

BOMBAY RUN

by
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(Excerpt from a feature film screenplay)

SCENE: FIRST ENCOUNTER AT AIRPORT

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EXT. AIRPORT TAXI RANK - DAY

A confused Rupert is trying to figure out where the queue starts, he's constantly jumped by other people who gets a taxi before him. We see his suitcase, it too has apparently been searched as there are shirt sleeves and ties hanging out of it. In the chaos, a taxi suddenly appears before Rupert and the driver leans out of the window smiling.

EKBAL
(eager-to-please)
Do you want a taxi Sir?

RUPERT
(delighted)
Ah yes, please...

Ekbal eagerly steps out of the taxi and grabs the handle on Rupert's suitcase.

EKBAL
I think we better put that in the boot.

RUPERT
That's probably for the best...

Rupert lets go, Ekbal opens the boot and puts Rupert's suitcase in. As Ekbal slams the boot shut, his personalised decoration on the back of the taxi is revealed. Fancy large capital letters adorns the rear window, spelling out the name "EKBAL".

EKBAL
There... it is safe now... my name is Ekbal.

They shake hands.

RUPERT
Rupert, Rupert Lowell-Woodcock.

Ekbal hurries around the taxi to open the rear door for Rupert.

EKBAL
(eager-to-please)
May I bid you welcome to the best taxi in Bombay.

RUPERT
(Smiling and nodding)
Thank you very much.

They both get in the taxi and close the doors.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi is full of trinkets hanging from the review mirror and glued to the dashboard, there's even incense sticks burning in a small holder. Bollywood hits are playing on the radio in the background.

EKBAL
(eager-to-please)
Where can I take you on this
beautiful day Sir?

RUPERT
(smiles)
The Taj Mahal Hotel please.

Ekbal starts the engine.

EKBAL
That is a very nice hotel, you
have made a very good choice.

They drive off.

EKBAL
Is it your first time in Bombay?

A fly catches Ekbal's eye as it whizzes past his head, it starts buzzing around the inside of the front window screen.

While Rupert replies, Ekbal leans over to the glove compartment, opens it, and takes out a fly swatter.

RUPERT
No, I was here for a few weeks
when I was a small boy, with my
father... he was an army officer.

Ekbal is looking at the fly, not keeping his eyes on the road.

EKBAL
So does it feel good to be back?

Ekbal lashes out with the fly swatter while only keeping one hand on the steering wheel.

RUPERT
(apprehensive)
Yes... I guess I wanted to relive
some of the memories.

Ekbal is now only following the fly around with his eyes and not looking at the road at all.

EKBAL
(reflective)
I tell you, it's good to take
stock of one's life once in a
while, you never know what might
happen.

Ekbal lashes out at the fly again.

RUPERT
(on tenterhooks)
Oh yes... and I had some very
good memories of that trip.

Ekbal almost leaps out of his seat as he takes another
swing at the fly and this time he hits it...

EKBAL
(triumphant)
Got it!

... but now he has to swerve hard, using just one hand, to
avoid hitting another car. Rupert braces himself for a
crash as screeching tires and several car horns can be
heard from the outside.

EKBAL
(unfazed)
Bombay is a magical place you
know.

Rupert's face is a frozen expression of fear.