

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,

Featuring Gandhi. We see him distantly through the
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...

as
route.
standards,
cortege
We
sailors
seemingly
Navy
bears the
grief

Full shot. The huge funeral procession -- crowds such
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 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 them. 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 lips again -- and takes a square of cardboard from his pocket -- 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 the police sergeant again, "Do we take him?". The sergeant shakes his head, "Wait."

Khan moves up to Gandhi as the tremor of reaction ripples 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, river, couple of Hindus, two young boys. 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

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
ahead.

(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 doors stare as the uniformed "prisoner" goes out through the in doors, past the stunned men in the office to the outer back and on to the grand staircase. The prison guard appears head the doorway, looking off in confusion at Gandhi, then at the office for guidance. Daniels simply shakes his "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
aft

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 reception. 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 face 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 taken 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,

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.

their
Though
scarred
is
met

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.

moves
from
floats

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.

sense
moves
hands
Gandhi.
reacting

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.

her.
manner
almost

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
are the Indian passengers from the train. His British NCOs
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
be 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!

His hand still dangles in offering to the tall Charlie.
Another angle. Two other Indians on the roof move to
where
counterforce
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.

Featuring Charlie. Hesitatingly, he grips the inside of
the
window
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!

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

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

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

BA

Charlie! Be careful!!

Close shot. Charlie. His face flat on the roof of the
train
is
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

and the

hear the

High. Coming into focus is a lighted platform, and as
scene becomes clearer we see figures on the platform
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 His voice is choked and near to tears, resonant with
like unspoken agony his words mean for him and the others
puts him. He looks at Gandhi nervously for a moment, then
trying the food to his mouth like a man who is starving, and
desperately not to show it.

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

TRAIN STATION - CHAMPARAN - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

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

the The station house. An open staff car pulls up through
pushes press of the crowd. An English captain leaps out and
platform. aggressively through the mass of bodies toward the
of 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
toward
He has looked up. A car is pulling hurriedly in near
clubhouse, an officer in it, and people are streaming
it.

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

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

shoulders

his

And now we see Gandhi in full shot for the first time.
wearing only a white loincloth, the shawl over 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 now the court explodes. In the chaos of cheering
delight, the magistrate rises, looks around the room
and heads for his chambers.

and

The journalists are scribbling furiously.

cries

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

THE COURTHOUSE BALCONY

huge

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

smiles

A VOICE

Gandhiji! -- Gandhiji! Mr. Gandhi!

clothes --

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

the

him

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
exasperation.

JINNAH

The Prophet give me patience.

CHAUFFEUR

He came Third Class.

toward

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

entrance.

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

Herman

carrying a

Kallenbach is with him, dressed informally, also
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.

Featuring Nehru. He stands, awaiting Gandhi's
attention. All

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-
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
prison

A prison door opens. Gandhi, in prison clothes, is led
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,
shot
shuffled papers, and it at last comes to a large close
of General Dyer.

large

Another angle. A Commission of Inquiry sits in the
Armory Hall of the Old Fort. Dyer faces a panel of
Rankin,
Commissioners: Lord Hunter, presiding, Mr. Justice
General Barrow, a British civil servant, and an Indian
barrister.

committee --

The Commission functions like a public parliamentary
public
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

is
it --
defiant
sits
now
in an
with

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.
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
board. here and helping some others (English and Indian) to

sari.
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
startled Kallenbach.
now

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 marchers with a challenging disdain. The marchers are men in loinclothes 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 cloth tauntingly at the police. One policeman suddenly steps out 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. Another marcher runs at the policeman, swinging at him with his piece of cloth.

SECOND MARCHER

Leave him alone -- he wasn't harming
you!

with
blood

Another angle -- sudden. He is whacked across the face with a billy club and falls, clutching his face and spouting blood 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
breathless

Another angle. The crowd massed around the fallen
flash of the sword going up over the heads -- a
pause -- and it comes down again... savagely.

has
camera
flesh
bare

Later. The flames of the crumbled building. The crowd
gone and we only hear the roar of the flames. The
pans across the flames, and we see a skull, charred
still clinging to it, the eyes black holes, the teeth
as it burns in the fire.

JINNAH'S DRAWING ROOM - INTERIOR - DAY

stares
the
begin to
in the

Close shot -- Gandhi. His face drawn, stunned, as he
emptily at the floor. He is sitting on the carpet in
center of the room. A moment of silence and then we
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
paper

Another angle. Patel leans with one arm on a table, his
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
and we

He has been standing, looking out of a window. He
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
She carries a small tray with a pitcher and a glass. We
a few people working in the background, and a mass of
camped near the entrance, some sprawled, some sitting,
standing -- all waiting.

The steps of Gandhi's bungalow. A doctor in a white
sits on the porch, reading. On a small table beside him
stethoscope and the equipment to measure blood
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
him as he heaves in a spasm of dry retching, his face
wall. When he is finished, he lies almost limp in her
and she gently lowers him to the mat. She strokes his

Mirabehn stiffens herself. She is not yet devotee and
She removes her sandals and walks across the room.

Ba looks up at her. She glances at the jug and glass,
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
before Gandhi.
The British police superintendent (who is Scottish)

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.

They both watch the waves beat on the shore a moment,
the
Porbandar.
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
sea.

Gulls fly over them, squawking in the growing light.

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,
baffled,

He turns from the sea to Walker, his eyes confident,

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 volunteers lining up to face the police as tautly as the police face them.

Walker is off to one side, climbing to stand in the back of Collin's car. He watches, looking tensely from one group to the other, almost terrified by what seems about to happen.

Collins leans against the back of the car near him, watching with an equally appalled expectancy. There are two other reporters near them.

From Walker's point of view. We see Mirabehn and some Indian women quietly placing stretchers and tables of bandages near a group of tents where the volunteers have been housed. Salt Walker turns back to the two opposing groups at the Works entrance. We hear only a shuffle of feet, the clank of

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. The now gray-haired Charlie Andrews beams possessively at 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 building.

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 of the jeep 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 across She's terribly curious, but she doesn't want to offend. 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
Conference, and
with
the
addresses

Jinnah stands by one of the great pillars of the portico. It is a break in their Independence as he lights a cigarette, a weary Gandhi approaches him Azad. Jinnah's anger is clearly too deep to be left at the 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,
his

Nehru and Patel are approaching from the conference room, both of them looking worn and angry too. Jinnah raises his 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
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.

he
here and
and a
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.

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

with

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
watches.
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

DEATH/NEHRU
We see two huge lines of headline: GANDHI NEAR

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