

# **HOTEL MUMBAI**

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**BASED ON TRUE EVENTS**

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A deep, pulsing hum - the sound of a powerful outboard motor, heard underwater.

Over the Indian Ocean, the afternoon is drawing to a close. The low western sun - pink and orange - frames three 'Zodiac' inflatables, powering directly towards us from the open sea.

On board, a total of ten Punjabi Youths, barely out of their teens, clinging to the pontoons for balance, wiping away sea-spray.

We hold on their faces, swaying together in SLOW MO with the movement of the boat. One closes his eyes in silent prayer. Another consults a GPS navigator. Others stare at the distant shoreline. Focussed. Pensive.

Over this, the sound of a phone call in *Punjabi*.

ABDULLAH (V.O.)

*Salam alaikum?...*

*(heavy static)*

*Salam alaikum?...*

*(heavy static)*

*Can you hear me? Brother Bull?...*

*Brother Bull? Salam -*

The phone line crackles to life, bringing with it the rhythmic, hypnotic voice of their 'handler' THE BULL.

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Walaikum assalam, brother Abdullah.*

*Have you landed yet?*

ABDULLAH (V.O.)

*Soon, Brother Bull. Insh'Allah.*

PAN WIDE as the boat speeds past us and pulls away, entering Colaba harbour, beyond which lies the glittering metropolis of Mumbai - its towering skyline dominating the horizon.

BROTHER BULL (V.O.)

*You're very close to heaven now.  
Look around you, see all they have  
stolen. From your fathers. From  
your grandfathers. You will be  
remembered for this, my Brothers.*

ABDULLAH (V.O.)

*Insh'Allah, Brother Bull.*

*Insh'Allah.*

The dying sun catches the dark purple wake of the Zodiacs as they pass the Gateway to India monument and heads for the glorious, century-old Taj Mahal Palace Hotel - a magical confection of towers and turrets aglow beneath the golden, late afternoon sky.0

RUN MAIN TITLE:

"HOTEL MUMBAI"

2 INT. ARJUN'S SHACK, DHARAVI, MUMBAI - LATE AFTERNOON 2

Sunlight peeps through holes in the roof of a cramped, dark slum hovel.

Standing shirtless before a broken shard of mirror, ARJUN BHAMBRA (23) ties his unwieldy mass of hair into a tight bun, right above the forehead. Meticulous, measured, every last hair in place.

He reaches down and grabs a bobby pin, resting on a stack of library books that seem curiously out of place with the surroundings: *"Sommelier's Guide to French Wine"*, *"Architectural wonders of the world"*, *"The Complete Works of William Shakespeare."*

Pottering about nearby, Arjun's young daughter SEVA (2) pulls a leather shoe from Arjun's sports bag and hides it - then looks up at her father now wrapping a pagri (sacred fabric) around his head until a full Sikh Turban takes shape.

Arjun checks his watch, shit - he's late.

He quickly dons on a shirt, grabs his child and sports bag, and hurries outside. She's reaching for the shoe and babbling but he pays no attention.

3 EXT. DHARAVI STREETS, MUMBAI - LATE AFTERNOON 3

Holding his daughter close, Arjun scurries sideways down an impossibly tight passageway - between two crumbling tenements - and out to a communal, open-air laundry...

He spots his wife DIMPLE (23), knee deep in murky water, thrashing dirty laundry against the smooth ancient stones.

ARJUN  
(in Hindi)  
*Where's your sister? Wasn't she  
meant to be helping today?*

As Dimple straightens up, we see she is heavily pregnant.

DIMPLE  
*She's in bed with the flu.*

ARJUN  
(under his breath)  
*And half of Mumbai...*

Arjun sets young Seva down beside her mother.

DIMPLE  
(grinning)  
*I heard that!*

ARJUN  
*You need to rest. I'll wash these  
after my shift.*

DIMPLE  
*It's okay, I'm nearly finished.*

She gives him a kiss and picks up her washing again.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)  
*See you in the morning.*

Arjun watches guiltily as she goes back to work - pounding a heavy bedsheet against the rocks.

He grabs his rickety motorbike and takes off through a rabbit warren of dusty, bustling streets.

A fever-dream of colour and sound zips past him:

Screaming kids playing cricket in the dirt. Chickens clucking. Horns honking. Pots clattering. The relentless cacophony of a million slum-dwellers in the most densely populated square mile on earth.

4           **EXT. COLABA FISHING VILLAGE - SUNSET**           4

Lugging heavy backpacks, the group of Punjabi Youths beach the Zodiac inflatables and head off...

...picking their way between old boats and rusted shipping containers, stepping over oily polluted puddles in their brand new, neon-coloured, X-trainers.

They emerge from the waterfront shanties onto a busy main street and hail a succession of taxis.

17           **INT. TAXI 1 - SUNSET**           17

The first two Punjabi Youths scramble inside, shouting:

YOUTH #1  
*Central Station, jaldi!*

18           **INT. TAXI 2 - CONTINUOUS**           18

Another youth hops into a second cab, setting down his backpack - a heavy metal clink.

YOUTH # 2  
*Leopold Cafe please.*

His partner, already seated, looks back through the rear window at two more of the group, getting in the taxi behind.

5C **EXT. TAXI 3 - NIGHT**

5C

IMRAN (20), the youngest of the group, trades glances with yet another pair - ABDULLAH and RASHID getting into a cab across the street, then follows HOUSSAM (21) into the taxi.

IMRAN  
 Cafe Leopold.

The door closes and the taxi drives off.

6 **INT. LUXURIOUS PEOPLE-MOVER - MUMBAI - SUNSET**

6

DAVID DUNCAN (30s) rides in the back of a luxurious people-mover, as it winds through the bustling streets of South Mumbai. He stares outside, captivated...

His POV: beggars, businessmen, cows and taxis - a sprawling metropolis brimming with life.

Sitting opposite, David's wife ZAHRA (30s), a stunning Swiss-educated Persian heiress is feeling the forehead of their baby boy, CAMERON.

ZAHRA  
 You think he's coming down with something? Feel...

Their Australian nanny SALLY (21) - a confident, caring and reassuring presence, despite her youth - feels Cameron's forehead also.

SALLY  
 He might be a little warm.

She pulls out an infant thermometer-device from the baby-bag and puts it in the baby's ear. It cries, restless.

DAVID  
 Hey little buddy! Hey! Hey!...

David leans across and theatrically blows raspberry kisses all over his boy's tiny feet. The baby calms. Zahra smiles.

The thermometer beeps and Sally checks the reading.

SALLY  
 Thirty seven. He's perfect.

DAVID  
 ...get's that from his dad.  
 (turns to the driver.)  
 Hey dude, how long til we reach the  
 hotel?

DRIVER  
 (pointing)  
 Just a few more blocks, Sir.

David peeks out at the majestic, stone arches and giant  
 turrets of the Taj Hotel.

7

**INT. ULTRA LUXURY SUITE, TAJ HOTEL - SUNSET**

7

A maid leans across an enormous bathtub, sprinkling pink rose  
 petals across the lathered water. Through the window behind -  
 a stunning view of the Gateway monument towering above Colaba  
 Harbour.

Craggy-faced hotel butler JOMON (65) enters, placing a  
 thermometer into the tub.

BUTLER JOMON  
 More hot water. It must be 101  
 degrees Farenheit. Exactly 101.

He hands the thermometer to the slightly confused maid and  
 strides back through the...

## BEDROOM

Where a team of servants make frantic last minute  
 adjustments. One prepares a giant arrangement of exotic  
 flowers. Another obsessively polishes glassware.

He stops beside a YOUNG MAID, carefully arranging a baby gift  
 hamper on a hand-carved side table. Picks up a pink jumpsuit.

BUTLER JOMON (CONT'D)  
 What's this?

YOUNG MAID  
 What?

BUTLER JOMON  
 It's a boy. Blue jumpsuit.  
 (picks up a blue jumpsuit)  
 Blue!

YOUNG MAID  
 Sanjay said it was a girl.

Butler Jomon hastily picks up his phone and dials. Waits.

BUTLER JOMON  
 (into phone)  
 The baby in 440. Boy or girl?

8                    **INT. CONCIERGE REAR OFFICE - DUSK**                    8

At the top of his game, the fast-talking, bespectacled concierge manager DILIP BATRA (38) lowers his phone and yells over his shoulder to staff members moving about the office.

DILIP  
 Zahra Kashani, did she have a boy  
 or girl?

Two staff members answer at same time.

	STAFF MEMBER 1		STAFF MEMBER 2
	Girl.		Boy.

9                    **INT. ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - DUSK**                    9

Butler Jomon sighs, lowers the phone and instructs the maid.

BUTLER JOMON  
 Put one of each.

She places the pink on top of the blue jumpsuit.

Butler Jomon reverses this: blue on top of pink as we CUT TO:

9A                    **INT. CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DUSK**                    9A

The vast train station is jam-packed with people - office workers, shoe-shine boys, hustlers and street-traders. A great swarm of commuters disembark from the latest train

Two Punjabi youths move through them with their heavy backpacks, talking on the phone, looking for someone

YOUTH  
 Amjal, where are you?

10                    **INT. STATION TOILET CUBICLE. CONTINUOUS**                    10

AMJAL  
 (On the phone)  
 We're here.  
 (Checks his watch)  
 Two minutes!

The Youth called Amjal is in a toilet cubicle arranging the contents of his backpack. He pockets the phone, takes out an AK 47, inserts a clip of ammo and extends the shoulder-rest.

Then he puts a taped-together double clip in one pocket of his cargo pants and a couple of grenades in the other, replaces the water bottles and emergency rations, and leaves the cubicle.

Simultaneously, another youth, his partner-in-crime, steps out of the adjacent cubicle, into the main toilet area, also armed and ready.

Amjal reverses his baseball cap and glances at his appearance in the mirror, as together they step outside into the noisy crowded station concourse.

We hear the screaming/ grinding sound of a train applying its brakes as...

11           **EXT. REAR SERVICE ENTRANCE - TAJ HOTEL - EVENING**           11

Arjun, oblivious to the carnage elsewhere in town, parks his scooter amongst a dozen others at the rear of the hotel, and rushes inside the service entrance.

12           **INT. REAR SERVICE CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS**           12

Dodging food deliveries and trolleys, he continues down a long service-corridor, pausing to clock in for work at the rusty old-style time-card machine.

He hurries on, and sticks his head into the CONCIERGE REAR OFFICE.

ARJUN

Where am I tonight?

The phone rings. Dilip (the concierge manager) picks up.

DILIP

(quickly to Arjun)

Shamiana Restaurant.

(into phone)

Yes?... Right, got it. Many thanks.

(over his shoulder)

Prahba! Nisha!

As Arjun heads off - two perfectly groomed hostesses dressed in traditional floral saris approach the VIP BOARD. Pinned against it - photos and background information on important hotel guests.

DILIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mrs Kashani's daughter is arriving shortly.

PUSH IN on a glossy photo of Zahra and her mother at the Taj's front entrance, both dressed to the nines.



DILIP (V.O.)  
 She just had a child with an  
 American, David Duncan. A ski  
 instructor.

HOLD on B&W print out of David's Facebook profile picture.  
 He's open and confident, in ski gear and holding a snowboard.

NISHA  
 (To Prahba)  
 Cute!  
 (Off Dilip's look)  
 Sorry

13 **EXT. TAJ HOTEL, FRONT ENTRANCE - EVENING**

13

The shiny black people-mover pulls up outside the grand front  
 entrance of the Taj Hotel. Turbanned DOORMEN open the car  
 doors ushering David, Zahra and Sally inside.

DOORMAN  
 Welcome Sir. Madam.

DILIP (V.O.)  
 Congratulate them on the baby, but  
 don't mention the wedding.

NISHA (V.O.)  
 They're not married?

The guests breeze through into...

14 **INT. TAJ HOTEL, ENTRANCE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

14

...the vast marble-clad entrance lobby, where soothing  
 classical music plays and hostesses Prahba and Nisha garland  
 them with flowers and place "tiki" marks on their foreheads.

DILIP (V.O.)  
 Yes, but Zahra was already pregnant  
 so the mother insisted on a private  
 ceremony. No publicity.

PRAHBA  
 How lovely to have you back with us  
 again Zahra.

NISHA  
 And I see congratulations are in  
 order. (to baby) Hello beautiful!

As Nisha leads them off towards the elevators, Prahba hangs  
 back and talks to her boss via headset.

PRAHBA  
 Nisha is showing them up now, Sir.

Tagging behind the others, David glances at the B&W portraits of famous past guests lining the corridor walls: Ghandi, Churchill, Mick Jagger, Bill Clinton.

DILIP (V.O.)  
And you've booked their dinner reservations?

PRAHBA (V.O.)  
9pm at the Shamiana, Sir.

DILIP (V.O.)  
Better hold them a table at all our restaurants. Heaven forbid she changes her mind and we don't have room. Her mother will kill us!

As David and the others step inside the elevator, Prahba heads back towards the main lobby...

PRAHBA  
Doing it now, Sir.

Ping! The elevator doors slide shut.

15

**INT. CORRIDOR / ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT**

15

Butler Jomon shows David and Zahra into their ultra luxury suite. David and Sally marvel at the grandeur of the place. To Zahra, it's like a second home...

DAVID  
This place is nuts. Look at this view!

BUTLER JOMON  
We've drawn the bath just as your mother liked it m'am. 101 degrees.

ZAHRA  
Not necessary, Jomon. But thankyou.

Zahra takes Baby Cameron from Sally as they all move into the BEDROOM. There's a pedestal lamp where she wants to put the baby capsule.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
Can we move this?

BUTLER JOMON  
It's too heavy. I'll do it.

David heads to the wardrobe and opens bar fridge, as Sally picks up the blue jumpsuit from the gift hamper on the bed.

SALLY  
Oh my God, how cute is this?

ZAHRA  
 (to Sally)  
 You sure he's not a little warm?

SALLY  
 No. You think?

Zahra nods. Uncertain.

BUTLER JOMON  
 Shall I call in a doctor ma'm? Just  
 to be on the safe side.

<p>DAVID          It's not really          (necessary)...</p>	<p>ZAHR          (overlapping, to Jomon)          Could you? You're a gem.</p>
---	--

BUTLER JOMON (CONT'D)  
 ...And your 9pm reservation at the  
 Shamiana?

David who has just pulled an exotic Japanese beer from the  
 bar fridge. Twists it open against his forearm.

DAVID  
 You wanna just get room service?

BUTLER JOMON  
 Doctor will be around forty five  
 minutes.

SALLY  
 You two should go - I can call you  
 soon as he gets here.

BUTLER JOMON  
 I'll keep a table reserved for you.  
 Come when convenient. Or not,  
 whatever you wish.

ZAHRA  
 Thank you, Jomon.

Butler Jomon claps his hands and the staff - maids and  
 porters - all exit backwards.

David slips him tip.

DAVID  
 Split it with the team. Thanks,  
 bud.

Zahra smiles at his informality.

ZAHRA  
 I don't think he's used to be  
 called bud.

DAVID  
He's my bud. You're my honey...

He slaps her ass and heads away.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Lets go eat.

Zahra's phone rings. She checks the CALLER ID and answers as Sally, holding Baby Cameron, watches David disappear into the bathroom.

ZAHRA  
(into phone, in Farsi)  
*Hello mother... Yes, yes safe and sound...*

#### **BACKSTREETS OF MUMBAI. NIGHT**

CLOSE SHOT on the face of Youth #1 running for his life, heart pounding, sucking in air, remembering...

#### **CCTV FOOTAGE. CENTRAL TRAIN STATION EARLIER**

Grainy black and white footage of Youth #1 Youth #2 advancing into the crowded station, gunning down anyone they see with short bursts automatic gunfire. Chaos. Panic...CUT TO

#### **BACKSTREETS OF MUMBAI. NIGHT**

Youth #1 and youth #2 running for their lives as a POLICE jeep comes screeching round the corner in pursuit, siren blaring, gaining on them fast.

They take a left, then a right, unable to outrun it, finally taking cover in doorways opposite sides of the street and unloosing a hail of automatic fire as the jeep passes, killing all five occupants.

Blood stained windows shatter as the jeep crashes into a cement bollard. The two youths rush to the door, firing into the jeep. Youth #1 drags out the dead bodies of cops as Youth #2 directs fire towards another cop car, approaching OOS

YOUTH # 1  
Get In!

They jump into the jeep together and go screeching off. Youth #1 driving as Youth #2 fires his automatic through the broken windscreen at cops blocking the way ahead. Gunfire mixes to:

20

**INT. STAFF CHANGING AREA - NIGHT**

20

In the noisy male locker room of the Taj, hotel waiters and busboys prepare for the night shift. Combing their hair, polishing their shoes, washing their hands.

Moving at speed, Arjun buttons up his freshly laundered shirt, then reaches into his sports bag. He pulls out one shiny leather shoe. Freezes... Only one!

In a panic, Arjun fossicks through the bag, turning it inside out. Empty. He curses in maharati

DILIP (O.S.)

Hurry up, Chef Oberoi's coming!  
He's on his way right now!

The mere mention of Chef Oberoi's name sends the room into a frenzy. As the staff quickly file out, Arjun harangues them for answers.

ARJUN

Shoe. Shoe. I need a shoe. Sanjay  
did you have a spare pair?

SANJAY

Of course. In my Ferarri just  
outside.

SANJAY (21) chuckles and heads out with the others, leaving Arjun alone and desperate. This is bad. Real bad.

21

**INT. CENTRAL CATERING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

21

A line of junior waiters and busboys stand to attention as CHEF HEMANT OBEROI (50s) inspects them with military precision.

He is a calm, low-key presence - checking each young man in turn for clean fingernails, polished shoes, neatly-trimmed hair.

Above, a sign hangs prominently: "GUEST IS GOD".

OBEROI

Hands, show me your socks, turn  
around.

TRACK ALONG the line of sparkling leather shoes until Arjun joins the line - in his tattered old runners.

Oberoi registers his late arrival - says nothing.

(CONT'D)

ARJUN  
 Sorry, Chef Oberoi.

Oberoi moves along the line of immaculately groomed staff.

OBEROI  
 Good... Good... Very good...

Oberoi gets to Arjun and double takes on seeing his ratty sneakers, hanging together by a thread.

OBEROI (CONT'D)  
 Is this a joke?

OBEROI (CONT'D)  
 Forgive me sir. I lost my shoes.  
 They must have fallen out when -

OBEROI (CONT'D)  
 (Cuts in sharply)  
 Go home. Everyone else, lets move.

The staff hurry for the door, as does Oberoi. Arjun stops him, desperate.

ARJUN  
 Sir, please ...

OBEROI  
 Go home Arjun. Its not acceptable.

ARJUN  
 My wife's going to give birth any day now. Please. I beg you.

OBEROI  
 You think you're the only one here with a family to feed?

ARJUN  
 I need this, Sir.

OBEROI  
 (beat)  
 There's an extra pair in my office. Under the desk. I doubt they'll fit.

ARJUN  
 Thank you Sir! Thank you!

As Arjun hurries off, we stay on Oberoi as he makes his way towards the kitchen, tapping a shrine to Ganesh as he passes. His phone rings...

OBEROI  
 Yes, (*my love*)... Late... I don't know when, but it'll be late.

22           **INT. OBEROI'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

22

Arjun sits at Oberoi's desk, straining to squeeze his foot into a leather shoe - clearly too small. As he wrestles with it...

...we PUSH IN on a muted TELEVISION SCREEN in the corner - showing scenes of chaos and bloody carnage at the Chhatrapati Train Station. Corpses littering the station foyer. A policeman shoves his hand over the camera.

A caption reads: "BREAKING NEWS: Massacre at Mumbai Train Station."

Arjun stands and stomps his foot hard - over and over - wincing in pain. Eventually he gets it in.

Out of breath, he picks up the other shoe.

23           **INT. CENTRAL CATERING AREA - NIGHT**

23

Chef Oberoi moves among his crack team of chefs, sous-chefs, sauciers and kitchen helpers.

We can tell by the way that everyone moves aside, or subtly raises their game as he passes, that Oberoi is held in enormous respect here.

His massive kitchen supplies all twelve hotel restaurants with an amazingly complex series of dishes. Right now - the busiest time of the evening - Oberoi's slick production line is positively humming - pausing only to let Oberoi sample a bubbling casserole or cauldron of fish soup.

CHEF MANU

Not spicy enough?

Oberoi remains silent. SOUS CHEF MANU (40s) tastes the soup.

CHEF MANU (CONT'D)

You're right, Sir. More lemongrass.

Correct. Oberoi moves on, past a table bearing 200 elaborate starter-dishes.

ASSISTANT

These are for the Sindhi wedding in the Ocean room. The kimchi are for the Korean trade delegation in Wasabi.

Oberoi spots Arjun hobbling in with sparkling leather shoes.

OBEROI

Arjun! Stop limping.

(to the Assistant)

And what about the Russian?

## ASSISTANT

Booked into the Shamiana. He's  
hosting a party in his suite later.  
He wants help.

Oberoi thinks a beat, then claps his hands bringing the  
waiters and busboys to immediate attention.

## OBEROI

Okay everyone!...

24

**INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

24

Prahba, one of the sari-clad hostesses, greets affable  
Russian mining magnate VASILI GORDETSKY (50s) and leads him  
across the opulent main lobby.

Vasili wears designer jeans, expensive linen jacket and crisp  
white shirt. Armani scarf and a Cartier gold watch. He  
follows Prahba, watching her ass the whole way.

## OBEROI (V.O.)

We have another VIP dining at  
Shamiana tonight. Vasili Gordetsky.  
He can be difficult.

Vasili reaches the entrance of the Shamiana Restaurant, where  
the MATRE D' takes over, ushering Vasili inside.

25

**INT. SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

25

The MAITRE D' guides Vasili through the Shamiana Restaurant -  
an intimate space between the vast front entrance lobby and  
the lush tropical courtyard garden outside.

## OBEROI (V.O.)

No seafood. If it bleeds he'll eat  
it Red meat or very hot curries

Vasili is shown to a table right beside David and Zahra.

He checks out Zahra as she pours over her menu, then catches  
David's eye and smiles - 'I'm a bloke so shoot me.'

Arjun promptly arrives with a menu and a bottle of Pellegrino  
for Vasili, opening it in front of him.

## OBEROI (V.O.)

Never serve him a drink in a glass.  
Always a bottle. Always open it  
directly in front of him.

Talking on his "Vertu" cell phone, Vasili sets the menu aside  
and flicks, without expression, through a folder filled with  
an array of B&W photos of gorgeous Bollywood starlets.



VASILII  
 (on phone, in Russian)  
*Yes, yes she's very cute. Send her.  
 And the curly haired one for  
 Michael and Jerry...*  
 (reverts to English)  
 Has she got big nipples or  
 small?... Well ask her agent.

Zahra, glances up from her menu - can't quite believe she just heard that.

26

**INT. CENTRAL CATERING AREA - NIGHT**

26

Oberoi paces before Arjun and other staff members - all listening carefully.

OBEROI  
 After dinner he's hosting a private party in his suite and needs a waiter. There will be big tips, as always.

Arjuns ears prick up at this. Oberoi's assistant nods towards Olga (23), a cute Polish waiter.

ASSISTANT  
 Sir, Olga speaks Russian, and -

OBEROI  
 No! No female staff. We can't afford a repeat of last time.

Arjun steps forward.

ARJUN  
 Sir, I would be honoured to serve -

OBEROI  
 No thank you, Arjun.

ARJUN  
 Sir, please, I will ensure -

OBEROI  
 (cutting in)  
 You will ensure you arrive here with proper footwear. Sanjay will serve at the Russian's party tonight.

He pulls a credit card from his own wallet. Hands it over.

OBEROI (CONT'D)

(to Sanjay)

In fact, go up the street to Elia's and get two bottles of McCallan - twelve year old single malt. Do it now.

SANJAY

McCallan Whiskey Yes, Sir.

Sanjay writes this on his hand and races away as Arjun and the others quickly resume their work.

27

**EXT. COLABA BACK STREETS / CAFE LEOPOLD - NIGHT**

27

Holding two bottles of McCallan single malt, Sanjay bustles through the Colaba back streets while talking on his cell phone at a million miles an hour.

SANJAY

You won't believe the women he's got coming. Knockouts man. Like 10's. Perfect 10's... In an hour from now!

He's so happy and excited he almost collides with Imran and Houssam (Punjabi Youths from the Zodiac inflatable), as they exit their taxi outside Cafe Leopold, carrying backpacks.

Sanjay hurries along, as Aussie backpackers EDDIE (27) and BREE (23, Asian-Australian) approach, asking...

EDDIE

Hey bro, you know where the Taj is at?

Without breaking his stride, Sanjay points back to the Taj's floodlit domes at the end of the street.

SANJAY

The Pink domes. You cant miss it

BREE

Cheers, thank you!

As Eddie and Bree turn away, a bald dope pedlar whispers to them...

BALD MAN  
(sotto)  
Cocaaaayne? Hashish? Marihuana?

EDDIE  
(turning back)  
Fuck yes!

BREE  
(drags him away, laughing)  
Fuck no! Why would you want to be stoned on our one night of luxury.

EDDIE  
Why would you NOT want to be?

Bree ushers Eddie into...

28

**INT. CAFE LEOPOLD - NIGHT**

28

The ultra-hip Cafe Leopold - a bustling melting pot of upscale travellers, backpackers, locals and hipsters.

HOSTESS  
Just the two of you?

Before they can answer a deafening crackle of gunfire rips through the cafe.

Eddie and Bree recoil in disbelief as the hostess collapses on the table in front of them, blood gushing from her temple.

Then a tremendous explosion blows the heart out of the crowded cafe, blasting Eddie and Bree to the ground.

As smoke and plaster dust billow into the street, Imran and Houssam calmly enter with AK-47s, and execute shell-shocked diners staggering for the exits:

A trio of British backpackers. A wealthy businessman. An elderly German couple in matching socks and sandals.

Crouched under a table, Eddie shields Bree from the falling debris. She's hyperventilating, too petrified to move.

EDDIE  
Bree! Bree, look at me!

Another burst of deafening gunfire, and a mortally wounded tourist collapses on the tiles beside them, gasping like a fish. Eddie has the pace and reactions of a surfer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
We gotta run.



DAVID

You know what, why don't you just grab me a... JD and diet coke.

ARJUN

Oh. As you wish, sir.

ZAHRA

Really?

DAVID

...and a burger, for old times sake.

ARJUN

Chicken or fish sir?

DAVID

No like a proper burger, man. You know, beef.

ZAHRA

They don't have beef.

DAVID

They got cows don't they ?

ZAHRA

Honey, cows are sacred in India...

DAVID

(to Arjun)

Ah. Sorry, I'm an idiot.

Arjun smiles, warmed by David's total lack of pretension.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to Arjun)

So what's good, buddy?

As David buries his head in the menu, Zahra's phone rings. She checks the CALLER ID, and turns away to take the call.

ARJUN

The lamb kofta is very popular with Americans, Sir. Ground meat, mixed with various spices and -

ZAHRA

(in Farsi)  
*Mum, we're eating, I can't talk just now... Sorry? You saw what on CNN?...*

Zahra lowers her phone, her nerves on edge.

ARJUN

(joking, dead pan)

...like McDonalds but better.

ZAHRA

There's been a bombing and shootings at the CST Train Station.

DAVID

But not here, so that's good.  
I'm having the lamb kofta.

Arjun takes his menu.

ARJUN

This is the Taj Hotel madam. You're  
very safe here.

As Zahra returns to her call, Arjun turns and heads away from the table, anxiety creeping across his face. His mind racing.

32

**INT. BATHROOM - ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT**

32

Sally places Baby Cameron, asleep in his capsule, on the bathroom vanity. She picks up the service phone and dials, taking off her bathrobe as she waits...

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Reception...

SALLY

Hi there, just checking about the  
doctor...?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

We'll have to call you back.

The receptionist abruptly hangs up. Very odd.

Sally puts down the phone, and steps into the shower cubicle.

33

**INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

33

At the main check-in counter, a team of five receptionists struggle to field a barrage of phone calls, while a number of frazzled guests clamor for their attention.

RECEPTIONIST #1

Good evening, Taj Palace Hotel...

RECEPTIONIST #2

I'm sorry... A what?!

RECEPTIONIST #3

Say again? ... You'll need to speak  
up Sir. I'm having difficulty...

Breaking off - she's seen something unprecedented:

WHIP PAN to the front entrance where overwhelmed doormen struggle to contain a frenzied crowd trying to push their way inside - some of them covered with blood and plaster dust.

Among them: Aussie backpackers Eddie and Bree.

## DESPERATE PEOPLE

...theres been a bombing at Cafe Leopold!  
 ...My wife is badly injured.  
 ...I'm a guest here!

The CONCIERGE sees a bleeding woman, and unlatches the big brass bolts top and bottom, opening the double doors.

As they swing open, the rush of people becomes an avalanche, flooding into the entrance hall.

Eddie and Bree head straight for the reception desk.

Imran and Houssam, the western-attired gunmen from Cafe Leopold, are right behind them - unnoticed among the weeping, bleeding arrivals.

Imran eyeballs the grandiose lobby, mouth agape, clearly shocked by it's sheer opulence.

IMRAN

*Have you ever seen such a place?*

HOUSSAM

*It's a hotel.*

IMRAN

*It's paradise on earth*

HOUSSAM

*Imran, focus!*

Houssam squats down and unzips his backpack, acknowledging two more young men with backpacks striding through the front entrance like they own the place.

34

**INT. RECEPTION COUNTER - NIGHT**

34

Bree holds onto the arm of Eddie who is arguing with a hotel receptionist, LANI (30s).

As they bicker, we slowly zone in on Imran and the other Gunmen - discretely unpacking their rucksacks on the exquisite, mosaic-tile floor - unnoticed amidst the chaos.

LANI

Sir I have no record of your booking.

EDDIE

Ed Rutherford, check again.

BREE

Eddie we can't afford it anyway, let's just go.

LANI

I'm sorry Sir, there's nothing. The hotel is completely full.

BREE

Eddie lets go!

EDDIE

(ignoring Bree)

I paid online. Check with Tripadvisor. We need this...

Bree storms off in a huff, unnoticed by Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

We almost got killed at Cafe Leopold and -

Suddenly, ear-piercing gunfire sounds out and the huge central flower arrangement explodes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Eddie and the receptionists dive for cover as the long wall mirror behind them shatters, raining down glass. Bullets carve deep gouges in the marble wall cladding and ornate pillars.

Bree runs for cover as the Gunmen blast away with their AK-47's.

People are hit and fall like ninepins - the entrance lobby now a killing zone of fleeing, screaming guests.

When Eddie looks around he's lost Bree in the mayhem.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

BREEEEEEEEEE!!

Houssam turns towards him and raises his AK-47. Eddie ducks and runs for his life, the hail of death following him across the lobby as he dives into a corridor.

35

**INT. SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

35

PUSH IN through the smoked-glass window of the Shamiana restaurant where Arjun stands frozen, holding a stack of menus in trembling hands.

ARJUN'S POV: Through the smoked-glass wall, now pocked with bullet holes, the scene in the lobby plays out like a silent horror movie - guests bleeding and dying. Armed men wading through the carnage, shooting anyone still breathing.

Arjun drops the menus and runs towards the restaurant's reception desk shouting.



ARJUN  
 Down. Everyone down!  
 (to the Maitre D')  
 The lights! Switch out the lights!

The Maitre D' just stares past him, paralysed with fear.

Arjun charges ahead and kills the lights, shouting to guests.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
 Under the tables! Everyone under  
 the tables!

People hit the floor - some faster than others. There's a big explosion behind them. One of the Gunmen has thrown a grenade onto the pool terrace.

David grabs Zahra and drags her behind a fallen marble table.

ZAHRA  
 What about the baby!

DAVID  
 I'm on it.

He's already dialling the nanny. Across the room, Arjun is dealing with drunk Indian banker MR VIJAY GOSWAMI (50s) and his boozed up colleagues.

ARJUN  
 Sir please, get on the floor!

MR GOSWAMI  
 I'm calling the Chief of Police.

Arjun grabs Mr Singh's phone and switches it off and hands it back.

ARJUN  
 No phones. Everyone quiet.

MR GOSWAMI  
 Do you know who I am?

Arjun thinks: "Yes, You're a prize asshole" but refrains from saying so. Under the table opposite, David checks the phone. No answer. Zahra snatches it and dials again.

ZAHRA  
 Pick up, Sally!! Pick up!

The high-pressure shower blasts on Sally - washing her hair.

Her phone, on silent, buzzes unnoticed on the vanity. On the floor below, Baby Cameron is sound asleep in his capsule.

News of the attacks plays silently on the LCD TV opposite.

37

**INT. MAIN LOBBY - SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

37

Tucked under a marble counter-top in the Shamiana, Arjun looks through the glass to the lobby where guests and staff now litter the floor, dead or dying or feigning death.

Two pairs of gunmen, including Imran and Houssam, head off in different directions. Wild-eyed gunman ABDULLAH (24), the oldest of the lot, pauses to execute a whimpering Asian tourist.

Suddenly, a blast of instructions in Punjabi through his Bluetooth headset.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Abdullah?! Abdullah what's  
happening?*

ABDULLAH  
*We control the lobby. Heading  
upstairs now.*

Abdullah heads down a long corridor towards the grand staircase, six meters wide, ascending through the centre of the hotel to the mighty star-studded dome at its top.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Right keep the phone switched on in  
your pocket. I want to hear  
everything. And remember these are  
not humanity. Not one of them is  
worthy of Allah's mercy.*

ABDULLAH  
*Yes, Brother Bull. God is Great.*

**BEHIND THE RECEPTION COUNTER**

Cramped under the check-in desk, Lani (the receptionist) reaches up on to the counter and pulls down a telephone.

Hurriedly, she dials.

LANI  
*This is hotel reception Ma'am. We  
have a security problem, stay in  
your room and don't come out under  
any circumstances. We'll be in  
touch.*

She hangs up and quickly dials another number.

38 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

38

Houssam and Imran hurry down a long corridor. They each stop at a hotel room door and knock simultaneously - a rehearsed, surgical operation.

HOUSSAM  
...Room service!

IMRAN  
...Housekeeping.

A blast of pop music sounds out as Sanjay (the waiter) answers the door, with a huge smile on his face and holding a bottle bottle of McCallan's.

HOUSSAM  
...Welcome Sir!

Its not Vasili. His face falls. Imran shoots him dead. We stay in the corridor as Imran steps over the corpse and enters the room.

TERRIFIED WOMEN (O.S.)  
No! No please! / Get out!

A rapid burst of automatic fire and they too fall silent. Down the corridor, another guest opens and Houssam guns her down, then moves to the next room, knocking as before his voice level and composed, as if nothing just happened:

HOUSSAM  
Hello? Room service.

39 INT. ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

39

Sally finishes drying off in the shower. As she steps out, she hears urgent hammering on the door outside.

SALLY  
Just a minute!

Baby Cameron wakes and starts crying. In her bathrobe now, Sally scoops up the baby, and gently, lovingly - rocks him on her way to answer the door.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(talking in baby voice)  
Is that the doctor? Is that your  
doctor little fatty-tum?

As she passes the vanity, Sally sees her cell phone is ringing (on mute), checks the CALLER ID and picks up.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Hey, David.

40 INT. SHAMIANA RESTAURANT / ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - CONTINUOUS 40

Holding the phone, David cowers under the table with Zahra - each of them a nervous wreck.

DAVID  
Sally, thank God! Are you alright?

ZAHRA  
Ask her about the baby!

DAVID  
You're with cam, yeah?

More knocking at the door, juggling the phone and baby, Sally keeps heading towards it.

SALLY  
Hang on. The doctor just got here.  
(calling out)  
Just a second!

Zahra snatches the phone.

ZAHRA  
Don't answer that!...

Sally has reached the door, her hand on the lock.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
...The hotel is under attack -

SALLY  
... Under a what? Its a really bad line.

Sally is already turning the handle.

As she does so, the door bursts open and a hysterical, blood-soaked Greek Lady (70) barges in.

ZAHRA (V.O.)  
Sally?! Sally?!!

Sally gasps and backtracks, clutching Baby Cameron.

The woman sweeps her aside and races into the bathroom - slamming the door behind her.

Sally is in the middle of the room with the baby in one hand, the phone in the other.

SALLY  
Sorry. This total mad woman just -

She jumps as gunshot blasts ring out from the corridor.  
Looking back in panic, Sally sees the main door ajar.

ZAHRA (V.O.)  
Tell me what's happening?!

Men's voices sound out from the corridor - getting closer.

SALLY  
I can't talk.

Clutching the baby, Sally darts to the bedroom and hurries into a floor-to-ceiling wardrobe, closing it shut behind her.

41                   **INT. WARDROBE - CONTINUOUS**                   41

Sally jiggles the restless baby, as Zahra's discombobulated voice crackles through the phone clenched in her other hand.

ZAHRA (V.O.)  
Sally? Sally hello?!

Sally ends the call and peeks out through the slats in the wardrobe, where she has a full view of the bedroom, and through its doorway - of the hallway leading to the lounge area.

42                   **INTERCUT INT. WARDROBE / ENTRANCE FOYER / BEDROOM**                   42

Gentle knocking on the front door...

IMRAN (V.O.)  
Hello? Room service.

Sally watches in horror as...

...the muzzle of an AK-47 pokes nudges the door fully open and Imran enters cautiously, scanning the hotel suite.

Houssam follows him inside - briefly distracted by an attractive anchorwoman on TV describing the attack on the Cafe Leopold.

HOUSSAM  
*She's here somewhere. I saw her  
come in.*

Imran moves to the lounge area, Houssam to the master bedroom. Sally coos and rocks the murmuring baby.

SALLY  
Shhhhhh... Shhhhhh...

She looks out through the slats as...

...Houssam enters the bedroom, eyes peeled.

He creeps to the bed, readies his rifle, and in one sudden move hoists the duvet up. No-one under there.

He drops the duvet and keeps looking around.

Sally watching from the wardrobe, glances down as her phone buzzes again - "DAVID CALLING" - she ends the call.

Terrified, she looks out as Imran moves to the bathroom door and jiggles the handle.

IMRAN

*Room service!! Come out!!*

No reply.

He whips up his rifle and shoots out the lock - a sudden deafening blast of gunfire which wakes the baby in Sally's arms.

Before it can squawk, Sally pinches the baby's mouth shut.

The Greek Lady in the bathroom screams for mercy.

GREEK LADY

(in Greek)

*Don't shoot! By the grace of the virgin, please spare me. I am a Mother, I'm innocent!!*

Imran guns her down and she falls back against the toilet, which flushes.

Sally clasps the baby's mouth shut - it is now suffocating and wriggling furiously in her arms.

In the bedroom, Houssam thinks he heard something.

He turns and looks directly in Sally's direction, though he can't see her in the darkened space.

In the bathroom, Imran flushes the toilet - staring down at the whirling water.

IMRAN (O.S.)

*Houssam!*

Houssam turns from the wardrobe, looks into the bathroom.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

*They even have a machine to wash their shit.*

He flushes again and stares at the bowl appalled and astonished in equal measure.

Despite their Western attire, these village boys from remote tribal highlands have never known indoor plumbing.

Imran's headset crackles to life:

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Imran! What's happening?*

IMRAN  
*We are on the fourth floor Brother Bull. Moving upstairs now.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Move when you say you are moving! I see everything! Never lie to me! Don't stay in one place too long.*

IMRAN  
*Yes, brother. Yes Sir.*  
(to Houssam)  
*Come on, let's go.*

43           **INT. WARDROBE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

43

In the darkened wardrobe, Sally is shaking and weeping silently, holding the baby's mouth shut as it struggles.

HER POV: Imran and Houssam march back out through the lounge area and exit the suite, slamming the door shut behind them.

Petrified they may still be within earshot, Sally keeps clenching the baby's mouth as it turns blue and limp.

Finally, she can bear it no longer and releases her hand. The baby bawls its head off - coughing and sputtering. Sally steps out of the wardrobe, still rocking the baby as she lifts the phone to her ear, sobbing furiously.

SALLY  
David...?

44           **INT. SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

44

David and Zahra are still crammed under the table, each with an ear glued to the phone receiver. Both wracked with fear.

DAVID  
How is Cameron? What's happening?

SALLY (V.O.)  
They were here but I think they've gone now.

Cameron cries and hollers in the background.

ZAHRA

Who's they? Gone where? What do you mean "gone"?!

SALLY (V.O.)

Young men with guns. Just boys. They came but we hid.

DAVID

They're came in our room?

ZAHRA

Oh my god.

SALLY (V.O.)

They shot someone, David. In the bathroom. They just shot her.

DAVID

OK OK, I'm coming now, you wait right there.

David gets to his feet, as does Zahra.

ZAHRA

I'm coming with you.

DAVID

No.

ZAHRA

Yes.

Zahra moves off, David pulls her back but she struggles against him.

DAVID

Zahra sit down. Zahra!

Vasili, squatting under the nearby table pitches in, unsolicited.

VASILI

Shut up the both of you. You'll get us all killed.

Zahra shrugs David off and hurries away, crouching to the restaurant's reception desk.

DAVID

Shit!

David chases after her.

VASILI

Amateurs.



45

**INT. RECEPTION AREA, SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

45

Hunched behind the reception desk, Arjun holds the main phone line to his ear, trying to reach the hotel switchboard.

ARJUN  
Come on. Come on...

He covers the receiver and hisses at Zahra and David as they approach.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
Stay down! Hey!

Arjun blocks their path.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
Please Sir, Ma'am - there are men with guns all through the hotel. No one leaves the restaurant.

DAVID  
Our baby's upstairs.

ARJUN  
It's not safe.

MR GOSWAMI  
(stumbles over, drunk)  
I'm going out too!

Drunken banker - Mr Goswami - tries to shove past Arjun who blocks him, and now struggles to hold back all three of them.

ARJUN  
No, Sir, please. They'll discover our location.

MR GOSWAMI  
I am executive vice president of RX Capital and I have an enlarged prostate - I need to pee.

Arjun picks up and an empty ice bucket.

ARJUN  
Use this.

MR GOSWAMI  
You're joking?

ARJUN  
(A flash of anger)  
Look at me. Do I look like a man who is joking?

With Arjun distracted, David turns to Zahra.

DAVID

Stay here. I love you.

Then shoves past Arjun and runs out the door. Zahra tries to follow but Arjun grabs her.

ARJUN

Please, Madam! For your own safety -

ZAHRA

Let go! Let go of me!

A volley of gunfire sounds out, and Arjun drags Zahra to the floor. From this LOW ANGLE they see a wounded young SIKH shot dead just outside the Shamiana entrance.

Zahra is hyperventilating, terrified. Arjun tries to comfort her as the Mr Goswami retreats with the ice bucket.

Vasili looks on, a glimmer of pity in his eyes.

46           **INT. MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

46

David hides behind a pillar in the main lobby, breathing fast, heart pumping.

He peeks around the corner as...

His POV: The gunman Abdullah steps over the OLD MAN's body and moves off down the corridor.

TWO BUSINESSMEN laying on the floor (playing dead) spring to their feet and race out the front entrance.

David gathers his courage and runs in the opposite direction - towards the elevators - their doors jammed open by a huge, stainless steel catering cart.

He hurriedly shoves the cart into the elevator and slips inside, frantically hitting the level "4" button.

47           **INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

47

As the doors close, David leans back against the wall trying to catch his breath. His mind racing.

A few beats later: "Ding!" the level "3" button illuminates also. Summoned by someone else.

David panics and hits level "2" and level "1".

Too late - the lift keeps travelling upwards.

David scans the elevator - obviously no way out. He pushes up against the roof - maybe he can climb above it. No chance.

David crams himself behind the room service cart just as  
 "Ding" - the elevator hits level "3". The door opens.

Through a gap under the cart, David sees a gunman (Imran) from the waist down, the muzzle of his AK-47 hanging from its strap.

48           **INTERCUT INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR / ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**           48

As the doors close again Imran (the gunman), jams a foot in the gap, pulls the service cart forward a fraction... and grabs a slice of the gourmet pizza on top, staring at it curiously.

David presses tight into the corner between the cart and the wall, trying to stay hidden.

In the corridor, still holding the door open with his foot, Imran takes a bite. With his mouth full he shouts...

                  IMRAN  
*Rashid. Rashid!*

                  RASHID  
*What is it?*

As RASHID (23, quick eyes, small frame) approaches, Imran eagerly takes another bite, he's never tasted anything so good.

                  IMRAN  
*Come! Come try this.*

                  RASHID  
*You fool, that's pork!*

Imran stares at him and freezes a beat - then doubles over and spits out the pizza.

                  RASHID (CONT'D)  
                   (slapping Imran's back)  
*Quick spit it out! Get it out!*

Imran coughs violently, trying to get every last bit out.

                  RASHID (CONT'D)  
*Here water. Water...*

Rashid gives Imran water. He takes a gulp and spits again and again...

David crouches behind the cart, eyes closed, trying to control his breathing.

Red-faced and glassy-eyed, Imran straightens up to find Rashid holding a slice of pizza and smiling.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
*Mushroom, you donkey. It's  
 vegetarian.*

IMRAN  
*Fuck you!*

Imran charges off down the hallway, Rashid chases after him, laughing.

RASHID  
*Imran... Come back, come back!*

David hits the level "4" button and "DING"...

...the doors close - but jams on a projecting corner of the room service cart.

Rashid snaps his gaze back towards the elevator as David yanks the room service cart backwards...

BANG BANG BANG! A hail of bullets slam into the elevator, smashing dishes on the cart as the doors slide closed.

49

**INT. ELEVATOR / 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

49

David leans on the cart, trying to control his breathing. Terrified.

As the elevator moves again, he places a trembling finger on the "CLOSE DOORS" button and waits.

He takes a deep breath. The doors will open any second now...

They do - an eerie silence abounds.

With a finger on the "CLOSE DOORS" button, David sticks his head out - coast is clear.

He hurriedly creeps down the corridor, past a porter lying dead among fallen luggage.

David reaches his own suite and fumbles through his wallet: Shit! No entry card.

He tries the handle - locked. He knocks on the door, as loud as he dares - while nervously checking the corridor...

DAVID  
*Sally... (louder) Its me!*

DING! The elevator sounds at the end of the hall.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 SALLY!



DAVID

OK they've gone. Can you message Zahra? Tell her we're okay.

Sally speed dials.

The baby squawks, restless and hungry. David paces, trying to settle it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's alright buddy, it's okay.  
We're okay.

...then freezes at the sight of:

The Greek Lady's bullet-ridden corpse - visible through the bathroom doorway. Her eyes still open, upturned, pleading.

53           **INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

53

Chef Oberoi stands in the doorway of the darkened service stairwell, checking that the coast is clear.

He checks up and down the stairwell, then closes the door and retreats back into the kitchen area.

54           **INT. CENTRAL CATERING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

54

Staying with Oberoi walking fast down the service corridors, talking on his mobile phone to someone outside the hotel.

OBEROI

There's still shooting downstairs,  
and in the East Wing. Safest would  
be up in the Chambers Club...  
Yes. Yes, call if you hear  
anything.

He arrives back at the food preparation area where his anxious but devoted staff are gathered.

Oberoi addresses them.

OBEROI (CONT'D)

The service stairs are clear for  
now, we should go that way. Guests  
are trapped on multiple levels, but  
we can gather them into Chambers  
and wait for the police to arrive.

DILIP

Nisha and Olga made it out through  
the service exit, Sir. We could do  
the same from here.

OBEROI

Yes, but our guests can't. They're all throughout the hotel.

Dilip can barely get his words out.

DILIP

Sir, I've got four kids at home...

OBEROI

I know, Dilip. No-one's forcing you to stay. Service entrance is probably the best bet.

(to the others)

Whoever wants to try and make it out. Now is the time.

Dilip stands, ready to leave, but clearly torn.

DILIP

I'm, I'm sorry, Sir.

OBEROI

Don't apologize. Go quickly.

Dilip looks around, hoping he won't be the only one. The others remain silent.

DILIP

I'm sorry.

Ashamed, Dilip hurries off towards the service exit.

OBEROI

Many of you have wives, parents, families at home. There's no shame in leaving.

BUTLER JOMON

We've been together how long now? This is my family.

CHEF MANU

I'm staying too.

OTHERS

And me... Same here...

Oberoi looks over his men, nodding in agreement.

Touched by their loyalty - the master chef grabs a meat-cleaver and heads for the service stairs.

OBEROI

Follow me.

Following his lead, his motley crew of sous chefs, kitchen hands, dishwashers and busboys each grab a weapon...

Knives. Rolling pins. Meat mallets

...and follow their boss into the darkened service stairwell.

55

**INT. SHAMIANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

55

CLOSE ON an iPhone screen: "BBC Breaking News: MUMBAI ATTACKS - ISLAMIC MILITANTS SUSPECTED."

Zahra is still wedged under her table in the restaurant, nervously checking news updates.

Vasili speaks from under the next table.

VASILILI

If they find us, speak Farsi, not English. So they know you're one of them.

ZAHRA

I'm not one of them.

Vasili takes off his silk scarf and offers it to her.

VASILILI

Wrap it around your head at least. Trust me, I know these types.

Zahra turns away from Vasili as Arjun approaches. He's been flitting from table to table, informing everyone of...

ARJUN

I just spoke to my boss. He says we should come upstairs to the Chambers Club. We'll be safer there.

VASILILI

You're boss is an idiot. I'm not moving till the special forces arrive.

ARJUN

Sir. Gunmen are everywhere. Chambers is the most secure place in the hotel. It's a private club in the...

VASILILI

I know what the Chambers is...

ARJUN

We can get there via the service stairs. We leave in one minute.

He heads off and Zahra hurriedly messages David...



56           **INT. BEDROOM - ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT**

56

CLOSE on Baby Cameron drinking milk from a baby bottle - its handwritten label reads: "26/11".

David sits on a leather sofa, tenderly holding his beautiful baby boy, drinking down the last of the milk.

Then, David's phone beeps. A message from Zahra...

*"Staff taking us to Chambers Club. 6th flr. Safe there. Come"*

David responds: *"OK. Love you."*

57           **INT. BATHROOM - ULTRA LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT**

57

Sally, on the phone, stares down through the window...

...where police are erecting security barricades all around the hotel, in the streets four stories below.

SALLY

(into phone)

Shhh dad. I'm fine... You need to calm down. I am okay I promise... Yes a luxury suite in the Taj... Well I don't know what they are saying but I promise you I am okay...

Stepping back from the window, Sally changes out of her bathrobe - into her clothes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...No, I know. David is here and the cops are just outside so I'm sure we will be out any minute... On the fifth floor, at the front looking over the sea ... No they haven't come up here. They wont...

Sally catches sight of the Greek Lady's corpse, her stiff hand poking out beneath the bloodstained towel covering her.

She quickly averts her eyes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I better go, Dad. I'll call you when we're out... Okay, I'll call you. Love you too

On edge, Sally takes a deep breath and heads into the...

BEDROOM

David has just placed Cameron in his baby capsule, and sits on the edge of the sofa - starts filling a bag with baby milk.

Sally peers out through the big bay window, on her way towards David.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
It's swarming with cops down there.  
What the hell are they waiting for?

Sally plonks down on the sofa alongside David. Rests her head on his shoulder.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
This is insane.

Like a tree's roots moves through the soil - their bodies click in - become entangled into one another as, silently, they watch...

BBC shows scenes of carnage and mayhem throughout Mumbai - the Taj Hotel, Leopold Cafe, Metro Cinema, the Trident Hotel and the Chabad Jewish Center -- all under attack.

The scrawling caption reads: "MUMBAI: CITY UNDER SIEGE".

David extricates himself from Sally, gets up...

DAVID  
We should get going.

SALLY  
(flumoxxed)  
Going where?

David starts packing the baby bag again, as Sally rises.

DAVID  
The staff are gathering people upstairs, in the Chambers lounge. Zahra thinks we'll be safe there.

SALLY  
No way.

DAVID  
Sally, please

SALLY  
You go. I'm not going anywhere.

David gently places his hands on Sally's shoulders. Looks into her eyes.

DAVID  
Please Sally, Zahra's there all by herself.

Sally falls into him, resting her head on his chest. David, pulls her in close. They embrace one another.

David holds her close, Sally's hand finds its way up to his hair. Twirls it. There is history here.

David stiffens, ever so slightly.

SALLY  
You've got me here.

Gently, delicately, David takes Sally's hand. Lowers it.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
OK I'm sorry. But I cant go out there. They were right here in the room, David. That Greek woman was begging on her knees. She could have been someone's Gran and they just shot her and walked over her like she wasn't even human They hate us, David. They want us dead. And if we move and the baby wakes they'll find us and kill us.

Sally breaks down. David draws her close, trying to calm her.

DAVID  
Alright. Come here. Its alright.

Sally wipes away tears.

SALLY  
The cops are already outside.  
What's wrong with waiting?

David, conflicted, looks at his child, sound asleep.

DAVID  
Nothing. Nothing, you're right.  
We'll stay here a bit.

58

**INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY / SHOPPING CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

58

In the corridor leading off from the main lobby, the door of the Shamiana restaurant opens and Arjun peers out, preparing to evacuate the restaurant.

He whispers to Zahra and the assembled guests.

ARJUN  
Wait here - I'll signal if it's safe.

He crosses diagonally from the restaurant to a wall opposite, and pushes on a panel revealing a hidden service door. Then he turns and waves the others over.

The Shamiana guests including Zahra, Vasili and the Indian MP's, run the gauntlet across the corridor and into the stairwell.

59           **INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

59

The last in line, Mr Goswami, hesitates in the doorway, reluctant to climb the service stairs in darkness.

MR GOSWAMI

(whisper)

Why the hell are we going up there?  
Why not straight through the lobby?

ARJUN

This is safer, trust me.

MR GOSWAMI

And what if I don't?!

Arjun spots the gunman Abdullah patrolling the lobby, and yanks Mr Goswami inside, shutting the door behind him.

ARJUN

(pushing people upstairs)

Hurry! Go! Go!

Tripping over each other, in near total darkness, the guests grope their way up the stairwell.

60           **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB / REAR SERVICE AREA - NIGHT**

60

In the exclusive wood-panelled Chambers Club, Oberoi and his staff barricade the main doors with furniture, bar-fridges -- whatever they can find.

OBEROI

Lay the fridge down first. The  
fridge!

Chef Manu wedges serviettes in the gap beneath the door - blocking light. Butler Jomon moves from window to window, drawing the curtains shut.

Loud hammering on the rear service door.

Everyone freezes.

More loud knocking. Oberoi reaches for his meat cleaver, and approaches the door, gesturing his staff to step back.

ARJUN

Sir! It's me, Arjun from Shamiana.

Oberoi quickly stashes the cleaver and opens the service door - marked with a big "6th floor" on its other side - and leads the guests inside.

OBEROI  
 Good man, Arjun.  
 (to the guests)  
 Welcome. Welcome. Please, this way.

Oberoi greets each guest as they file through into the main Chambers Lounge, and then follows them in.

61 **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

61

20 or so guests are already gathered in the opulent wood-panelled room. VIPs in business suits. Others in pyjamas and bathrobes. Some are not happy with the number of new arrivals.

Vasili is unconcerned. He bee-lines straight for the bar, and clicks his finger at a kitchen hand, who is busy barricading the door.

VASILII  
 Whiskey, no ice.

He parks himself in a comfortable leather armchair and lights a cigar. A couple of guests move away.

Oberoi taps on a whiskey glass to attract everyone's attention.

OBEROI  
 Ladies and gentlemen I am Hemant Oberoi, head chef here at the Taj. First may I say how sorry we are  
 (gesturing to his staff)  
 ...for everything you've had to endure tonight. But you can rest assured, the worst is behind us now. The Chambers here is an exclusive club. Very difficult to access. As you can see there are no internal windows and we've secured each entrance. We'll be safe here until the police come and fetch us.

MR GOSWAMI  
 And when exactly will that be?

OBEROI  
 They're outside right now, Sir. It's just a matter of time.

The mood in the room lifts a little.

OBEROI (CONT'D)

The important thing now is for us all to stay calm and very quiet so our location remains a secret. If you need anything at all, we are at your service.

Staff members fan out through the room, handing out bottles of water and light snacks.

Zahra texts David: "Where are you?"

Arjun hands her a water bottle.

ARJUN

I'm sorry about before.

ZAHRA

No, I'm sorry. You were just trying to help.

ARJUN

Your husband, is with the baby?

ZAHRA

I hope so.

Sensing she is in no mood to talk, Arjun moves on - handing out water bottles to other guests.

62

**EXT. TAJ HOTEL, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

62

At the rear of the hotel, a scene of bedlam:

Mumbai's hopelessly overstretched police force struggle to hold back the growing crowd of locals, tourists, street-hawkers and journalists gathering at the barricaded perimeter. Bursts of gunfire sound out from inside, as DC KANU (37), the officer in charge, shouts to his men.

KANU

(Re: the Crowd, in  
*Martathi*)

*Get them back! Further! Back before  
someone gets shot!*

An upper window breaks, showering the street with glass.

KANU (CONT'D)

(in *Marathi* and English)

*Back! Everyone get back!*

His radio man screams out.

RADIO

*Someone's coming out!*

Kanu whirls around as a wounded Westerner climbs out of a broken, ground floor window, and drops on to the pavement, his leg buckling.

Kanu runs to help the injured man. It's Eddie - the backpacker from Cafe Leopold - bleeding from gunshot wounds to hip and shoulder, weak and delirious.

EDDIE  
My girlfriend's still in there!  
Long black hair. Asian girl.

Kanu drags him back behind a barricade, and paramedics swoop in and lift him on to a stretcher.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Bree! Breeeeeeeee!

As the medics carry Eddie away, Kanu turns to find his colleague DC VAM (45) approaching - a tough guy with a moustache, a scarred face and a rolling gait.

VAM  
(in *Marathi*)  
*I got six volunteers.*

KANU  
*Only Six?*

VAM  
*We can't wait. Special Forces are still in Delhi.*

KANU  
*They've not even left DELHI!?*

VAM  
*"Waiting for clearance" or some bullshit. Everyone waiting for someone else to make a decision.*  
(beat)  
*I've got a handgun. Two clips.*

Vam points back to his six volunteers - normal beat cops with WW1 vintage Lee Enfield bolt actions.

VAM (CONT'D)  
*...Six rifles. Ten rounds each.*

KANU  
*Against God knows how many of them. With automatics. And grenades? No.*

VAM  
(Undaunted)  
*There's a CCTV room on the second floor.*

KANU

*So we can watch TV?*

VAM

*So we can see how many shooters there are and exactly where they are. For when Special Forces arrive.*

KANU

*Fuck!*

He flinches, hearing more gunfire from inside the hotel.

The volunteers duck for cover. With their ancient weapons and ill fitting helmets they look like lambs to the slaughter.

Vam is still standing.

VAM

*If we wait any longer there will be no one left to save.*

KANU

*OK. CCTV Room. Let's go.*

VAM

*(to his men)*

*Ey! Come on! Hurry, let's go!*

Together with Vam and his men, Kanu draws his gun and runs into the rear entrance, disappearing into the hotel.

63

**INT. CORRIDOR TO MAIN LOBBY / MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

63

Vam and Kanu lead their small team along a ground floor corridor - decimated by gunfire.

VAM

*Cover. Cover.*

Vam pushes them into position - these cops are not trained in SAS style penetrations.

They reach the foot of the main lobby. Absolute silence reigns.

Vam carefully peeks to check the lie of the land.

VAM (CONT'D)

*OK, follow me.*

From the THIRD LEVEL LANDING above the lobby, the young gunman Rashid watches:

Vam and his men scurry across the lobby and up the grand red staircase, taking cover on the first floor landing.



The men are breathing heavily. It all seems too easy.

VAM (CONT'D)  
*One more floor then take cover OK?*

The cops nod and make a run for the stairs.

They're half way up the second flight when CLINK! -- a grenade lands beside them.

Vam drags Kanu back behind an alcove as the grenade explodes.

A blast like a sledgehammer, followed by a hail of shrapnel.

Blood trickles from Kanu's left ear. He hears only high pitched ringing.

KANU'S POV: In a silent nightmare of smoke and blood he sees shredded men falling back down the stairs as Rashid fires from the level above - spraying the under-equipped cops with a deadly hail of lead.

64

**INT. CHAMBERS KITCHEN - NIGHT**

64

SUPER: 2:05am In the Chambers KITCHEN AREA, Arjun and Chef Manu prepare sandwiches.

ARJUN  
 Crust or no crusts? (then) Right -  
 who cares?

Oberoi, on the phone, is pacing the room like a caged bear.

OBEROI  
 You know how TV people  
 exaggerate... No no no everything  
 will be fine.  
 (checks call waiting)  
 Yes yes Mamata, it'll be over in no  
 time... I love you too, okay...  
 Okay.  
 (switching to incoming  
 "Police Liaison" call)  
 How much longer Gupta? Two hours  
 we've been stuck here now.

The muted TV relays a live newsfeed of chaotic scenes at the front of the hotel. Hordes of international journalists and TV Cameraman - uniformed police struggling to hold them back.

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)  
 There's nothing I can do, Mr  
 Oberoi. Twelve sites have been hit  
 at once, all across the city. The  
 head of our terror squad was killed  
 leaving his office. Special Forces  
 are yet to leave Delhi...

OBEROI

Still? I don't believe this! Then  
send a team from here! Use the  
police for God's sake!

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)

We sent in a local squad an hour  
ago. Not a word since.

OBEROI

Then send more.

POLICE LIAISON

They have us completely outgunned,  
Sir. Automatic rifles, grenades. We  
have revolvers and bolt actions.

OBEROI

And we have rolling pins and  
kitchen knives. We have women and  
children up here. So please do  
something!

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)

We're doing everything we can.

OBEROI

Well "Everything" is clearly not  
enough. DO MORE!

Oberoi hangs up - then turns to Arjun and Butler Jomon, who  
has just entered.

OBEROI (CONT'D)

Go and hand out more sandwiches,  
Vintage champagne, the Adberg  
Single Malt, anything to keep them  
calm.

ARJUN

Yes. Yes Sir...

65

**INT. CHAMBERS LOUNGE - NIGHT**

65

Vasili is on the phone at the bar.

VASILII

(on phone, in Russian)

*The girls made it up to my suite  
already?... Fuck. And I'm stuck up  
here with this sorry bunch.*

He sees Arjun heading past with the Adberg single malt and  
grabs his sleeve.

VASILII (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey!

He points at Arjun for a refill.

Tucked into a corner with her cell phone, Zahra speaks Farsi to her mother - an emotional flood delivered in hushed tones.

ZAHRA

*I have no idea what's happening  
mum. No one does. If you're  
watching CNN you know more than I.*

ZAHRA'S MOTHER (V.O.)

*God is watching over you. Close  
your eyes and pray with me.*

ZAHRA

*Oh, don't start with that nonsense  
mother!*

Guests are glancing at her - suspicious of anyone speaking in "one of those Moslem languages". Zahra reverts to English.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, I just want to be home.  
I love you mum.*

ZAHRA'S MOTHER (V.O.)

*(still in Farsi)  
I love you too. And I'm praying for  
you, whether you believe or not.*

Zahra, somehow, finds comfort in this.

ZAHRA

*I'll call you.*

Zahra hangs up, and spots LADY WYNN (50s, British, draped in jewelry) pointing at her, while complaining to Butler Jomon.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

*What? What's wrong?*

LADY WYNN

*(sharp)  
Who were you speaking with?*

ZAHRA

*My mother... (breaks off) actually  
none of your business.*

LADY WYNN

*(to other guests)  
She's one of them!  
(to Zahra)  
Who was on the phone? Who was it?*

ZAHRA

*You should be ashamed of yourself!  
What are you trying to say?*

VASIL  
 (rushing over)  
 She's with me, it's okay.  
 Everything's okay.

Vasili guides Zahra away, as Lady Wynn summons Butler Jomon for another word.

VASIL (CONT'D)  
 (sotto)  
 Ignore her, she's a total bitch. If she died with that expression I'd refuse to bury her.

Lady Wynn is scowling at them. Zahra laughs despite herself. Butler Jomon summons Arjun, who gestures - what's up?

ARJUN  
 Yes Sir?

BUTLER JOMON  
 (re Lady Wynn)  
 She's worried about your beard.

ARJUN  
 My beard. You're kidding me.

BUTLER JOMON  
 ...and your turban. Maybe hang back in the kitchen for a bit?

A beat, and Arjun pushes past Butler Jomon and heads directly for Lady Wynn who grows increasingly anxious as he approaches.

ARJUN  
 Madam, I'd like to show you something.

Arjun takes out his wallet, showing her some family snaps.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
 This is my daughter Seva.  
 (another picture)  
 My beautiful wife and her quite awful sister.  
 (then his playlist)  
 This is my music playlist... The Beatles. A R Rahman. Fleetwood Mac. Nothing radical here.

Arjun steps back, and points to his Turban.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
 And this is my Pagri. To us Sikhs, this is sacred. It's a symbol of honour and courage, and a commitment to help your fellow man.  
 (MORE)

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Since I was a boy, I've never gone in public without it. To do so would be the ultimate shame.

(beat)

Would you still like that I take it off?

Her expression softens.

LADY WYNN

I'm sorry. I'm just scared.

ARJUN

I know, we all are.

(He pats her hand)

But to get through this, everyone must stick together.

Oberoi watches, as Lady Wynn wipes her eyes, takes Arjun's hand and thanks him.

Then someone knocks on the main, double doors and everyone freezes.

Oberoi rushes towards the doors. Mr Goswami, clearly frightened, grabs him as he passes:

MR GOSWAMI

Don't answer! Don't answer that door.

Oberoi brushes him off and moves to the main doors, bending low to listen as voice comes from outside.

PRAHBA (O.S.)

Chef Oberoi? It's me, Prahba.

MR GOSWAMI

She sounds Pakistani. It could be a trap.

OBEROI

Relax, Sir. I know her.

MR GOSWAMI

Yes but do you know who's with her?

Oberoi scowls at Mr Goswami, resenting his presumption, and removes keys from his pocket.

Chef Manu and a dishwasher take position either side of the doors, clutching meat cleavers in their trembling hands.

Oberoi unlocks and opens the double doors, to find Prahba (the hostess) standing there, her sari covered in blood.

Oberoi immediately takes her by the arm...

OBEROI

My God Prahba, are you alright?

PRAHBA

It's not my blood.

66           **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**           66

As Prahba shuffles inside, leaving the grand stone-columned foyer, she is followed by many others - filling the already cramped Chambers area.

67           **INT. CHAMBERS LOUNGE - NIGHT**           67

One woman looks deathly pale, shot through the back of her shoulder, leaning for support on Chef Manu for support.

As her head tilts back we see it's Bree - the back-packer girl, Eddie's missing girlfriend.

OBEROI

Lie her down. Put her on the table... Is there a doctor here? A doctor or a nurse?

MANISHA (30) a young, nervous Indian woman pushes forward.

MANISHA

I'm an Ophthalmologist, I'm not sure there's much I can do but...

OBEROI

Arjun, help her.

MANISHA

I need to see the wound.  
(to Bree)  
I'm going to move your arm here -

When she tries to move Bree's arm, she yells in agony.

A shiver of fear and resentment runs through the room.

VOICES

Shhhhh! Quiet!... Shut her up!

Arjun hushes Bree, stoking the forehead. Manisha looks at the chest wound which is bubbling blood, and places a hand over to seal it.

MANISHA

We need to tape this hole shut, and make a sling for her arm. Elastoplast, sellotape...

ARJUN  
 (To a waiter - Hindi)  
*First aid box. Jaldi jaldi!*

Still holding the wound closed, Manisha turns to Oberoi, talking *sotto voce* in Maharati.

MANISHA  
 It's not good. I think she's  
 bleeding into her chest cavity.  
 There's no way to save her without  
 getting her to hospital.

Bree is gasping for air - not understanding a word.

ARJUN  
 I'll take her.

OBEROI  
 Too risky.

MANISHA  
 If she stays she'll die.

The first aid box arrives and Manisha quickly starts to tape up Bree's chest wound.

Arjun whispers to Oberoi...

ARJUN  
 Sir, let me take her. We go down  
 the back stairs then straight out  
 the service exit.

OBEROI  
 And if they find you, they find all  
 of us.

ARJUN  
 But if I make it. We'll know  
 there's a way out.

Oberoi is torn. Lives are at risk whatever his decision.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
 We can't just let her die here. Not  
 in front of all these people.  
 They're already close to mutiny.

OBEROI  
 ...Alright, you have my phone  
 number.

ARJUN  
 I'll call if we make it out.

OBEROI  
 No, Arjun. WHEN you make it

Arjun nods and goes back to Bree who is sitting up now, breathing slightly easier.

ARJUN

I'm going to get you out of here,  
but there's some stairs. Do you  
think you can stand?

Bree nods and swallows. As she gets down off the table her broken arm moves and she swears aloud, sending another wave of anxiety through the Chambers lounge.

68           **INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

68

A lady dials "4" "0" "8" on a telephone dialpad. CLOSE on Lani (the receptionist who was calling and warning guests earlier) with the phone to her ear, tears in her eyes.

LANI

Mrs Watson? This is Lani from hotel  
reception. A rescue team has just  
reached your floor. They're on  
their way.

MS WATSON (V.O.)

Thank God, yes, I can hear them  
now!

(calling out)

Alex! Alex let them in.

WIDER to reveal Abdullah standing beside Lani, holding a pistol.

69           **INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

69

Imran is outside door 408. Sounds of the security chain unlatching, then the door starts to open.

70           **INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

70

Lani hears a GUNSHOT then screaming. The phone falls from her hand as the reality of what just occurred dawns on her.

Abdullah picks up the phone and hands it to her.

ABDULLAH

(in Hindi)

Now call 409.

She doesn't move a muscle. Abdullah jabs her with the phone.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

Call 409!



She just stares at the ground, defiant, knowing what's coming. CLOSE on Abdullah's face as he aims up and FIRES.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
(in Punjabi)  
*Bring the next one.*

Abdullah signals Rashid, who grabs another receptionist by the arm, and drags her to the telephone.

71

**EXT. TAJ HOTEL (TELEVISION SCREEN) - MINUTES EARLIER**

71

News correspondent JAMIE MASTERS (30s) in a bullet proof vest marked "PRESS" is broadcasting live from the front of the Taj, conducting a telephone interview with a trapped guest.

MASTERS  
So you reckon help is finally on the way?

MS WATSON (V.O.)  
Yes, I can hear them right now.  
(calls to her husband)  
Alex! The door please!  
(into phone)  
Sorry are you still there?

MASTERS  
I'm here Ms Watson. Can you tell us exactly what's happening?

MS WATSON (V.O.)  
Yes. We're being rescued! The police are at the door right now!

MASTERS  
Well, that's terrific...

A distorted GUNSHOT. A man cries out. A woman screams. We hear shouting in Punjabi. Then more gunfire. Then silence. Masters, shocked, listens to his earpiece.

MASTERS (CONT'D)  
Mrs Watson?! (Turns back, shocked, to Camera) I'm sorry we seem to have lost that connection....

72

**INT. BEDROOM - ULTRA-LUXURY SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

72

David turns off the TV, turning to Sally

DAVID  
They're still going room to room.  
We've gotta get to Chambers.

He text messages Zahra: *"Coming now. Hang in there. X"*

73

**INT. REAR SERVICE AREA, CHAMBERS CLUB - NIGHT**

73

Oberoi unlocks the back exit into the service stairs and turns to face Arjun, helping Bree towards the doorway. She rocks back a moment as a wave of nausea hits her, then focuses on the door. She can do this.

OBEROI

You call me when you're out okay?

(off Arjun's nod)

Good man.

Butler Jomon and other staff members nervously look on as Arjun leads Bree down into the darkened stairwell.

Oberoi closes and bolts the service door behind them.

74

**INT. ENTRANCE FOYER - ULTRA-LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT**

74

In darkness, silhouetted against the window, Sally jiggles and soothes the baby as David goes to the door, opens it and peeks outside.

No-one there. He turns back to Sally and whispers...

DAVID

All clear. Come on.

Quiet as mice, they creep out into the 4th FLOOR CORRIDOR.

75

**INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

75

Figures move down the darkened service stairwell - Arjun silently guiding Bree, step by step.

Her vision is swimming, she's fighting to stay conscious. She leans against the bannister for support, dripping blood.

ARJUN

That's it. You're doing great.

Bree makes a few more faltering steps, then stumbles into a wall, gasping as her arm jolts and her sling comes loose.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Shhhhh. It's okay. I can fix that.

Arjun rips off his sacred Turban and starts wrapping it tight round Bree's arm and body, splinting her arm to her chest.

Then... the sound of footsteps, getting closer.

They both freeze. Is it coming from above or below?

Arjun signals Bree to wait, and creeps down a few steps, when...

Two shadowy, armed figures charge up the stairs towards them, muffling Bree's screams and slamming Arjun against the concrete wall face first - gun pushed into his neck.

VOICE 1  
(In *Hindi*)  
*Who are you?*

ARJUN  
*Staff, staff, staff! Hotel staff!*

Arjun is spun around to face Vam and Kanu, the two cops, smoke blackened and traumatised from the earlier ambush. He assumes they're terrorists. They whisper in *Hindi*.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
*Please. I have family.*

KANU  
(lowering his gun)  
*We're police. You need to go back.  
It's not safe this way.*

PUSH IN ON BREE listening to men in a language she doesn't understand, breathless from blood loss and panicking in this enclosed space...

ARJUN  
*There are no others with you?*

KANU  
*All dead. Bastards ambushed our  
patrol. It's just us now.*

VAM  
*We need to reach the CCTV room.*

Taking advantage of the men's inattention, Bree flings open the door and begins a lurching run down the corridor.

VAM (CONT'D)  
*No! Stop her!*

A moment later, we hear Bree scream in terror - cut short by a volley of deafening gunfire.

Vam and Kanu hustle Arjun back down the stairs with them.

VAM (CONT'D)  
*Go! Go! Go!*

In the adjacent corridor, Imran wanders over to Bree's body and nudges it with his rifle, checking she's dead. He speaks into his headset.

IMRAN

*A runner - female - up on the fourth floor.*

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Was she American? British?*

Imran squats down and frisks her pockets.

IMRAN

*Chinese. Dressed like an American... No wallet. No passport.*

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Check under her bra.*

Imran rests back on his haunches, clearly conflicted.

THE BULL

*Imran?*

IMRAN

*Please Brother Bull, I cannot touch her there.*

THE BULL (V.O.)

*That's where they hide things. Check now.*

Imran isn't listening, he's heard something...

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Imran?!*

Imran spots David emerge at the end of the corridor and starts running towards him.

ON DAVID looking down the other leg of the corridor where Sally the nanny is following with the baby hidden from Imran's sight.

DAVID

*Go Back! Run!*

She races off the way they came. David follows.

Imran hares after them, raising his rifle to shoot.

ON SALLY - clutching the baby and running for her life.

There's a lift at the far end of the corridor but there's no way she'll make it in time.

David shouts from behind her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*In here!*

He flings open the door of a tiny maintenance closet used by cleaners to store mops and brooms.

Sally backtracks with the baby and David pushes her inside.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Quick, hurry!

No time to explain.

He slams the door shut on Sally and frantically jiggles the handle - pretending the door is locked as...

Imran comes around the corner, weapon raised to shoulder height.

This is it. David shuts his eyes, certain he'll be shot. Instead:

IMRAN

*Hands up! Up!*

David steps away from the door and raises his hands.

Breathing hard, Imran walks up to David and smashes him on the side of his head with his rifle butt.

David drops to one knee, dazed and bloodied. Imran grabs him by the collar and drags him up again.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

(in English)

This way. Go!

THE BULL

(In headset)

Tell me what's happening!

Pushing David along, Imran heads back down the long corridor.

IMRAN

(into headset)

*I got the Chinese girl's boyfriend.  
Rich guy. He's white.*

THE BULL (V.O.)

*May Allah bless your family,  
Brother Imran. Paradise awaits you.  
Take him up to the others.*

IMRAN

*Insh'Allah, Insh'Allah.*

Sally stands in the cramped maintenance closet, holding the baby close, hardly daring to breathe.

78                   **INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**   78

Arjun emerges from the service stairs, checks both ways, and shows Vam and Kanu down the corridor to the CCTV room.

They reach an unmarked door, slightly ajar.

79                   **INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT**   79

With his pistol raised, Vam pushes into the room.

Two dozen screens display images of carnage throughout the hotel. A half empty cup of tea on the desk. Office chair tipped over. The room was abandoned in haste.

The trio approach the monitors. Arjun, traumatised by the images before him.

Kanu pulls out his cell phone and dials.

CLOSE on CCTV: Imran and Houssam - patrolling the main lobby.

VAM

(sotto)

Boys. They're just boys.

KANU

(on his phone)

Chief?...

*Yeah we've reached the CCTV room.  
There are multiple gunmen operating  
inside the hotel. Impossible to  
give exact numbers.*

(to Arjun)

Where's this?

ARJUN

(pointing)

*Ah... This is the front lobby...  
Western entrance. The Ocean Room...*

80                   **INT. MAINTENANCE CLOSET - NIGHT**   80

Holding the baby with one arm, Sally presses an ear against the door, listening carefully for any sign of danger.

Hearing nothing, she reaches for the handle, and double takes on seeing there isn't one. She shoves against the door. It doesn't budge. She tries again - nothing.

In a panic she pulls out her cell phone to message ZAHRA...

*"Am with baby on fourth fl -"*

...but the battery dies while she types.



Zahra gets up but Vasili, suspicious, pulls her back down.

VASIL  
Stay down. Don't move.

Across the room, Oberoi cautiously approaches the main doors while on the phone with a Police Liaison:

OBEROI  
(whispering into phone)  
Have you sent men in? A rescue  
squad?

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)  
Hours ago. But most were killed.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(in Hindi)  
*This is Officer Mohit Singh, Colaba  
Police. Is anyone there?*

OBEROI  
Was Mohit Singh part of the squad?  
Mohit Singh?

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)  
Stay on the line, I'll check.

Oberoi clutches the phone, his eyes glued to the door.

85 **INT. CCTV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

85

Kanu and Vam study the bank of monitors.

KANU  
*There's another one, main lobby.*

ARJUN  
*Shit!*

Looking over Kanu's shoulder, Arjun spots something, picks up his cell and dials frantically.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
(to Vam and Kanu)  
*That's Chambers Lounge. It's full  
of people, you have to help them!*

CLOSE ON MONITOR: The wild-eyed gunman Abdullah pounds on the double-doors at the Chambers' main entrance.

86 **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**

86

The blood spattered Police ID of Mohit Singh looms large.



Abdullah holds the ID in one hand, and knocks his AK-47 against the door with the other.

ABDULLAH  
Mohit Singh! Colaba Police!

INTERCUT WITH:

87 **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB / CCTV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

87

Oberoi holds the phone to his ear, still waiting for intel.

A beep - he checks his display: "Arjun calling" - but ignores it on hearing...

POLICE LIAISON (V.O.)  
Yes, Mohit Singh was part of the squad. We lost contact hours ago. We thought he was dead.

OBEROI  
Thank you!

Oberoi slides his key into the lock as he answers Arjun's call.

OBEROI (CONT'D)  
Arjun I can't tal -

In CCTV ROOM - Arjun SCREAMS into the phone:

ARJUN  
Don't open the door! It's them!...

In CHAMBERS - Oberoi leaps back from the door and frantically gestures everyone to retreat.

In CCTV ROOM - Arjun checks his phone - battery dead. Shit!

In CHAMBERS - panic breaks out as guests push past one another towards the rear of the lounge.

An old man is bumped, and drops his water glass which falls...

..and smashes on the tiles!

88 **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**

88

Hearing the glass smash inside, Abdullah jumps back, whips up his rifle and peppers the door with automatic fire.

89           **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

89

The noise is deafening.

Oberoi, his staff and the trapped guests drop to the floor in abject terror as...

90           **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**

90

Bullets rip into the door, splintering the wood around the lock, and revealing, below the wood, a thick sheet of steel.

ABDULLAH

*Damn thing!*

He picks up a hefty bronze statue in an alcove by the door and attacks the door with it.

91           **INT. CCTV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

91

On CCTV, Arjun and the cops watch Abdullah's frenzied assault on the door.

VAM

*How many people are in there?*

ARJUN

*At least fifty when I left. Maybe more now.*

Kanu looks at Vam, Vam at Kanu.

KANU

*How many bullets you got left?*

Vam flips the chamber of his revolver open. Looks.

VAM

*Three... you?*

KANU

*Same.*

Kanu really doesn't want to die. He hates himself for losing all his men. And yet he knows their sacrifice was meaningless unless he does something now.

VAM

*That's six, and only one of him.*

Kanu snaps his revolver shut, reluctant but resolved. He turns to Arjun.

KANU

*Stay here and lock the door. You're our eyes and ears.*

Arjun nods as the cops run off to meet their fate.

Arjun turns and spots Abdullah on screen - yelling and smashing the statue against the Chambers' main doors.

92      **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - NIGHT**      92

Abdullah keeps pounding the door with all his might.

93      **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - LOUNGE / KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS**      93

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

The crowd of petrified staff and guests cram backwards into the KITCHEN AREA, squashed together like sardines. Zahra trips and... Vasili grabs her - shoving people aside as he charges to the very back of the room.

94      **INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL / GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS** 94

Vam and Kanu race up the service stairs and slip out into a corridor, guns in hand.

They can hear Abdullah screaming and banging further down the corridor, near Chambers grand entrance, and race towards him.

ABDULLAH (O.S.)

*You know my family business? I'm a  
butcher. A butcher of animals and  
now a butcher of people!! God is  
great and I am his holy instrument.  
So open the fucking door!*

The cops reach the corner, and peek around at...

...Abdullah smashing at the Chambers' doors with the stone statue -- about 30 yards away.

Vam aims his gun - it's a long shot and a bad angle.

VAM

*Ready?*

Kanu hesitates, scared. Vam shoves him.

VAM (CONT'D)

*Kanu!*

Kanu nods, raises his gun. Hand shaking.

KANU

*Shit.*

Two more gunmen, Imran and Houssam, come charging over from another corridor towards Abdullah, who turns and screams:

ABDULLAH  
*HURRY UP! They're in here, I heard them.*

HOUSSAM  
*It's those caffeine pills. You've been hearing things all night!*

Kanu is petrified. Vam, totally unfazed.

VAM  
 (whispers)  
 We just make each shot count.

Vam aims up again. Kanu waves at him furiously shaking his head - wait! no!

Vam nods back - yes! - readies his aim - and fires!

KANU  
*Fuck!*

Kanu aims up and unloads his weapon at the Gunmen.

95           **INT. DOOR OF THE CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**           95

Imran is hit in the thigh and falls down, screaming.

Abdullah and Houssam turn and fire their automatics.

The cops are already running for their lives.

A storm of bullets tear up the corridor. Plaster flies. A side table with a big vase of flowers is raked by gunfire.

Vam is shot through his bicep. Screaming and cursing, he clutches the wound and keeps running.

96           **INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT**           96

They burst into the service stairwell and come hurtling down at full speed.

KANU  
*Are they behind us?*

VAM  
*Of course they're fucking behind us!*

97           **INT. CHAMBERS KITCHEN / REAR SERVICE AREA - NIGHT**           97

Oberoi and the mass of petrified guests cower on the kitchen tiles, listening as the gunfire recedes down the corridor.

Vasili holds Zahra close. She's physically shaking, her nerves totally shot. He wraps his scarf around her - an unexpected tenderness.

VASILI  
You're OK. You're OK.

98 **EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

98

Gasping for breath, Vam and Kanu come hurtling down the service corridor, through the loading bay and out into the street at the rear of the hotel.

KANU  
(screaming)  
*Medic! We need a medic here!*

Kanu helps Vam along. Vam is pressing down on the gunshot wound to his own bicep. The crowd of police, media and bystanders parts and medics rush to the injured policemen.

99 **INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

99

The main corridor lights are dead, only emergency track lighting remains.

Exhausted gunmen, Imran and Houssam shuffle down a long corridor, rifles slung back over their shoulders. Imran is limping, clutching the gunshot wound to his thigh.

IMRAN  
(in Punjabi)  
*You remember when the Bull was training us? In those freezing cowsheds...*

HOUSSAM  
*Of course I remember.*

IMRAN  
Is this what you thought it'd be like?

HOUSSAM  
*It doesn't matter what we think.*

The keep walking - Imran thinking, Houssam trying not to.

IMRAN  
*You believe him about the twenty thousand? For our families?*

They reach the door of a luxury corner suite. Number "520".

Houssam knocks.

HOUSSAM

*I believe in Allah's glory. That's all that matters. ...Don't you?*

Imran is not so sure.

Abdullah and Rashid open up and step out into the corridor.

ABDULLAH

*The Bull wants more hostages. Let's go.*

HOUSSAM

He's hurt his leg.

Rashid moves to help Imran, Abdullah pushes him forward.

ABDULLAH

*Still walking - He'll be fine.*

*Let's go.*

*(to Houssam)*

*You too.*

*(to Imran)*

*You, watch him...*

Pointing back into the luxury suite where:

David is watching them through the doorway, hands tied behind his back. Blood clotted around his head wound.

100

**INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

100

David watches as the others leave, and Imran hobbles inside, locks the door and slumps on a sofa.

Ignoring David, the young gunman pulls out his cell phone, dials and nervously waits until...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

*(in Punjabi)*

*Hello?*

IMRAN

*Father, it's Imran.*

IMRAN'S FATHER (V.O.)

*Masha Allah! My son!*

*(shouting to someone)*

*Jamilla it's your brother! It's Imran!*

*(to Imran)*

*How is the training going?*

IMRAN

*(fighting back tears)*

*Training is complete now. I called to say I love you all.*

IMRAN'S FATHER

*We love you too son. You've bought  
great honour to the family.*

Imran casts an eye over the dead woman splayed out by David.

IMRAN

*I hope so.*

IMRAN'S FATHER

*What will your mission be? When do  
you begin?*

IMRAN

*Not long now. Have they paid you  
the money yet?*

FATHER

*Money?*

IMRAN

*For the roof and Jamilla's eye  
surgery?*

FATHER

*Not yet. But these are noble men.  
Good men.*

Imran struggles to maintain his composure.

IMRAN

*Make sure they pay for the surgery.  
They promised on the Koran. Send  
Jamilla my love, and Mother too...*

Before his Father can respond, the young Gunman hangs up and buries his face in a cushion, distraught.

David watches, with no idea of what to make of it all.

101 **INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT**

101

CLOSE on Arjun's trembling hands as he removes his socks revealing red, heavily blistered feet from the ill-fitting shoes.

Arjun grimaces as he touches the blisters. He then sits back in his chair, overlooking the bank of monitors.

Something catches his eye.

He stands and gets right up close to the screen.

CLOSE ON MONITOR: In the doorway of suite 470, half in the corridor, lies the body of Sanjay (Arjun's friend and co-worker), clutching the bottle of McCallans.

Arjun stands frozen - "that could've been me."

102 **EXT. TAJ HOTEL - NIGHT**

102

SUPER: 4:40am

The glorious flood lit domes of the Taj Hotel tower above the assortment of police, media and bystanders gathered below.

Muffled gunfire sounds out from within.

103 **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - NIGHT**

103

CLOSE on a woman's shaking hand, writing a letter on Taj Hotel Stationary.

ZAHRA (V.O.)

*Madareh azizam*, as I write this letter I'm hoping you'll never have to read it.

Huddled in a corner of the crowded, dim-lit Chambers lounge, Zahra writes the letter. Her teary eyes red and puffy.

ZAHRA (V.O.)

...But if you are, I want you to know that above all else, I love you. Everything I am, and everything I have, is because of you and your faith in me.

Zahra removes a zip lock bag from her purse, takes out the baby's pacifier, puts the letter in it and seals it.

ZAHRA (V.O.)

...I'm sorry for all the times I pushed you away, and fought with you. I know more than anyone what you suffered through with dad. That you only wanted to spare me that unhappiness.

Zahra slips the zip lock bag inside her bra. She catches Vasili watching her, and he quickly looks away.

ZAHRA (V.O.)

...I love you, maman. And I know you'll love my angel, Cameron, the way you loved me.

Zahra takes a deep breath, and walks across the room - stepping over the weary, shell-shocked guests lining the floor. Her eyes locked on the main doors - barricaded with furniture.



ZAHRA (V.O.)

If David makes it out, please know  
he risked his life to save Cammmmy.

(breaking down)

And as I write this, he's trying to  
bring him back to me. I need you to  
understand that I both you and  
David, differently but equally. You  
two are my guiding stars, my ying  
and my yang, my past and my future.  
I want my child to have what's best  
in both of you. If I don't make  
it, that's my one wish. *Asheghetam*  
*maman.* Zahra.

Zahra reaches the main doors, and topples over the book case  
barricading the entrance. Sleeping guests wake. Others look  
over in panic. Oberoi spots her from across the room, and  
hurries over.

OBEROI

Stop! Stop at once!

Zahra flings aside more furniture, freeing up the entrance,  
only to find it locked. Oberoi arrives

OBEROI (CONT'D)

Madam..

ZAHRA

Open it.

OBEROI

Just please, sit down a minute.

Oberoi tries to lead Zahra away, she shrugs him off.

ZAHRA

My baby is stuck out there. Open  
the door.

OBEROI

I know it's hard Madam, but the  
police are very near.

ZAHRA

That's a lie. No-one's coming. Six  
hours we've been here now. Six  
hours. For what?! No-one is coming  
for us. (To the others) You want to  
wait for those animals to return  
and blow us all up? Your choice.  
But I'm leaving.

LADY WYNN

She's right, open the door.

Another guest steps forward. And another.

OTHER GUESTS

I want out... Me too!

Vasili steps forward.

VASILII

I'll take them. Open it.

OBEROI

Everyone please. We cannot evacuate you all without being detected.

VASILII

(to Oberoi)

Six of us. That's all. I take responsibility.

OBEROI

And if they hear you leave? We all die.

VASILII

They already know someone's in here. Now you say we're forbidden from escaping? Who gives you that authority. You can't force us to stay.

Oberoi weighs up the options. Awful either way.

OBEROI

Very well.

He unlocks the door, peeks outside, then pulls the door open.

OBEROI (CONT'D)

We'll be praying for you.

VASILII

Save your prayers. Prayers are what started this mess.

Vasili leads Zahra, Lady Wynn and three other guests outside, and they hurry off down the long corridor.

Oberoi closes the door behind them.

104

**INT. THIRD LEVEL, ATRIUM, MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

104

Vasili and the others creep along the third level of the atrium, above the massive, marble clad entrance lobby. Eerily quiet. Zahra peeks down at the bloody carnage three levels below.

They round a corner and arrive at the top of an open stairwell. Vasili signals, and step by step, they creep down - over the bodies of Kanu's fallen police officers.

Zahra recoils and Vasili helps her past, as they all head down to the...

105

**INT. SECOND LEVEL, ATRIUM, MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

105

As the group continues on, Zahra breaks away and heads in the other direction. Vasili grabs her, whispers...

VASILI

It's this way.

ZAHRA

My baby's in the East Wing.

Zahra pulls away and charges off.

Vasili, conflicted, glances at the others rushing off down the next flight, then turns and races after Zahra.

VASILI

(urgent whisper)

Hey. Whats-your-name!... Zahra!

Just as Vasili catches Zahra a deafening volley of gunfire breaks out behind them.

Lady Wynn and the others - shredded by bullets - fall down the stairs.

VASILI (CONT'D)

Run!

Vasili and Zahra bolt off in the other direction when Rashid emerges from behind a marble column ahead, his rifle raised, shouting at them to stop.

Zahra and Vasili freeze where they stand. Zahra's phone drops from her hand.

Rashid races towards them, waving his automatic rifle furiously.

RASHID

*Back upstairs. Move your fat asses!*

As they turn and march back towards the stairs, Rashid talks into his headset.

RASHID (CONT'D)

*Two more hostages. I'm bringing them up now.*

(shoving gun at Vasili)

*Go on! Go!!*

106 **INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

106

Zahra and Vasili are herded down a long corridor, Rashid behind them shouting impatiently.

RASHID  
*Keep going you dogs! Faster!*  
 (into headset)  
*We're here.*

Zahra is terrified. Vasili's eyes - full of dark hatred - are scanning for any opportunity to escape.

Ahead of them, the door to the corner suite opens and Abdullah, on the phone, steps out into the corridor, slapping Zahra across the head as she enters.

ABDULLAH  
*Inside. Move!*

107 **INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

107

They're marched into the luxury suite.

Imran lies on the sofa with his wounded leg raised. A blank, 100 mile stare in his eye.

Three other hostages lie face down on the floor, hands fastened behind their back with plastic cable ties.

ABDULLAH  
 (into phone)  
*They're here now.*

RASHID  
 (To Zahra and Vasili)  
*Lie down here or we shoot the woman. Down!*

When Vasili is slow to respond, Rashid smashes him to the ground with his rifle butt.

Zahra quickly drops to the floor. It's only when she's lying down that she realizes one of the other hostages is David.

ZAHRA  
 Oh my god!

DAVID  
 Shhhh! You don't know me.

RASHID  
*Quiet!*

ZAHRA  
 Where's Cameron?

David turns away, speaks without looking at her.

DAVID  
*Safe. With Sally. Say nothing.*

Abdullah slams his rifle into David's back. Ribs crack.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(Grunts)  
I'm OK. I'm OK.

He's saying it for Zahra's benefit

ABDULLAH  
*Shut up!*

Eyes closed, Zahra takes long deliberate breaths - trying to calm herself.

108      **EXT. TAJ HOTEL - DAWN**      108

SUPER: 6:35am

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: As dawn breaks over the Indian Ocean, a huge crowd of media and onlookers are still gathered outside the besieged Taj Hotel. Black smoke pours from its windows.

Cue the soaring, desperate vocal strains of a young man howling an Islamic hymn. Haunting, terrifying, beautiful - it plays over a MONTAGE:

109      **INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAWN**      109

Sitting against the wall with rifle in hand, Rashid sings the hymn at the top of his lungs.

On the couch opposite, Imran winces as he clutches his wounded leg, leaking blood.

We move across the pained faces of the hostages - Vasili, David and Zahra - looking on.

110      **INT. MAINTENANCE CLOSET - DAWN**      110

Sally sits in the dark, cramped maintenance closet, gently humming to Baby Cameron - sleeping peacefully in her arms.

SALLY  
Bye baby bunting, daddy's gone a hunting...

With her free hand she's running the dim light of her phone over the cupboard shelves, looking for some tool she can use to get out of here but illuminating instead cleaning produces that read "Danger, flammable liquid"

111      **INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAWN**

111

Houssam splashes turpentine from a large container, over piles of broken furniture, bedding and plush red curtains stacked at intervals along a hotel corridor.

Abdullah follows behind him, lighting the makeshift "bonfires".

Fuelled by cleaning products and turpentine, the wood and plastics quickly ignite.

Soon the fires are belching black smoke, licking up the walls of the corridor towards the ceiling.

112      **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - DAWN**      112

Inside the Chambers, Oberoi shuffles past the anxious and beleaguered guests, sitting along the floor, or lying - trying to sleep.

113      **INT. CCTV ROOM - DAWN**      113

CLOSE ON a tiny, scratched up Polaroid on the work desk - Arjun (the waiter) and his young family - pulling faces - a fun candid snap while eating dinner on the floor of the Dharavi hovel.

Arjun, looking through desk drawers, finds a small sharp knife and uses it to cut the toes of his ill-fitting shoes away from the soles, so they flap open at the front but can at least be worn in comfort

On the CCTV monitors above, corridors are filling with smoke.

114      **INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - MORNING**      114

Rashid, fighting exhaustion watches the bound hostages, beginning to nod off.

Lying face down among the others, Vasili's head is turned in the opposite direction - scanning the room for anything he might use as a weapon.

Rashid jerks awake as Abdullah storms in with Houssam, dumps his container of turpentine,

ABDULLAH

Did you get it yet?

(Rashid looks blank)

His name. They told you to find his name.

Rashid has no idea what he's talking about. Abdullah starts yelling in Vasili's face in Punjabi.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

*Who are you? They want to know your name.*

Vasili glares at him, not understanding a word.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

(slaps him)

*What is your name?!*

Zahra and David watch in silent terror.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
(through speakerphone)  
*Abdullah! Ask him in English.*  
*Say...*  
(in English)  
What is your name?  
What. Is. Your. Name.



Abdullah lowers the phone. Concentrates.

ABDULLAH  
What. Is. Your. Name?

VASILII  
Fuck your mother!

ABDULLAH  
(into phone)  
*I don't know what he's saying.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*He's Russian. Find his wallet.*

Abdullah hands Houssam the phone and starts rifling through Vasili's pockets.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Check his pockets. Check everywhere.*

Abdullah feels something, and rips Vasili's expensive shirt wide open, revealing...

...A tapestry of tattoos AND a monogrammed leather wallet which Vasili has hidden there.

Houssam grabs the wallet and saunters off, flicking through the contents: black Amex and a few similar credit cards, and an international driving license.

HOUSSAM  
*This is Houssam, Sir. I found his I.D.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Good. Send it over.*

Houssam snaps a photo of Vasili's driving licence with his phone and presses "send".

Abdullah and Rashid stare at the tattoos plastered across Vasili's chest. Clearly, this is a man with a past.

Abdullah picks up the gold, Russian Orthodox crucifix hanging around Vasili's neck.

ABDULLAH  
*You think this will save you?*

VASILII  
Leave it!

Abdullah rips the crucifix off and Vasili headbutts him, - not delivering much force but bloodying his nose

His mocking expression drives Abdullah crazy and he starts beating him ferociously, yelling.

ABDULLAH  
*You think you're funny? You think  
you're funny?*

As Houssam tries to pull Abdullah away, Rashid joins in - kicking and beating Vasili.

HOUSSAM  
*Abdullah! Rashid! Stop it!*

ABDULLAH  
*He's laughing at us! Why's he  
laughing?!*

Houssam finally tears them away, but Abdullah, in a final outburst picks up his rifle and crunches it down on Vasili's hip bone - shattering the socket.

Vasili roars in pain!

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
*Laugh at that, you bastard.*

Zahra is weeping softly, terrified.

As Vasili growls in agony, screaming - Houssam has the phone to his ear as The Bull shouts in *Punjabi*:

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Who's shouting? What's going on  
there?*

HOUSSAM  
*Abdullah went crazy. He broke the  
Russian's leg.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Put the Russian on.*

Houssam holds the phone to Vasili's ear. The Bull speaks in perfect Russian:

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Am I talking to Vasili Gordetsky?*

Vasili hisses and wheezes, his face contorted from pain.

HOUSSAM  
(slapping him)  
*Answer him!*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Vasili Gordetsky?*

VASILII  
Who's asking?

THE BULL (V.O.)  
(in Russian)  
*You are President and co-founder of  
NV Capital? Former officer in the  
Soviet Special Forces, GRU  
division?*

VASILII  
*You speak very bad Russian.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*It's a bad language, spoken by  
peasants. When I was a boy, I met  
plenty of your kind in Afghanistan.*

VASILII  
*Really? When I was in the Spetsnaz,  
I killed plenty of your fucking  
rabble.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
(in Punjabi)  
*Houssam, put Abdullah on.*

Houssam hands the phone to Abdullah, still catching his breath. Rashid readies his rifle, standing guard.

HOUSSAM  
*Speak to the The Bull.*

ABDULLAH  
*Yes, what?!*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*That one is dangerous. Tie him  
securely. The others are not so  
important now.*

ABDULLAH  
(Calmer)  
*Yes, Brother Bull.*

He puts a plastic tie on Vasili's wrists.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*CNN just showed the Special Forces  
are landing in Mumbai. You have to  
be clear-headed. Are you hearing  
me? Say yes, Brother.*

ABDULLAH  
(calmer)  
*Yes Brother Bull.*

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Go now and blow the RDX. Firebomb  
it all to bits.  
From Mumbai to Washington, let them  
hear their screams. Let them  
screams as our brothers in  
Palestine scream, Abdullah. God is  
great and we are his instruments.*

ABDULLAH

*Yes brother Bull, God is great.*

Abdullah grabs his rifle, a bag of explosives, and signals the others to get up.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

*We're commencing stage three.  
(to Imran, re hostages:)  
You stay with them. If they cause  
any trouble. Kill them.*

Abdullah and the others head out leaving Imran alone with the hostages, a phone and his weapon.

Imran checks his clip is full, then sits with his rifle in his lap, watching the hostages on the floor.

David finds Zahra's leg and rests his foot against it. Even that small physical contact gives them a sense of reassurance.

Vasili glowers up at Imran, grunting from the throbbing pain in his decimated hip, which is now enormously swollen.

The combination of Zahra's sobbing, the ruined room and the Russian's accusatory gaze makes young Imran furious:

IMRAN

*Stop looking, stop looking!!*

Finally Vasili lowers his gaze.

115

**EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING**

115

Rashid fastens an RDX BRICK (plastic explosive) to a stone column with masking tape. He winds it around and around.

Once secure, he grabs the end of the long detonator cord and runs off, reaching Abdullah, waiting at the end of the walkway.

They take cover behind an alcove, and signal...

...Houssam hidden behind a wall across the courtyard.

He holds up his own detonator cord, and nods.

116 INT. CCTV ROOM - MORNING

116

Arjun has finished the surgery on his shoes when...

...a VIOLENT EXPLOSION rips through the building, shaking it to its very foundations.

Arjun grabs the desk for support as file boxes fall from the shelves, dust and grit showers down from the ceiling.

ON THE CCTV SCREEN: Giant stone pillars smash down on the walkway as dust and smoke obscure everything from view.

ARJUN

Shit!

Then, the fire alarm blares power points start to short out.

Arjun focuses on the flickering screens - multiple angles of gunmen running through smokey corridors, lighting fires.

Something catches his eye.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Please God, no.

CLOSE ON MONITOR showing a wide corridor somewhere in which the door of the "Ocean Room" has just opened from the inside.

People are emerging. Dozens of them. All sharply dressed wedding guests, evacuating their hiding spot and choking on the smoke as they head for the grand staircase.

Arjun races to the door and peeks outside.

The corridor is empty except for smoke hanging in wispy clouds at waist-height.

Arjun takes a deep breath, wraps his wet shirt round his face and runs off down the long, smoky corridor...

Disappearing into a service staircase door at the far end.

117 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OCEAN ROOM - MORNING

117

As the fire alarm rings, the wedding party stagger down the smoke filled corridor, pausing while family groups find one another.

Many are heading along the corridor to the grand staircase. They recoil in horror as Arjun springs from another passageway, masked arms outstretched, his hair in an untidy bun.

They think he's a terrorist.

ARJUN  
 Staff, staff, staff! It's okay. I  
 work here. Staff!  
 (re the grand staircase)  
 Not there! This way! Here!

OLDER MAN  
 Don't listen to him, it's this way!

He heads off, pulling his young GRANDDAUGHTER (9) past Arjun, but she holds back.

ARJUN  
 They'll shoot you! Please this way!

The old man wisely decides to follow his Granddaughter's tugging hand and Arjun frantically herds them all in the other direction, expecting to see the Gunmen at any minute.

ARJUN (CONT'D)  
 Everyone, quickly!

The deafening fire alarm carries on, over...

118      **INT. MAINTENANCE CLOSET - MORNING**      118

Sally frantically rocks Baby Cameron - now crying and coughing as black smoke seeps in from under the door.

She hears voices in the corridor and pushes further back into the closet. Petrified.

SALLY  
 Shhhh! Shhhh!

Cameron SCREECHES louder, carries over...

119      **INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**      119

As the wedding guests stagger down the adjacent corridor, a TEENAGE GROOMSMAN (14) hears the Baby Cameron's cries.

He cautiously breaks away from the group, and pulls open the maintenance closet door.

Sally steps out, and is immediately caught up in the flood of guests - being shepherded by Arjun down the corridor.

120      **INT. CHAMBERS LOUNGE - MORNING**      120

There's smoke in the air hanging in the half-light. Some people are coughing or fanning it away, illuminated here and there by the light from their phone screens.

121

**INT. CHAMBERS KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

121

Bunched together by the rear service exit, Oberoi and his trusted kitchen staff whisper in hushed tones.

CHEF MANU

You have kids at home. Your whole life ahead of you. I should go.

KITCHEN-HAND

With your asthma you'll never make it.

(to Oberoi)

Sir, send me.

Before Oberoi can respond, Butler Jomon interjects:

BUTLER JOMON

Gentlemen please. I have no children, no asthma. I'm going.

(to Oberoi)

I'll call you if it's clear.

Otherwise you try the main stairs.

Oberoi nods, and his kitchen staff start removing the furniture blocking the service stairs.

OBEROI

(to Butler Jomon)

I thought we were your family.

BUTLER JOMON

Figure of speech... old friend

Butler Jomon stares at his old friend, his co-worker, his 'brother' - and the men embrace. These two men who have spent over thirty years, nearly all their adult lives, together inside these walls.

Suddenly, loud hammering from behind the service doors startles them. Chef Manu and a Kitchen-hand immediately take a position either side of the door, clutching kitchen knives in hand.

ARJUN (O.S.)

Sir? Sir it's Arjun.

Bemused, Oberoi signals the others to back away and hurriedly opens the door to find Arjun waiting.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

I have people with me.

OBEROI

How many?

Lots apparently. The traumatised wedding guests pour in through the door, many wheezing and coughing from smoke. Dozens of them pushing into the already overcrowded Chambers area, causing protests and complaints as existing guests are crammed even tighter together.

ARJUN

Sorry, Sir, there was nowhere else.  
The hotel's on fire.

Oberoi notices Arjun's footwear.

OBEROI

I got those shoes in Italy!

ARJUN

I know. They were great quality.  
Really hard to cut.

Oberoi smiles. He really likes this kid.

Waiters rush over handing out bottles of water to the newcomers.

Clutching the restless baby, Sally enters the Chambers and anxiously picks her way through the crowd. In the half light, it's very hard to make out the faces.

SALLY

Zahra?! Zahra?!

Manisha the ophthalmologist looks up from a book she's reading by torchlight - Jane Austen

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm looking for the baby's Mother.  
She's Persian.

MANISHA

Oh. She left already, with the  
Russian.

122

**INT. REAR SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS**

122

ARJUN

We counted four gunmen. One is with  
hostages in a suite and the rest  
are roaming the hotel.

OBEROI

But the service stairs are clear?

ARJUN

The top part, yes...

(beat)

I never got to the bottom.



Another massive explosion rocks the hotel, killing all remaining lights and ushering in a fresh wave of panic.

**INT. CHAMBERS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Baby Cameron SCREECHES! Sally desperately rocks him but he cries even louder.

GUESTS (O.S.)

...Shut that baby up!

...Get her out of here!

Oberoi knows he can't keep a lid on this any longer. He claps his hands for silence.

OBEROI

Listen! Everybody. Change of plan. The central part of the hotel is burning. Special Forces will not get here in time. We must go down the service stairs and out through the kitchens.

Some guests are pleased. Others are terrified.

GUESTS

...They'll find us and shoot us.

INDIAN MP

...You said we'd be safe here!

OBEROI

The situation has changed unexpectedly. It happens ... even in politics. Please turn off your phones and be as quiet as possible. If we work together, we can do this.

Oberoi hops off the table, Arjun pulls people into line.

ARJUN

This way! Everyone get in line please!

(to Mr Goswami)

Please Sir, this way... Sir!

Ignoring him, Mr Goswami walks off - angrily dialing someone on his mobile phone.

MR GOSWAMI

Jamie? Jamie, it's Vijay.

124

**EXT. TAJ HOTEL - MORNING**

124

ARCHIVAL: Thick smoke billows from the mighty dome atop the Taj Hotel. The entire middle wing of the hotel in flames. Masters the foreign correspondent presents to camera.

MASTERS

We have one of the trapped guests on the line, RX Capital's Mr Vijay Goswami. Good to hear you, Sir.

MR GOSWAMI (V.O.)

Help us for Gods sake! There must be a hundred of us here!

MASTERS

And you say you're in the Chambers  
Lounge?

125      **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - MORNING**      125

Tucked in a corner on his phone, Mr Goswami is talking fast. Behind him, the Chambers guests are lining up to leave.

MR GOSWAMI

Yes. Chambers Lounge, in the North Wing. Many VIPs are here. Business leaders. Politicians. We need help immediately -

Oberoi charges over, snatches the phone and smashes it on the ground.

MR GOSWAMI (CONT'D)

I was getting help!

OBEROI

"Businessmen and politicians" are exactly who they want to KILL

126      **INT. SECOND LEVEL, ATRIUM, MAIN LOBBY - MORNING**      126

Abdullah paces on the second level landing, taking instructions via headset.

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Abdullah! Get to the Chambers Lounge immediately! Top floor, North Wing. Hundreds are escaping!*

Abdullah curses. He knew that door was important! He turns and races up the stairs, screaming to Rashid patrolling the level above.

ABDULLAH

*Upstairs! VIPs are escaping!*

127      **INT. CORRIDORS - GROUND FLOOR - MORNING**      127

Houssam runs down a corridor, yelling into his headset.

HOUSSAM

*Yes Brother Bull! Going now.*

128      **INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAY**      128

CLOSE on bound hands, pulling violently against plastic wrist tie restraints until. SNAP.

David's hands are free. Lying face down Amid the hostages, he places his palms on the floor, ready to push up.

Imran is dozing off. Its now or never.

Zahra meets David's eye and shakes her head - "don't do it."

DAVID  
(to Zahra - whispering)  
Cameron's with Sally. They're  
hiding in a cleaner's closet. Next  
to room four one five. Four one  
five.

As David turns and pushes up - GUNSHOT - and his shoulder is blown away. He rolls over screaming.

ZAHRA  
David! David!

He grabs her hand and squeezes it very hard to silence her. Imran lowers his rifle as his phone rings.

Watching the hostages closely, he answers:

IMRAN  
*Yes Brother Bull?... How many?! ,  
In Chambers Lounge?... And these  
hostages?*

THE BULL  
Kill them.

129 INT. CHAMBERS CLUB - DAY

129

Oberoi walks along the line of terrified guests, assembling to leave the Chambers, taking off their shoes...

Over a hundred people of all races, all colours, all creeds. White, Black, Indian, Asian - from wealthy bankers to lowly chamber maids.

OBEROI  
Phones off. No high heels. We must  
remain as quiet as possible.

There's the bride and groom and their wedding party.

OBEROI (CONT'D)  
Shoes off madam, hurry.

One wheezy old lady, too sick to walk, is being carried by her grandsons on a chair like an ancient monarch.

Oberoi continues into the Chambers kitchen area.

130 INT. CHAMBERS KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

130

Oberoi casts a solemn eye over his kitchen staff as they prepare their "body armour."

Arjun is among a line of kitchen staff, holding their shirts up high - as coworkers masking tape heavy pans and baking trays to their chests. Circling them as they wind the tape around and around.

131 INT. MAKESHIFT HQ, LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

131

With eyes glued on the hostages, Imran pulls a fresh magazine from his belt and loads it in his rifle and pauses. The Bull speaks over his headset.

THE BULL

*Do it now, so I can hear.*

IMRAN

*Yes Brother Bull.*

Clutching his rifle, Imran gets up and limps over to the line of hostages.

ZAHRA

(Farsi)

*No! No you mustn't!*

Zahra locks eyes on David who is hyperventilating and trembling furiously - succumbing to shock.

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Hurry up Imran! I am listening. Do it!*

Imran approaches the first hostage, a balding Irishman.

IRISH HOSTAGE

*No! Please, I have kids who need -*

BANG! Steely faced, Imran shoots him in the head.

Now everyone is shouting, crying, screaming and cursing - all at once. Imran moves on to the next hostage, her face pressed to the floor, quietly praying.

BANG! Blood splatters back onto Imran's face. He wipes it, and turns to David next.

ZAHRA

Not my husband!

DAVID

Quiet, Zahra!

Vasili stares at Zahra and David - a sense of purpose in his rage-filled eyes.

As Imran steps closer and aims up at David...

Vasili lunges forward with a mighty war cry and bites down on Imran's ankle, tearing into flesh, as the gunman falls to the floor, screaming.

VASILI

You worthless dog! Fuck you! Fuck -

Imran kicks Vasili in the face as he reaches for his fallen gun, petrified of the human pitbull now savaging his leg.

Zahra and David look on in astonishment as...

Imran kicks, again and again, but Vasili does not relent. He just bites down harder, grunting and hissing like a man possessed when, finally...

BANG! Shot in the heart, Vasili falls limp.

Angry and flustered and wincing in pain, Imran staggers to his feet.

ZAHRA

Please, that's enough! Just leave -  
LEAVE US!

Clutching his rifle, Imran turns back to David.

DAVID

Four one five, Zahra. They're next  
to room four one five.

David feels the cold hard barrel pressed against his forehead.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(SHOUTS)

I love you so much, babe -!

BANG! David drops dead.

Zahra screams hysterically - reciting a prayer in Arabic. A prayer she once learnt at her Mother's knee. A prayer to a God she had long since forgotten.

ZAHRA

*There is no God but Allah, the  
Gentle, the Kind...*

Imran falters, lowers his gun and barks:

IMRAN

*Witch! How do you know these  
verses?*

She keeps praying, lulling herself into a trance of sorts.

ZAHRA  
*There is no God but Allah, the  
 High, the Great...*

Imran presses the gun on Zahra's forehead.

IMRAN  
*Shut up! SHUT UP!*

Zahra raises her head and looks right at him, eyes wide open, reciting her prayer. Over and over.

ZAHRA  
*All praise be to Allah, Lord of the  
 seven heavens and Lord of the seven  
 earths.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Imran, speak to me! Is it done?*

IMRAN  
*One of them is Muslim.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Kill him and go!*

IMRAN  
*It's a woman. She's performing  
 Salat.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Shoot her!*

The smoking gun trembles in Imran's hands.

IMRAN  
*Stop looking!... Close your eyes!*

Zahra won't break the stare. She just keeps praying.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Do it now! By Allah's will you do  
 it now Imran!*

Imran stares at Zahra, her prayer tearing up his very soul.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*IMRAN!*

He swings his rifle up and fires two shots into the ceiling.

A dead silence follows, bits of plaster rain down.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Imran?! Imran?*

IMRAN  
*It's done.*

Imran drops the phone and races out of the luxury suite. Thick black smoke pours in through the open door.

It's a while before Zahra dares lift her head.

She sees David, lying dead beside her and throws herself on him, weeping bitterly. Her hands still bound behind her back.

ZAHRA

No! NO!!

Coughing violently on the smoke now engulfing the room.

The handler shouts out through the phone:

THE BULL (V.O.)

*Imran? Imran you there?!*

ZAHRA

(into phone, in Farsi)

*You heartless dog! You Murderer!  
What lies have you been feeding  
them?*

She thrashes wildly against the restraints which are holding her arms behind her back, but cannot get free.

132 **EXT. TAJ HOTEL - DAY**

132

ARCHIVAL: Outside the hotel, a couple of large armoured buses pull up, the doors are flung open and the NSG Special Forces pile out, clad in helmets and bullet proof vests.

Nearby, firemen race to set up their hoses and cranes. Some guests are already climbing down from their burning rooms on makeshift ropes made of knotted bedsheets.

133 **INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDORS - DAY**

133

Gunmen race down a smoke-filled corridor, looking for the way to the Chambers. Try a door to the service stairs. Locked.

ABDULLAH

*The door with the statue! It's not  
here. It was further up.*

They double back to the main stairs.

134 **INT. CHAMBERS CLUB / REAR SERVICE STAIRS - DAY**

134

Arjun takes a deep breath and opens the door to the service stairwell, leading the giant human chain - cautiously - silently - into the darkness.

Sally is in the middle, rocking Baby Cameron as she goes.





ABDULLAH

*Yes up here! It's up here!*

They've found the battered metal doors which Abdullah tried to smash his way through. Housam unclips a grenade

HOUSSAM

*Get back!*

RASHID

Wait. Do you think that's ...?

Before he can say the word "Safe?" Houssam pulls the pin and tosses it towards the main doors. Everyone dives for cover...

141      **INT. REAR SERVICE AREA - CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**      141

Ushering remaining guests into the service stairs, Oberoi and Butler Jomon jump as a thundering explosion reverberates through the far end of the Chambers.

142      **INT. GRAND STONE FOYER, OUTSIDE CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**      142

The Gunmen charge through swirling dust at the main entrance - throwing aside the wrecked doors, choking on smoke, as they smash a path through the furniture barricades. A moment while they fan out, swarming through the abandoned Chambers lounge, rifles raised.

143      **INT. REAR SERVICE AREA - CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**      143

Oberoi and Butler Jomon help the last batch of terrified guests into the stairway. Somebody knocks a glass off the workbench. Oberoi catches it before it falls. Close.

CHEF OBEROI

*Shhhh!*

144      **INT. KITCHEN - CHAMBERS CLUB**      144

Moving into the kitchen, Rashid catches a glimpse of Oberoi through the rear kitchen doorway. The Gunmen whips up his AK and fires...

145      **INT. REAR SERVICE AREA - CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**      145

...Gouging the wall opposite Chef Oberoi and Butler Jomon.

CHEF OBEROI

*Go fast. Go Now!*

Oberoi shoves the final few guests through and scrambles inside...

146      **INT. REAR SERVICE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**      146

...slamming the door behind him, screaming to guests below.

OBEROI

Faster! RUN!

Oberoi and Butler Jomon wedge kitchen mops and brooms through the double handles, bracing the stairwell entrance doors.

147      **INT. CHAMBERS LOUNGE, KITCHEN, REAR SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Gunmen race from the lounge...

...through the kitchen...

...to the rear service door, which Rashid is already kicking with all his might.

148      **INT. REAR SERVICE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**      148

On the other side, the doors violently pound against the mop and broom reinforcements, wedged between the door handles.

The shouting and commotion from above has started a noisy and panicky stampede downstairs, the human chain concertina-ing under pressure from the folk behind.

People trip and stumble in the darkness.

VOICES IN DARKNESS

Hurry - they're coming!

Stop pushing!!

Help me!

149      **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CHAMBERS CLUB - CONTINUOUS**      149

Abdullah charges at the stairwell door and starts throwing himself maniacally against it.

The others join him and try to kick and shoulder charge the doors together.

150      **INT. REAR SERVICE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**      150

The doors smash against the mop and broom barricades - one buckles and snaps. Then another.

Blood curdling screams echo down the service stairs, still jammed with people who have fallen or are moving too slowly.

The more athletic guests are climbing over those who have fallen, vaulting over bannisters, or picking up children and carrying them.

There's no keeping silent now. It's all about speed.

At the end of the column, Oberoi keeps hustling people along. Setting them back on their feet if they have fallen.

OBEROI  
Give me your hand! Keep moving!  
Move!

It's bedlam down there in the darkness.

151      **INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**      151

The Gunmen throw all their weight against the door, kicking and shoving until...

...the door moves.

One final effort and the wooden props give way, the access door bursts open.

The Gunmen pour in and race down the stairs - Abdullah poking his automatic over the bannister - firing wildly down the middle gap at the fleeing guests, several stories below.

The service staircase now is full of shouting, screaming and automatic gunfire - muzzle flashes illuminating the terrified fugitives as they tumble downstairs.

152      **INT. 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY**      152

Meanwhile, Zahra lurches down an upper level corridor, coughing violently on thick, black smoke.

ZAHRA  
(whispering her mantra)  
Four one five. Four one five.

She presses Vasili's scarf against her face and hurries on.

153      **INT. CENTRAL CATERING AREA / KITCHEN CORRIDOR - DAY**      153

The guests pile down the last couple of flights and run along the ground floor service corridor with Gunmen now closing in from behind, shooting wildly.

The strobe-like muzzle flashes illuminate moments of heroism:

The Old Lady topples from her chair but her grandsons catch her and pick her up again.

Mr Goswami - who was doing all the complaining - protects Sally from falling and being crushed.

MR GOSWAMI

I've got you. I've got you.

He's shot where he stands. Sally hangs onto the crying baby and keeps running.

The corridor is a hundred meters long and lined on both sides with stainless steel work benches, refrigerators and storage cupboards, fork lifts, racks and storage shelves.

Most of the guests keep running for the far end.

Some try to take cover but the Gunmen come after them, methodically executing those who try to hide in nooks and crannies.

Hit in the side, Manisha (the Opthamologist) falls against a work bench, unable to go on. Frantically lifting her shirt she finds the blood-stained Jane Austen in her pocket has slowed the bullet and probably saved her life.

Prahba (the Pakistani hostess) pulls her back up, and frantically helps her towards the exit.

In the confusion and semi darkness, Oberoi and his kitchen staff are protecting the rear of the column: picking up the fallen, throwing boxes, crates and palettes into the path of the Gunmen - anything to slow their inexorable advance.

There's something Don Quixote about the inspired futility of it all: the courageous waiters in their makeshift armour - hurling dinner plates and boxes of mangoes into the teeth of automatic gunfire. Abdullah leading the charge.

Butler Jomon breaks from the others and runs at leading gunman Abdullah like a man possessed, hacking a meat cleaver into Abdulla's shoulder before Rashid guns him down.

154

**INT. FAR END OF THE KITCHEN CORRIDOR - DAY**

154

At the far end of the corridor Arjun shepherds his guests to the rear service exit, kicking the door open to reveal...

A phalanx of NSG Special Forces, on the point of busting in.

ARJUN

*Staff and guests. Staff and  
Guests!! Don't shoot!*

The Special Forces charge in through the crowd, kicking aside boxes, shouting at guests to get down and out of the way!

155

**INT. MID-POINT OF KITCHEN CORRIDOR - DAY**

155

Chef Oberoi, Chef Manu and the surviving kitchen staff are still dragging the last of the guests towards the door.

Oberoi sees a shelf of produce right next to him get shredded by wild gunfire and closes his eyes - waiting for the bullets to hit him. He's given his all. He knows this is the end.

Then he's hurled aside as the Special Forces come charging through hurling stun grenades.

Rashid is shot where he stands as Houssam and Abdullah turn and flee back into the hotel.

156

**INT. 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY**

156

Zahra stumbles along the smoke-filled corridor, eyes streaming tears, fighting to stay conscious.

Visibility is down to a couple of yards

ZAHRA

Four one five... Four one five...

She checks room numbers as she passes. Her hands still bound.

440.. 435... 431...

She reaches a corner, following the wall. Doesn't know which way to turn.

Everywhere she looks - only thick black smoke.

She races back in the other direction - choking on fumes.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

Four one five... Four one...

She drops to the floor where the smoke is thinner and starts to crawl encountering Bree's (the backpackers) dead body.

Climbing over her, she pushes on. Willing herself forward.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

Sally?! SALLY?!

Finally, she drags herself to room 415.

Coughing violently, she lunges to the next door, and opens the maintenance closet.

Empty.

Zahra staggers back, heartbroken:

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

SALLY!!!

Suffocating, Zahra collapses to the floor. She can't go on.

With trembling hands, she takes Imran's phone from her pocket and dials her mother in New York. Waits...

MOTHER (V.O.)  
(in *Farsi*)  
*Zahra, are you out?*

ZAHRA  
*Find Sally for me Mum. She has  
Cameron. They might have escaped.*

MOTHER (V.O.)  
*Are you out? Where are you?*

ZAHRA  
*I'm not going to make it.*

MOTHER (V.O.)  
*What are you talking about? They  
are liberating the hotel right now!  
I'm watching it live on AlJazeera!*

ZAHRA  
*The fire's too big. Say a prayer  
for me, mum.*

Zahra sips more air from under the hotel room door.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
*I'll do no such thing. Where are  
you?*

ZAHRA  
*East wing. Fourth floor.*

MOTHER (V.O.)  
*Head to the back of the hotel.  
There's firemen at the back.*

Zahra staggers to her feet and with the scarf pressed to her face, she blunders forward. Ready to collapse.

Dropping the phone, she rounds around a corner.

Through the murk - a stretch of corridor with a dim light at the far end. She heads towards it, feeling the corridor wall as she goes.

Pushing forward - she sees the light emanates from a window of a small vestibule, it's door open.

She blunders inside...

Zahra trips over a body lying across the doorway. Falls hard. She crawls on, towards the window dimly lit through the murk.

Behind her, a roof collapses in the corridor outside the door, a whoosh of dust and grit.

Outside she can see harbour lights, and the lurid beacons of emergency vehicles.

On all fours, she drags herself towards the light.

Finally, Zahra reaches a window, hoists up a marble vase, and throws it at the glass.

It bounces off.

She picks up the vase again.

Steadies herself - musters every last ounce of strength she has - and hurls the vase at the window:

The vase shatters.

She grabs a heavy pedestal lamp. Its exactly like the one in their room that Jomon deemed too heavy for her to lift. Now she swings it at the window with all her might.

Again. And again. And again...

Finally she makes a crack, a bigger crack...

One more desperate blow and the whole window collapses.

Fresh air blows in, dispelling the smoke.

Sucking in a mighty gasping breath, Zahra leans out of the window...

Sees firemen rescuing guests from nearby windows. Others climb down from their rooms on ropes made of knotted bedsheets.

ZAHRA

Hello! Over here!!

A team of fireman see her and rush to her position with an extension ladder.

She leans up against the window frame and takes another mighty breath - it's all strange and surreal to her.

The tiny people below, the warm wind, the whirling crows and the boats bobbing on Colaba harbour.

158

**INT. CORRIDORS - DAY**

158

Imran, the youngest terrorist, limps along aimlessly through the burning hotel, unarmed and completely disillusioned.

Special Forces, wearing gas masks, appear out of the smoke.



SPECIAL FORCES  
Stop! Stop or we'll shoot!

But Imran just keeps walking towards them until they mow him down in a hail of bullets.

159 **INT. MAIN LOBBY, HARBOUR BAR - DAY**

159

The last surviving Gunmen, Houssam and Abdullah, retreat through the main lobby and back into the Harbour Bar. Taking cover behind the thick marble wet-bar in the rear.

Special Forces flood the lobby area and upper levels of the atrium above - all guns pointed at the Harbour Bar.

Music over as Abdullah fires short bursts with his machine gun, trying to keep them at bay, while Houssam reloads and speaks with their handler via headset.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Be brave, Brother. Allah awaits  
you. Be brave and fight for him!*

ABDULLAH  
*Insh'Allah.*

Abdullah fires more bursts in the other direction. He shouts:

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
*Give me another clip!*

HOUSSAM  
*I'm out.*

Abdullah fires the last few rounds in his handgun as gunfire rakes their position, blasting flakes off the concrete as they press into a narrow corner behind the bar.

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*Use the grenades Abdullah.*

HOUSSAM  
*No grenades either. We've used  
everything.*

THE BULL (V.O.)  
*The world is watching. Fight  
bravely. Keep your phone in your  
pocket for the world to hear.*

Houssam obeys, and places the phone in his pocket. His hands trembling, his face pale from blood loss.

A large ungainly-looking thing rolls up to them. Its a moment before they recognise it for what it is - an improvised explosive device with a long wire attached to detonate it.

SPECIAL FORCES  
 (in Hindi)  
*Surrender! Surrender immediately!*

Houssam rises and fires his gun, shouting hoarsely:

HOUSSAM  
*God is great! We are his instru....*

The Special Forces detonate their bomb, blowing the last two gunmen to smithereens.

160

**EXT. TAJ HOTEL - DAY**

160

Windows blow out from the harbour bar, showering the street with splinters of glass.

Clouds of billowing smoke, then a weird silence descends.

No more shooting or shouting.

Finally it's over.

As fire hoses blast on the burning building, crowds slowly reclaim the street, ignoring police whistles and barricades.

TV crews jostle for a good position among the fire-hoses and start doing their pieces to camera amid the chaos.

Zahra wanders through the crowd in her tattered, burnt clothes.

ZAHRA  
 Sally! Sally Snow!!

She spots a family of beggars assisting a group of injured survivors. Bringing them water. Marvelling at their gold jewelry - still shining bright.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
 Sally!!!

Behind them, grateful staff and survivors from the Chambers clamor around Chef Oberoi, hugging and thanking him for saving their lives.

Oberoi tries to acknowledge them, but his mind is elsewhere. His gaze keeps returning to the hotel he so dearly loves. To the stretchers carrying out the fallen, many of them his kitchen staff. They were his sons. He handpicked each one of them. Trained and cajoled them, pushed and inspired them, raised them to the peak of their abilities.

ARJUN  
 Chef Oberoi?

Oberoi looks up. Through tears he sees Arjun, like a warrior of legend, limping through the rubble. They come together and embrace.

ON ZAHRA There's no sign of Sally.

Zahra stops in the swirling crowd. A sea of faces illuminated by the blazing building. Zahra in the centre of it, despairing, fearing all is lost.

Then miraculously she sees her - Sally's lone white face among the sea of Indians, holding Baby Cameron.

Zahra's heart gives a lurch and she springs up and frantically pushes through the crowd towards Sally.

The baby is crying. Both the women are crying. They embrace and cover each other in kisses.

SALLY

They took David hostage. I don't know what happened.

ZAHRA

He was with me. They shot him.

SALLY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Zahra.

The baby reaches for his mother.

Zahra takes her child, drawing him in close as she erupts in tears. Tears of joy and sorrow, relief and anguish. Her whole body jerking as she cries, clutching her baby boy with all she has.

161 **EXT. REAR SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY**

161

Behind the hotel, with crows swirling in the smoky sky above, Arjun unlocks his motorbike.

He's shaking so badly he can barely manage the padlock.

When he finally unlocks it he finds himself weeping.

162 **EXT. COLABA BACK STREETS - DAY**

162

Now he is on his motorbike, riding silently through the swarming streets of South Mumbai.

Everything and everyone is heading towards the hotel - Arjun a lone figure riding against the tide.

163      **EXT. DHARAVI STREETS, MUMBAI - DAY**

163

Now he's pushing his bike through the rutted, trash-filled streets of Dharavi.

164      **EXT. ARJUN'S SHACK, DHARAVI, MUMBAI - DAY**

164

Now he's walking towards his own, nondescript one-room hovel.

His pregnant wife, Dimple is there. Standing outside, washing their young daughter with a jug of water.

Dimple says nothing and does nothing. She can barely believe he made it out alive.

Arjun just stands there too - a barefoot, soot-covered, wildman.

Arjun's little girl , still soap covered, runs towards him, laughing and giggling as she crashes into her daddy.

SEVA

Guess what. I found your shoe!

ARJUN

Ha. What would I do without you?

His pregnant wife ambles over and he hugs them with all his strength, not enough arms to hold them all.

Arjun kisses the top of their heads, laughing and crying.

...and he knows the Gods are merciful

...and the world will one day be whole again.

**THE END**