slowly, steadily in an armored car at  
head of fifty armed sepoy -- Gurkhas and Baluchis --  
immaculate, precise, awesome. Behind them a staff car  
Dyer's English ADC and a British police officer. It is  
relentless, determined procession, filling the dusty  
with a sense of menace and foreboding.

**JALLIANWALLAH BAGH - AMRITSAR - EXTERIOR - DAY**

crumbling  
platform  
is  
old  
donkey  
copy

A large public garden, enclosed by a thick, old,  
wall. A large crowd is gathered around a speaker on a  
at one side of the park. It is political, but the crowd  
mixed. We see Muslims and Hindus, many of them Sikhs,  
men, little children, women with babes in arms. Some  
carts, a sense of fair-time gaiety.  
We close in on the speaker -- a Muslim. He clutches a  
(we need not see the title) of Gandhi's journal.

**SPEAKER**

...England is so powerful -- its  
army and its navy, all its modern  
weapons -- but when a great power

like that strikes defenseless people  
it shows it brutality, its own  
weakness! Especially when those people  
do not strike back.

(He holds aloft the  
clenched journal.)

That is why the Mahatma begs us to  
take the course of non-violence!

**THE ENTRANCE OF THE JALLIANWALLAH BAGH - EXTERIOR - DAY**

toward the  
General Dyer, his armored car, his sepoy, moving  
gate. Dyer looks ahead calmly.

double  
His point of view. The Gate of the Bagh. A rickety  
gate in the high crumbling wall. On each pillar, poster  
notices for the meeting: "For Congress -- For Gandhi."

In  
the distance the speaker and the assembled crowd.  
Nearer, a  
few vendors, loiterers and children. At the sound of  
the  
armored car and marching feet, a few turn in curiosity.

go  
Another angle. The armored car grinds forward. It won't  
through the gates, one fender scraping against the gate  
post.

jumps  
Dyer gives a quiet order, the car backs away. Dyer  
through  
down lightly -- a man in splendid condition. He walks  
hands  
the gate and stands quietly in the at-ease position,  
at  
clasping his swagger stick behind his back. looking off  
The speaker -- medium shot.

**SPEAKER**

...If we riot, if we fight back, we  
become the vandals and they become  
the law! If we bear their blows,  
they are the vandals -- God and His  
law are on our...

(He glances up.)  
side.

Long shot -- his point of view. The two platoons of  
sepoy,

fan  
figure of

rifles at the port, trot smartly through the gate and  
out on either side of the motionless and dominant  
Dyer.

Resume the speaker.

**SPEAKER**

(soldiering on)

...We must have the courage to take  
their anger...

commands  
on

Medium close -- the sepoy and Dyer. He issues his  
in a quiet and unemotional voice, as though they were  
maneuvers.

**DYER**

Port arms, Sergeant Major.

arms.

The sergeant major issues the command. The troops port

**DYER**

Load.

slam

Again, the sergeant major barks the command, the bolts  
back and forth, the magazines clatter.

have

Featuring the platform and the front of the crowd. They

and

all turned now to watch, frozen in incredulity and  
fascination. The sound of the sergeant major's orders

them.

the sinister rattle of breeches and bolts drifting to

**SPEAKER**

(almost to himself as

he too is riveted)

...Our pain will be our victory.

pressing

Their point of view. The distant figures facing them.

a

Resume the crowd. Numbly they begin to back away,  
against the speaker's stand, themselves. A man picks up  
child.

sepoys  
aim.  
the  
officer

Their point of view. The small, distant figures of the  
again. A word of command. One platoon kneels and takes  
Another command. The second platoon, standing behind  
first, takes aim.  
Featuring Dyer. His ADC approaches. The British police  
stands off to one side.

**ADC**

Do we issue a warning, sir?

**DYER**

(stiffly)

They've had their warning -- no  
meetings.

It is final.

pressing  
one

Resume the crowd. A ripple of panic now, everyone  
back, but still they cannot credit what they see. Only  
or two have the presence of mind to push clear and seek  
shelter. It is too late.

Close shot Dyer, still calm.

**DYER**

Sergeant Major --

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Take aim!

wavering

Long shot over the sepoys and their sights, the  
crowd distant.

**DYER**

Fire!

and

Flash shot along the line of sepoys; the rifles jerk  
bang. The crowd, running, screaming.

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Reload!

the  
run

A dreadful press of panic-stricken people flying toward walls. And again the crash of rifles. Some fall. Others off-screen in an aimless, irresistible wave.

view to  
range

Dyer is walking behind his men, telling them, with a maximum accuracy, what he has told them on the firing (it makes him a little irritable to have to repeat it).

**DYER**

Take your time. Take your time.

He looks off at the crowd. His eyes narrow.

the top  
some

A group of men are hurling themselves at a breach in of the wall, hanging there, scrabbling for a purchase, disappearing, a few heroic individuals astride the wall reaching down to assist their women and children in the swirling crowd below.

**DYER**

Corporal!

**CORPORAL**

Sir!

**DYER**

Over there.

He nods. The corporal looks.

**CORPORAL**

Sir.

line

He directs the attention of his neighbors in the firing toward the new target; they shift their aim.

upward  
and

A man reaching for a child -- who is also propelled by its mother from below -- is hit, falls, so that he the child crash into the crowd below.

and

Sepoys firing ad lib. Dyer watching the effect, careful conscientious.

crowd,  
wild. He  
it.  
into the

Swift tracking a man running through the staggering  
over the litter of bodies, his mouth open, his eyes  
arrives at a well, throws down the rope and slides down  
Others seize the idea and in panic throw themselves  
well, dropping out of sight.

The

Featuring Dyer. Meticulously, he taps a corporal on the  
shoulder with his swagger stick and indicates the well.  
corporal signals his line of men.

laced

At the well. The gathering crowd -- men, women -- and  
with rifle fire.

with

From behind the sepoys we see the whole Bagh, littered  
dead and dying, a thick ruck around the well, the walls  
hanging with wounded and dying, the firing continuing,  
loud,  
loud, louder... until --

**CUT TO:**

**THE ARMORY HALL - THE FORT OF LAHORE - INTERIOR - DAY**

legal

Silence. The camera is close as it crosses a table with  
documents. Gradually we hear a muffled cough, whispers,  
shuffled papers, and it at last comes to a large close  
shot  
of General Dyer.

large

Another angle. A Commission of Inquiry sits in the  
Armory Hall of the Old Fort. Dyer faces a panel of  
Commissioners: Lord Hunter, presiding, Mr. Justice  
Rankin,  
General Barrow, a British civil servant, and an Indian  
barrister.

committee --  
public

The Commission functions like a public parliamentary  
little ceremony, no judicial robes, a small group of

that

and press, who sit on wooden chairs behind a barrier isolates the Commission's business.

Much of that public is English -- fellow officers and civilians.

A Government Advocate (English) turns to face Dyer.

**ADVOCATE**

General Dyer, is it correct that you ordered your troops to fire at the thickest part of the crowd?

shock at  
of

Dyer glances woodenly at the panel -- a man in some the consequences of what he assumed was an act worthy praise.

**DYER**

(righteously)  
That is so.

more

The Advocate looks at him with a degree of disbelief -- at his attitude than his statement.

**ADVOCATE**

One thousand five hundred and sixteen casualties with one thousand six hundred and fifty bullets.

A slight reaction from the public section. Dyer's jaw tightens.

**DYER**

My intention was to inflict a lesson that would have an impact throughout all India.

He stares at the panel like a reasonable man making a reasonable point. The evasiveness, the only half-buried embarrassment of their response only deepens his own withdrawal into himself.

**INDIAN BARRISTER**

General, had you been able to take in the armored car, would you have opened fire with the machine gun?

Dyer thinks about it. Then unashamedly --

**DYER**

I think, probably -- yes.

barrister  
his  
A muted reaction from the public section. The Indian  
stares at him a moment, then simply lowers his eyes to  
notes.

**HUNTER**

General, did you realize there were  
children -- and women -- in the crowd?

**DYER**

(a beat)

I did.

his  
For the first time there is the hint of uncertainty in  
manner.

**ADVOCATE**

But that was irrelevant to the point  
you were making?

**DYER**

That is correct.

among  
There is just a tremor of distaste quickly suppressed  
the panel. Not so quickly in the public section.

**ADVOCATE**

Could I ask you what provision you  
made for the wounded?

even  
resent it.  
Dyer looks at him quickly. The question is unexpected,  
a little "clever." The officers listening clearly

**DYER**

(a moment, then firmly)

I was ready to help any who applied.

And that answer stops the Advocate. He smiles dryly.

**ADVOCATE**

General... how does a child shot  
with a 3-0-3 Enfield "apply" for  
help?



deep in

Dyer faces him stonily, a seed of panic taking root  
his gut.

**JALLIANWALLAH BAGH - EXTERIOR - DAY**

camera  
close  
blood, the  
wall  
comes to  
have  
park

Quiet: the same silence as at the Court of Inquiry. The  
is panning slowly along a section of the wall. We are  
and see the bullet holes, the patches of splashed  
scratches where fingers have dug at the surface of the  
to claw a path to safety... And finally the camera  
a close shot of Gandhi, matching that of Dyer, whom we  
just left. He is surveying the wall in the now empty  
numbly, desolately.

same,

Nehru stands a few feet away from him, his mood the  
the same benumbed grief and incredulity.

dried  
trampled  
around  
rope  
other

Resume the wall -- Gandhi's point of view. The camera  
continues its pan -- bits of human hair matted in the  
blood, and the bullet-ripped foliage, the well,  
ground around it, little pieces of clothing. Flies buzz  
the debris. Abstractedly, Gandhi touches the bucket  
that lies across the surround. Nehru has moved to the  
side of the well. Gandhi lifts his eyes to him...

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**THE VICE-REGAL PALACE - NEW DELHI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

India.

The imposing capitol building of the British Raj in  
We establish then cut into

**GOVERNMENT COUNCIL ROOM - INTERIOR - DAY**

Featuring the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford.

**CHELMSFORD**

You must understand, gentlemen, that His Majesty's Government -- and the British people -- repudiate both the massacre and the philosophy that prompted it.

Chelmsford is pacing along one side of a large conference table. Just in front of this is the "British" side -- two generals (a full general and a brigadier), a naval officer, two senior civil servants, a senior police officer. Across from them is the "Indian" side: Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, Jinnah, Azad. This time Gandhi is in the middle and speaks with the full authority of a leader.

The Indian side acknowledges Chelmsford's disclaimer -- coolly, but accepting it. That lifts Chelmsford's hopes a little.

**CHELMSFORD**

What I would like to do is to come to some compromise over the new civil legis --

**GANDHI**

If you will excuse me, Your Excellency, it is our view that matters have gone beyond "legislation."

It is spoken with the cold determination of a man still angry. It stops Chelmsford in mid-pace.

**GANDHI**

We think it is time you recognized that you are masters in someone else's home.

(It chills, stiffens;  
Gandhi proceeds only  
an iota softer)

Despite the best intentions of the

best of you, you must, in the nature of things, humiliate us to control us. General Dyer is but an extreme example of the principle. It is time you left.

all  
to

The British are stunned almost to speechlessness -- the audacity, the impossibility of it -- and from Gandhi of people. The senior civil servant, Kinnoch, is the first to recover.

**KINNOCH**

With respect, Mr. Gandhi, without British administration, this country would be reduced to chaos.

**GANDHI**

(patient, ironic)

Mr. Kinnoch, I beg you to accept that there is no people on earth who would not prefer their own bad government to the "good" government of an alien power.

**BRIGADIER**

(indignantly, choked)

My dear sir -- India is British!  
We're hardly an alien power!

Gandhi and the others just look at him.

pas  
on the

Chelmsford is realist enough to recognize that a faux has been made, and he strives to get the meeting back on the course he intends.

**CHELMSFORD**

Even if His Majesty could waive all other considerations, he has a duty to the millions of his Muslim subjects who are a minority in this realm. And experience has taught that his troops and his administration are essential in order to keep the peace.

both  
trouble

He has deliberately if delicately caught the eye of Jinnah and Maulana Azad during this. Gandhi knows the

side  
this can cause and he answers more for those on his  
than the Viceroy's.

**GANDHI**

All nations contain religious  
minorities. Like other countries,  
ours will have its problems.  
(Flat, irrevocable)  
But they will be ours -- not yours.

response  
Its finality is such that for a moment there is no  
at all, but then the General smiles.

**GENERAL**

And how do you propose to make them  
yours? You don't think we're just  
going to walk out of India.

others on  
His smile flitters cynically on the mouths of the  
his side.

**GANDHI**

Yes... in the end you will walk out.  
Because one hundred thousand  
Englishmen simply cannot control  
three hundred fifty million Indians  
if the Indians refuse to co-operate.  
And that is what we intend to achieve --  
peaceful, non-violent, non-co-  
operation.

them.  
He looks at them all, then up at Lord Chelmsford behind

**GANDHI**

Until you yourself see the wisdom of  
leaving... your Excellency.

**LATER - THE SAME GOVERNMENT COUNCIL ROOM**

whiskey  
Close shot -- a crystal decanter. The top is lifted,  
pours.

Room, but  
the  
The camera pulls back. We are still in the Council  
time has passed. The Indian delegation has gone, and  
British are relaxing as a servant pours.

**GENERAL**

(mocking his exchange  
with Gandhi)

"You don't just expect us to walk  
out?" "Yes."

And they all laugh.

**BRIGADIER**

Extraordinary little man! "Nonviolent,  
non-co-operation" -- for a moment I  
almost thought they were actually  
going to do something.

There are some smiles, but not all of them are quite so  
amused.

**CHELMSFORD**

(thoughtfully)

Yes -- but it would be wise to be  
very cautious for a time. The Anti-  
Terrorist Act will remain on the  
statutes, but on no account is Gandhi  
to be arrested. Whatever mischief he  
causes, I have no intention of making  
a martyr of him.

It is an instruction they all find correct.

**FIELD - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

two  
flickering

A roar of approval from a huge crowd. We are featuring  
British soldiers, their faces partially lit by a  
torch light that reveals their tense wariness.

is  
it --  
defiant  
sits  
now  
in an  
with

Another angle. And we can see its cause. A huge crowd  
gathered around a platform -- torches sprinkled through  
and their mood is confident, belligerent. As their  
roar carries through the night air we see that Gandhi  
cross-legged on the platform. Nehru is with him. Patel,  
for the first time in an Indian tunic, and Azad, also  
Indian tunic. Desai, Gandhi's new male secretary, is

who them. But it is Ba who is speaking at the microphone,  
has brought the shout of defiance from the crowd.

**BA**

(simple, direct)  
...but now something worse is  
happening. When Gandhiji and I were  
growing up, women wove their own  
cloth. But now there are millions  
who have no work because those who  
can buy all they need from England.  
I say with Gandhiji, there is no  
beauty in the finest cloth if it  
makes hunger and unhappiness.

and It is the end of her speech and she makes the pranam  
not turns away. There is applause and noise, but Ba does  
Gandhi, acknowledge it; she simply sits cross-legged behind  
and who is talking with Patel and Nehru. At last he rises,  
chaos. the noise and applause increase to something like

the In close shot we see other British soldiers watching on  
wary perimeter of the crowd and they are now made even more  
his by the enthusiasm of this greeting. Gandhi fiddles with  
crowd glasses, preoccupied; finally he looks out over the  
but and holds up a hand -- almost lazily -- and gradually,  
quite definitely, the crowd stills.

**GANDHI**

My message tonight is the message I  
have given to your brothers  
everywhere. To gain independence we  
must prove worthy of it.

holds We intercut with the crowd, listening raptly. Gandhi  
up one finger.

**GANDHI**

There must be Hindu-Muslim unity --  
always.

(A second finger.)

Secondly, no Indian must be treated as the English treat us so we must remove untouchability from our lives, and from our hearts.

reaction

Neither of these goals is easy, and the audience shows it. Now Gandhi raises a third finger.

**GANDHI**

Third -- we must defy the British.

lets

gesture

And the crowd breaks into stamping and applause. Gandhi it run for a time, then stills it with the one small as before.

**GANDHI**

Not with violence that will inflame their will, but with firmness that will open their eyes.

out

This has sobered the audience somewhat. Now he looks across them as though seeking something. Then

**GANDHI**

English factories make the cloth -- that makes our poverty.

(A reaction.)

All those who wish to make the English see, bring me the cloth from Manchester and Leeds that you wear tonight, and we will light a fire that will be seen in Delhi -- and London!

There is an excited stir; he silences it.

**GANDHI**

And if, like me, you are left with only one piece of homespun -- wear it with dignity!

Close shot -- the ground. As suitcoats, shirts, vests, trousers, are flung into a pile.

edge

Featuring the two British soldiers -- later -- on the

by of the crowd, staring off, their faces now brightly lit  
darting flames.

before the Their point of view. A huge triangular pile burns  
shadows platform, an excited half-naked crowd swirling in the  
at around it. Resume the two British soldiers. They look  
excite in each other with a kind of fear a rampant crowd can  
those who must hold it...

**ASHRAM STATION - EXTERIOR - DAY**

stands The small train station near the ashram. Kallenbach  
train by a new (early 1920s) Ford touring car, watching as a  
pulls into the station.

As people start to jump off the train he moves forward.  
Featuring Patel, getting out of a compartment marked  
"Second Class." He lugs a bedroll and a bag. Despite the Indian  
tunic he now wears he cannot help but look and act like the  
incisive, patrician lawyer he is under the skin. As he  
moves through the crowded platform.

**PATEL**

Excuse me -- just let me get out of  
your way, please.

(Someone reaches for  
his bedroll and bag.)

No, thank you, I'll manage.

He looks up; it is Kallenbach who is the insistent  
"helper."

**PATEL**

(joyous -- it's been  
a long time)

Ah, Herman!

(Of the bags)

No, no -- don't destroy my good  
intentions. I'm feeling guilty about  
traveling Second Class.



again. Kallenbach is smiling too. He reaches for the bags

**KALLENBACH**

I do it as a friend -- and admirer --  
not a servant.

**PATEL**

Ah, in that case!

And grandly, he relinquishes the bags and looks back.

**PATEL**

Maulana is made of sterner stuff.  
Our trains met in Bombay, but he's  
back there in that lot somewhere.

see  
is  
with two  
Their point of view. In the chaos of the Third Class we  
Maulana Azad coming out of a section of the coach. He  
carrying a baby wrapped in rags. The child's mother  
little ones hanging on her has followed him out.

**PATEL'S VOICE-OVER**

There he is -- out Gandhi-ing Gandhi.

him.  
Azad hands the woman the baby and she obviously thanks

He makes a little salaam to her and moves through the  
confusion of the platform toward the camera.

Resume Patel and Kallenbach.

**PATEL**

(shaking his head at  
it all)  
When I think what our "beloved  
Mahatma" asks, I don't know how he  
ever got such a hold over us. Is he  
back?

**KALLENBACH**

Yes. Now that things are moving he's  
going to write and only take part  
when it's necessary.

Azad approaches them.

**AZAD**

(to Patel)

It was a Hindu child and it tried to  
wet on me.

He and Kallenbach clasp with their free hands, both  
grinning.

**PATEL**

Of course. A Muslim beef eater --  
I'm only surprised he missed.

**AZAD**

He was a she.

**PATEL**

Ah, that explains it.

(He grins.)

Well, do I carry your luggage as  
penance or --

**KALLENBACH**

There's another passenger -- a Miss  
Slade.

(He turns  
automatically, as  
Patel and Azad do,  
toward the First  
Class section.)

She's the daughter of an English  
admiral.

(Patel and Azad look  
back at him in quick  
surprise. Kallenbach  
smiles.)

She's been corresponding with him  
for a year.

back And the camera pans with their glances at they look  
with real interest toward the First Class coach.

passengers Porters are unloading the baggage of two or three  
here and helping some others (English and Indian) to  
board.

sari. In the foreground we see a tall Indian woman in a red  
Farther along there is a large stack of luggage being  
added to by a porter. An English woman is hovering about it.  
She

and is well dressed, but rather dreary and unprepossessing,  
the camera zooms in toward her.

**PATEL**

And what does the daughter of an  
English admiral propose to do in an  
ashram -- sink us?

**AZAD**

(quietly -- his manner)  
From the looks of the luggage, yes.

Patel grins. Like most witty men, he loves wit in  
others.

**KALLENBACH**

She wants to make her home with us --  
and Gandhiji has agreed.

Patel groans. They turn back to the train and just as  
they do, the tall Indian woman in the red sari tips a  
porter,  
(Madeleine  
Slade) is tall, quite pretty and extremely English  
despite the sari. The minute she turns, she stops on seeing the  
now startled Kallenbach.

**MIRABEHN**

You'd be Mr. Kallenbach.

Kallenbach recovers sufficiently to --

**KALLENBACH**

...And you would be Miss Slade.

**MIRABEHN**

(proudly)  
I prefer the name Gandhiji has given  
me -- Mirabehn.

The word means "daughter." Patel and Azad stare at each  
other in something like bafflement.

**THE ROAD TO THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

moment,  
touring  
Mirabehn

An ox labors along in harness. We follow him for a  
then move along the traces of the harness to the Ford  
car that it is pulling. In the car Kallenbach and  
sit in the front seat, Patel and Azad in the back.  
Closer.

**KALLENBACH**

(of the car)

It was a gift and it only worked a  
few weeks, but when Gandhi came home  
he struck on this idea. He calls it  
his ox-Ford. Comfortable -- and yet  
more our pace.

smiles  
ahead in

He does what little steering is necessary and Mirabehn  
at it all, finding everything delightful. She peers  
the direction of the distant ashram.

**MIRABEHN**

Might Mr. Nehru be there too?

**PATEL**

(glibly)

The irresponsible young Nehru is in  
prison -- again. Though there is a  
rumor that under pressure from your  
country, they will let him out --  
again.

Mirabehn has turned to look at him. She has the same  
sophomoric eagerness and intensity as the young Gandhi.

**MIRABEHN**

You can't know how closely we follow  
your struggle --

(to Patel personally)

how many in England admired what you  
did in Bardoli. It must have taken  
enormous courage.

**PATEL**

Well, in this country one must decide  
if one is more afraid of the  
government or Gandhi.

(Of Azad, Kallenbach  
and himself)

For us, it's Gandhi.

underlines  
Mirabehn is enthralled by the wit, the modesty that  
the words. She faces Kallenbach.

**MIRABEHN**

(a note of wonder)  
And you're German...

**KALLENBACH**

Yes.

**MIRABEHN**

And do you feel Indian?

She thinks she does, and that he would want to.

**KALLENBACH**

No.

It surprises, but it doesn't deflate.

**MIRABEHN**

But you've been with him so long --  
why?

some  
the  
Kallenbach, whose size and stillness carry the aura of  
great piece of primitive sculpture -- solid, true,  
disturbingly profound -- searches inside himself for  
answer.

**KALLENBACH**

...I'd come to believe I would never  
meet a truly honest man. And then I  
met one.

obviously  
It is so profoundly simple and deeply felt that it  
touches the deeply emotional Mirabehn.

**GANDHI'S BUNGALOW - EXTERIOR - DAY**

is  
imitate  
gets in  
Ba has a spinning wheel on the small porch and Gandhi  
sitting next to her with another. He is trying to  
her action -- which is fast and dexterous -- and he  
a terrible jumble. Ba watches, laughing.

**BA**

Stop -- stop...

She leans across and tries to extricate his fingers.

**BA**

God gave you ten thumbs.

**GANDHI**

(morosely)

Eleven.

And Ba laughs again and Gandhi smiles, tapping her with playful reproof on the top of her bent head. There are footsteps and Gandhi looks up. Patel stands in the

doorway.

Gandhi's face changes to something like elation. A

beat.

**GANDHI**

Sardar...

It means "leader" and it is the name the peasants have

given

Patel. Gandhi uses it with an intonation of novelty and respect. He stands and crosses to Patel, clutching him emotionally, and it brings a bit of emotion from the sophisticated Patel.

Gandhi holds him back to look at him.

**GANDHI**

What you've done is a miracle. You have made all India proud.

Patel gets hold of himself, and affects his usual glib cynicism.

**PATEL**

It must have been the only Non-violent campaign ever led by a man who wanted to kill everybody every day.

**GANDHI**

(laughs)

Not true!

(He means himself.)

The secret is mastering the urge.

He smiles again, then, his arm still around Patel's

shoulder,

he turns to greet the others. Azad looks at him, then facetiously, as though to put down Patel.

**AZAD**

He came Second Class.

Gandhi laughs again, squeezing Patel's shoulder.

**GANDHI**

Well, we can't expect miracles all the time.

(Then to Azad, more soberly)

Your news I understand is not so good.

Azad shakes his head.

**AZAD**

No.

sees  
then  
kissing  
top of

Gandhi reaches forward and touches his hand, and he Mirabehn on the porch. For a moment their eyes meet and Mirabehn moves forward quickly and takes his hand, it, tears running down her cheek. Gandhi touches the her head.

**GANDHI**

Come, come -- you will be my daughter...

**LATER - GANDHI'S BUNGALOW - INTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

Patel's,  
sitting  
notes  
they  
the  
spinning

The camera is on a row of sandals by the door -- Azad's, Desai's, Gandhi's. It pans to the room. Gandhi facing Patel and Azad, Desai in the background, making of the discussion. Gandhi is carding fiber to thread as talk. Mirabehn, seated like the others, is almost in circle, sitting near Ba, and listening like her. Ba's never stops.

**AZAD**

...but then some rioting broke out  
between Hindus and Muslims -- violent,  
terrible...

Gandhi looks up at Azad, Azad shakes his head solemnly

**AZAD**

Whether it was provoked...

(he shrugs, a hint of  
suspicion)

But it gave them an excuse to impose  
martial law throughout Bengal.

(He looks at Gandhi,  
shaking his head  
grimly.)

Some of the things the military have  
done...

But he does not go on. It has a terrible sobriety.

**GANDHI**

Is the campaign weakening?

Azad shakes his head.

**AZAD**

The marches and protests are bigger  
if anything but with the censorship  
here

(a nod toward Mirabehn)  
they know more in England than we  
do, and it saps the courage to think  
you may be suffering alone.

Gandhi reaches out and touches his hand.

**GANDHI**

They are not alone. And martial law  
only shows how desperate the British  
are.

He holds Azad's eyes, giving strength. Then he turns to  
Mirabehn, made more aware of her by Azad's reference.

For a

moment he looks at her sari.

**GANDHI**

Is that homespun? Or cotton from  
Leeds?

nods, a

The tone suggests he thinks it is homespun. Mirabehn



little choked that his attention is turned to her.

**MIRABEHN**

I -- I sent for it, from here. I dyed it myself.

Gandhi smiles approvingly. Then a shadow --

**GANDHI**

What do the workers in England make of what we're doing? It must have produced hardship.

Mirabehn beams.

**MIRABEHN**

It has. But you'd be surprised. They understand -- they really do. It's not the workers you have to worry about.

**GANDHI**

Good.

(A glance toward Ba.)

Ba will have to teach you to spin too.

**MIRABEHN**

I would rather march.

**GANDHI**

First spin. Let the others march for a time.

Mirabehn nods and looks resignedly at Ba. Ba is spinning.

She smiles.

**BA**

First lesson: To march, wear shoes, to spin, do not.

Mirabehn looks down at the shoes on her feet -- and then at the others and their bare feet -- and she looks up in grinning, self-conscious embarrassment. Ba smiles at her affectionately.

**BA**

I'll teach you all our foolishness, and you must teach me yours.

Mirabehn looks at her, accepting the warmth behind the teasing. It is the beginning of an enduring friendship.

**CHAURI CHAURA - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

are  
marchers  
loin-  
English

A small town. Featuring the faces of six Indian police constables as a torch light parade passes them. There enough of them in their group to be watching the with a challenging disdain. The marchers are men in clothes and tunics; they brandish torn and ripped cloth and shout in unison.

**MARCHERS**

Home Rule! Long live Gandhi! Buy  
Indian! Long live Gandhi!

going  
cloth  
out

We have cut to the parade -- and it is the tail end, around a corner ahead. Some of the marchers wave their tauntingly at the police. One policeman suddenly steps and grabs at a piece of cloth waved at him. He pulls it viciously from the marcher.

**POLICEMAN**

I'll stuff your damn mouth with it!

Another  
piece  
of cloth.

He chases the marcher and boots him with his foot. marcher runs at the policeman, swinging at him with his of cloth.

**SECOND MARCHER**

Leave him alone -- he wasn't harming  
you!

with  
blood

Another angle -- sudden. He is whacked across the face a billy club and falls, clutching his face and spouting from his nose.

swinging

Another angle. The police are now all attacking,

the clubs and kicking at the tail-enders of the march. And  
tail-enders begin to scream

**TAIL-ENDERS**

Help! Help us! as they try to scramble  
away from the attack. Out of shot we  
can still hear the disappearing chant:  
"Home Rule! Long live Gandhi!"

**CONNECTING STREET - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

streaming The parade is on this street. A tail-ender, blood  
down his face, runs around the corner. lose shot -- the  
tail-ender. As he stops

**TAIL-ENDER**

(screaming)  
Help! Help us!

Another angle. Some of the marchers turn at the shout.

**RESUME THE POLICE - THE FIRST STREET**

of the A few of the tail-enders watching, some running clear  
police, some being beaten.

looks up. Two police have a man on the ground. One policeman

**POLICEMAN**

Hey --

Their point of view. The corner where the parade has  
disappeared. It is now packed with more marchers, more  
flooding in from behind.

corner, We see the whole street, the marchers massed near the  
spread out, staring at the police, who are now frozen  
in their mayhem, staring off at the marchers.

For a second, utter silence.

victims. And then the police begin to back away from their

their The marchers start to move forward. The police draw

roar,  
guns, and the marchers suddenly run at them, a guttural  
as though they were one single wild beast.

Featuring the police. They start to run, some turning  
to  
fire at the pursuing crowd, then running on.

**THE POLICE STATION - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

duty  
A small building for this small town. A policeman on  
holds the door and the fleeing police, first one, then  
two  
more, then the last three, run into the building.

stones.  
The crowd surges around it, smashing windows, hurling

ignited.  
Close shot. English cloth shirts pushed together and

hurled  
Second close shot. Trousers, already aflame, being  
through a broken window. All around, the noise of the  
angry,  
surging crowd, stones raining on the building. Shouts:  
"Out --  
Out!"

camera  
Later. A corner of the building engulfed in flames. The  
pulls back and we see the whole building swept with  
fire.

The heat of it keeps the crowd back but they are still  
shouting "Out -- Out! -- Out" -- and a sudden cheer.

appears,  
At the door of the flaming building. One policeman  
his face blackened with soot, his hands up over his  
head.  
Another appears in the smoke behind him, and they start  
to  
come out -- not only the original six but the five or  
six  
others who were in the building -- rushing suddenly  
from the  
heat of the fire.

the  
Close shot -- the crowd. We are close on the body of

instant first policeman as he runs into the crowd and on the  
we see a sword slash at his arm.

figure, a Another angle. The crowd massed around the fallen  
breathless flash of the sword going up over the heads -- a  
pause -- and it comes down again... savagely.

has Later. The flames of the crumbled building. The crowd  
camera gone and we only hear the roar of the flames. The  
flesh pans across the flames, and we see a skull, charred  
bare still clinging to it, the eyes black holes, the teeth  
as it burns in the fire.

**JINNAH'S DRAWING ROOM - INTERIOR - DAY**

stares Close shot -- Gandhi. His face drawn, stunned, as he  
the emptily at the floor. He is sitting on the carpet in  
begin to center of the room. A moment of silence and then we  
in the hear the tick of a clock, the sounds of others moving  
room, and finally

**PATEL'S VOICE**

That's one bit of news they haven't  
censored.

mood Another angle. Patel leans with one arm on a table, his  
paper as devastated as Gandhi's; he is looking at an Indian  
on the table by his hand. A moment then

**JINNAH'S VOICE**

Oh, it's all over the world...  
(ironically)  
India's "non-violence."

turns, and He has been standing, looking out of a window. He  
and we tosses a newspaper on a desk. It is a New York Times

the just glimpse the picture of the severed head lying in smoldering ashes.

And now we see Nehru and Azad in the background too. Desai. Jinnah as usual in a finely cut European suit, the others are dressed in tunics of homespun as they will be to the end.

**NEHRU**

(bleakly)  
What can we do?

**GANDHI**

(sepulchrally)  
We must end the campaign.

They turn to him -- a sense of surprise, but they don't really believe he means the statement.

**JINNAH**

After what they did at the massacre -- it's only an eye for an eye.

**GANDHI**

(he hasn't moved; the same tone)  
An eye for an eye only ends up making the whole world blind.  
(Now he looks up at them.)  
We must stop.

**PATEL**

(a baffled smile)  
Gandhiji -- do you know the sacrifices people have made?

He looks at him. Gandhi doesn't move. Patel looks up hopelessly at Jinnah. Azad keeps his eyes fixed on Gandhi, sensing, fearing what is going to happen.

**JINNAH**

We would never get the same commitment again -- ever.

He looks at Gandhi with a mounting sense of annoyance.

Gandhi is listening, but still withdrawn into himself.

**GANDHI**

If we obtain our freedom by murder  
and bloodshed I want no part of it.

**NEHRU**

(pleading)  
It was one incident.

**GANDHI**

(quietly)  
Tell that to the families of the  
policemen who died.

helpless  
Jinnah turns away in anger. Patel sighs. Nehru feels  
but he continues to try.

**NEHRU**

Bapu -- the whole nation is marching.  
They wouldn't stop, even if we asked  
them to.

Gandhi stares into nothing -- mulling that. Finally

**GANDHI**

I will ask. And I will fast as penance  
for my part in arousing such emotions --  
and I will not stop until they stop.

Nehru stares at him -- surprised. Azad is not.

**JINNAH**

(disgustedly)  
God! You can be sure the British  
won't censor that! They'll put it on  
every street corner.

too,  
Gandhi does not react. And Nehru ignores the thought  
because like Azad his mind is already on the real  
danger.

**NEHRU**

But -- but Gandhiji people are  
aroused... they won't stop.

Gandhi looks up at him -- a resigned fatalism.

**GANDHI**

If I die, perhaps they will...

**THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

bungalow.

see

people

some

tunic

we a

pressure. He

up.

Mirabehn walks across the grounds toward Gandhi's bungalow. She carries a small tray with a pitcher and a glass. We see a few people working in the background, and a mass of people camped near the entrance, some sprawled, some sitting, some standing -- all waiting.

The steps of Gandhi's bungalow. A doctor in a white tunic sits on the porch, reading. On a small table beside him we see a stethoscope and the equipment to measure blood pressure. He looks up at Mirabehn as she mounts the steps, and nods. Mirabehn reaches the doorway and is suddenly brought

**VIEW -**

**GANDHI'S BUNGALOW - THE INTERIOR - MIRABEHN'S POINT OF TWILIGHT**

holding

to the

arms

head.

nurse.

then

In the shadows, Ba sits by Gandhi's mat bed. She is holding him as he heaves in a spasm of dry retching, his face against the wall. When he is finished, he lies almost limp in her arms and she gently lowers him to the mat. She strokes his head.

Mirabehn stiffens herself. She is not yet devotee and nurse. She removes her sandals and walks across the room.

Ba looks up at her. She glances at the jug and glass, then nods. She turns to Gandhi.

**BA**

(softly)

I must get ready for evening prayers.  
Mirabehn is here.

shoulder

She strokes his sweating head again, touches his



other's  
the  
without

and gets up. For a moment the two women hold each  
gaze, then Ba smiles weakly, and leans her head into  
taller Mirabehn's shoulder. With her free hand Mirabehn  
touches Ba's head. Then Ba straightens, and leaves  
looking back.

Mirabehn bends and sits by Gandhi's side.

**MIRABEHN**

I've brought your drinking water.  
May I turn you?

he  
dry  
cannot  
glass

Gandhi struggles to turn, and Mirabehn helps him. When  
turns we see that his face is wet with sweat from the  
heaving and his hands and arms are quivering and he  
stop them. She looks at him nervously, then pours a  
from the pitcher.

**MIRABEHN**

There is a little lemon juice in it.  
That is all.

sip.

She turns back, and propping up his head, helps him to

**MIRABEHN**

Herman has gone to meet Pandit Nehru --  
there was a telegram. Almost  
everywhere it has stopped.

head  
tries

Gandhi swallows with difficulty. He pauses, letting his  
fall back and she lowers it down to the mat again. He  
to smile.

**GANDHI**

When it is everywhere, then my prayers  
will be answered.

Mirabehn looks daunted by his intractability.

**GANDHI**

Do you find me stubborn?

**MIRABEHN**

(her own honesty)

I don't know... I know you are right.  
I don't know that this is right.

looking

Gandhi signals her down to him. She bends so she is  
at the floor and he is speaking almost into her ear.

**GANDHI**

(hoarse, strained)

When I despair, I remember that all  
through history the way of truth and  
love has always won.

We intercut their faces, very close, as he speaks.

**GANDHI**

There have been tyrants and murderers,  
and for a time they can seem  
invincible. But in the end they always  
fall. Think of it -- always... When  
you are in doubt that that is God's  
way, the way the world is meant to  
be... think of that.

to

During the very last of it Mirabehn has turned her face  
him, touched with emotion.

**GANDHI**

(the paternal smile)

And then -- try to do it His way.

(A tear runs down  
Mirabehn's face. She  
touches his shoulder.  
Gandhi just leans  
his head back in  
exhaustion.)

And now -- could I have another feast  
of lemon juice?

her

from

suddenly,

Kallenbach

Mirabehn straightens up, smiling, wiping the tear from  
cheek with mock discipline. She starts to pour water  
the pitcher into the glass again, then she turns  
her attention caught.

Her point of view. The doorway. Nehru stands in it.

and Desai are a step or two behind him.

**MIRABEHN**

Panditji -- come in.

She stands, moving back from Gandhi.

looks  
out  
between

Nehru crosses and kneels in Mirabehn's place. Gandhi  
up at him and his eyes light. He moves his shaking hand  
and Nehru clasps it. A moment of personal feeling  
them, then

**NEHRU**

Jinnah, Patel, all of Congress has  
called for the end of non-co-  
operation. There's not been one  
demonstration. All over India people  
are praying that you will end the  
fast. They're walking in the streets,  
offering garlands to the police --  
and to British soldiers.

grin.

It is a victory. Gandhi's face cracks into a tearful

**GANDHI**

(croaked)

Perhaps -- perhaps I have overdone  
it.

time.  
him.

And Nehru chokes with emotion and laughter at the same  
He buries his head on Gandhi's hand, clutching it to

**THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

tether.

Bright sunshine. A little boy is pulling a goat by a  
He turns with a bright smile.

**LITTLE BOY**

Good morning, Bapu!

for  
It is

Reverse angle. Gandhi is walking, holding Ba's shoulder  
support with one hand, and Mirabehn's with the other.  
some days later.

**GANDHI**

Good morning.  
(Of the goat)  
Don't let her go. If she bumps me I  
am done for.

The boy grins at Gandhi's feigned alarm.

**LITTLE BOY**

Don't worry. I milk her every day,  
she's not --

The sound of a motor disturbs them. Gandhi turns.

bumpy  
have to  
stop because they are impeded by Gandhi's ox-Ford.

car. A  
get  
Four Indian policeman hop quickly out of the second  
British police superintendent, and his British deputy  
more decorously out of the first.

and  
ashramites  
Another angle. Gandhi has turned with his two props, Ba  
Mirabehn. The police are approaching him. Kallenbach is  
running from the fields. Nehru is hurrying from another  
building carrying sheaves of page proofs. Other  
converge from the fields and buildings.

stops  
The British police superintendent (who is Scottish)  
before Gandhi.

**POLICE SUPERINTENDENT**

(a beat)  
Sedition.

**NEHRU**

(it is too absurd)  
You can't be serious! This man has  
just stopped a revolution!

**POLICE SUPERINTENDENT**

(uncomfortably; he  
knows)  
That's as may be. I only know what I

am charged to perform.

Nehru stares at him and the policemen with growing incredulity.

**NEHRU**

I don't believe it -- even the British can't be that stupid!

**GANDHI**

Panditji -- please, help me.

unmastered  
turns to

It stops Nehru. He looks at Gandhi and sighs in frustration, but he moves to Gandhi's side. Gandhi Mirabeau.

**GANDHI**

You must help Herman -- and Ba.  
(He releases her, and says more loudly to the others)  
I have been on many trips -- it is just another trip.

He smiles at them, then slips his free hand on Nehru's shoulder and he turns to the superintendent.

**GANDHI**

I am at your command.

behind

Featuring Gandhi, Ba and Nehru, as they walk to the car the somewhat surprised superintendent.

**GANDHI**

(to Nehru)  
If there is one protest -- one riot -- a disgrace of any kind, I will fast again.

now

He looks at Nehru firmly. Nehru knows him well enough not to argue -- even at this, though his face shows the struggle.

**GANDHI**

(and now he smiles -- Gandhi to Nehru, special)  
I know India is not ready for my

kind of independence. If I am sent to jail, perhaps that is the best protest our country can make at this time. And if it helps India, I have never refused to take His Majesty's hospitality.

He laughs and Nehru struggles to join in the joke.

**THE CIRCUIT COURT - AHMEDABAD - INTERIOR - DAY**

the  
A quiet hum in a packed courtroom. Armed sepoy line  
wall.

frown on  
clerk.  
Featuring Judge Broomfield and the clerk. The Judge is flipping through documents on the case, a troubled  
his face. At last, he shuts the folder and nods to the  
The clerk turns and says in a moderately loud voice --

**CLERK**

Call the prisoner to the bar.

side  
The  
Gandhi  
still  
The sergeant-at-arms turns and moves to the door at the  
of the bench. The courtroom immediately falls silent.  
sergeant-at-arms opens the door -- a moment -- and  
enters slowly. He has recovered a bit more, but he  
moves slowly.

his  
Gandhi.  
Featuring Judge Broomfield. As Gandhi enters, he lowers  
glasses, places them on his desk, and rises, facing

other  
Featuring two English court reporters. One nudges the  
in astonishment, signaling off toward the judge.

respect,  
and dutifully, he too stands.  
Their point of view. The clerk, confused as well as  
astonished, see the judge standing, facing Gandhi in

glances,  
Resume the reporters. A disbelieving exchange of

back. the sound of others standing around them. They glance

Full shot -- the courtroom. The whole court rises, the astounded reporters the last of all.

looks Featuring Gandhi. He takes the prisoner's stand. He around, a little surprised, a little affected by the demonstration. He looks up at the judge. For a minute their eyes meet, the judge makes a little bow to Gandhi. Gandhi reciprocates... and the judge sits down.

other, Featuring the reporters shrugging incredulously to each as they sit once more.

journal. Later. The Advocate General is speaking from a folded

**ADVOCATE GENERAL**

... "Non-co-operation has one aim: the overthrow of the Government. Sedition must become our creed. We must give no quarter, nor can we expect any."

(He looks up at Gandhi.)

Signed M. K. Gandhi, in your journal Young India, dated twenty-second March of this year. Do you deny writing it?

**GANDHI**

Not at all.

(To the judge)

And I will save the Court's time, M'Lord, by stating under oath that to this day I believe non-co-operation with evil is a duty. And that British rule of India is evil.

courtroom. There is a little shock of reaction around the

then he The Advocate General smiles with a brittle disdain, turns to the judge.

**ADVOCATE GENERAL**

The Prosecution rests, M'Lord.

for

The judge nods. He turns, glancing at the empty table  
defense counsel, and then to Gandhi.

**JUDGE BROOMFIELD**

I take it you will conduct your own  
defense, Mr. Gandhi.

**GANDHI**

I have no defense, My Lord. I am  
guilty as charged.

(Then testingly)

And if you truly believe in the system  
of law you administer in my country,  
you must inflict on me the severest  
penalty possible.

It is almost a cruel challenge to the obviously humane  
Broomfield.

write,

the

The reporters scribble, watching the Judge even as they  
because the mere doubt in the Judge's face reflects on  
whole position of the British to India.

soberly,

Featuring Judge Broomfield. He lowers his glasses  
staring at them for a moment.

**JUDGE BROOMFIELD**

It is impossible for me to ignore  
that you are in a different category  
from any person I have ever tried,  
or am likely to try.

almost

He looks up at Gandhi and his own respect for him is  
poignantly manifest.

**JUDGE BROOMFIELD**

(a long beat)

It is nevertheless my duty to sentence  
you -- to six years' imprisonment.

then in

his

A stunned intake of breath from the whole courtroom,  
absolute silence the clerk scribbles the sentence in  
notebook. A pause. The Judge lowers his eyes.

**JUDGE BROOMFIELD**



(a personal statement,  
not a real hope)

If however His Majesty's Government  
could -- at some later date -- see  
fit to reduce that term, no one would  
be better pleased than I.

looking  
stiffly to  
He folds, and refolds his glasses and then without  
at anyone he rises. The court rises and he walks  
his chambers.

now  
Featuring Gandhi. He stands, staring at Broomfield, and  
it is his face that shows the respect.

**INDIAN ROAD - EXTERIOR - DAY**

traveling  
passed.  
Long shot. From far above the hills we see a car  
along the road. Its style tells us some years have

York  
Africa.  
something, his  
Featuring Walker -- close. The reporter from the New  
Times, whom we first saw as a younger man in South  
He is in an open car, turning back to look at  
face intrigued by what he sees.

**COLLINS' VOICE-OVER**

(English accent)

Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what  
they hoped. Put him in prison a few  
years and with luck he'd be forgotten.  
And maybe they'd even subdue him...

walking  
of  
and  
are  
We see from Walker's point of view an Indian woman  
along the road, leading a tall camel that carries sacks  
produce. Two young girls in ragged saris walk with her,  
a boy of eight leads a smaller camel behind them. They  
staring off at the car.

what  
Resume Walker. He swings back around, fascinated with

Minor.

he is seeing of India. The car is an early 1930s Morris

**COLLINS**

Well, he certainly wasn't forgotten!  
And as soon as he got out he was  
back tramping the country, preaching  
non-violence and demanding a free  
India. Everybody knows another  
showdown's coming -- but when, and  
over what --

He shrugs, "Nobody knows"...

**WALKER**

Well, I read you account of that  
crowd in Calcutta and that he was  
twisting the Lion's tail again...

around a

Collins has suddenly slowed the car, then swerves  
pair of elephants hauling logs.

**WALKER**

(falteringly)  
...and I knew something had to give.  
And I was determined to be here when  
it did.

**COLLINS**

How does a reporter in Central America  
learn that Gandhi was born in  
Porbandar anyway?

**WALKER**

Oh, I've been a Gandhi buff for a  
long time.

around

Collins glances at him in surprise as he steers the car  
another procession of camels heading toward the port.

**COLLINS**

He certainly makes good copy.  
(A laugh.)  
The other day Winston Churchill called  
him "that half-naked Indian fakir."

Walker smiles too, but it soon passes.

**WALKER**

I met him once.

Collins looks at him in real surprise.

**COLLINS**

You mean Gandhi?

**WALKER**

(nods)

Back in South Africa...

(reflectively)

long time ago.

**COLLINS**

What was he like?

**WALKER**

Lots of hair... and a little like a college freshman -- trying to figure everything out.

**COLLINS**

Well, he must've found some of the answers...

He honks as he goes around a wooden-wheeled cart.

**PRANAMI TEMPLE - PROBANDER - INTERIOR - DAY**

close. Simple. Austere. Filtered light. Featuring Gandhi --

He is looking straight ahead.

faces Reverse angle. Across the emptiness of the temple, Ba  
him.

**BA**

(a step forward)

"In every worthy wish of yours, I shall be your helpmate."

sitting Another angle featuring Walker and Collins, who are  
ceremony alone, in the cool shadows of the temple, watching with  
eyes for them, Walker jotting notes occasionally, but his  
know. always glued to Gandhi and Ba, who are in part lost in  
memories and echoes of a significance only they can

**GANDHI**

(a step)

"Take a fourth step, that we may be  
ever full of joy."

the

Wide shot. Showing the two of them before the altar of  
temple, moving closer to each other.

**BA**

(a step)

"I will ever live devoted to you,  
speaking words of love and praying  
for your happiness."

Close shot -- Gandhi.

**GANDHI**

"Take a fifth step, that we may serve  
the people."

**BA**

"I will follow close behind you and  
help to serve the people."

the  
eyes

Featuring Walker, now too entranced by the ceremony, by  
depth of layered emotions in Gandhi and Ba's voices and  
to take any notes...

**GANDHI**

"Take a sixth step, that we may follow  
our vows in life."

**BA**

"I will follow you in all our vows  
and duties."

Ba and Gandhi. Near to meeting now.

**GANDHI**

(a last step)

"Take the seventh step, that we may  
ever live as friends."

A

Ba takes the last step, so that they are face to face.  
beat.

**BA**

"You are my best friend... my highest

guru, and my sovereign lord."

hopes For a moment their eyes hold -- the many dreams, and  
and pain -- the love of many years.

Walker watches, his own face taut with emotion.

Resume Gandhi and Ba. And Gandhi slowly lifts his hand.

**GANDHI**

Then I put a sweetened wheat cake in  
her mouth.

kisses He touches Ba's lips with his extended fingers and she  
them gently.

**BA**

And I put a sweetened wheat cake in  
his mouth.

them She has lifted her fingers to his mouth and he kisses  
gently.

cynical Featuring Walker and Collins both touched, the overtly  
Englishman. American obviously even more than the likeable

Gandhi turns to them.

**GANDHI**

And with that we were pronounced man  
and wife.

(Solemnly)

We were both thirteen...

**THE BAY - PORBANDAR - EXTERIOR - DAWN**

Arabian Sea A tiny, beautiful city rising steeply out of the  
half- with tall, thick-walled buildings, half-fortresses,  
the homes, their white walls tinted amber and gold now by  
early light of the sun.

sunrise Featuring Gandhi, sitting on a promontory watching the

of  
little  
to  
impressed.

in solemn meditation... He becomes aware of the sound  
footsteps and he turns to see Walker approaching, a  
knapsack over his shoulder. Gandhi smiles. Walker comes  
his side, looking out over the bay and city, truly

**WALKER**

It's beautiful.

**GANDHI**

Even as a boy I thought so.

Walker looks down at him. Gandhi scowls up in the early  
light.

**WALKER**

Trying to keep track of you is making  
me change all my sleeping habits.

Gandhi smiles.

**GANDHI**

And you've come all this way because  
you think something is going to  
happen?

**WALKER**

Hm.

(Then weightedly)

Is it?

**GANDHI**

Perhaps. I've come here to think  
about it.

the  
Porbandar.

They both watch the waves beat on the shore a moment,  
changing hues of the sunrise on the whites of

**GANDHI**

(musing)

Do you remember much of South Africa?

**WALKER**

A great deal.

**GANDHI**

I've traveled so far -- and thought

so much.

(He smiles in self-  
mockery, and turns  
toward the city.)

As you can see, my city was a sea  
city -- always filled with Hindus  
and Muslims and Sikhs and Jews and  
Persians.

(He looks at Walker.)

The temple where you were yesterday  
is of my family's sect, the Pranami.  
It was Hindu of course but the priests  
used to read from the Muslim Koran  
and the Hindu Gita, moving from one  
to the other as though it mattered  
not at all which book was read as  
long as God was worshipped.

Walker's, He looks out to sea, and we intercut his face with  
the sea, and the town itself as the sun turns it white.

#### **GANDHI**

When I was a boy I used to sing a  
song in that temple: "A true disciple  
knows another's woes as his own. He  
bows to all and despises none...  
Earthly possessions hold him not."  
Like all boys I said the words, not  
thinking of what they meant or how  
they might be influencing me.

(He looks at Walker...  
then out to the sea  
again, shaking his  
head.)

I've traveled so far... and all I've  
done is come back home.

middle Walker studies him as this profound man reaches, in his  
years, a profound insight.

become Featuring Gandhi staring out to sea, his mind locked in  
for a reflection, and suddenly his head lifts, his eyes  
with alert, he is caught by some excitement which he weighs  
moment, then he stands, his manner suddenly tingling  
optimism.

looking Walker stares at him, then at what Gandhi seems to be at.

them. His point of view. The waves lapping the shore below

Walker turns back to Gandhi, puzzled. But there is no mistaking the sudden glow in Gandhi's face.

**WALKER**

You know what you're going to do.

Gandhi looks at him, a teasing smile.

**GANDHI**

It would have been very uncivil of me to let you make such a long trip for nothing.

The grin broadens, and then he starts briskly down the promontory. Walker scrambles up after him.

**WALKER**

Where are you going?

Gandhi Gulls fly over them, squawking in the growing light.

sea. pauses, looking up at the gulls, then back down to the

**GANDHI**

I'm going back to the ashram  
(then firmly)  
and then I'm going to prove to the  
new Viceroy that the King's writ no  
longer runs in India!

elated, He turns from the sea to Walker, his eyes confident,  
baffled, then he continues on down the promontory. Still  
Walker glances at the sea, at him, then hurries after.  
Full shot. The waves running against the shore...

**LORD IRWIN'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

Close shot -- the Viceroy, a "new one," Lord Irwin.

**IRWIN**

Salt?



principal  
police  
offices,

Another angle. He is looking in astonishment at his secretary. His ADC, a general, a brigadier, a senior officer are with him. Like him they hold the same but are a new team.

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

Yes, sir. He is going to march to the sea and make salt.

significance

Irwin looks at him, still trying to penetrate the of the act. The senior police officer helps.

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

There is a Royal Monopoly on the manufacture of salt, sir. It's illegal to make it or sell it without a Government license.

sense.

Irwin has listened; it's beginning to make a little

**IRWIN**

All right -- he's breaking the law. What will he be depriving us of, two rupees of salt tax?

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

It's not a serious attack on the revenue, sir. Its primary importance is symbolic.

**IRWIN**

Don't patronize me, Charles.

The principal secretary blanches.

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

No, sir. I -- in this climate, sir, nothing lives without water -- or salt. Our absolute control of it is a control on the pulse of India.

Irwin looks at his ADC, then paces a bit, pondering it.

**IRWIN**

And that's the basis of this "Declaration of Independence"?

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

Yes, sir. The day he sets off everyone is supposed to raise the flag of "Free India." Then he walks some two hundred and forty miles to the sea and makes salt.

who A moment as Irwin considers it, then it is the general speaks.

**GENERAL**

I say ignore it. Let them raise their damn flags, let him make his salt. It's only symbolic if we choose to make it so.

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

(pointedly)

He's going to arrive at the sea on the anniversary of the massacre at Amritsar.

Irwin has turned to him. And this makes up his mind.

**IRWIN**

General Edgar is right -- ignore it. Mr. Gandhi will find it's going to take a great deal more than a pinch of salt to bring down the British Empire.

to be He is concerned enough to be angry, but certain enough dogmatic.

**THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAWN**

and we It is very early, the light just beginning to break, town, are looking out across the river toward the distant in and against the pink glow of the sky we can see people suddenly groups wading across the river toward the ashram. And the a mass of people, hidden by the embankment, appear at camera top of the steps coming up from the river, and the

are lifts slightly with their movement and we see that they  
distant but the forerunners of a long tendril of humanity that  
stretches across the river, all the way back to the  
outskirts of the city.

are And around the ashram many fires are burning, people  
journey, cooking breakfast, some are packing knapsacks for the  
leaves. others are strewing the path from the ashram with

#### **GANDHI'S BUNGALOW - INTERIOR - DAWN**

building. Quiet, just the buzz of activity from outside the  
him Gandhi lies on a mat and Ba and Mirabehn are massaging  
side. with oil as he checks page proofs, an oil lamp by his  
as Nehru sits cross-legged next to him, taking the proofs  
Behind Gandhi finishes them. Maulana Azad sits to one side.  
them Desai is making notes on Gandhi's instructions.

#### **GANDHI**

(to Nehru)

...the real test will come if I am  
arrested. If there is violence we  
lose all our moral advantage. This  
time it mustn't happen.

point. He looks at Nehru and Azad solemnly to emphasize the  
Nehru nods; a little smile.

#### **NEHRU**

We're not beginners anymore. We've  
been trained by a strict sergeant  
major.

reference, He means Gandhi of course, and Gandhi accepts the  
"Don't but it is the acceptance of the strict sergeant major:  
fail me." Then he looks to Azad.

#### **GANDHI**

If I'm taken, Maulana is to lead the

march. If he is arrested, Patel,  
then Kripalani, then yourself.

head. Nehru nods. Ba moves to massage the top of Gandhi's

**BA**

You should be relaxing.

legs. Gandhi grins, looking at Mirabehn, who is massaging his

**GANDHI**

I'm sure I'm fit for at least five  
hundred miles.

**MIRABEHN**

You should ride the pony. It is not  
necessary to walk to prove the point.

Gandhi looks at Nehru, a benign shrug.

**GANDHI**

I have two of them bossing me now.

sheet. Nehru smiles. He stands, having taken the last proof

Azad rises with him.

**NEHRU**

We must get these to the printer.

(He looks down at  
Gandhi.)

I know it will succeed. Even my mother  
is prepared to march.

Gandhi is pleurably impressed with that.

**GANDHI**

And Jinnah?

**NEHRU**

(a beat)

He's waiting. He's not prepared to  
accept it will mean as much as you  
think.

**GANDHI**

(smiles confidently)

Wait and see... wait and see...

He leans back and closes his eyes. Ba rubs his head

farewell.  
at

soothingly. Nehru bends and squeezes his arm in  
Gandhi nods, not opening his eyes. Nehru and Azad smile  
Ba and leave.

**THE ASHRAM - LATER - EXTERIOR - DAY**

and  
uneven

The sun higher, but still early light. A green, white  
saffron flag (the colors of India) is pulled up an  
pole. The sound of gentle clapping.

of  
and  
new  
hands  
whom we  
moves  
entrance

Gandhi is off to one side, just in front of the veranda  
his bungalow, not paying attention to the ceremony. Ba  
Mirabehn watch from the veranda as Pyarelal (Desai's  
assistant), with a knapsack over his own shoulders,  
Gandhi his. As Gandhi slips it on, the ashramite boy  
saw with the goat hands him a long staff. And Gandhi  
around the edge of the bungalow, heading toward the  
of the ashram.

opposite  
walks

A long line of ashramites and marchers stretches from  
the flagpole to the entrance of the ashram. As Gandhi  
briskly along it, they turn, ready to follow him.

in  
crew.  
him.

When he nears the entrance Gandhi sees Walker standing  
front of a collection of newsmen, cameramen, a newsreel  
He begins to smile, Walker returns it. Gandhi pauses by

**GANDHI**

(of the press)

You've done me a great service.

**WALKER**

(a grin, then a play  
on Gandhi's words to  
him)

It would have been uncivil of me to

have let you make such a long trip  
for nothing.

and  
holds  
Pyarelal  
  
into  
the  
out,

Gandhi smiles. He turns back toward his bungalow. Ba  
Mirabehn stand there watching, Desai with them. Gandhi  
their gaze a second, then turns and starts forward.  
takes up a position next to him, the marchers follow.  
Featuring Walker. He steps back, letting Gandhi proceed  
the range of the cameras on his own. The crowd around  
entrance throws flowers in Gandhi's path, some calling  
"Long live Mahatma Gandhi!"  
Gandhi passes the cameramen and starts along the trail.

**THE PATH TO GANDHI'S ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

one  
policemen  
  
of the  
Gandhi's  
  
all

A thinner crowd here, but going all along the path. To  
side we see two police cars drawn up, and several  
(a British officer, a British sergeant, and four Indian  
constables) lined up near them.  
As Gandhi nears them Walker moves up beside him. Some  
newspaper cameramen trot behind to get the picture of  
arrest. Among the newsmen we see Collins.  
Featuring Gandhi and Walker, Pyarelal just behind them  
glancing ahead at the police, who are now quite near.

**WALKER**

Is it over if they arrest you now?

**GANDHI**

Not if they arrest me -- or a thousand --  
or ten thousand.

(He looks at Walker.)

It is not only generals who know how  
to plan campaigns.

Walker smiles -- a little uneasily -- for they are now  
near

along  
move  
none.  
on

the police. Gandhi nods to them amiably as he passes  
in front of them. Walker is turning, watching for a  
from the police but begins to grasp that there may be  
He hurries along closer to Gandhi again, one eye still  
the police.

**WALKER**

What if they don't arrest you? What  
if they don't react at all?

Gandhi

Gandhi glances at him. Walker too wears a knapsack.  
nods to it, though never breaking his pace.

**GANDHI**

Do you still have your notebook?

(Walker fumbles for  
it; Gandhi goes right  
on talking.)

The function of a civil resister is  
to provoke response. And we will  
continue to provoke until they  
respond, or they change the law.  
They are not in control -- we are.  
That is the strength of civil  
resistance.

the  
procession  
then

He nods politely toward the British police officer at  
end of the police line. Walker stops, letting the  
march on by him, looking at the British police officer,  
writing busily in his notebook. Collins stop by him.

**COLLINS**

What'd he say?

**WALKER**

(wryly)  
He said he's in charge...

**AN INDIAN VILLAGE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

of  
and

A dusty approach to a dusty little village. Both sides  
the track are lined with peasants holding flower petals

them  
colors

leaves, all gazing expectantly down the road. Behind the village is strung with the green, white and saffron of Independence.

them  
the  
skirting

Two large policemen stand arms-akimbo at the front of all, their postures imposing and threatening, though the impression is somewhat weakened by the children around them.

begins  
flower  
Mahatma

A little band of drummers and flute players suddenly to play. The crowd starts to jump up to see, and the petals begin to float in the sky. "Gandhi! Long live Gandhi!"

and

Another angle. Gandhi and the procession of marchers ashramites stride down the dusty road toward them.

of the  
end.

A newsreel truck and crew ride along about two-thirds way back. A car of cameramen and reporters tails at the

few  
wiping

Featuring Gandhi. He looks at Walker, walking along a paces behind him, at the side of the procession. He is sweat from his face.

**GANDHI**

Are you going to walk all the way?

**WALKER**

(a weary grin)

My name is Walk-er. And I intend to report it the way it is.

Gandhi smiles and turns back. He shakes his head.

**GANDHI**

(to himself)

"My name is Walk-er"...



the  
And grinning at it, he passes by the policemen and into  
cheers of the crowd.

village,  
Long shot, high. As the procession trails into the  
over  
we see several villagers, knapsacks or bundles strung  
of  
their shoulders, run around the police and join the end  
the procession.

**FIELD BY THE ROAD - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

the  
In the dark a large group of students comes stumbling,  
comes  
laughing, across the ditch that separates the road from  
group of  
field. The student leader gets clear of the ditch and  
addresses  
upon Pyarelal and Walker. They are standing near a  
American newsmen playing poker by a campfire. He  
Pyarelal good-naturedly.

**STUDENT LEADER**

We've come to join the march. What  
do we do?

**PYARELAL**

(bluntly)  
Be sure you're awake in the morning.  
(It comes from a  
knowledge of students.  
He smiles and nods  
off.)  
Find a place to sleep.

off  
The student leader follows his gaze and the camera pans  
immensely.  
with his glance. We see that the numbers have grown  
Behind  
Fires dot the field and spread and spread and spread.  
for  
Walker and Pyarelal the newsreel truck and three cars  
a  
reporters are spread out around the fires. We identify  
Pyarelal  
couple of Frenchmen and a Japanese. Walker looks at  
and shakes his head in wonder at it all.

**TREE - EXTERIOR - DAWN**

couple  
stares  
A small Indian boy is high in a dead tree. Below him a  
of bone-thin cattle graze in the early light as he  
off.

**DUSTY ROAD - BOY'S POINT OF VIEW - EXTERIOR - DAWN**

great  
The huge procession stretched out along the road.  
Resume the boy. He grins as though he is privy to some  
secret.

**"Y" JUNCTION OF TWO COUNTRY ROADS - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Naidu) in  
road  
means  
some  
see  
determined  
greater.  
people  
loaded  
A blunt, rotund, powerful-looking woman (Sarojini  
an outrageously colorful sari strides along the dusty  
as though she could cover another thousand miles -- and  
to. The sound of hundreds of marching feet, of cars,  
distant singing. The camera lifts and pulls back. We  
that Naidu is marching just behind Gandhi, like a  
lieutenant, and that the procession has grown even  
Two newsreel trucks now, four cars of reporters, some  
riding donkeys, some walking with camels trailing,  
with belongings.

into  
to  
column  
And at the "Y" junctions the newsreel crews suddenly go  
action because another enormous procession is waiting  
join the first, mingling already, making one immense  
of humanity.

extraordinary  
peasants,  
Christian  
And as they pass the camera up close we see an  
variety of participants: old, young, students,  
ladies in saris and jewels, Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs,

determined,

nuns, Untouchables, merchants, some vigorous and others disheveled, tired and determined.

Suddenly the sound of waves and gentle wind.

**THE BEACH AT DANDI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

of a  
the

The camera closing fast (helicopter) as the silhouette of a man appears running up a sand dune, lifting his arms to

on

sky and the camera sweeps over him and up, revealing a crescent of beach and ocean, and for a second it holds

truly

the sea as it did at Porbandar, then pivots to the

wheel of

astronomical crowd thronging the shore, an immense

We

human beings, and in its hub a gathering around Gandhi.

Walker,

descend on that center, recognizing the newsmen,

a

Pyarelal, Sarojini Naidu, and at last Gandhi picking up

handful of natural salt and lifting it high.

During the last of this

**GANDHI'S VOICE-OVER**

Man needs salt as he needs air and water. This salt comes from the Indian Ocean.

(The salt crystals are added to an urn already partially full. The camera pulls back and Gandhi lifts the urn. All around him the pressing crowd: newsreel cameramen, reporters -- Walker, Collins, Naidu, Pyarelal. Firmly)

Let every Indian claim it as his right!!

A wide-angle shot.

camera

Gandhi in the center of the wildly cheering crowd, the

white, pulling back and back... and the shot becomes black and  
and we hear the music of Movietone News.

**ANNOUNCER'S VOICE-OVER**

...and so once more the man of non-  
violence has challenged the might of  
the British Empire.

film And with that we get the Movietone Music tag and as the  
fades, the lights go up on

**LORD IRWIN'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

window A couple of civil servants move about to raise the  
shades while Lord Irwin stares at the blank screen set  
up in his office. The general, the brigadier, the senior  
police officer, Irwin's ADC and the principal secretary are  
all present. The two men who ran the projector are quietly  
dismantling it.

Finally, Irwin turns to the senior police officer, who  
fidgets, but answers the implied questions.

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

They're making it everywhere, sir --  
mobs of them -- publicly. Congress  
leaders are selling it on the streets  
of Delhi.

Irwin sighs.

**BRIGADIER**

We're being made fools of around the  
world!

**GENERAL**

Isn't there any instruction from  
London?

Irwin nods.

**IRWIN**

We're required to stop it.  
(He stands, his mind  
made up.)  
And stop it we will.

(He looks at the senior  
police officer.)

I don't care if we fill the jails,  
stop it. Arrest anyone, any rank --  
except Gandhi. We'll cut his strength  
from under him. And then we'll deal  
with the Mahatma.

For the first time he is truly angry.

**WALL BY A BEACH - EXTERIOR - DAY**

looks  
A young British subaltern trots up to the wall and  
down. His face falls.

**BRITISH SUBALTERN**

Oh, my God!

people  
The beach. Subaltern's point of view. Packed with  
making salt, selling salt, buying salt.

Resume the British subaltern. He looks back.

truck  
crowd,  
and  
His point of view. Behind him there is an open military  
and about twenty sepoy. Formidable for an ordinary  
nothing to handle this. The subaltern stiffens bravely  
signals the men somewhat unconvincingly from the truck.

**SUBALTERN**

Right -- jump to it -- clear this  
beach!

**SMALL WAREHOUSE - INTERIOR - DAY**

of  
policemen  
in  
Men, women and children are making little paper packets  
salt from piles heaped along long tables. A group of  
barges into the room, knocking tables and salt and paper  
every direction with their lathis, seizing some of the  
volunteers for arrest.

paper  
packet.  
In the chaos an old man calmly picks up a piece of  
from the floor, a handful of salt, and folds another

**WIDE CITY STREET - EXTERIOR - DAY**

stationary  
contain  
selling  
horses.

Nehru is on the back of a big open truck that is in the street. The truck is loaded with boxes that salt packets and Nehru and eight or nine others are them to people who flock about the truck. The sound of Nehru lifts his head.

the  
center.

Mounted Indian police are coming down either side of street, a wave of foot police running forward down the

grabbed,  
street.  
a  
the  
him.

Some of the people run, others deliberately stand fast. The mounted police converge on the truck. Nehru is and hurled so that he half falls, half leaps to the One of the men with him is knocked along the ground by a policeman. He is young and vigorous and he swivels on ground as though to strike back. Nehru lunges toward

**NEHRU**

No violence, Zia!

Nehru's  
his  
his  
who has

And a lathi is brought smashing across the side of head. He is knocked to his knees; blood streams from head. He feels the side of his head, the blood soaking hand. He struggles to his feet, facing the policeman struck him.

**NEHRU**

(repeating quietly,  
as though to Zia)  
...no violence.

suddenly

It stops the policeman for a second, and a sergeant intrudes, recognizing Nehru.

**SERGEANT**

You're Nehru --

**NEHRU**

I'm an illegal trader in salt.

The sergeant sighs grimly.

**LORD IRWIN'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

officer,  
as  
The desk lights are on. Irwin, the senior police  
the principal secretary. Tension, fatigue, frustration  
the senior police officer outlines the situation.

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

...There's been no time to keep  
figures, but there must be ninety --  
a hundred thousand under arrest.

(Grimly, incredibly)

And it still goes on.

**IRWIN**

(impatiently)

Who's leading them?

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

I don't know! Nehru, Patel, almost  
every Congress Official is in jail...  
and their wives and their children --  
we've even arrested Nehru's mother.

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

(shrewdly)

Has there been any violence?

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

(distracted, offhand)

Oh, in Karachi the police fired on a  
crowd and killed a couple of people  
and --

(and this hurts)

and in Peshawar the Deputy Police  
Commissioner lost his head and...  
and opened fire with a machine gun.

(He looks up at them

quickly, defensively.)

But he's facing a disciplinary court!  
You can't expect things like that  
not to happen when --

**IRWIN**

(dryly)

I believe the question was intended to discover if there was any violence of their side.

The senior police officer looks up, realizing his gaffe and wishes desperately he could relive the last couple of minutes.

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

Oh, no, sir -- no, I'm afraid not.

**PRINCIPAL SECRETARY**

(again the

Machiavellian mind)

Perhaps if we arrested Gandhi, it might --

He means incite violence. The Viceroy ponders it -- favorably.

**IRWIN**

(to senior police officer)

He's addressed this letter directly to you, has he?

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

Yes, sir, he has. The usual -- India's salt belongs to India -- but then he says flatly that he personally is going to lead a raid tomorrow on the Dharasana Salt Works.

**IRWIN**

(calmly)

Thank him for his letter, and put him in jail.

The senior police officer is brought up by the chill directness of it. He looks at Irwin and the principal secretary for a moment in uncertainty. Then

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. It will be my pleasure.

As he turns to leave Irwin speaks -- almost offhandedly.



**IRWIN**

And Fields, keep that salt works open.

The senior police officer stares at him, then

**SENIOR POLICE OFFICER**

(delighted)

Yes, sir!

**DHARASANA SALT WORKS - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Barbed wire stretches on either side of the stockade-like entrance. Above the gate we see the sign DHARASANA SALT WORKS. Before it six British police officers and two Indian police officers command a large troop of Indian policemen. They face their opposition, unmoving, tense. The camera pans from the group of the

back of Walker is off to one side, climbing to stand in the group to Collin's car. He watches, looking tensely from one happen. the other, almost terrified by what seems about to

watching Collins leans against the back of the car near him, other with an equally appalled expectancy. There are two reporters near them.

Indian From Walker's point of view. We see Mirabehn and some near women quietly placing stretchers and tables of bandages a group of tents where the volunteers have been housed. Salt Walker turns back to the two opposing groups at the clank of Works entrance. We hear only a shuffle of feet, the

seems a lathi against a metal police buckle. The air itself  
breathless with tension.

Featuring Azad. He has approached the chief police  
officer. He stops before him politely.

**AZAD**

I would like admission to the Works.

**CHIEF POLICE OFFICER**

(equally politely)

I am sorry, sir. That cannot be  
allowed.

He Azad looks at him a second, then glances at the troops.  
inevitability is clearly afraid, but there is an air of tragic  
in his face.

He moves back to address the volunteers.

**AZAD**

Last night they took Gandhiji from  
us. They expect us to lose heart or  
to fight back. We will not lose heart,  
we will not fight back. In his name  
we will be beaten. As he has taught  
us, we will not raise a hand. "Long  
live Mahatma Gandhi!"

the He turns and starts down the dip toward the gate and  
waiting lathis of the police.

volunteers A series of shots, as Azad leads the first row of  
down and up the dip.

onslaught, We intercut Walker, frozen, watching the inevitable  
first the British police commanding officer ready to give the  
order.

**POLICE COMMANDING OFFICER**

(finally)

Now!

strike  
As the  
mayhem  
and  
into  
of the  
their

And with the volunteers a foot from them, the police  
with their lathis. A groan of empathic anguish from the  
waiting volunteers, but then we get A series of shots  
next row moves forward and the horror of the one-sided  
proceeds heads are cracked, faces split, ribs smashed,  
yet one row of volunteers follows another, and another  
the unrelenting police, who knock bleeding bodies out  
way, down into the dip, swing till sweat pours from  
faces and bodies.

women  
and a  
never

And through it we intercut with Mirabehn and the Indian  
rescuing the wounded, carrying them on stretchers to be  
bandaged. We see Walker helping once or twice, turning,  
watching, torn between being a professional spectator  
normal human being. And always the volunteers coming,  
stopping, never offering resistance.

click,  
the  
of

And finally on sound there is an insistent click,  
click, like a thud of the lathis but becoming clearly  
slap of an impatient hand on a telephone cradle and out  
the carnage of the salt works we dissolve to

**A SMALL INDIAN STORE - INTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

small,  
dirt.

Close shot -- a telephone cradle being pounded.  
Walker is at the phone at a table in the corner of the  
cluttered store. His clothes are matted with blood and

**WALKER**

(into the phone)  
Hello! Ed! Ed! Goddammit, don't cut  
me off!  
(Then suddenly he's  
through.)  
Ed! Okay -- yeah -- right.

on his

And he continues urgently reading the story that lies  
notes on the little stand before him.

**WALKER**

"They walked, with heads up, without  
music, or cheering, or any hope of  
escape from injury or death."

(His voice is taut,  
harshly professional.)

"It went on and on and on. Women  
carried the wounded bodies from the  
ditch until they dropped from  
exhaustion. But still it went on."

paragraph.

He shifts the mangled notes and comes to his last

emotion

He speaks it trying only half successfully to keep the  
from his voice.

**WALKER**

"Whatever moral ascendance the West  
held was lost today. India is free  
for she has taken all that steel and  
cruelty can give, and she has neither  
cringed nor retreated."

(On Walker close. His  
sweating, blood and  
dirt-stained face  
near tears.)

"In the words of his followers, 'Long  
live Mahatma Gandhi.' "

**LORD IRWIN'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

discovers

Silence. The camera moves across the empty room and

down

Irwin, standing by himself, looking out of the window

into the street.

consciousness

Closer. His numb, motionless face is stirred to

by something outside. He focuses somberly on it.

**RAJPATH AND VICE-REGAL PALACE - IRWIN'S POINT OF VIEW -  
EXTERIOR - DAY**

Through the formal entrance comes a single black car. A  
motorcycle policeman precedes it.

**VICE-REGAL PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

and  
the  
alone in  
The black car pulls up before the front of the palace  
stops. There is no sign of activity. It is as though  
building and grounds are deserted except for Irwin  
his office.

dhoti  
and shawl he starts to mount the grand stairs.

and  
conquered it  
Wide angle. The great palace, the magnificent entrance,  
the little man in the dhoti, who in a sense has  
all, marching to the great doors. Two Gurkhas spring to  
attention and the doors are swung open.

**LORD IRWIN'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

for  
and  
The principal secretary, with a look of faint distaste  
someone out of shot, discreetly moves out of the doors,  
closes them behind him.

across  
Featuring Gandhi, just inside the door. He is looking  
the wide office.

**GANDHI**

I am aware that I must have given  
you much cause for irritation, your  
Excellency. I hope it will not stand  
between us as men.

looking,  
Reverse angle. Irwin is in shadows behind his desk  
still, in some kind of shock, staring at Gandhi.

**IRWIN**

Mr. Gandhi, I have instructions to  
request your attendance at an All-  
Government Conference in London to  
discuss -- to discuss the possible  
Independence of India.

He faces Gandhi stiffly.

The whirr of a camera, and a swift cut to

**A SUCCESSION OF BLACK-AND-WHITE "NEWSREEL" SEQUENCES OF  
GANDHI'S VISIT TO ENGLAND AND THE ALL-GOVERNMENT**

**CONFERENCE.**

cutting Wide screen, but slightly under-cranked with the bad  
and predictable music of the old newsreels.

waving A. Gandhi, Mirabehn and Gandhi's secretary, Desai,  
goodbye from the boat deck of their ship as it sails --  
Mirabehn is holding the tether of a goat -- all of them  
smiling at the camera like voyagers everywhere.

of B. Gandhi on the steps of Kingsley Hall in the East End  
London being greeted by a cheering crowd. Mirabehn  
holds an umbrella over him as he takes a bouquet from a little  
child.  
at The now gray-haired Charlie Andrews beams possessively  
his side.

enters C. Gandhi, in his dhoti, waving to a small crowd as he  
the gates of Buckingham Palace. A London bobby watches.

among the D. Gandhi, taking his seat at the conference table  
dressed formally -- in some Maharajahs' cases, elaborately --  
delegates. A gavel is struck and Ramsay MacDonald  
begins his opening address.

**MACDONALD**

I think our first duty is to recognize  
that there is not one India, but  
several: a Hindu India, a Muslim  
India, and India of Princely States.  
And all these must be respected --  
and cared for -- not just one.

divisive Beneath its unctuous political veneer it is blatantly  
and clearly reveals the true intent of the Conference.

As Gandhi looks at MacDonald, we read on his face his  
perception

of the sad truth.

umbrella in

E. Gandhi, Mirabehn and Charlie walking under an  
the rain, their heads bent in glum conversation.

millworkers

F. Gandhi being welcomed and kissed by a group of  
outside a large mill entrance identified by the sign  
GREENFIELD COTTON MILL, LANCASHIRE. He is hugged and

squeezed

by some hefty female millworkers, all grinning happily,  
Gandhi  
not least.

Gandhi

Mirabehn

G. Gandhi in a radio studio, seated at a table, a large  
microphone labeled "CBS" before him, technicians and

from

in the glass booth behind him, Walker across the table  
him, the "On the Air" sign bright...

**GANDHI**

(to Walker)

Do I speak into that?

sign.

Walker cringes, glancing at the lighted "On the Air"

He signals "Yes" frantically.

**GANDHI**

Are they ready? Do I start?

everyone's

He glances at the booth. Everybody including Walker and  
Mirabehn are nodding "Yes." Gandhi shrugs, grins at

excitement, and begins.

**GANDHI**

I am glad to speak to America where  
so many friends exist that I know  
only in my heart.

listening

As the speech continues in the thin, static-y tones of  
thirties' radio, we see Mirabehn and the technicians

Gandhi./

in the control room./ Walker, across the table from

Building

The outside of Broadcasting House./ The Empire State

radio

and Manhattan./ A mid-western farmhouse./ A thirties'

listening, set in a thirties' American living room./ A family, kids playing on the floor, half ignoring it, the mother ironing, the father in an armchair, a newspaper open.

**GANDHI'S VOICE**

(continuing over all)

I think your interest and the world's has fallen on India, not only because we are struggling for freedom, but because the way we are doing so is unique as far as history shows us. Here in Europe mighty nations are, it seems, already contemplating another war, though I think they, and all the world, are sick to death of bloodspilling. All of us are seeking a way out, and I flatter myself that perhaps the ancient land of India will offer such a way. If we are to make progress we must not repeat history, but make history. And I myself will die before I betray our belief that love is a stronger weapon than hate.

Downing H. Gandhi shaking hands with MacDonald outside No. 10  
Gandhi Street, MacDonald smiling the politician's smile,  
smiling rather sadly.

chair, I. Gandhi on the deck of a boat, sitting on a deck  
Reverse wrapped in blankets, staring somberly out to sea.  
angle: the wake of the boat in the vast ocean.

**THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

leads a The gentle sounds of the country. A girl of twelve  
looks limping goat slowly across the grass. She pauses and  
up questioningly.

porch of Reverse angle -- close. Gandhi is watching from the  
watch his bungalow. We can tell he is sitting and turned to  
bungalow the goat, but we see only him and a portion of the



behind him.

**GANDHI**

It is only a sprain. Take her to the river, and we'll make a mud-pack for her. Go -- I won't be long.

He turns back.

on  
Azad  
in  
Desai's

Another angle. He is spinning (expertly), and gathered the porch with him are Nehru and Jinnah and Patel and and Kripalani. Desai and Pyarelal are inconspicuously attendance as always, Pyarelal now clearly sharing role as secretary.

**JINNAH**

So the truth is, after all your travels, all your efforts, they've stopped the campaign and sent you home empty-handed.

He  
the  
Gandhi.

He is in his white suit, the black-ribboned pince-nez. sits on a wicker chair, Nehru and Patel lean against railing, Azad and Kripalani sit on the floor like

**GANDHI**

They are only clinging to old dreams  
(looks up from his  
spinning to Jinnah)  
and trying to split us in the old way. But the will has gone -- Independence will drop like a ripe apple. The only question is when  
(another glance at  
Jinnah)  
and how.

**NEHRU**

I say when is now -- and we will determine how.

**JINNAH**

Precisely.

Gandhi winds up what he has done, and starts to rise.

**GANDHI**

They are preparing for war. I will not support it, but I do not intend to take advantage of their danger.

**PATEL**

(blithely, but to the point)

That's when you take advantage.

at  
Gandhi has moved toward the steps. He stops and looks  
Patel. A wry, gentle smile.

**GANDHI**

No. That is just another way of striking back. We have come a long way together with the British. When they leave we want to see them off as friends.

(He starts down the steps and heads for the river.)

And now, if you'll excuse me, there is something I must attend to.

takes  
he  
goat.  
Featuring Nehru. He looks at Jinnah and shrugs. Jinnah  
it less philosophically and his eyes burn with anger as  
watches Gandhi head for the young girl with the injured

**NEHRU**

(resignedly)

"Mud packs."

**TRAIN STATION. INTERIOR. DUSK.**

disembarking  
struggling  
little  
Sweep  
see  
Gandhi is moving with the stream of passengers  
from the Third Class section. Ba and Mirabehn are  
along behind him, Desai and Pyarelal completing the  
group. They pass a newspaper stand: "Hitler's Armies  
On." As they move out into the flux of the station we  
many uniforms, the sense of a nation readying for war.

Indian

A British captain stands before a full platoon of troops.

Adjutant

As Gandhi approaches, a British Lt. Colonel and his (a Captain) move out from one side of the troops.

**BRITISH COLONEL**

Mr. Gandhi -- sir.

him.

Gandhi stops, looks up at him, at the troops behind

**BRITISH COLONEL**

I have instructions to inquire as to the subject of your speech tonight.

Gandhi shakes his head with a weary grin.

**GANDHI**

The value of goat's milk in daily diet.

(Into his eyes)

But you can be sure I will also speak against war.

The British Colonel signals back to the troops.

**BRITISH COLONEL**

I'm sorry, sir. That can't be allowed.

speaks

As a detail marches up to them, the colonel's adjutant gently to Ba.

**ADJUTANT**

It's all right, Mrs. Gandhi. I have orders to return with you and your companion to the Mahatma's ashram.

**BA**

If you take my husband, I intend to speak in his place.

flummoxed.

She stares at the adjutant belligerently. He looks

behind

Later. Long shot -- high. The colonel and his adjutant striding toward the exit of the station. Following

camera  
followed  
camera  
detail

them, a detail of six soldiers accompanying Gandhi. The tracks across the platform and we see they are being followed by a detail of six soldiers accompanying Ba. And the tracks again and we see they are being followed by a detail of six soldiers accompanying Mirabehn!

**WINDING BUMPY ROAD - EXTERIOR - DAY**

American  
American  
the  
of a

A jeep bounces along the road. It is driven by an lieutenant and his passenger is a woman dressed in an American War Correspondent's uniform (Margaret Bourke-White). As the jeep passes the camera we pan with it and see the walls of a palace ahead.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Stop! Wait a minute!

camera  
picture of

The jeep slithers to a stop, and Bourke-White grabs a camera that is strapped around her, stands, and takes a picture of the palace.

**EXTERIOR -**

**AGA KHAN'S PALACE - BOURKE-WHITE'S POINT OF VIEW - DAY**

building.

The palace looks evocative -- a lonely, incongruous

**WINDING BUMPY ROAD - EXTERIOR - DAY**

**LIEUTENANT**

It was the Aga Khan's palace, but they've turned it into a prison.

arm  
jeep  
British

Bourke-White slips back down into her seat; we see the arm band on her jacket: "Press." The lieutenant starts the jeep up and they head toward the gate, where we see a British soldier on guard.

**LIEUTENANT**

(shouting over the  
motor)

They've got most of the leading  
Congress politicians in this one.  
But Nehru and some others are over  
in Dehra Dun. Your timing's pretty  
lucky. They had your Mr. Gandhi cut  
off from the press but last month  
his personal secretary died and  
they've let up on the restrictions.

taking  
her

Bourke-White just absorbs it, staring at the palace,  
in the experience with the appetite of her breed, and  
own particular sensitivity.

**GANDHI'S ROOM - AGA KHAN'S PALACE - INTERIOR - DAY**

barred.  
- as  
hair,

Gandhi sits by the window that is grilled rather than  
He is spinning in a shaft of light -- and looking off -  
we hear a camera click and the rustle of movement. His  
only half-gray in London, is now white.

**GANDHI**

Yes, I have heard of Life Magazine.  
(A smile.)

I have even heard of Margaret Bourke-  
White. But I don't know why either  
should be interested in an old man  
sitting in prison when the world is  
blowing itself to pieces.

him  
at  
his.

Bourke-White -- who has been moving, crouching to shoot  
and the light -- sags back against the wall, relaxing  
last. She has a smile as penetrating and warming as

**BOURKE-WHITE**

(a beat -- and she  
smiles)

You're the only man I know who makes  
his own clothes.

Gandhi grins and glances toward his dhoti.

**GANDHI**

Ah, but for me that's not much of an accomplishment.

bursts  
assessed  
Meaning he doesn't wear many clothes. Bourke-White into an appreciative radiance -- already she has him, and been won.

**WALL AND YARD - AGA KHAN'S PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

him, a  
an  
Gandhi walks along, Bourke-White loping along beside little distance away, listening, but searching too for angle, a moment that is right.

**GANDHI**

No -- prison is rather agreeable to me, and there is no doubt that after the war, independence will come. My only worry is what shape it will take. Jinnah has --

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Stop!

above  
She has Gandhi in the foreground, a soldier on the wall and behind him.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Now go on -- just as you were.

her  
the  
Gandhi shrugs but suffers it. We feature him, low, from point of view, as he walks on, the soldier pacing on wall in the background.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

(coaching)

"...what shape it will take." Jinnah has -- what?

**GANDHI**

(at first disconcerted,  
but then flowing)

Jinnah has -- has cooperated with the British. It has given him power and the freedom to speak, and he has

filled the Muslims with fears of  
what will happen to them in a country  
that is predominantly Hindu.

(He stops, lowering  
his head gravely.)

That I find hard to bear -- even in  
prison.

She clicks.

**WALLED GARDEN IN THE PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Gandhi is  
is  
wheel. The  
latticed  
and

A spinning wheel works rapidly. The camera lifts.  
at the wheel and he is smiling off at Bourke-White, who  
trying ineptly to imitate him on another spinning  
garden they are in has gone to seed a bit, but with  
fretwork in the walls dappling sunlight on the grass  
shrubs it is still beautiful.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

(archly, but  
emphatically of the  
spinning)

I do not see it as the solution of  
the twentieth century's problems!

trying,  
broadens.  
thread.

She's grinning at her own frustration and she keeps  
but there's no doubt she means it. Gandhi's smile  
Wryly he lifts his own "product" -- a tiny roll of

**GANDHI**

I have a friend who keeps telling me  
how much it costs him to keep me in  
poverty.

looks

And they both laugh... a guard on the wall distantly  
at them wonderingly.

**GANDHI**

(a bit more seriously)  
But I know happiness does not come  
with things -- even twentieth century  
things. It can come from work, and

pride in what you do.

(He looks at her  
steadily.)

It will not necessarily be "progress"  
for India if she simply imports the  
unhappiness of the West.

observation.  
demonstrates  
White

And she responds to the sophistication of that  
He pivots around, moving beside her, and slowly  
the process, taking her hands, guiding her. Bourke-  
watches him as much as the wheel.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

But do you really believe you could  
use non-violence against someone  
like Hitler?

**GANDHI**

(a thoughtful pause)

Not without defeats -- and great  
pain.

(He looks at her.)

But are there no defeats in this war --  
no pain?

(For a moment the  
thought hangs, and  
then Gandhi takes  
their hands back to  
the spinning.)

What you cannot do is accept  
injustice. From Hitler -- or anyone.  
You must make the injustice visible --  
be prepared to die like a soldier to  
do so.

And he smiles a little wisely at her.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Is my finger supposed to be wrapped  
around that?

**GANDHI**

(laughs)

No. That is what you get for  
distracting me.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

What do you expect when you talk  
like that?



**GANDHI**

(trying to unravel  
the mess)  
I expect you to show as much patience  
as I am now.

His tone is not altogether patient. She looks at him in surprise and he sighs tolerantly. Then reflectively

**GANDHI**

Every enemy is a human being -- even  
the worst of them. And he believes  
he is right and you are a beast.  
(And now a little  
smile.)  
And if you beat him over the head  
you will only convince him. But you  
suffer, to show him that he is wrong,  
your sacrifice creates an atmosphere  
of understanding -- if not with him,  
then in the hearts of the rest of  
the community on whom he depends.

this Bourke-White looks at him and there is enough sense in  
argument to give her pause.

**GANDHI**

If you are right, you will win --  
after much pain.  
(He looks at her,  
then smiles in his  
own ironic way.)  
If you are wrong, well, then, only  
you will suffer the blows.

She stares at him, and we know she thinks him much more profound than she had thought initially.

**BA AND MIRABEHN'S ROOM - AGA KHAN'S PALACE - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

the Ba, Mirabehn and Bourke-White sit on straw mats around  
talk, but room, an oil lamp is the only light. It is women's  
total Ba is defending her husband, speaking simply, but with  
conviction.

**BA**

...not at all. Bapu has always said there were two kinds of slavery in India -- one for women, one for the untouchables -- and he has always fought against both.

another Bourke-White accepts it at face value. She opens line of inquiry.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Does it rankle, being separated from him this way?

Ba pauses.

**BA**

Yes... but we see each other in the day.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

(delicately)

But not at night...

Ba She's terribly curious, but she doesn't want to offend. across sees both the curiosity and the hesitancy. She smiles at Mirabehn, then

**BA**

In Hindu philosophy the way to God is to free yourself of possessions -- and the passions that inflame to anger and jealousy.

(A smile.)

Bapu has always struggled to find the way to God.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

You mean he -- he gave up --  
(how to phrase it,  
finally)  
married life.

Again Ba smiles.

**BA**

Four times he tried -- and failed.  
(Mirabehn and Bourke-  
White grin. The older  
woman gives a wistful

smile.)  
But then he took a solemn vow...

ago. She shrugs... the implication is it was a long time

**BOURKE-WHITE**

And he has never broken it?

**BA**

(a beat)  
Not yet.

She looks at them soberly and then they all burst into laughter like girls.

**AGA KHAN'S PALACE - EXTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

the Military move quietly but urgently in and out around  
nearby. main entrance. Two military ambulances are drawn up

almost A British major comes down the steps quickly. He is  
up at the bottom when a British army doctor starts to go  
quietly them. The major signals him to one side. They talk  
and confidentially.

**MAJOR**

I've got permission to move her --  
he can go too.

The doctor shakes his head.

**DOCTOR**

She's had a coronary throm -- a  
serious heart failure. She wouldn't  
survive a trip. It's best to leave  
her -- and hope.

The major looks defeated and depressed by the news.

**BA'S ROOM - INTERIOR - TWILIGHT**

closed, Ba lies on a mat, a pillow beneath her head, her eyes  
a her breathing short. Mirabehn sits next to her, rubbing  
hand up and down her arm.

floor and  
him.

Gandhi sits a little distance away, staring at the  
into nothingness. Pyarelal sits inconspicuously behind

pranam  
bowed  
her.

Azad and Patel come to the doorway, Patel makes the  
toward Ba and holds it as he obviously prays. Azad has  
his head and he too is clearly making some prayer for  
Finally Azad takes just a step forward.

kneels.

Gandhi looks up at him. For a moment he folds his hands  
absently, then he stands. He moves to Ba's side and  
She does not open her eyes.

**GANDHI**

It is time for my walk -- I won't be  
long.

and he  
Gandhi  
lap.

Ba's eyes flutter open. She holds her hand out to him  
takes it. When he goes to release it, she clutches it.  
hesitates, and then he sits, holding Ba's hand in his  
He looks across at Mirabehn and nods for her to go.

farewell

Mirabehn smiles weakly, gives Ba a last little rub of  
and stands.

him

The doorway. Patel stands, letting Mirabehn pass before  
and do down the corridor with Azad. He looks back.

his

His point of view. Gandhi sitting, holding Ba's hand,  
eyes once more on the floor in their empty stare.

moves  
a

Another angle -- later. The light has changed. A fly  
along a small section of the floor that still contains  
ribbon of the dying sunlight.

Gandhi still sits, holding Ba's hand, staring into  
nothingness.

amiably  
at  
of Ba  
holds  
sudden  
lowers  
ears.  
and he  
we  
Pyarelal,  
slowly

The doctor appears in the doorway. He pauses, nods to Gandhi, though Gandhi does not react to his presence all. Moving quietly, the doctor goes to the other side and crouches, and lifts her wrist to feel her pulse. He holds it for a moment, then lifts his eyes in doubt and sudden fateful apprehension. He glances at her, then slowly lowers her arm and puts the branches of his stethoscope in his ears. He puts the acoustic bell over her heart... a moment, and he lifts it slowly, his face confirming for us what he and we already know: there is no heartbeat. He glances at Pyarelal, who only lowers his eyes. The doctor turns his head slowly to Gandhi.

unchanged,  
emptily  
to  
change in

Gandhi. His point of view. His posture is utterly unchanged, Ba's hand still in his lap, his eyes still staring emptily at the floor in front of him, but suddenly tears begin to run down his cheeks. He does not move, there is no change in his empty stare, but the tears continue to flow.

#### **SMALL COURTYARD OF THE PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

prisoners  
dead --  
the  
in  
never  
tears.

The funeral pyre burns, its work almost done. Mirabehn, Patel, Azad, Pyarelal, stand with other prisoners and the military wardens in solemn obeisance to the dead -- and the living, for Gandhi sits a little distance from the pyre, wrapped in his shawl, staring at the dying embers in tragic and impenetrable isolation as though he may never move again. Close shot -- Mirabehn watching him her face wet with tears.

**DELHI AIRPORT - EXTERIOR - DAY**

stiff  
we  
louder. And  
is  
before  
at  
military  
resplendent  
pauses and

Extreme close shot. A piece of cloth, shimmering in a breeze... For a moment we hold it in silence and then hear the sound of an aircraft growing louder and slowly the camera pulls back and we see that the cloth part of a pennant of the nose of an aircraft.

We cut from the pennant to see the aircraft stopping a reception area, a carpet rolled out toward its door.

An Indian regimental band strikes up martial music. A detachment of Indian Royal Air Force comes to attention the shouted command of their NCO.

Featuring the aircraft doors. An elaborately dressed aide opens the door and Lord Louis Mountbatten, in naval uniform, steps out onto the platform. He renders a salute.

**ON A BANNERED PLATFORM**

Indians

Nehru, Lady Mountbatten and dignitaries. English and watch as Mountbatten approaches a group of microphones identified as NBC, CBS, BBC, etc.

**MOUNTBATTEN**

We have come to crown victory with friendship -- to assist at the birth of an independent India and to welcome her as an equal member in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

(A little smile.)

I am here to see that I am the last British Viceroy ever to have the honor of such a reception.

the

He grins in his youthful, beguiling manner and makes pranam to the cheering crowd.

close. It is cut off by the sound of a door being opened,

**THE GREAT PORTICO - VICE-REGAL PALACE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

immense Jinnah stands by one of the great pillars of the  
Conference, and portico. It is a break in their Independence  
with as he lights a cigarette, a weary Gandhi approaches him  
the Azad. Jinnah's anger is clearly too deep to be left at  
addresses conference table. He slaps his lighter shut and  
Gandhi in hushed but fiercely felt words.

**JINNAH**

I don't give a damn for the  
independence of India! I am concerned  
about the slavery of Muslims!

room, Nehru and Patel are approaching from the conference  
his both of them looking worn and angry too. Jinnah raises  
voice deliberately so Nehru will hear.

**JINNAH**

I will not sit by to see the mastery  
of the British replaced by the mastery  
of the Hindus!

**GANDHI**

(patiently, not yet  
believing it can't  
be settled)  
Muslim and Hindu are the right and  
left eye of India. No one will be  
slave, no one master.

Jinnah sneers at the idea, though he cools a little.

**JINNAH**

The world is not made of Mahatma  
Gandhis.  
(He looks at Nehru  
and Patel.)  
I am talking about the real world.

**NEHRU**

The "real India" has Muslims and

Hindus in every village and every city! How do you propose to separate them?

**JINNAH**

Where there is a Muslim majority -- that will be Pakistan. The rest is your India.

**PATEL**

(a forced patience)

Mohammed -- the Muslims are in a majority on two different sides of the country.

**JINNAH**

(acidly)

Let us worry about Pakistan -- you worry about India.

of  
has  
as  
controlled

Gandhi is staring at Jinnah trying to fathom the source of his anger and fear. He turns to see that Mountbatten has been standing in the open door to the conference room, as torn as Gandhi by the conflict, feeling it best controlled in formal discussion.

**MOUNTBATTEN**

Gentlemen, perhaps we should recommence.

to  
He  
how  
Mountbatten's

Gandhi nods, and reluctantly the adversaries move back to the conference room. Gandhi is last through the door. He pauses by Mountbatten, a little sigh -- "How difficult, how difficult" -- then he puts a friendly hand on Mountbatten's shoulder and the two of them enter together.

**GANDHI'S ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Featuring Godse waving a black flag and shouting.

**GODSE**

(with others)

Death to Jinnah! Death to Jinnah!



Hindu  
flags.  
are  
1942  
the  
Jinnah!"  
back

We have pulled back and we see a whole gathering of youths near the entrance to the ashram. Many wave black flags. A couple of trucks that have brought them, and a car, are along the path. Kallenbach is stepping out of an old open Austin that he has put in a waiting position near the entrance to the path. The chanting shout "Death to suddenly dies. The youths -- and Kallenbach -- look toward the ashram.

the  
that

Featuring Gandhi's bungalow. Nehru has stepped out onto porch and he glares at the youths. It is his presence has silenced them.

Kallenbach smiles.

#### **GANDHI'S BUNGALOW - INTERIOR - DAY**

wheel  
sigh.

Gandhi is rising from the floor, where his spinning sits. He stops, halfway up, listening, then, a weary

#### **GANDHI**

Thank God, they've stopped.

head as

Mirabehn is spinning across the room. She lifts her a signal to someone out of shot.

Mirabehn  
Manu  
that he

Gandhi's two grand nieces, Manu and Abha, who help now that Ba is gone, rise quickly at Mirabehn's signal, to help with his shawl, Abha to hold his sandals so can slip into them.

#### **GANDHI**

I'm your grand uncle but I can still walk either of you into the ground and I don't need to be pampered this way!

just  
sharply

It's cross -- he's worried about other things. Mirabehn smiles at it. Gandhi looks down at Abha, and taps her on the top of the head.

**GANDHI**

Finish your quota of spinning.

mouth,  
saddens

She nods obediently, the flicker of a smile around her youthful, irrepressible. The beauty of it almost Gandhi. He taps her again -- gently -- and goes out.

**GANDHI'S ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

Austin

Kallenbach shoos a chicken from the back seat of the and dusts off the seat. He steps back out.

trails  
on the  
youth

Gandhi is approaching with Nehru and Azad, Pyarelal close behind. We have seen Azad and Pyarelal come out porch behind Nehru. As Gandhi near the car a Hindu youth with a black flag calls to him.

**HINDU YOUTH**

Bapu -- please. Don't do it!

and  
Gandhi

They are all awed, timid even in his actual presence, the mood of their gathering has changed altogether. Gandhi looks at the youth and the line of others.

**GANDHI**

(impatiently)

What do you want me not to do? Not to meet with Mr. Jinnah?

(Fiercely)

I am a Muslim!

(He stares at them,  
then relents.)

And a Hindu, and a Christian and a Jew -- and so are all of you. When you wave those flags and shout you send fear into the hearts of your brothers.

and

He sweeps them sternly with his eyes, all his fatigue strain showing.

**GANDHI**

This is not the India I want. Stop it. For God's sake, stop it.

Pyarelal

And he lowers his head and moves on to the car, where Kallenbach holds the door for him, Nehru, Azad and following.

that

Another angle. As they get into the car, we see the car sits by the two trucks that have brought the youths. In the back seat we see two men, one of whom is Prakash (The man at Gandhi's assassination).

the

bearded

**JINNAH'S DRAWING ROOM - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

He is

usual he

Jinnah is on the small balcony of this elaborate room. looking down in a slightly supercilious manner. As is impeccably dressed.

**JINNAH**

Now, please, if you've finished your prayers, could we begin with business.

the

head

He has been looking at Gandhi, who sits on the floor of large room some distance from him, just lifting his head from prayers.

as

steps

Nehru, Patel and Azad are on the same side of the room as Gandhi. They rise from prayer as Jinnah comes down the steps to them. Gandhi hesitates, then begins.

**GANDHI**

My dear Jinnah, you and I are brothers born of the same Mother India. If you have fears, I want to put them to rest.

(Jinnah listens impatiently,

skeptically. Gandhi  
just glances in  
Nehru's direction.)  
I am asking Panditji to stand down.  
I want you to be the first Prime  
Minister of India  
(Jinnah raises an  
eyebrow of interest.)  
-- to name your entire cabinet, to  
make the head of every government  
department a Muslim.

great not  
a  
satisfied  
  
surprise  
Nehru

And Jinnah has drawn himself up. His vanity is too  
to be touched by that prospect. He measures Gandhi for  
moment to see that he is sincere, and when he is  
with that, he turns slowly to Nehru, Patel and Azad.  
Nehru glances at Patel. They have all been taken by  
by the offer -- and do not feel what Gandhi feels.  
looks hesitantly at Gandhi.

**NEHRU**

Bapu, for me, and the rest,  
(his hand gestures to  
Patel and Azad)  
if that is what you want, we will  
accept it. But out there  
(he indicates the  
streets)  
already there is rioting because  
Hindus fear you are going to give  
too much away.

**PATEL**

If you did this, no one could control  
it. No one.

sag  
has

It bears the stamp of undeniable truth. Gandhi's eyes  
with the despair of a man whose last hope, whose faith,  
crumbled around him.

Jinnah smiles cynically, he spreads his hands "See?"

**JINNAH**

It is your choice. Do you want an

independent India and an independent  
Pakistan? Or do you want civil war?

Gandhi stares at him numbly.

**THE RED FORT - NEW DELHI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

A  
is  
saffron

On a platform in the foreground Mountbatten and Nehru.  
band plays the Indian National Anthem loudly and there  
the roar of a tremendous crowd as the green, white and  
flag of India is raised on the flagpole.

**GOVERNMENT BUILDING - KARACHI - EXTERIOR - DAY**

National  
crowd as  
is

On a platform in the foreground Jinnah and a British  
plenipotentiary. A band plays the new Pakistani  
Anthem loudly and there is the roar of a tremendous  
the white, green with white crescent, flag of Pakistan  
raised on the flagpole.

**THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

dangling,  
hum  
whole  
one of

Silence. The little flagpole is empty, the rope  
flapping loosely down the pole.  
Gandhi sits on the porch of his bungalow, spinning. The  
of the spinning wheel. Inside we can just see Mirabehn,  
spinning too. But apart from that, he is alone; the  
ashram seems deserted. We hear the sound of a bell on  
the goats, fairly distant.

**THE PATH TO THE ASHRAM - EXTERIOR - DAY**

tethering it  
his

Featuring Kallenbach. He is taking the goat and  
near the path of the ashram. He stills the bell with  
hand. As he ties it the camera angle widens and we see  
Margaret Bourke-White sitting on the grass, watching  
Kallenbach and looking off toward Gandhi's bungalow.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Aren't you being a little  
overprotective?

his Kallenbach looks at her. Her tone criticizes more than  
stilling the goat's bell.

**KALLENBACH**

Tomorrow. Tomorrow photograph him.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

I came all this way because I believed  
the picture of Independence Day was  
of him here alone.

then Kallenbach stands and looks across at her, judging,  
appealing to her humanity.

**KALLENBACH**

It is violence, and the fear of  
violence, that have made today what  
it is... Give him the dignity of his  
grief.

and Bourke-White grabs a clump of grass, twists it free,  
sighs. She tosses the grass vaguely at the goat.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

And while we're sitting here feeding  
goats, what will happen to all the  
Muslims in India and the Hindus in  
Pakistan?

then Kallenbach stops, staring absently at the ground ahead,

**KALLENBACH**

Gandhi will pray for them...

**OPEN TERRAIN AND RAILROAD - EXTERIOR - DAY**

of The camera is high (helicopter) and moving and from its  
of position we meet and then pass over an immense column  
sick, refugees -- ten, twenty abreast -- moving down one side  
household the railroad track toward camera. Women, children, the  
the aged, all burdened with bedding, utensils,

every  
bike,  
green,  
is a  
fresh  
radioactive

treasures, useless bric-a-brac and trudging with them  
type of cart, wagon, rickshaw, pulled by donkey, camel,  
oxen. It stretches endlessly to the horizon. Tiny  
white and saffron flags here and there indicate that it  
Hindu column and spotted through it we see people in  
bandages, some on stretchers, sticking out like  
tracers in the huge artery of frightened humanity.

vast  
the  
crescent  
levels  
reaches to

And the camera lifts and tilts, slowly swinging to the  
opposite direction, and as it does, reveals another  
column across the track, several yards away, moving in  
opposite direction: veiled women in purdah, the  
flag of Muslim Pakistan here and there. As the camera  
and speeds along it, we see that this column too  
the horizon, that it too carries its wounded.  
An unbelievable flood of desperate humanity.

#### **EXTREME CLOSE SHOT**

cradle  
swaddling  
around  
the  
breathing,  
checking,

The sound of the vast refugee column. A woman's arms  
a baby in swaddling. Blood has seeped through the  
in three or four places, some of it dried. Flies buzz  
it. And suddenly we hear the woman's sobs and she rocks  
baby and we know it has stopped moving, stopped  
and a male hand gently touches the back of the baby,  
and the camera pans up to the face of a man.

they  
swings  
column.

Again in extreme close shot so we cannot tell whether  
are Hindu or Muslim. And the man's eyes knot, and he  
out of shot as he runs in fury and rage at the other

**LONG SHOT - HIGH**

the  
across  
hatchets;  
  
streams  
bulk of  
leaving

The two columns -- and a howl of hate and grief! And camera sweeps to where men are running at each other the track, some already fighting. Knives, pangas, women screaming and running; a besieged wagon tipped. Another angle. And as the fighting grows more fierce of men from each column run back to partake, but the the two columns hurries off, scrambling, running, some their bundles, fleeing the meleé in terror.

**HINDU/MUSLIM RIOT SEQUENCE - SEVERAL LOCATIONS -**

**DAY/NIGHT**

shop./  
women  
  
running  
barricade  
knife-  
opponents

A Muslim pulled through broken glass in an urban market  
Night: a Hindu temple daubed with blood, the bodies of  
and children strewn before it; screams, the sound of  
fighting./ Mud and straw houses burning, figures  
through them./ A city street: a truck crashes into a  
of rickshaws and bales, and is set upon by a swarm of  
and panga-bearing men. From the back of the truck  
with swords and clubs leap into battle.

**NEHRU'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

aides  
huge  
people  
  
gives it

Chaos. It and the adjoining office have been made into something like operations rooms. Military and civilian  
move back and forth. Telephones at work everywhere. A  
map on the wall is constantly having data changed by  
receiving messages there.  
  
Nehru is glancing at a telex message; he turns and  
back to the military aide who's given it to him.

**NEHRU**



(fast, curt)  
No. There just are not that many  
troops.

**MILITARY AIDE**

What's he to do?

**NEHRU**

What he can!

He turns. Patel has a message he was going to present  
to  
him. He hesitates, grins dismally, and crumples the  
message --  
eyes.  
"No use." Nehru sags. He looks at Patel with haggard

**NEHRU**

He was right. It's insane -- anything  
would have been better.

**PATEL**

Have you found him?

Nehru nods solemnly.

**NEHRU**

He's in Noakhali.

Patel reacts to that -- surprise, apprehension.

**NEHRU**

He's tramping from village to village --  
no police, no troops -- trying to  
quell the madness single-handedly.

(He sighs, half in  
admiration, half in  
hopeless exasperation  
at the old man's  
audacity.)

Maulana has gone to bring him back.

Someone  
Patel nods grimly -- the noisy chaos of the room.  
shouts at Nehru, "Prime Minister!"

**CLOSE SHOT - GANDHI**

In silence -- looking tragic, tired and defeated. He is  
the  
sitting in his characteristic manner, staring down at  
carpet before him.

**NEHRU'S VOICE**

(dull, lifeless)

What you have done in Noakhali is a miracle, Bapu, a miracle, but millions are on the move -- millions. There is no way to stop it... and no one can count the dead.

The camera angle has changed. We are in

**NEHRU'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

with  
first

Patel and Azad are there and Pyarelal of course, and them now the giant figure of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the time we have seen him among Gandhi's intimate group.

**NEHRU**

In Calcutta it's like civil war. The Muslims rose and there was a bloodbath, and now the Hindus are taking revenge -- and if we can't stop it there'll be no hope for the Hindus left in Pakistan.

**PATEL**

...an eye for an eye making the whole world blind.

It is an empty and despairing echo of Gandhi's words.

**AZAD**

Aren't there any troops to spare?

**NEHRU**

(tense, fragile)

Nothing -- nothing. The divisions in Bombay and Delhi can hardly keep the peace now. And each fresh bit of news creates another wave of madness.

almost

He has turned and seen Gandhi standing slowly. It has stopped him.

**PATEL**

Could we cut all news off? I know --

**NEHRU**

Bapu -- please. Where are you going.

**GANDHI**

(sounding like an old  
man)

I don't want to hear more...

Pyarelal

He is moving toward the door. It stops them all.  
moves tentatively to open the door.

**PATEL**

(impatiently)  
We need your help!

**GANDHI**

There is nothing I can give.

**AZAD**

Where are you going?

Gandhi turns, looks at him bleakly.

**GANDHI**

Calcutta.

**CALCUTTA - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

gunfire,

quarter of

houses

group

wild

light.

We are high. There are fires, the sounds of spasmodic

of looting, screams, the roar of police vehicles and  
occasional sirens. The camera zooms in on a poor

artisan dwellings in narrow streets. Outside one of the

is a car, an army jeep, policemen, a few soldiers and a

of people. It seems a little island of calm in a sea of

chaos.

On the roof of the house, a figure moves into the

**CLOSER - TAHIB'S ROOF**

rioting

Mirabehn

The figure is Gandhi. He peers down at the dark,

streets. Azad, Tahib, a Muslim whose house this is,

and Pyarelal are with him along Abdul Ghaffar Khan.

his

A police commissioner moves to Gandhi's side, demanding attention.

**POLICE COMMISSIONER**

Sir, please, I don't have the men to protect you -- not in a Muslim house. Not this quarter.

**GANDHI**

I am staying with the friend of a friend.

shouts:

There is a sudden commotion just below them and angry

"Death to Muslims!," "Death to Muslims!"

Gandhi peers down.

carrying

His point of view. A surging gang of youths, many

police and

torches, and far outnumbering the little group of

four

soldiers, are shouting up at the roof. We see three or

hold

black flags and stains of blood on many of them. A few

knives still wet with blood.

**A YOUTH**

There he is!

stands

A feral roar goes up at the sight of Gandhi, but he

unmoving.

**HINDU YOUTH LEADER**

(his voice emotional,  
tearful)

Why are you staying at the home of a Muslim! They're murderers! They killed my family!

glibness,

Featuring Gandhi. It is a comment too grave for

pauses

and Gandhi is obviously struck by the pain of it. He

for a moment, staring down at the youth:

**GANDHI**

Because forgiveness is the gift of the brave.

impact,  
message.

He makes it mean the youth. For a second it makes an  
but then the youth shouts his defiance at him and his

**YOUTH**

To hell with you, Gandhi!!

An angry chorus of acclamation; when it dies

**GANDHI**

(to the youth)

Go -- do as your mother and father  
would wish you to do.

mother  
boy's  
anguish  
him  
Muslims!,"

It is ambiguous, open-ended, meaning anything your  
and father would wish you to do. Tears flush from the  
eyes and he stares at Gandhi with a kind of hopeless  
and rage. But the impact is on the youth alone; around  
the others begin to take up the chant "Death to  
"Death to Muslims!"

manifest

Gandhi turns from the street. He looks at the police  
commissioner -- at his fatigue, his concern, his  
respect. Gandhi musters a weary smile.

**GANDHI**

I have lived a lifetime. If I had  
shunned death -- or feared it -- I  
would not be here. Nor would you be  
concerned for me.

(He lets it sink in  
then he takes the  
commissioner's arm  
and moves back toward  
the center of the  
roof.)

Leave me -- and take your men.

(An understanding  
touch of the arm.)

You have more important things to  
worry about.

what

The commissioner looks at him, uncertain, not knowing

of

to do, as the angry chanting continues above the sound  
rioting.

**HOSPITAL - INTERIOR - DAY**

Bourke-

wounded

who

corridors

nurses

he

here and

and a

An old, inadequate hospital -- dark cavernous. Margaret  
White is moving among the densely packed litter of  
women. She is positioning herself to photograph Gandhi,  
is speaking to a woman who cradles a small baby. The  
behind him are even more packed. The few doctors and  
hardly have room to move.

Featuring Gandhi. Azad and Mirabehn are behind him as  
moves on, and behind them, like a giant guardian, Abdul  
Ghaffar Khan. We hear "Bapu, Bapu" muttered quietly  
there. Gandhi bends to a woman whose face is bandaged  
cruel wound is half-exposed between her mouth and eye.

**WOMAN**

Bapu... Allah be with you...

There are tears in Gandhi's eyes now.

**GANDHI**

And with you.

(He touches her  
wrinkled hand.)

Pray... I cannot help you -- pray...  
pray.

And the weight of his helplessness hangs on him.

**CALCUTTA STREET - EXTERIOR - DAY**

breach

debris.

break

A streetcar (tram) crashes into a barricade of carts,  
rickshaws, a couple of old cars, smashing through to

the barricade, but stopped in the end by the mass of

The streetcar is loaded with Indian troops and they

from the stalled vehicle to chase A gang of Hindus --  
organized -- runs down the street from the troops, some

several dragging the bodies of victims with them. We see  
Hindu black flags.

**NEHRU'S OFFICE - INTERIOR - NIGHT**

commissioner. He speaks across his desk to a senior police  
The same activity going on in the background.

**NEHRU**

(angrily)

No! There will not be a Hindu Police  
and a Muslim Police. There is one  
police!

He An aide slips a newspaper on his desk in front of him.  
doesn't look at it till the senior commissioner lowers  
his head and turns, accepting defeat. Then Nehru glances at  
the paper.

In thick headlines: GANDHI: A FAST UNTO DEATH!

slowly Nehru doesn't move for a moment. Then he lifts his face  
to his aide.

**NEHRU**

Why must I read news like this in  
the paper?

lowers The aide shakes his head -- there's no answer. Nehru  
already his head again; it is like another burden on a man who  
has too many. He grips his temples... a terrible sigh.

**NEHRU**

Tell Patel. Arrange a plane. We will  
go -- Friday.

**THE AIDE**

Four days?

Nehru thinks on it solemnly, then nods yes.

**TAHIB'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

but  
black  
Police

The sounds of rioting and looting on nearby streets,  
here a mass of people are gathered. Many youths with  
flags. Two black government limousines. Motorcycles.  
and soldiers. They are looking off to

#### **AN OUTSIDE STAIRCASE - TAHIB'S HOUSE**

waiting  
past  
"Patel,"

It runs up the side of the building and is lined with  
people. Nehru and Patel are climbing the stairs, moving  
them almost irritably as they mutter "Nehru, Nehru,"  
and make the pranam to the eminent men.

Gandhi's  
canopy

In the heat of the city Tahib's rooftop is still  
"home" and has become a center of activity. Azad clears  
someone aside and ushers Nehru and Patel under the  
awning.

side  
he  
gunfire  
his  
sits  
him.  
with  
has  
greeting.  
at  
slowly,

Nehru pauses as he lowers his head.  
His point of view. Gandhi lies curled awkwardly on his  
of the cot. He is writing, Pyarelal taking the pages as  
finishes, both ignoring all the people, the sounds of  
and distant shouting, but he looks tired and tightens  
jaw occasionally in pain. The camera pans. A doctor  
near the foot of the cot, Abdul Ghaffar Khan beyond  
Near the other edge of the canopied area, Mirabehn sits  
Bourke-White. They are whispering quietly, but Mirabehn  
stopped on seeing Nehru and she smiles a relieved  
She knows Gandhi's feeling for him. Bourke-White stares  
him and Patel for a second and then her hand goes  
almost reflexively, for her camera.

#### **CLOSER ON GANDHI**



Gandhi's  
look,  
His

Nehru crosses and kneels so that he is almost at  
eyeline. Gandhi must take his eyes from his writing to  
and he is almost moved to tears at the sight of Nehru.  
hand shakes a little as he holds it out to him.

**NEHRU**

Bapu...

hand.

Gandhi turns to pat their joined hands with his other  
He does so with effort, and at last he sees Patel.

**GANDHI**

Sardar...

(He looks him over.)

You have gained weight. You must  
join me in the fast.

them are

Patel sits near the head of the cot so the three of  
on a level. Outside the canopied area, Bourke-White is  
crouched, her camera framing the three of them.

**PATEL**

(wittily, warmly)

If I fast I die. If you fast people  
go to all sorts of trouble to keep  
you alive.

Gandhi smiles and reaches to touch hands with him.

**NEHRU**

Bapu, forgive me -- I've cheated. I  
could have come earlier. But your  
fast has helped. These last days  
people's minds have begun to turn to  
this bed -- and away from last night's  
atrocities. But now it is enough.

Gandhi shakes his head.

**GANDHI**

All that has happened is that I've  
grown a little thinner.

antidote

It is despairingly sincere. But Nehru feels he has an  
for that despair. The distant sound of an explosion.

**NEHRU**

Tomorrow five thousand Muslim students  
of all ages are marching here in  
Calcutta -- for peace.

(The real point)

And five thousand Hindu students are  
marching with them. It is all  
organized.

From  
it

Bourke-White captures the sense of elation in his face.  
her discreet distance, she lowers the camera, holding  
against her mouth, waiting for Gandhi's response.

Gandhi nods to Nehru, accepting the news with a sad  
wistfulness.

**GANDHI**

I'm glad -- but it will not be enough.

Patel,  
conviction  
misplaced.  
concern. A

Nehru isn't prepared for this resistance. He glances at  
and we see that they recognize that their bland  
that they could talk him out of the fast was deeply  
Nehru turns back -- this time no confidence, only  
forced smile.

**NEHRU**

Bapu, you are not so young anymore.

Nehru's

Gandhi smiles, pain etched in his eyes. He touches  
hand.

**GANDHI**

Don't worry for me -- death will be  
a deliverance.

(There is water in  
his eyes, but his  
words have the weight  
of a man truly  
determined to die.)

I cannot watch the destruction of  
all I have lived for.

Gandhi

Nehru stares at him, feeling the sudden fear that

gripped by

means it. Patel, Mirabehn, Azad, Bourke-White are  
the same realization.

**TAHIB'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

crowd,  
sounds

An outside broadcast truck is parked among the usual  
grown even larger now, and more women among them. The  
of distant fighting.

**TAHIB'S ROOF - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

lying on

The senior technician, in earphones, signals across to  
Mirabehn. She holds a microphone by Gandhi, who is  
his side. He seems almost out of touch.

**MIRABEHN**

Bapu...

speaks

Gandhi looks at her, and then the microphone. When he  
into the microphone his voice is very weak.

**GANDHI**

Each night before I sleep, I read a  
few words from the Gita and the Koran,  
and the Bible...

(we intercut with  
Bourke-White and  
those on the roof  
watching)

tonight I ask you to share these  
thoughts of God with me.

Gandhi but  
in  
the

And now we go into the streets, intercutting with  
seeing Hindus listening around loudspeakers on corners,  
little eating houses, Muslim shops where people live in  
back, and neighbors gathering defensively in groups.

**GANDHI**

(the books are there,  
but he does it from  
memory of course)

I will begin with the Bible where  
the words of the Lord are, "Love thy  
neighbor as thyself"... and then our

beloved Gita which says, "The world is a garment worn by God, thy neighbor is in truth thyself"... and finally the Holy Koran, "We shall remove all hatred from our hearts and recline on couches face to face, a band of brothers."

she He leans back, exhausted. Mirabehn is looking at him; starts to sing softly.

**MIRABEHN**

"Lead Kindly Light, amidst the circling gloom..."

croaking Gandhi, his eyes closed, takes it up in his weak, voice.

**GANDHI/MIRABEHN**

"The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on..."

**TAHIB'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

before Two police motorcycles lead a black limousine to a stop  
More Tahib's house. The crowd now gathered is very large.  
many mixed than before but still predominantly of youths,  
still with black flags.

tough- Nehru gets out of the limousine with a Muslim leader, a  
power looking man who carries himself with the authority and  
outside of a mobster (Suhrawardy). And they start to go up the  
stairs.

to Suddenly we hear the shout "Death to Gandhi!," "Death  
fiercely Gandhi!" And Nehru turns, pushing past Suhrawardy  
where and going back onto the street. He runs at the crowd,  
wild the shout comes once more from the back. His face is  
with anger and shock.

**NEHRU**

(hysterically)

Who dares say such things! Who?!

(And he is running at  
them and they spread  
in fear.)

Come! Kill me first! Come! Where are  
you?! Kill me first!

they  
frightened,  
Karkare.  
with  
The crowd has spread from him all along the street;  
stand against the walls of the houses staring at him,  
terrified to move. We see, just in passing, the  
apprehensive faces of Godse, and near him, Apte and  
Nehru stands, staring at them all, his face seething  
anger.

**TAHIB'S ROOF - EXTERIOR - DAY**

is a  
out of  
Man's  
suddenly  
We are featuring a copy of Life Magazine. On the cover  
picture of rioting men fighting and diagonally a cut-  
Gandhi lying on his cot. The caption reads: "An Old  
Battle." As the magazine starts to be opened, it is  
put to one side.

at  
ushers  
quietly  
Another angle. Mirabehn is rising, leaving the magazine  
her feet. She moves to Nehru and Suhrawardy as Azad  
them into the canopied area. Abdul Ghaffar Khan sits  
in the background. Mirabehn speaks softly.

**MIRABEHN**

His pulse is very irregular -- the  
kidneys aren't functioning.

testing  
encouragement --  
Gandhi  
Nehru looks across at Gandhi. The doctor, who is  
Gandhi's pulse yet again, glances at him -- no  
and moves away. Nehru moves to the side of the cot and  
smiles weakly and holds out a hand, but he is in pain.

**NEHRU**

Bapu, I have brought Mr. Suhrawardy. It was he who called on the Muslims to rise; he is telling them now to go back to their homes, to lay down their arms.

back Gandhi looks up at Suhrawardy, who nods. Gandhi looks at Nehru. There is no hint of him changing his mind.

**NEHRU**

(personally)

Think what you can do by living -- that you cannot do by dying.

there is Gandhi smiles whimsically, he touches him again but no change in his attitude.

**NEHRU**

(pleadingly)

What do you want?

**GANDHI**

(a moment)

That the fighting will stop -- that you make me believe it will never start again.

Nehru looks at him hopelessly.

**SQUARE IN CALCUTTA - EXTERIOR - DAY**

damage  
not  
the  
belligerent  
fringes  
people to  
others  
over  
A huge crowd, some smoke in distant buildings, some near to help us know this is still Calcutta, and all is yet at peace. The camera sweeps over the crowd, past loudspeakers on their poles. We see surly knots of rowdies, mostly young, but not all, hanging on the as we move over the heads of the mass of listening a platform where Nehru speaks. Azad, Suhrawardy, and sit on the floor behind him. We have heard his voice all this.

**NEHRU**

...Sometimes it is when you are quite without hope and in utter darkness that God comes to the rescue. Gandhiji is dying because of our madness. Put away your "revenge." What will be gained by more killing? Have the courage to do what you know is right. For God's sake, let us embrace like brothers...

**TAHIB'S ROOF - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

a  
tension.  
Featuring the Muslim leader Suhrawardy, leaning against wall, watching an action out of shot with evident

We hear a little clank of metal.

wear  
around  
more  
are  
and  
Another angle. There are five men facing Gandhi. They wear black trousers and black knit vests. There are thongs around their arms that make their bulging muscles seem even more powerful. They are Hindu thugs (Goondas). Their clothes are dirty -- and they are too -- but they are laying knives and guns at Gandhi's feet.

roof  
Mirabehn, Azad, Pyarelal, the doctor and others on the watch fascinated, a little frightened.

**GOONDA LEADER**

It is our promise. We stop. It is a promise.

accepting  
Gandhi is looking at him, testing, not giving or anything that is mere gesture.

**GANDHI**

Go -- try -- God by with you.

tautly  
Suddenly  
The Goondas stand. They glance at Suhrawardy; he smiles and they start to leave, but one (Nahari) lingers.

of he moves violently toward Gandhi, taking a flat piece  
Indian bread (chapati) from his trousers and tossing it  
forcefully on Gandhi.

**NAHARI**

Eat.

looks Mirabehn and Azad start to move toward him -- the man  
holds up immensely strong and immensely unstable. But Gandhi  
in a shaking hand, stopping them. Nahari's face is knotted  
there emotion, half anger, half almost a child's fear -- but  
is a wild menace in that instability.

**NAHARI**

Eat! I am going to hell -- but not  
with your death on my soul.

**GANDHI**

Only God decides who goes to hell...

**NAHARI**

(stiffening, aggressive)  
I -- I killed a child...  
(Then an anguished  
defiance)  
I smashed his head against a wall.

Gandhi stares at him, breathless.

**GANDHI**

(in a fearful whisper)  
Why? Why?

self- It is as though the man has told him of some terrible  
inflicted wound.

**NAHARI**

(tears now -- and  
wrath)  
They killed my son -- my boy!

the Almost reflexively he holds his hand out to indicate  
back at height of his son. He glares at Suhrawardy and then  
Gandhi.



**NAHARI**

The Muslims killed my son... they  
killed him.

though he  
Gandhi

He is sobbing, but in his anger it seems almost as  
means to kill Gandhi in retaliation. A long moment, as  
meets his pain and wrath. Then

**GANDHI**

I know a way out of hell.

Nahari sneers, but there is just a flicker of desperate  
curiosity.

**GANDHI**

Find a child -- a child whose mother  
and father have been killed. A little  
boy -- about this high.

as his

He raises his hand to the height Nahari has indicated  
son's.

**GANDHI**

...and raise him -- as your own.

chink

Nahari has listened. His face almost cracks -- it is a  
of light, but it does not illumine his darkness.

**GANDHI**

Only be sure... that he is a Muslim.  
And that you raise him as one.

he

to go.

his

heaving

traditional

Gandhi

And now the light falls on Nahari. His face stiffens,  
swallows, fighting any show of emotion; then he turns  
But he takes only a step and he turns back, going to  
knees, the sobs breaking again and again from his  
body as he holds his head to Gandhi's feet in the  
greeting of Hindu son to Hindu father. A second, and  
reaches out and touches the top of his head.

watches.

Mirabehn watches. The Goondas watch. Suhrawardy

Finally

**GANDHI**

(gently, exhaustedly)

Go -- go. God bless you...

**COURTYARD - POLICE STATION - CALCUTTA - EXTERIOR -**

**NIGHT**

place,  
air of  
groups

Trucks with riot squads (shields and truncheons) in  
but they are lounging, waiting. There is silence, and  
somnia. Some of the riot squad lounge in little  
around the courtyard. A distant cough.

for  
his  
reading  
holds.

Featuring a senior riot squad officer dressed and ready  
action. He it is who coughed. He coughs again, clearing  
throat. A police sergeant stands by him, both are  
the front page of a paper the senior riot squad officer  
We see two huge lines of headline: GANDHI NEAR

DEATH/NEHRU

**GOES ON FAST.**

In one of the trucks one of the men offers another a  
cigarette.

squad  
men

A telephone rings sharply, inside. The senior riot  
officer and the sergeant run in as engines start; the  
run to their places, lower visors, headlights go on!

**POLICE STATION OFFICE - INTERIOR - DAY**

senior  
The

A constable mans the telephone. He listens as the  
riot squad officer and the sergeant run to him tensely.  
sound of the great doors opening in the courtyard, more  
engines revving up.

**CONSTABLE**

Yes, sir, yes, sir,  
(He holds up his hand

to the senior officer)  
"Wait."

He glances up at the senior riot squad officer.

**CONSTABLE**

(writing, from the  
phone)  
Accident, "Christie crossroads," a  
lorry and a rickshaw. Yes, sir, I  
have it.

the  
hear  
sighs  
and

He shrugs at the senior riot squad officer and hands  
information slip to another constable behind the desk.  
The sergeant sighs, and moves to the outside door. We  
hear him bellow, "Stand down." The constable hangs up and  
sighs heavily. The senior riot squad officer shakes his head,  
and turns and walks slowly to the door.

**COURTYARD - POLICE STATION - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

the  
silence  
noise... A

The senior riot squad officer and the sergeant stand in  
doorway as the engines die. The men relax... the  
silence returns. A dog barks distantly, disturbed by the  
noise... A bird caws once or twice.

**SERGEANT**

I wouldn't have believed it, Mr.  
Gupta.

**SENIOR OFFICER**

Sergeant, it's a bloody miracle...

**HIGH SHOT - CALCUTTA - EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

It lies in silence.

**TAHIB'S ROOF - EXTERIOR - DAY**

the  
the

Mirabehn is bent over Gandhi. He is curled almost in  
fetal position, his face looking wan and sunken. For

shouts,  
first time there is silence, no explosions, no distant  
no gunfire.

**MIRABEHN**

Bapu, there's been no fighting --  
anywhere. It has stopped -- the  
madness has stopped.

doctors,  
behind  
into her  
We see the police commissioner, Suhrawardy, two  
Abdul Ghaffar Khan, and some others. Nearer Gandhi,  
Mirabehn, are Nehru, Patel, Azad and Pyarelal.  
Gandhi turns to Mirabehn, his face shaking, peering  
eyes.

**GANDHI**

It is foolish if it is just to save  
the life of an old man.

**MIRABEHN**

No... no. In every temple and mosque  
they have pledged to die before they  
lift a hand against each other.

Azad  
His weary eyes look at her; he looks up slowly to Azad.  
nods "It's true." Then Patel

**PATEL**

Everywhere.

looks  
Gandhi looks at Nehru. Nehru just nods tautly. Gandhi  
down, then lifts his head to Azad.

**GANDHI**

Maulana, my friend, could I have  
some orange juice... Then you and I  
will take a piece of bread together...

their  
to  
The relief brings water to their eyes and grins to  
faces. Nehru bends to Gandhi. Gandhi holds his hand out  
him, and Nehru clutches it. Then

**NEHRU**

You see, Bapu, it is not difficult.

I have fasted only a few hours and I  
accomplished what you could not do  
in as many days.

eyes  
other  
crying  
It is a joke in their way with each other and Gandhi's  
light, his smile comes. But it is tired. He puts his  
hand over Nehru's and Nehru lowers his head to it,  
silently.

**BIRLA HOUSE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

earlier. The  
We see  
garden,  
themselves.  
As in the opening sequence -- but a few minutes  
crowd is beginning to gather for the evening prayers.  
a tonga or two, a gardener opening the gate to the  
three policemen standing, talking idly among

**BIRLA HOUSE - INTERIOR - DAY**

to  
Laughter. Gandhi is eating muli; he holds his head back  
capture the lemon juice. We hear the click of a camera

**GANDHI**

That is how you eat muli.

click  
way.  
Manu hands him a cloth and he wipes his hands. Another  
of a camera. He is not fully recovered, but well on the

**GANDHI**

(to the photographer)  
I'm not sure I want to be remembered  
that way.

now  
favorite  
Mirabehn,  
Patel,  
Pyarelal is  
It is all light and for fun. We get a wide-angle shot  
and see that Bourke-White is shooting one of her  
subjects again. She is enjoying the banter, as is  
who is spinning quietly to one side of the room, and  
who sits cross-legged like Gandhi on the floor.

working on papers with him but grins at this.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Don't worry, with luck you may not be.

Manu.  
of

And she shoots him again, as he hands the cloth back to Abha is sitting next to Manu, looking at a collection pictures of Gandhi, obviously Bourke-White's.

**PATEL**

No, he'll be remembered for tempting fate.

wide,

It is wry, but waspishly chiding. Abha suddenly holds a picture up for Gandhi to see. It's one of him, ears eyes round.

**ABHA**

Mickey Mouse.

smiles.  
clearly

Gandhi taps her on the head with his finger as she But Bourke-White has looked from Patel to Gandhi, shaken by the implication in Patel's words.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

You really are going to Pakistan, then?

(Gandhi shrugs, and she chides too)

You are a stubborn man.

**GANDHI**

(a grin, in the mood of their "flirtation")

I'm simply going to prove to Muslims there, and Hindus here, that the only devils in the world are those running around in our own hearts -- and that's where all our battles ought to be fought.

dhoti.  
help

Abha has signaled to the cheap watch dangling from his He glances at it, and holds his arms out. The two girls help him.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

And what kind of a warrior have you  
been in that warfare?

two

She is photographing his getting-up and leaning on the  
girls.

**GANDHI**

Not a very good one. That's why I  
have so much tolerance for the other  
scoundrels of the world.

Patel.

He moves off, but has a sudden thought and turns to

**GANDHI**

Ask Panditji to -- to consider what  
we've discussed.

Bourke-

Patel nods soberly and Gandhi starts for the door,  
White moving with him.

**GANDHI**

(of the photographs)  
Enough.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

(a plea)  
One more.

crowd at  
beginning

flirtatious way

He has passed her, he's in the doorway. We see the  
the end of the garden, where the light of the day is  
to soften. He turns, teasing in his slightly  
with women.

**GANDHI**

You're a temptress.

She shoots him against the door -- the crowd milling  
distantly, waiting -- then she lowers her camera.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Just an admirer...

**GANDHI**

Nothing's more dangerous, especially

for an old man.

face;  
White  
the  
He turns; the last words have betrayed the smile on his  
they have a painful sense of truth about them. Bourke-  
watches as he moves into the garden toward the crowd in  
distance.

She turns to Mirabehn.

**BOURKE-WHITE**

There's a sadness in him.

It's an observation -- and a question. Mirabehn accedes  
gravely.

**MIRABEHN**

He thinks he's failed.

him.  
Bourke-White stares at her, then turns to look out at

**BOURKE-WHITE**

Why? My God, if anything's proved  
him right, it's what's happened these  
last months...

sound  
breaking  
Mirabehn nods, but she keeps on spinning and tries to  
cynically resigned but her innate emotionalism keeps  
through in her voice and on her face.

**MIRABEHN**

I am blinded by my love of him, but  
I think when we most needed it, he  
offered the world a way out of  
madness. But he doesn't see it...  
and neither does the world.

at  
"props."  
among  
It is laced with pain. Bourke-White turns and looks out  
Gandhi -- so tiny, so weak as he walks between his  
He has now reached the end of the garden and is moving  
the crowd assembled there.

**THE GARDEN - BIRLA HOUSE - EXTERIOR - TWILIGHT**



on  
someone, the  
the  
you,"  
who

Gandhi is moving forward in the crowd, one hand resting  
Manu, the other on Abha. He makes the pranam to  
crowd is bowing to him, some speaking, and we also see  
crowd from his point of view -- "Bapu," "God bless  
"Thank you -- thank you." He turns to a very old woman,  
makes a salaam to him. Gandhi touches her head.

**GANDHI**

Allah be with you.

Smiling, he turns back. A jostling, the sound of beads  
falling.

**MANU**

(to someone)

Brother, Bapu is already late for  
prayers.

suddenly,  
Gandhi  
seeping

Gandhi turns to the person; he makes the pranam.  
Full shot. Godse is making the pranam to him and he  
wildly draws his gun and fires. The camera closes on  
as he staggers and falls, the red stain of blood  
through his white shawl.

**GANDHI**

Oh, God... oh, God...

shock.  
them,

Manu and Abha bend over him, silent in their first  
The sound of panic and alarm begins to grow around  
they suddenly scream and begin to cry.

**MANU/ABHA**

Bapu! Bapu!

**FUNERAL PYRE - EXTERIOR - DAY**

smoke.

Blackness. Silence.

A moment -- we sense the blackness moving -- like dark

the  
blackness is smoke rising from a fire.  
And now we see that it is a funeral pyre. And all  
around  
that pyre a mass of silent humanity. Through the smoke,  
sitting cross-legged near the rim of the flames, we see  
the  
Nehru... and Azad and Patel, Mirabehn and Kallenbach,  
Abha...  
drawn faces of Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Manu and

**THE RIVER - EXTERIOR - DAY**

toward  
A helicopter shot coming slowly up the wide river, low,  
a barge and a mass of people in the distance.  
flowers.  
And now we are over the barge, and it is covered with  
Flowers flow downstream around it. An urn sits on it --  
Azad  
containing Gandhi's ashes -- and Nehru stands near it,  
down  
and Patel a little behind him. And as the barge floats  
the river, Nehru bends and lifts the urn...  
Featuring Nehru. He swallows, restraining his own  
emotion,  
and slowly, ritualistically, sprinkles the ashes over  
the  
water.  
And as they spread, we hold on that stretch of the  
river,  
the flowers swirling languidly around it as the dark,  
timeless  
current moves them toward the sea.

**GANDHI'S VOICE**

(weak, struggling, as  
he spoke the words  
to Mirabehn)  
...There have been tyrants and  
murderers -- and for a time they can  
seem invincible. But in the end they  
always fall. Think of it -- always...  
When you are in doubt that that is  
God's way, the way the world is meant  
to be... think of that.

the  
river,  
as end

And slowly the camera begins pulling back, leaving the flowers, the brown, rolling current as though leaving story of Gandhi, going far out, away from the great reaching higher and higher, through streaks of clouds titles begin.

reminiscently,

And through them, once more we hear, dimly, through the rushing wind:

the

"At home children are writing 'essays' about him!"... croaky voice singing, "God save our gracious King"...

Dyer:

"Sergeant Major --," the Sergeant Major: "Take aim!,"

Dyer:

"Fire!," the sound of massed rifle fire, screams...

"You are  
lord."

my best friend... my highest guru, and my sovereign

women's

"Who the hell is he?," "I don't know, sir." "My name is Gandhi. Mohandas K. Gandhi."... the sound of rioting,

mother and  
high."...

screams, terror... "Find a child -- a child whose father have been killed. A little boy... about this

Gandhi!...

"He thinks he's failed."... "Long live Mahatma

Long live Mahatma Gandhi!"

**THE END**