

JAMAL (CONT'D)

They say that every man in Uttar Pradesh is wearing a kurta that has been washed here at least one time.

CLARK

Is that so? That's amazing. Let's get a look at this, Adele.

He gets out his video camera and wanders towards the dhobi ghat. Behind them a motor rickshaw pulls up. Salim, Shankar and a couple of the street kids from the Taj leap out. Within seconds, the Mercedes is up on bricks and the wheels are being removed. Salim takes a hacksaw to the Mercedes badge on the bonnet, whilst urging the others on.

SALIM

Aré, sala! Formula One, Formula One! Pit-stop ka speed, Schumacher ka ishtyle

The crowds in the lane barely notice as the car is stripped of all its parts.

SALIM (CONT'D)

Go, go!

A shout from the top of the lane and the boys scatter, bouncing the four wheels at speed down the lane. Jamal, the Indian driver and the two Americans return. They stop in front of the denuded car.

CLARK

Woah. What happened here?

Suddenly the Indian driver is slapping Jamal ferociously around the head with one of his shoes.

DRIVER

I give you two tight slaps, mader chod!

JAMAL

I don't know! I didn't do it, did I...? Nothing to do with me...get off!

But the beating continues, the driver kicking Jamal down onto the floor. The two Americans stare, uncertain what to do.

ADELE

Do something, Clark.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Well, I- I dunno, I-

Finally Clark intervenes, pulling the driver off Jamal.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, just cool it. You're insured, aren't you? Jesus Christ...

Jamal sits up. He is bleeding from his nose and mouth.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You okay?

JAMAL

You wanted to see the 'real India', Mister David. Here it is.

ADELE

Well, here's a bit of the real America, too, son.

Adele pulls out his wallet and rummages for dollars.

81

EXT. YAMUNA RIVER. NIGHT.

81

A battered Jamal limps along the river bank towards the Taj. He stops, bathes his swollen face in the river. Then looks up. Strange lights appear to emanate from the base of the monument. And then strange sounds.

82

EXT. TAJ MAHAL. NIGHT.

82

Jamal climbs a crumbling wall and is confronted with an opera taking place right under the dome. Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice. Hundreds of India's smartest professionals are watching from banked seating on a scaffolding frame.

83

EXT. STANDS. NIGHT.

83

Jamal and a couple of street kids slip under the scaffolding supporting the banked seats. The street kids are trying to reach the hand-bags of the women above them.

BOY

(hissing)

Oi, Jamal! There's a woman with no panties on over here.

Shooting Script for Slumdog Millionaire
screenplay by Simon Beaufoy
shots 81-83 were edited but omitted from theatrical release.

(CONTINUED)

Jamal reaches up and easily lifts a wallet from a man's trouser pocket. On stage, the actors start singing. Jamal seems to have forgotten the wallet and stares, mesmerised, at the stage.

WOMAN

Why don't you put it back and listen to the music?

Jamal starts, makes to run, but the woman who spoke holds out a cigarette. A Canadian back-packer is sitting, staring at the singers.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's called Orfeo. Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus- that one there- is looking for his lover, Eurydice. She died, but he can't live without her.

She hands him a cigarette. He puts the wallet back. She smiles at him and they both turn to the stage.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

The pain is so bad that he goes to the underworld- the place we go when we die- to try to get her back.

JAMAL

You can't do that. Can you?

WOMAN

(shrugging)

You can in opera.

JAMAL

Does he find her?

WOMAN

Watch and see.

Jamal watches as Orpheus sings one of the most beautiful pieces of music a human is likely to hear. Tears are running down Jamal's cheeks.

Salim, Shankar, Jamal and the Taj Gang are gathered around a campfire. All of them wear extraordinary footwear of one form or another, from elaborate high heels to walking boots five sizes too large. A home-made hooka pipe is being passed around the fire.

(CONTINUED)

The eyes of the children have long since stopped focussing. Salim is sporting a Mercedes Benz badge on a chain around his neck. Behind him, Jamal appears, his face swollen. He takes off his fake Guide's Badge and throws it in the fire.

SALIM

Woah! What are you- Jamal?

JAMAL

We have to go, Salim.

SALIM

Go? Go where?

JAMAL

Bombay.

SALIM

Don't be stupid. We're making good money here.

JAMAL

We should have gone a long time ago.

Salim turns to Shankar with sudden understanding.

SALIM

Oh, God. Baby brother's in love. With a flat-chested hijra.

JAMAL

Latika was one of us. A musketeer.

SALIM

A musketeer...Grow up, Jamal. Look, how was I to know they'd beat you up. Here, you can have some of the cash. Come on...

JAMAL

I've got cash.

He rips out a wad of dollar bills from his pocket.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Dollars.

SALIM

How much?

JAMAL

Enough. I'm getting my stuff.

(CONTINUED)

He walks off.

SALIM
Wait! Jamal! Ah, shit!

He gets up, kicks the fire in rage and stomps after Jamal.

85 INT. STUDIO. NIGHT.

85

Prem leans back in his chair.

PREM
So, my friend: ready for another question.

JAMAL
Yes.

Prem presses his computer. The lights dim again, the music comes up.

PREM
For a straight one million rupees, Ladies and Gentlemen...On an American One Hundred Dollar Bill there is a portrait of which American statesman? Is it A), George Washington, B) Franklin Roosevelt, C) Benjamin Franklin, D) Abraham Lincoln?

Silence from Jamal.

PREM (CONT'D)
Pay or play, Jamal? All you have to do is stop now and you walk away with a cool quarter of a million rupees. Decide to play, get the answer wrong and you walk away with absolutely nothing. But, get the answer right and you win a million rupees. So. You decide. Pay or play?

A long pause.

86 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

59

86

DIRECTOR
Okay, he hasn't got a clue. This is going to be a walk-away. Stand by.

VISION MIXER
No, he's going to play with him, first.

87 INT. STUDIO. NIGHT.

87

PREM
Get a lot of hundred dollar bills in your line of work, Jamal?

JAMAL
The minimum tip for my services.

Laughter from the audience.

PREM
Now I know why my cell phone bill is so high...they pay the chai-wallah in hundred dollar bills!

JAMAL
It's C. Benjamin Franklin.

A gasp from the audience. Prem is caught off-guard.

PREM
Woah! We haven't locked the computer, man. You're going to play?

JAMAL
I think I just have. Haven't I?

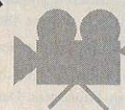
PREM
You certainly have. C. Right?

JAMAL
Right. C.

PREM
Not confusing your Franklins? Benjamin for Roosevelt?

(CONTINUED)

THE SHOOTING SCRIPT[®]



SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE

SCREENPLAY BY SIMON BEAUFOY

BASED ON THE NOVEL *Q & A* BY VIKAS SWARUP

FOREWORD BY SIMON BEAUFOY

INTRODUCTION BY DANNY BOYLE



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