

THE EYES OF MARA

Original Screenplay

By  
Joseph Calabrese

Joseph Calabrese  
217 Grove Street,  
Montclair NJ 07042  
973.233.015

[mara@josephcalabrese.com](mailto:mara@josephcalabrese.com)

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TERRAIN - JAIPUR, INDIA - NIGHT

A long line of torches drift across the rocky wasteland.

SUPER: India, 500 A.D.

In rank and file, one hundred robed and hooded WORSHIPERS progress up the rugged slope toward caves that encompass the mountainside.

They CHANT in low guttural moans as, one by one, they enter the largest cavern.

TUNNELS -

Chants echo off the walls as the shadowy figures make way through the dark labyrinth.

TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Although dimly lit with torches, it is clear that this is a place of ancient worship. Painted walls are adorned with silks and images of Hindu Gods.

The worshipers congregate near the altar, where a MASSIVE STATUE of MARA, a six-armed she-demon, sits ominously on a stone throne. Her lower arms, outstretched, form the altar, as the other arms fan upward, each wield a golden sword.

Below her crouch six stone BHUTAS, small winged gargoyle-like statues with sharp teeth and menacing grins.

The HIGH PRIEST, an old bald man with dark, evil eyes and harsh chiseled features, approaches and places a copper sacrificial bowl onto the statue's lap.

He SPEAKS OUT in ancient Hindi.

HIGH PRIEST

Who gives his love to Mara?

One of the worshipers, HASSIM SINGH, 40's, an untouchable dressed in rags, moves fearfully towards the altar.

He carries MINA-KUMRI, 15, his angelic daughter. Drugged and dazed, she lies still in his arms.

The worshipers gather around as the High Priest strokes her hair and hands her a goblet of black fluid. She wearily opens her BLUE EYES.

HIGH PRIEST

Such great beauty... Drink and be one with her.

Mina-kumri drinks heavily and falls back into a sleepy daze. The High Priest places her into the statue's embrace. Her head rests on one arm and her legs off another.

HIGH PRIEST

Hassim Singh. Untouched by all, but touched by Mara's love. Do you willingly give your only seed?

Hassim bows his head in shame.

HASSIM

I... I give--

HIGH PRIEST

Louder! So all may bear witness!

HASSIM

Yes! I give my only daughter, so that Mara may be reborn!

The High Priest pulls out a dagger.

HIGH PRIEST

The blood of innocence! The glory of rebirth!

He hands the dagger to Hassim, who stares down between his daughter and the blade.

With some reservations, Hassim cuts Mina-Kumri's hand.

Her blood trickles into the sacrificial bowl that rests below her.

All stand in reverence as a SMOKE-LIKE FORM of a six-armed woman manifests from the bowl and hovers above the girl.

Hassim glowers at the spirit with a mixture of fear and awe, until the High Priest impatiently grabs his hand and raises the dagger high above the young girl's chest.

HIGH PRIEST

Do it! Do it now and give rebirth!

Mina-kumri awakes from her drugged daze and sees the knife in her father's hands.

MINA-KUMRI

Father?

The High Priest forces Hassim's arm down and strikes the young girl in the chest.

As life ebbs from her, the smoke spirit enters her wound.

In a moment of remorse, Hassim YELLS OUT.

HASSIM

No! My little one! I won't allow it!

Mina-kumri OPENS her eyes. She takes a deep breath, but a SHARP PAIN strikes her hard.

MINA-KUMRI

(in a demonic voice)

This is not a willing soul!

The High Priest's EYES GLOW RED and turns to Hassim in anger.

HIGH PRIEST

Do you know what have you done?

Hassim drops onto his knees as all the worshipers reveal their true form.

With eyes a glow and sharp glistened fangs, they are VETALAS, mythical Hindu Vampires. The Vetaldas quickly press around Hassim, thirsty for blood and revenge.

HASSIM

Oh great Vetaldas! Forgive me! I--

Without haste, Hassim is torn from limb to limb. Teeth and claws dig deep into his flesh.

The High Priest moves off the altar to join in the feast, but Mina-Kumri grabs his hand from where she lays and pulls him close to her.

MINA-KUMRI

(in a demonic voice)

You have failed me!

The High Priest breaks free in terror as Mina-Kumri lets out an unholy roar that fills the chamber. She writhes about as A BRILLIANT LIGHT emits from her eyes, mouth and wound.

The chamber is bathed in light as the Vetalas worshipers fall in agony and burst into flames.

The GROUND SHAKES as the High Priest grabs the sacrificial bowl and frantically rushes to escape.

TUNNELS -

The High Priest trips though the tunnels as the walls and floor shake all around him.

He sees the entrance to the cave when...

CRACK!

A large crevasse opens up in the floor behind him.

He LEAPS to safety, but...

SUDDENLY, the rock ceiling collapses and a ton of rubble drops down on him.

When the dust clears, only his bloody hand and the sacrificial bowl remain exposed.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TERRAIN - DAWN

The distant rumble from the cave in echoes as clouds roll by and...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF BOMBAY, INDIA - DAY

... the sun rises in the sky.

Her Majesty's Steamship, The R.M.S. LANCER, arrives at the busy port. Crowds of dockworkers unload crates.

SUPER: Port of Bombay, 1891.

PADMASHREE (PADDY) KHAN, 40's, a jovial Punjabi Indian, dressed in a traditional linen gown, a red turban, and an ill-fitted British Army jacket, patiently looks at those who disembark the ship.

A British soldier comes to view.

LIEUTENANT JONATHAN HARROWS, late 20's, a sturdy young man, comes down the gangplank.

Dressed in the red and tan trappings of a fine British officer, he confidently strolls down with a small steamer trunk over his shoulder.

As he steps onto the docks, Paddy runs up.

PADDY

Lieutenant Harrows? I am Padmashree Khan-- your aide de camp. I hope your journey was well?

Jonathan lowers his steamer trunk and nods.

JONATHAN

Thank you Padmashree-- a pleasure.

PADDY

Please, call me Paddy. The cantonment, your post, is a half-day from here. Come, we go.

Paddy grabs the heavy trunk and almost falls to the ground from its weight. Jonathan kindly attempts to help.

PADDY

No, Sahib. Please, allow me.

He struggles to keep his balance as he holds the trunk up.

JONATHAN

You are of no use to I or her Majesty with a broken back.

PADDY

Most irregular, Sahib, but very kind.

Jonathan takes one end the steamer trunk and they proceed off the docks and into the dirty streets of Bombay.

STREETS OF BOMBAY -

Jonathan and Paddy walk through dingy alleys, as BEGGARS and MERCHANTS rush up to them with hands out and wares displayed. Paddy fends them off with Hindu obscenities.

Jonathan stops at a VENDOR of silk shawls and handles the material.

JONATHAN

My fiancé, Barbara, would adore this. Paddy, ask the man how much?

Paddy recognizes the vendor and flashes him a big grin.

PADDY

(in Hindi)

Guptram my old friend. How much is this for my Sahib?

VENDOR

(in Hindi)

For the white monkey, one hundred Rupees-- not a Rupee less.

Paddy drops his smile and turns to Jonathan.

PADDY

Sahib, give him fifty Rupees.

Jonathan hands the brass coins to the vendor, who looks shocked as Paddy takes the silk shawl. They walk off as the vendor screams out obscenities.

VENDOR

(in Hindi)

You sleep with dogs, Padmashree Khan, and you will wake with fleas!

They turn a corner towards the train station.

JONATHAN

Did I do something inappropriate?

PADDY

No Sahib. Everything is fine.

Across from them a small crowd gathers as an elderly SNAKE CHARMER aims his brass flute to a open basket.

Jonathan and Paddy watch a seemingly calm and docile COBRA peek its head out and dance about to the lively tune.

Paddy smirks as several FOREIGN TOURISTS throw coins in front of the charmer.

JONATHAN

Fascinating. It must be some kind of trickery-- a fake.

PADDY

Oh no. I assure you it is quite real. Come this way.

They continue and come to a small, HINDU TEMPLE adorned with high columns, ornate urns and silks. Jonathan admires the structure.

JONATHAN  
Stunning architecture.

PADDY  
Yes. The oldest temple in Bombay--  
built, I believe in--

Before Paddy can finish and intrigued with the ancient structure, Jonathan walks in. Paddy reluctantly follows.

INT. HINDU TEMPLE -

Jonathan and Paddy enter this holy place. Paddy takes out A MEDALLION from around his neck and kisses it as he prays.

PADDY  
Sahib-- the train!

JONATHAN  
If you are so pressed for time, then  
go check my luggage. I shall wait for  
you here.

PADDY  
It is not wise to leave you alone.

JONATHAN  
I can handle myself. Go on.

Paddy reluctantly leaves as Jonathan goes deeper into the dimly lit temple and studies the holy area in admiration.

Jonathan approaches an...

ALTAR -

Incense burns as white smoke drifts up to the ceiling.

The FLUTTER OF WINGS, startles Jonathan. He looks up to see white birds high about the rafters.

His back is turned for only a moment, when...

OLD WISE MAN (O.S.)  
It is not often, an Englishman  
visits. Welcome!

Jonathan turns and is surprised to see an OLD WISE MAN, who sits at the altar base surrounded by the incense smoke. Oddly, he resembles the long since dead, Hassim Singh.

Shards of light peer in from outside and the Old Wise Man looks ghostly, yet holy and kind.

Jonathan is somewhat confused.

JONATHAN

But-- Where did--

OLD WISE MAN

You obviously chose to see the beauty of this place over me. A choice, I too would have made.

JONATHAN

Yes. This place is beautiful, as India is in the whole.

The elder smiles as he lights more incense sticks.

JONATHAN

I have always been interested in your country's history and culture. A passion you could say.

OLD WISE MAN

India calls to your soul perhaps... That is a lovely shawl. You must love her very much?

Jonathan looks down at the silk shawl.

JONATHAN

Yes, I do and miss her so. But how--

WISE MAN

I am an old fool, but I am not blind... If you miss her, she should be your side.

JONATHAN

It's not that simple I'm afraid.

WISE MAN

Very few things in life are. Many difficult tasks fall upon us in life, but make no mistake-- love gives us strength. A lesson I learned far too late.

Suddenly, Paddy's voice RINGS OUT.

PADDY (O.S.)

Sahib!

Paddy ENTERS and rushes up to Jonathan in a huff.

PADDY  
I have checked your luggage, but  
please-- we must go now.

JONATHAN  
Of course... I will just say goodbye  
to--

He turns to see that the old man has VANISHED.

Jonathan peers about as the birds flutter around the temple.

JONATHAN  
Odd. There was an elderly man--

PADDY  
Bombay is filled with many old men.  
Not odd at all, Sahib.

EXT. RAILWAY - DAY

The train cuts through a small village.

Dusty and barren, simple huts surround an dry well, where  
several men dig the well deeper.

Children wave and chase the train as it passes.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT -

Jonathan looks out the open window of his compartment at the  
children and smiles back half hearted.

JONATHAN  
Are conditions always this appalling?

Across from him, Paddy sits impatiently disgusted. He pushes  
aside a ELDERLY MAN, who falls asleep and rests his Fez-  
topped head onto Paddy's lap.

PADDY  
The Monsoons are late-- poor harvest  
this year-- very bad sign. No worry  
though, your post is well stocked.

Jonathan sadly stares out at the parched land.

JONATHAN  
I am sure it is.

EXT. RAILWAY -

As the train chugs along, it passes a new section of unfinished track surrounded by uneven ground.

BOOM!

A CREW of Hindi workers DUCK as explosives level the earth.

BRITISH GENT

Come on-- move it! The crown needs  
ten yards of track down by sundown.

As the British Gent bellows out the orders, a YOUNG TRACK WORKER moves a box of dynamite onto a cart and sneakily pockets a few sticks under his garb.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT - LATER

Under the shadows of a mountain range, sits the PALACE OF THE RAJ, the appointed leader by the British to govern.

Within its high walls and gates, sits a CANTONMENT, buildings used by the British as a military fort.

INT. CAPTAIN JONES' OFFICE -

Seen from an open window, SOLDIERS march by in formation.

CAPTAIN ROBERT JONES, 40's, a strong-jawed, wolfish man, sits at his desk and enjoys a variety of local fruits.

A knock on the door doesn't stop his lunch.

He slovenly wipes his mouth with his sleeve as Jonathan enters and stands at stiff attention.

JONATHAN

Lieutenant Jonathan Harrows.  
Reporting for duty, Sir.

CAPTAIN JONES

Be at ease with yourself, Lieutenant.

Jonathan relaxes as the Captain glances at Jonathan's papers.

CAPTAIN JONES

University lad?

JONATHAN

Oxford, Sir. I assure you that although my studies were in mathematics and cartography, I have had extensive training in military tactics and--

CAPTAIN JONES

Your maps are just what we need-- no more, no less. Your commission is but a formality. If I wanted a combat officer, I would have asked for one.

He stands and shakes Jonathan's hand.

CAPTAIN JONES

I see Billings bought your way in. I served under the old buzzard in the second Afghan war. How does he manage these days?

JONATHAN

Quite fit. He curates the Royal Museum and hopes I may find some artifacts to exhibit.

CAPTAIN JONES

I've read Billing's mandate-- but do not think this will be a pleasure outing-- even with your ties.

JONATHAN

I do not require favoritism, Sir.

CAPTAIN JONES

Good. Come. Let add some tarnish to those coat buttons.

The Captain grabs a ripe mango and leads Jonathan out.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT -

Paddy quickly stands at attention and salutes the Captain, who ignores Paddy's gesture of respect.

As the Captain and Jonathan walk the grounds, Paddy follows behind at a respectable distance. The Captain looks back at Paddy with a bigoted eye.

CAPTAIN JONES

Those "Darkies" have been vocalizing displeasure with the Lagaan. All they do is whine.

Jonathan glances to Paddy, who deals an awkward smile.

JONATHAN

Lagaan?

CAPTAIN JONES

Land tax. The farmers pay a portion of their harvest to the crown.

JONATHAN

Even now, with the drought?

The Captain slices off a piece of the mango. He plops the juicy piece in his mouth as he messily speaks.

CAPTAIN JONES

Let them starve! It is not our fault they manage land poorly.

A formation of soldiers marches past. A JUNIOR OFFICER salutes the Captain, who gladly returns the gesture.

CAPTAIN JONES

If those savages want to kill themselves off, so be it, but once British blood has been spilled, I take it quite personally.

He slices off another piece of the mango.

JONATHAN

I will begin the survey immediately.

CAPTAIN JONES

Good. These rebels know the land, and as such, they have a tactical advantage. The crown requires this area mapped immediately.

JONATHAN

It will take some time.

CAPTAIN JONES

Time is an amenity we cannot afford! I have assigned a platoon to escort and protect you during your survey.

JONATHAN

Where may I find my men?

They stop at a small building. A SIGN hangs above the door.

CLOSE ON: it reads: "THE BULLDOG'S BOLLOCKS."

Underneath, an engraving of a VICIOUS DOG dangling a severed testicle sack in its bloody mouth.

Jonathan smirks at the image.

CAPTAIN JONES

Do not disappoint me, Harrows.

JONATHAN

I hope not to.

CAPTAIN JONES

Hope is for fools and clergy.  
Sergeant Major Wallace will show  
you how we do things here.

JONATHAN

Are you not coming in, Sir?

CAPTAIN JONES

The men should come to know you in  
their own way. I find it best not to  
interfere in such matters. Take care,  
Lieutenant.

The Captain finishes the last of the mango and throws the husky seed onto the ground. He looks at Paddy with contempt.

CAPTAIN JONES

Don't just stand there like an idiot!  
Dispense with my refuse!

The Captain leaves as Paddy picks up the sloppy seed and wraps it in a handkerchief.

JONATHAN

Come Paddy. Introduce me to my men.

PADDY

No Sahib. English only, I'm afraid.

JONATHAN

Sorry. I shan't be long.

INT. THE BULLDOG'S BOLLOCKS PUB -

Jonathan enters and is surprised to see a makeshift replica of an English pub. Dartboard and stools all reproduced.

No sign of India exists within these walls.

JONATHAN

I guess I could use a pint.

He eyes three enlisted men who sit at a back table.

SERGEANT MAJOR HORATIO WALLACE, 40's, is a bald hulk of a man. He bellows out a laugh as the Ale froth rests on his mustache and sideboard mutton chops.

With him are PRIVATE SMITH, 18, and CORPORAL LAWRENCE, 20. Both men are rough in personality as well as appearance.

Jonathan walks over. Drunk and glassy eyed, Wallace looks up.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Well fellahs. Have a look what we have here-- a shiny new subaltern, straight from Queen Vic's bosom.

The men LAUGH heartily as Jonathan stands mildly annoyed.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

I bet you used them fancy maps of yours to find us. Aye?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Come now. The Lieutenant has traveled all this way to rescue us. Let's buy him a pint in gratitude.

He waves to an INDIAN GIRL, 16, who is dressed up as an English barmaid. She quickly brings over several pints of Ale, places them on the table, and scurries away.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

A bit of fun. No hard feelings.

Wallace offers the pint. Jonathan reaches, but Wallace smirks as he pours the Ale onto Jonathan's feet.

They all laugh-- EXCEPT Jonathan.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 You go play with your rulers and  
 compasses. Come back when you got the  
 goolies to use a rifle.

The Sergeant Major lifts his pint and takes a long swig.

Jonathan takes a stance and KNOCKS THE PINT AWAY from  
 Wallace. It spills it onto the brute's lap.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE  
 Hey! Bugger off! Just having a bit of  
 fun.

Jonathan grabs the Corporal and lifts him off his chair.

JONATHAN  
 Would you like have fun in the  
 stockades, Private? I can have you on  
 the pegs for saying as little.

The Corporal chuckles.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE  
 Ah yes, he's green all right.  
 (to Jonathan)  
 Them's Corporal stripes on me arm.

JONATHAN  
 Not for long.

Wallace bolts up, but Jonathan shoots him a glare.

JONATHAN  
 The same holds true for you too.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 You got a problem with my men-- deal  
 with me.

Jonathan drops the Corporal and stands up to Wallace.

JONATHAN  
 Fine. Like gentlemen then?

EXT. THE BULLDOG'S BOLLOCKS PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan BURSTS out. The door rips off its hinges.

A surprised Paddy bolts to attention, as Jonathan FALLS HARD  
 to the ground, his lip and jaw bloody.

Sergeant Major Wallace swaggers out as a crowd of soldiers follow behind, Ale in hand and rooting for a good fight.

Jonathan wobbles as he stands, wipes his lip, and the two men circle each other.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Are you gonna just dance or what?

Just then, Jonathan COLD COCKS Wallace in the jaw, but the brute does little more than smile.

The men cheer out in support of the Sergeant Major.

PRIVATE SMITH

Go on Sergeant Major! Clean his brass!

Wallace lunges, but Jonathan jumps out of the way.

The Sergeant Major is bigger, but Jonathan is quicker. He jabs at Wallace, ducks his punches and tires him out.

JONATHAN

Is that the best you can muster?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

(out of breath)

Hold still and you'll find out.

Jonathan holds his fists high in a proper boxing stance. He stands there and waits for Wallace to follow suit in a traditional round of gentlemanly fisticuffs.

Wallace, however, rushes at Jonathan. He pins the young officer up against the wall and pushes against Jonathan's throat with his arm.

A SOLDIER moves to break it up, but Corporal Lawrence intervenes.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Mind your Pint's and Quarts. The lad can handle his own affairs.

Jonathan struggles, but after a moment, passes out and falls to the ground.

The men cheer as Wallace brushes himself off victoriously.

Just then, Captain Jones strolls from around a corner.

PRIVATE SMITH

Captain present!

The men all burst to attention as the Captain smugly smiles at the disheveled and beaten Jonathan.

CAPTAIN JONES

I see you found your men. All in order, Lieutenant?

Jonathan weakly stands at attention.

JONATHAN

Yes, Sir. Right as rain-- good men.

CAPTAIN JONES

If there are no formal complaints then, please... enjoy the night.

The Captain leaves as the men disperse.

Jonathan leans against a wall for support and rubs his bruised neck and face.

JONATHAN

A snide way of fighting I must say.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

We don't play for points here. You'll learn soon enough.

Jonathan offers a hand out, but Wallace walks away.

JONATHAN

Have I proven myself?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Not quite. I'll do right by you-- just won't like it very much. I'll have the men ready at dawn.

As Wallace walks away, Paddy comes to Jonathan's side.

PADDY

Fine fighting, Sahib, but you really shouldn't expect everything to be so formal here. Come. Come. Paddy shall clean you up well.

He helps Jonathan down the alley and out of sight.

INT. JONATHAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Jonathan sits at his desk as he writes a letter. He dips his quill often.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

My dearest. I have arrived safely to my post and have met my men.

He holds a cold, wet rag over his bruised jaw.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

India is such an exciting place, yet I am saddened by the living conditions. The monsoons that bring life are late and all suffer for it...

Jonathan's voice TRANSFORMS into...

EXT. BILLINGS ESTATE, GARDEN PATIO - DAY

... A woman's voice, BARBARA BILLINGS, 18. A young woman of elegance and beauty, who reads the letter aloud. She wears the shawl made from Jonathan's Indian silk.

BARBARA

... I count the days until we can be together. The land thirsts for water as my lips thirst for your kiss. I wish you could be with me.

With Barbara sits PENELOPE, 17, her younger, prissy sister.

BARBARA

With your father's permission, perhaps you--

Barbara stops as the DOORS OPEN and their father enters.

GENERAL BILLINGS, 50's, a large man with great presence and distinguished attire, sits with the ladies.

He sees Barbara's letter as a servant brings a teacup.

GENERAL BILLINGS

Bring us a Brandy... Is that from Jonathan? How does the lad fare?

Barbara holds the shawl up to him.

BARBARA

Yes, father. Look what he sent-- it's so beautiful... He sounds lonely though. He suggests--

PENELOPE

Barbara, you poor girl. You must fear for him so? He is only a man.

GENERAL BILLINGS

Do not fret girls. He is quite capable of handling himself.

The servant brings a snifter. The General takes in the aroma.

GENERAL BILLINGS

Not that he will need to. He is only there to survey. Maps! Maps win wars.

PENELOPE

Father, I was not speaking of battle. You know the dangers a young man faces in the wilds of Asia.

It only takes a moment for Barbara to realize the innuendo.

BARBARA

Penelope! Jonathan is faithful-- he would never--

PENELOPE

Oh, come! Those sultry women and their Kama Sutra. I hear most soldiers take mistresses. Isn't that right father?

Penelope smugly sips her tea.

GENERAL BILLINGS

This is not an appropriate discussion for my daughters!

BARBARA

I don't believe it! Jonathan loves me! Father. Tell her it is not true.

The General coughs and stuffs a tea cookie in his mouth as Penelope stands and straightens her bodice.

PENELOPE

Bury your head in the sand, but be mindful where he will be burying his.

Barbara stands and steams as Penelope leaves. She grabs her shears and tends to her roses as the General comforts her.

GENERAL BILLINGS

Do not mind your sister. Jonathan is a good lad. He'll remain true.

BARBARA

I am sorry, father, but I miss him so... Jonathan did mention that he would like me to join him.

The General drops his smile. He gives her stern look.

BARBARA

I hear many girls go. Especially since we are engaged. I do not see the harm, I can be--

GENERAL BILLINGS

Those girls, are nothing more than harlots! You are a Billings-- I will not hear of it.

The General storms off as Barbara returns to her roses.

Angrily, she quickly NIPS a rose in the bud.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

THE H.M.S. VICTORIA, a passenger steamship, steams through the SUEZ CANAL and pass ships of various styles and sizes.

INT. SHIP'S DINING ROOM -

GUESTS enjoy a sumptuous meal as the orchestra plays.

Barbara enters and is seated at her table as she notices JANE PARKER, late 30's, a brash American woman, who's pretty enough, yet very rough around the edges.

Jane dines alone and smokes a rather large cigar, as a YOUNG STEWARD lectures her.

YOUNG STEWARD

Miss. If you must, you may smoke in the Gentleman's lounge?

JANE

I want to enjoy my smoke here.  
Besides, those old fuddy-duddies  
won't let me stay in there either.

YOUNG STEWARD

Nevertheless, you cannot smoke in  
here during dinner. We must respect  
our first-class passengers.

Barbara leans over and cuts in.

BARBARA

Excuse me... Is that a cigar?

JANE

Yup. A nasty habit I picked up in  
Cuba. Want one?

Barbara is amused by the notion.

BARBARA

If it is not an imposition. Care to  
join me?

YOUNG STEWARD

But, Miss!

BARBARA

Steward. That will be all.

Jane comes over, sits and offers a cigar to Barbara. The  
Steward brings Jane's plate over and abruptly exits.

JANE

Thanks. I owe you one.

BARBARA

No need. I'm Barbara Billings.

JANE

Jane Parker. Nice to meet you. You  
going to Bombay?

BARBARA

Jaipur. My fiancé is surveying the  
area for the military. And you?

JANE

Reporter for the New York Times. I'm  
doing a story on how you Brits are  
handling the rebels. A poignant  
subject for us Americans, you know.

Jane lights Barbara's cigar. Barbara takes a petite draw and lets out a large, lung-crushing cough.

JANE

You've never smoked before.

She takes another draw and coughs less this time.

BARBARA

Is it that obvious?... An American journalist, how exciting!

CAPTAIN HORNSBY, 50's, a meek, white-haired man, comes to the table, with a paper in hand.

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

Miss Billings. I have an urgent matter to discuss with you.

BARBARA

Please Captain. You may speak in front of my guest.

Jane gives a big grin to Captain Hornsby.

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

As you wish. I received a wire as we passed though the canal.

He hands Barbara the note. She quickly reads it.

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

Your father has not given permission. I'm afraid, I--

Barbara is visibly upset and quickly rips up the telegram. Jane looks on aptly confused.

BARBARA

Permission? I am an adult! I can go where I please.

(to Jane)

My father demands my return. He fears for my safety-- the nerve of that old, wind-blown-- Argh!

She throws down her silverware onto the table.

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

I am afraid I cannot allow you to disembark in Bombay. You will stay on board until we depart again for London.

BARBARA

But, I have come all this way.

JANE

Captain. If I were to see to it that she safely gets into her fiancé's arms, would that do?

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

Miss Parker. India can be quite dangerous for two young ladies. These people are savages. This is not the civility found in your New York or Boston. How could you possibly protect yourselves?

Jane pulls out a pearl handled COLT .45 from her purse. A large handgun most men would find cumbersome to handle.

JANE

This Colt saved my ass more than once.

Captain Hornsby stands speechless as he stares at the size of her gun. She wipes it clean with her handkerchief while Barbara smirks at the event.

JANE

For some reason, people get real nervous when I'm around.

Captain Hornsby jumps a bit as she COCKS the hammer.

JANE

See what I mean?

CAPTAIN HORNSBY

I will wire the General that the Miss will be in your charge.

He leaves in a huff. Barbara exuberantly hugs Jane.

BARBARA

Bless you! How can I thank you?

JANE

My editor wants a story about you Brits and the locals. What could be better than a love story set among the heat of rebellion?

She puts her handgun away and Barbara, unable to contain her happiness, hugs and kisses Jane again.

JANE  
Save that for your boyfriend.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT - MORNING

Twelve soldiers stand at attention by their horses as Sergeant Major Wallace inspects them down the line.

Jonathan, atop his own horse, observes Paddy who loads a horse-drawn cart with equipment. Paddy drops a small crate.

JONATHAN  
Careful with that, Paddy. It's quite delicate.

Paddy removes a SCOPE out of the crate and inspects it. He looks through the lens.

FROM PADDY'S P.O.V. Everything is UPSIDE DOWN.

Paddy, confused, tilts the scope to make sense of his topsy-turvy perspective.

PADDY  
Sahib, I am so sorry, but it's broken. The world is upside down.

Jonathan chuckles.

JONATHAN  
That is how it is supposed to be.

Jonathan looks across the courtyard to see TARA-BEN, 20's, a beautiful Hindu woman dressed in a traditional sari. Tucked away in a side garden, she fences with sabers with one of the Raj's personal Indian Guards.

JONATHAN  
Paddy... Who is that?

Paddy turns..

PADDY  
That is the Raj's daughter-- a real spitfire that one.

JONATHAN  
Yes... She's quite good.

Wallace passes PRIVATE FRANKLIN, 17, a nervous lad, who holds his rifle unsteadily. Wallace abruptly snatches and inspects the weapon.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 If the enemy were standing above my  
 head, do I trust you would kill him  
 by bullet or by blade?

The Private anxiously nods his head.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 Ahh. Let's pray you're better with a  
 sword.

Wallace hands the rifle back to the Private and marches to  
 Jonathan and salutes.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 All men present and accounted for.

JONATHAN  
 Excellent. Let's map the northeast  
 quadrant today.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 Pardon me Lieutenant, but it's a bit  
 scrappy there.

JONATHAN  
 Come, Sergeant Major. We've been out  
 for weeks and not a rebel sighted.  
 Besides, the Captain assures me the  
 northeast is secure.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 Aye, Lieutenant.  
 (to himself)  
 Secure, my arse.

He turns towards the men.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 All right you Bulldogs... Move out!

The soldiers head out through the front gate as Paddy  
 follows close behind with his horse drawn cart.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TERRAIN - LATER

In the rocky area near the base of a mountain, Jonathan  
 peers through a scope as Paddy stands a hundred yards away.  
 He holds up a white stick with a small red flag on top of  
 it.

Nearby, the platoon waits as Private Smith, on horseback, rides nearby and keeps watch with a small scope in hand.

Jonathan writes in a notebook, as Wallace drinks from his canteen.

JONATHAN

A few more readings and we should be back before supper.

He takes one more peek through the scope.

JONATHAN'S P.O.V.

Jonathan focuses to see Paddy, who holds the flagpole and grins-- proud of his duty.

Behind Paddy, SOMETHING CATCHES JONATHAN'S ATTENTION.

A blurred FIGURE IN WHITE moves in the background. It looks like the Old Wise Man.

JONATHAN

What in the hell?

Jonathan looks back through the lens to see the flutter of white birds gathered in the rocks.

He FOCUSES the scope to see a CAVE ENTRANCE in the hills.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - LATER

Jonathan, Paddy and Wallace arrive at the cave entrance and dismount. Wallace awkwardly chases the few birds away.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Not much meat on them bones, but should make a nice roaster or--

A YELL in the distance cuts him off.

PRIVATE SMITH (O.S.)

Sergeant Major!

Wallace and Jonathan turn towards the men who ride toward them at full gallop. Private Smith is the first to arrive. He dismounts and salutes.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

What is it, Smithee?

PRIVATE SMITH

Rebels-- thousand yards to the west!  
I don't think they know we're here,  
but they're heading this way.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Damn! How many?

PRIVATE SMITH

Fifty or so...

Jonathan pulls out and focuses his scope to that direction.

JONATHAN'S P.O.V. Through the lens, a cloud of dust move  
across the landscape.

From within, a large group of armed masked rebels, suddenly  
change direction. They pick up speed towards the lens.

Jonathan lowers the scope.

PADDY

We run, yes?

JONATHAN

Damn! Four to one. Should we retreat?  
Though the canyon?

The rest of his dozen men arrive and ready their rifles.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

No. They know the lay of the land,  
and can catch up to us far too  
easily.

Jonathan looks a bit unsure and flustered.

JONATHAN

Then Sergeant Major. What do you  
recommend?

Wallace anticipates the order, turns and bellows out.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Private Smith, mount up and ride to  
the north and then double back to the  
cantonment. Those "Buggers" will be  
too busy with us to pay any mind to  
you.

PRIVATE SMITH

Aye, Sergeant Major.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
And Smith... Don't get lost.

PRIVATE SMITH  
Aye, that I won't.

He mounts his horse and gallops away as the rest of the men move quickly towards the cave entrance.

EXT. PORT OF BOMBAY, INDIA - SAME

Barbara's steamship lies at dock as passengers disembark.

At the end of the dock, Barbara and Jane sit in the back of a carriage as a DRIVER loads their bags. Barbara is excited by all the sights and sounds. Jane writes in her journal.

BARBARA  
Isn't this so exciting? Look at all these people.

Jane peers up from her journal to take in the view. She sees an ELDERLY HINDU urinating on the side of a building.

JANE  
So far-- nothing I haven't seen a hundred times in New York.

The driver comes up.

JANE  
Driver. Let's git to the train.

DRIVER  
Yes, memsahibs.

The Driver gets in and drives off. Barbara watches the people and landmarks in amazement.

BARBARA  
I can't wait to see Jonathan. All those hours making maps-- he must be dying of boredom.

EXT. CAVES - SAME

The CLOUD OF DUST moves across the land like a plague.

Wallace and Jonathan load their rifles as the men quickly secure the horses deep within the cave.

Paddy struggles with one horse, which doesn't budge.

PADDY

Move, you stupid beast!

Paddy slaps the horse's rear. It finally bolts up.

JONATHAN

Let's position the cart as a barrier. Brigadier Caldwell used them as such during the first Afghan war, quite effectively. He also torched tents to create a visual barrier against...

Wallace smirks.

JONATHAN

What could be so amusing?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

When they come up that hill, be sure to tell them that story. Might put them to sleep and we won't need to kill them all.

Jonathan looks incensed.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

All right. You two there, move the cart as per the Lieutenant's orders.

Two soldiers position the equipment cart in front of the cave entrance as a defense barrier.

Jonathan readies his pistol and unsheathes his sword.

JONATHAN

Let's hope Private Smith is a fast rider. Do these rebels carry weaponry of substance?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

A few old Martini-Henry's.

JONATHAN

So, it will end up close combat? How are you with a blade?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Fine. You should worry for yourself. Compasses and rulers won't be of much use now.

THE DUST CLOUD MOVES CLOSER.

Jonathan sees Paddy, who has ducked behind him and is visibly uncomfortable with just a sword.

Paddy pulls his MEDALLION from his shirt and clutches it for assurance. He silently prays to his Gods.

Jonathan eyes an extra rifle on the ground and throws it to Paddy, who smiles at the extra protection.

PADDY

May Brahma smile upon us.

THE REBELS MOVE EVEN CLOSER.

Half split off and form a semi circular perimeter around the hill. The other half move closer still.

JONATHAN

All right men, at my word...

The rebels YELP out a HINDU WAR CHANT and raise their swords. Jonathan checks his rifle again and stalls.

JONATHAN

Wait! Closer... Closer.

Unexpectedly, several Rebels FIRE at the cave's entrance. Wallace can't wait any longer and takes charge.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Make them count men! Fire!

The line of British soldiers FIRE into the rebel force. Several horses FALL to the ground and crush their riders.

HIT with a bullet, a rebel FLIES off his horse, over other fallen comrades.

Many rebels fall as the British fire and reload quickly.

IT IS BLOODY AND FRANTIC.

The Rebels pull back to a defensible position behind rocks.

WALLACE RAISES HIS ARM.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Save your lead lads!

The men reload as Jonathan and Wallace peer over the rocks, when A STICK OF DYNAMITE are thrown into their direction.

The EXPLOSION shoots debris over the British soldiers.

WALLACE

Explosives? Where the hell did--

Wallace dusts himself off.

JONATHAN

The rail office-- to make way for the tracks. They must have raided--

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Well, we can't stay here anymore.

Another EXPLOSION BURSTS within a dozen yards. Jonathan uses his arm as a shield from the debris.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Advance the men, we go on the offensive. These buggers know they have us licked. It's only a matter of time now.

He turns to his men.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Close combat! Bayonets and swords!

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT - SAME

A HUNDRED SOLDIERS, led by Captain Jones, rush out of the gate as Barbara and Jane's cab arrives and is nearly trampled by the rush of soldiers.

JANE

Something's up! Let's follow.

BARBARA

Are you daft? Let's find Jonathan.

They exit the cab as the driver takes their bags and leads them through the gates.

Once inside the confines of the cantonment, they are surprised that very few soldiers remain.

BARBARA

Cricket? Here?

Across the field they see a gentlemanly game in progress.

EXT. CRICKET FIELD -

On the sidelines, THE RAJ, 50's, a fat, lazy man with all the garish silk vestments of royalty, sits and watches the game along with three guests.

As they leisurely sip tea, several SERVANTS shade them with large bamboo fans.

One guest, a British businessman, HAROLD DINKINS, 40's, a nasal prude, notices the girls and straightens his greasy hair. He stands at their approach.

BARBARA

How goes the match, gentlemen?

HAROLD DINKINS

It's a hundred forty three with three wickets... I don't believe we have met?

He takes Barbara's hand and kisses it.

BARBARA

We only just arrived. I've come to be with Lieutenant Harrows, my--

HAROLD DINKINS

Yes, Harrows. Fine chap. Lucky man to have such a beautiful wife.

Barbara doesn't quite know how to answer.

BARBARA

Oh my manners. This is my traveling companion, Miss Jane Parker, a journalist from America.

Dinkins pays mild attention to Jane.

HAROLD DINKINS

Miss Parker, charmed...

The Raj makes his presence known with a cough.

HAROLD DINKINS

Allow me to introduce Raj Bendig-san, who governs this Province for the Queen and Empire.

Barbara curtseys. The Raj puts a hand out for her to stand.

RAJ

Please. I do not favor the entrapments of ceremony. Sit and enjoy some tea. You must be tired.

He motions to a servant, who quickly brings tea for the two ladies. Mr. Dinkins offers his seat as another chair is brought in.

Barbara and Jane sit and enjoy the game as a runner hits the cricket ball and dashes to the pegs.

BARBARA

You enjoy cricket, your Highness?

RAJ

Oh yes. I fancy many games.

HAROLD DINKINS

Did you know that these people invented chess over a thousand years ago? I am in export and have many sets available--

BARBARA

That's very enlightening, Mr. Dinkins, but do you know where I might find Jonathan?

HAROLD DINKINS

One would assume he's out surveying. I can have you shown to his bungalow-- to freshen up?

BARBARA

Thank you. That is kind of you.

RAJ

I would like it very much for all of you to join me for dinner tonight. To welcome you properly.

BARBARA

I would be honored.

A ball rolls up to them and a player rushes up to get it. He grabs the ball and throws it back into play.

HAROLD DINKINS

Well Raj, Looks like your chaps are having a bit of bad luck today.

The CRICKET BALL rolls on the ground.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CAVES - SAME

A SEVERED HEAD rolls on the ground.

Wallace wields his blade with the FURY OF A MADMAN.

The battle is at close arms. The British, now down to half a dozen, defend themselves gallantly.

Jonathan fires at a rebel and saves Corporal Lawrence in time. He fires again, but his PISTOL IS EMPTY.

As he fearfully struggles to load more rounds from his belt, a rebel RAISES HIS SWORD to Jonathan's head.

A SUDDEN SHOT from Paddy hits the rebel square in the back. Paddy throws a sword to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Thank you Paddy. I am in your debt.

PADDY

I hope to live long enough to collect.

Surrounded by the enemy, Jonathan stands back to back with Wallace. They swing and fire at whatever comes their way.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Learn swordplay at Oxford?

JONATHAN

Fencing Captain for three years. Was quite adept at it.

Jonathan JABS HIS BLADE at a rebel, who falls dead, but the young Lieutenant almost falls over on top of him. Wallace is somewhat impressed.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Still are, I say. But loosen up and put some back into it. This ain't a tournament.

From a short distance, A HORN SOUNDS.

Jonathan and his men look down the slope as a HUNDRED BRITISH TROOPS storm in and fire from all directions.

CAPTAIN JONES LEADS THE ATTACK.

CAPTAIN JONES  
Drive them all to hell, men!

The rebels SCATTER in all directions. Many, however, drop to their knees and SURRENDER.

CAPTAIN JONES  
Secure the area and gather prisoners!

The Captain rides up to Jonathan and dismounts effortlessly. Jonathan salutes, but the Captain ignores him. He revels at the litter of rebel corpses around him.

CAPTAIN JONES  
Excellent, for your first foray into battle. Kill many 'Darkies'?

Jonathan frowns and doesn't quite know how to answer. The Captain's soldiers search for more rebels.

JONATHAN  
I guess. But, I owe the debt to my men. They fought with the most...

The Captain ignores Jonathan's remark and abruptly turns and he makes his way to the rebel prisoners held nearby.

He inspects the line of two-dozen knelt prisoners, all faces covered in black silk.

The Captain pulls the mask off an OLD REBEL, 50's, who trembles as he prays.

The Captain raises his pistol to the rebel's head.

Jonathan, APPALLED, protests.

JONATHAN  
Captain! In God's name!

CAPTAIN JONES  
Lieutenant. I left God in Wales. You and your men proceed at once to the cantonment. We'll tidy up.

JONATHAN  
But, Sir! It's proper to interrogate them. They may have vital information--

CAPTAIN JONES  
You're quite right.

He turns back to the Rebel, with pistol at the ready.

CAPTAIN JONES

You there! How did Liverpool fair  
against Whitehall last week?

The frightened and CONFUSED Rebel looks up.

CAPTAIN JONES

Well? What was the bloody Rugby  
score?

OLD REBEL

Sahib, I do not know such--

The Captain FIRES. The Old Rebels drops to the ground as the  
Captain turns back to Jonathan.

CAPTAIN JONES

See? They know nothing of value. As  
I've told you before, Harrows. This  
is how I do things here.

As Jonathan stands frozen in disgust, one rebel prisoner  
BREAKS FREE and runs behind the rocks and boulders.

CAPTAIN JONES

Don't just stand there!

Jonathan reluctantly pursues.

ROCKS AROUND CAVES -

The escaped rebel runs behind a large group of boulders.  
Jonathan rushes around the other side to cut him off.

He runs right into the rebel, who stops dead in his tracks.  
Jonathan steadily aims his pistol.

Although the rebel's face is covered, Jonathan can clearly  
see the terror in the rebels' eyes. There is something odd  
about them-- somehow, FEMININE in nature.

BRITISH SOLDIER (O.S.)

I think he ran this way!

Jonathan hears the soldiers come and lowers his pistol long  
enough for the escaped rebel to make a dash down the hill.

Jonathan turns as SEVERAL SOLDIERS ARRIVE. He looks back and  
forth until he finally yells out to the men...

JONATHAN

Men! Hurry! He went that way!

Jonathan points in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION. The soldiers rush past and follow Jonathan's false orders.

LATER:

The few British corpses are piled into a cart with gentle and revered care as the bodies of the rebels are left to rot where they lay.

Jonathan reports.

JONATHAN

Captain. I'm afraid the prisoner has escaped.

CAPTAIN JONES

Won't get far on foot. Set up a perimeter... We'll get the--

Corporal Lawrence rushes up and salutes the two officers.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Lieutenant. Come quick. There's something in the caves.

INT. CAVES - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace holds up a human skull and shows it to his men as Jonathan, the Captain, Corporal Lawrence and Paddy enter.

In his best Shakespeare pose, Wallace rests an arm on his waist and glares deeply into the skull's eyes.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Alas poor Sabu, I knew the bloke well.

The soldiers LAUGH.

Jonathan CLEARS HIS THROAT to make his presence known.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

We were retrieving the horses when we noticed this.

Jonathan sees a small statue exposed above the dirt.

He picks it up and examines the stone six-armed female warrior, brandishing swords in each hand. It is badly worn from the sands and time.

JONATHAN

Such workmanship. Gupta Dynasty, I venture.

He then walks over to the far end of the cave. A wall of boulders blocks a possible entrance.

JONATHAN

Paddy, could there be a temple behind all this?

Paddy rubs his hand along the rocks.

PADDY

Perhaps-- like Ajanta?

JONATHAN

Yes and the temple caves of Ellora.

He shows the small, foot-tall statue to Paddy.

JONATHAN

Which God is this?

Paddy examines it.

PADDY

So many Gods and Demons. See the swords? Only a great one, full of destruction, would wield so many blades-- maybe, strong as Brahma.

As Jonathan and Paddy discuss the archeology of this site, the Captain sees...

A SKELETAL HAND in the dirt. It has a grasp on A COPPER BOWL.

Although wrapped for more than a thousand years in the dust, the jewels sparkle in the Captain's eyes.

Stealthily, the Captain breaks the fingers off the skeletal hand, secretly hides the bowl under his field jacket and rejoins the men.

Unnoticed by all, a WISP OF A SMOKE SPIRIT rises from the skeletal hand and eerily floats above the men.

FROM THE SPIRIT'S P.O.V.

It slowly inspects each man, until it comes to the Captain. It quickly rushes towards him and ENTERS HIS BODY.

For a moment, the FACE of the High Priest SUPERIMPOSES onto the Captain's. He hunches over and covers his face in pain.

Corporal Lawrence turns to see the Captain weak in the knees.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Captain. Are you ill?

The Captain RETURNS TO NORMAL and regains his composure.

CAPTAIN JONES

I have seen enough! You are all wasting my time here.

JONATHAN

Permission to remain? This may be an entrance to a temple complex-- It can be of great interest to the Royal museum.

CAPTAIN JONES

My men and I are leaving, if you wish to play out here, you do so without her Majesty's protection.

Wallace steps up and salutes the Captain.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

I'd like to stay with the Lieutenant, Sir.

Jonathan's men step forward to show support as the Captain stares at them PERTURBED, but too weak and confused to argue.

EXT. CAVES - MOMENTS LATER

The Captain and his troops ride down the hill and away.

Jonathan and his men hide behind rocks, a hundred feet from the cave's entrance. An open box of the REBEL'S DYNAMITE lies nearby, along with the few artifacts they retrieved from the cave floor.

JONATHAN

Let's have a look, shall we?

Paddy closes his eyes and blocks his ears, as A LOUD EXPLOSION rocks the cave entrance.

They shield themselves as dust and stones shower over them.

INT. CAVES - MOMENTS LATER

The dust settles as the men enter the cave. The far wall has collapsed and a TUNNEL IS NOW OPEN.

Suddenly, A FOUL, DUSTY WIND rushes through the tunnels.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

God! That smell--

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Show some backbone, Corporal! No worse than the Thames in Summer.

INT. TUNNELS -

Jonathan leads his men into the dark tunnels. They pick up spent torches found on the tunnel's floor and LIGHT them.

JONATHAN

Let's be careful. There's--

Suddenly a SCREAM.

Jonathan and his men rush to see an OPEN PIT ON THE FLOOR of the tunnel.

Ten feet below, Private Franklin HOLDS ON for dear life on a small ledge.

Wallace quickly lays down at the edge and reaches out.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

It's all right lad-- Give me your hand!

Private Franklin reaches, but he is too far away.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Help me! I can't hold--

Jonathan YELLS OUT to Wallace as he unbuckles his pants.

JONATHAN

Wallace! Take my belt!

Wallace takes the belt, holds one end and throws it down to the terrified Private.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

I can almost reach--

He grabs for the belt, but loses his balance and drags Wallace off the edge.

Wallace falls a few feet, but grabs onto a small rock ledge, which quickly BREAKS AWAY.

Jonathan instinctively leaps to the ground and grabs Wallace's hand. Private Franklin wasn't as fortunate.

Franklin screams as he falls into the endless crevasse, all the way to a pitch-black oblivion.

Wallace struggles as Jonathan, Paddy and Private Smith pull him up. Jonathan lays on the ground for a moment, silently upset.

PADDY

We should go back, yes?

Jonathan looks at Wallace for direction but gets no indication of what to do.

JONATHAN

No. We press on.

Paddy is disappointed as Jonathan gets up, dusts himself off and proceeds further down the tunnels. They all keep a watchful eye for more dangers.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

The men enter the dark space and light more torches.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Holy mother of Jesus?

They see A HUNDRED ANCIENT SKELETONS littered on the floor.

The men step over the bones, as Jonathan and Paddy examine the walls covered with detailed paintings and markings.

PADDY

Oh my...

Paddy sees the large STATUE ALTAR of Mara and prays in Hindi as he clutches his medallion for protection.

PADDY

See, I was right-- a very bad and strong Demon. Mara-- death and destruction is her way.

Jonathan points to a wall painting of a blue eyes serpent-like woman of great beauty, yet evil in expression and form.

JONATHAN

Paddy. Look here.

Jonathan cleans the charred dust off a wall to reveal ancient text. He points out the writing.

JONATHAN

Sanskrit?

Paddy takes a closer look.

PADDY

Very old, but I can translate. I went to university. Delhi, class of eighty-three.

Jonathan, impressed, looks on as Paddy reads the markings.

PADDY

It reads that Mara can enter the body of a willing one who is pure of soul.

Jonathan sees one painting of worshipers gathered around a sacrifice. They're eyes are red as their fangs are bloody.

JONATHAN

And this?

PADDY

Vetalas. They are Mara's legion. Wandering spirits who possess the living, searching the land for blood and the vessel to bring Mara forth... See this drawing of the girl with the blue eyes? She is a sacrifice to--

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE (O.S.)

Well 'lookee' here.

They turn to see the Sergeant Major walk in from another tunnel. He wears a gold crown on his head and holds up dozens of jeweled necklaces in each hand.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

You all got to see this! There's a king's ransom back there!

The enlisted men rush over, but Paddy blocks the way.

PADDY

I would not touch. They are offerings to Mara. She will be most displeased.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

The wench can miss a few baubles.

JONATHAN

Sergeant Major, need I remind you that all this will go to the Royal Museum in London?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Don't fret Lieutenant. Just having a little touchy feel. No harm in that?

Wallace puts the items down near the altar and is startled by the stone gargoyles that rest at the statue's feet.

JONATHAN

It's going to be dark soon. We can return in the morning with carts and lanterns.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Good idea. Come on men.

Wallace and the others leave as Paddy steps up to Jonathan.

PADDY

May I remain? I will translate the inscriptions for you.

JONATHAN

If you feel that it is safe.

PADDY

The rebels will not return. As you say, we "kicked their bloody arses."

JONATHAN

Very well, but don't be long. We have a big day ahead of us.

INT. CAPTAIN JONES' OFFICE - DUSK

Giddy from battle, Captain Jones paces and swings his sword as he cleans the moist blood off the blade.

He goes to a porcelain washbowl on the dresser and washes the blood off his hands. Next to it rests the jewel-encrusted bowl he stole.

Captain Jones stares intently at the embedded jewels underneath the layers of dirt.

CAPTAIN JONES

Exquisite...

He pours water into the rust and dirt filled bowl. It turns the water blood red.

His eyes briefly GLOW RED and he gives a devilish grin, as he swirls the fluid around with his finger.

Instinctively, HE THRUSTS HIS HAND IN.

Suddenly, he falls to the floor in intense pain, as FLASHES of horrific images run through his head.

WHITE OUT:

FLASH MONTAGE:

- At the caves, the Captain shoots a rebel in the head. Blood splatters on his face as he laughs maniacally.

- In the desert, bloody from head to toe, he swirls his sword at hundreds of unknown soldiers as more lie dead at his feet.

- Laying on Mara's altar, a priest removes Jones' beating heart. Jones looks up to see that HE IS THE PRIEST.

WHITE OUT:

BACK TO SCENE:

The Captain wakes with a strange and excited grin on his face. Weakly, he looks up to see the SMOKY SPIRIT OF MARA.

CAPTAIN JONES

Who are...?

She is a seductive woman with six arms adorned with gold. Her eyes sparkle in the night-light. She kneels down beside the stunned Captain.

MARA

You are not of my people?

She strokes his blonde hair with her willowy smoke-like hand.

MARA

I see you have my priest within, but yet you resist. Strange...

She looks deep into his eyes.

MARA

You enjoy pleasure and pain-- and strong of will too-- for now.

She FADES INTO THIN AIR.

The Captain regains his composure and lets out a sigh, akin to sexual release.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT -

Several soldiers stand guard atop the walls as Jonathan and his men ride in through the gates and dismount.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Lieutenant... Join me for a pint? For Franklin and the others.

JONATHAN

Thank you Sergeant Major, but I wish to compile my notes. We leave for the cave at dawn, so have your men ready.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Aye, Lieutenant... Lieutenant?

JONATHAN

Yes?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

You're all right for a map 'wallah'?

JONATHAN

I hope that's a compliment.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Aye. It's what the locals call a  
bloke that's good at what he does.

JONATHAN

Thank you, Wallace.

Jonathan heads for the officer's bungalows as Wallace  
swaggers towards his pub.

INT. JONATHAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Jonathan walks into his room, loosens his jacket, removes  
his sword and pistol, and falls onto his bed-- exhausted.

A SPLASH comes from the bathroom nearby.

Confused, Jonathan creeps toward the door, which is ajar.

He is shocked to see...

JANE LYING IN THE TUB. Soap bubbles cover her up to her  
neck.

Startled, Jane grabs a towel to cover herself.

JANE

Oh! Hey there. You must be Jonathan?

Jonathan turns away, shocked by her presence and nakedness.

JONATHAN

Ah Miss... What are you doing?

JANE (O.S.)

Taking a bath, silly.

Jonathan blushes with great embarrassment.

JONATHAN

I'm honored, but I don't require a--  
a woman like yourself-- I am engaged.

Jane steps out into the main room covered by the towel.

JANE

Don't flatter yourself. It's not--

Just then, Barbara walks with a fresh dress. She is too busy  
admiring it to notice Jonathan.

BARBARA

Look at this Jane, all pressed and shiny. That Dinkins! Can you believe he tried to... Darling! You're here!

Barbara drops the dress and rushes to Jonathan's side.

BARBARA

Surprise! I've come to see you.

Jonathan is shocked and confused.

JONATHAN

Yes. I'm sure. But how-- when?

A gleam washes over his face.

He spins her around and is about to kiss her, when he notices Jane there and quickly puts Barbara back down.

Always the prim and proper gentleman, Jonathan kisses Barbara's cheek, much to her disappointment.

JONATHAN

You're really here! I so hoped you would come. I can't believe your father allowed it.

BARBARA

Well... Actually... I...

Jonathan's gleeful smile drops.

JONATHAN

You came without his permission? God! What were you thinking?

JANE

You were right Barb, he is cute-- a little stuck up, but still... cute.

Jonathan becomes ever so frustrated.

JONATHAN

Who is this... Woman?

BARBARA

This is Jane Parker-- she was more than happy to escort me here.

She takes the dress and goes behind a dressing screen.

JANE

You best settle down.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, but this is a matter  
between myself and my fiancée.

JANE

Well that's gonna wait, if we are to  
make it to the palace in time.

JONATHAN

The Palace?

Barbara slips on her dress behind the screen. She peeks her  
head out as she struggles with her corset.

BARBARA

Yes love, the Raj wishes to welcome  
me properly. You do have a formal  
uniform?

Jonathan is speechless as Jane helps Barbara get dressed.

JANE

Don't just stand there slack-jawed.  
We got a fancy dinner to git to.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER - SAME

The sounds of the desert wind rustle through the temple,  
rattling the silk drapes, which hang on the walls.

Paddy writes the inscriptions into a small journal by the  
light of a dozen lit torches placed around the temple.

He reads a passage on the wall and is SHOCKED.

PADDY

Oh my... No. This can't be.

Suddenly, the wind bursts through the temple and blows out  
all but one torch.

Paddy pulls out his MEDALLION and clutches it for assurance  
as a strange howl permeates throughout the temple.

He turns slowly to see a willowy fog raise from the floor  
and WISPS OF SMOKE SPIRITS rise from the ancient skeletons  
littered about.

His eyes widen in disbelief and fear.

PADDY

Please protect me, oh great Brahma!

He closes the journal, frantically heads to the entrance and prays in Hindi over his medallion.

The smoke spirits slowly drift towards the exit of the temple behind him.

INT. RAJ'S PALACE, DINING HALL - NIGHT

Dashingly dressed in his best uniform, Jonathan escorts Barbara and Jane into the lavish dining hall. Jane looks nice, although not quite as elegant as Barbara.

Harold Dinkins rushes over to greet them.

HAROLD DINKINS

At last, a breath of fresh air.

Barbara smiles and allows her hand to be kissed. Jane just stands there, out of place and uncomfortable.

Jonathan is not amused by Dinkins' compliments.

BARBARA

Thank you Mr. Dinkins. You remember Miss Parker?

HAROLD DINKINS

Of course. Miss Parker, I hope we can discuss your article. The export business is quite exciting.

Jane smiles politely and rolls her eyes at Barbara.

INSERT: NEAR THE DINING TABLE

At the other end of the dining hall, the Raj and Captain Jones chat near to the elegantly set dinner table.

RAJ

I protest. Insurgents they may be, but they still have rights under my rule. Was it necessary to execute--

CAPTAIN JONES

If I left it up to 'your rule', they would be dining here tonight, and you would be feeding the mares.

RAJ

I'm appalled! Your superiors will--

CAPTAIN JONES

They listen to me! I allow you to lead as a formality and can take it away if I see fit. Understood?

The Raj bows his head.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dinkins rambles as Jonathan, Barbara and Jane look on, bored.

HAROLD DINKINS

The chess pieces are exquisite. I myself downed a few elephants for the ivory. Exhilarating, I say...

Barbara notices the Raj and Captain Jones in heated debate.

BARBARA

Jonathan, is that your Captain? I would so much like to meet him.

HAROLD DINKINS

So, Miss Parker, what do you think?

JANE

Ah, well... I'll see what I can do.

Jonathan and Barbara walk away as Dinkins pesters Jane. Jonathan looks somewhat gloomy though.

BARBARA

What is it, love?

JONATHAN

Protocol dictates that I introduce you, but I must warn you dear, he is not at all what I like in a man.

BARBARA

We shall keep it short then.

Jonathan and Barbara approach the Raj and the Captain.

RAJ

Mrs. Harrows, glad to see you again.

Jonathan, confused, starts to respond when Barbara speaks.

BARBARA

Thank you. I am glad to see that you at least welcome my presence.

JONATHAN

Captain Jones. Allow me to present--

Barbara abruptly CUTS IN.

BARBARA

It is an honor to meet such a respected officer.

Jonathan glares at her as the Captain kisses her hand and notices her pale, BLUE EYES.

A look of shock falls upon Jones' face. He wipes his brow and straightens his uniform.

BARBARA

Captain? Is everything all right?

CAPTAIN JONES

I'm fine. I was just admiring your eyes. A unique shade of blue.

RAJ

Ah yes. Blue eyes have a great connection with my people. The Gods favor them-- very spiritual indeed.

Dinkins and Jane approach.

HAROLD DINKINS

So, Harrows. Good show today. Must have been exciting to put those heathens in their place.

JONATHAN

I do not take pleasure in battle. Those 'heathens' as you call them--

CAPTAIN JONES

The Lieutenant is still fresh. In time, he will relish the glory of a battle well fought.

RAJ

Lieutenant. I am told that you discovered a temple in the caves?

JONATHAN

Yes. Now that was exciting. It seems to be much older than those in Ellora. I am curious why a temple would be erected for Mara?

RAJ

Mara? No. You must be wrong. No one would devote a temple to such a hateful demon. She brings death.

Dinkins lets out a CHUCKLE.

HAROLD DINKINS

I just love all this Hindu mysticism. Gods and Demons. A bunch of hocus-pocus, if you ask me.

RAJ

No more than believing a man can walk on water, or raise the dead.

HAROLD DINKINS

Raj. Are you questioning the validity of our Lord Jesus Christ? Why that's blasphemous and--

A SERVANT rings the bell which announces dinner.

RAJ

We can debate our religious views later, but now we enjoy a most delicious dinner.

EXT. CAVES - SAME

Paddy frantically rushes out of the caves and mounts his carted horse. He rides down the hill at a maddening pace.

As he gets away, the wisps of smoke spirits exit the caves and quickly drift across the landscape.

INT. RAJ'S PALACE, DINING HALL - LATER

The guests settle into their seats.

Tara-ben enters and takes a seat next to the Raj. Her hair is covered with silks and a small ruby adorns her forehead.

TARA-BEN

Father, I am so sorry to be late.

RAJ

Where have you been all day? You should be thoughtful of our guests.

(to the others)

Gentlemen, and ladies. Allow me to introduce my daughter, Tara-ben.

Dinner is brought out by the servants. Elegant silver platters garnished with local flowers set the backdrop to the variety of exotic lamb and vegetable dishes.

Captain Jones, visibly ill, wipes his sweaty brow and pokes at his dinner, especially the well cooked meat.

JANE

Yes, Raj. Us Americans went through all this. Sure, your people get British protection, their trade, but what of freedom?

HAROLD DINKINS

This is not the American colonies. Famines are ravaging over sixty percent of this country. These people would starve to death if not for the crown's good graces.

A SERVANT serves a hearty soup to the well-fed guests.

JANE

Yet, England has no problem in taking Indian grain for export?

Tara-ben joins in.

TARA-BEN

I agree with Miss Parker. The Lagaan fills the pockets of the English.

RAJ

Tara-ben! Be mindful of your manners...

The Captain, unnerved, stands abruptly.

CAPTAIN JONES

Excuse me, I must finish my reports.

Jonathan stands and salutes as the Captain leaves.

Jonathan sits down and quietly sips his soup as he stares at Tara-ben and tries to place her face.

JONATHAN

Miss Tara-ben. I have noticed your fencing in the courtyard. Nice form.

The Raj turns red in anger.

RAJ

What is this? You know I do not approve of such actions?

TARA-BEN

But Father?

RAJ

But nothing! The only blade you should hold is that of this fine cutlery before you.

TARA-BEN

Yes Father. Forgive me.

Jonathan looks embarrassed for causing the argument.

JONATHAN

I'm terribly sorry. I did not mean to cause a rift between you and your father.

TARA-BEN

No need for apologies. The rift was caused long before you arrived.

HAROLD DINKINS

So Harrows. Marriage suits you well?

Barbara opens her mouth, but this time, Jonathan CUTS IN.

JONATHAN

There must be some confusion as Barbara is my fiancée. We are to be wed upon my return to England.

HAROLD DINKINS

I must have misunderstood... Not married and here in India? Not very proper if you ask me.

BARBARA

Not proper for a man to take Indian mistresses either.

HAROLD DINKINS

Well Lieutenant. You have a taskmaster. Be attentive of your notions.

Barbara begins to steam.

BARBARA

A taskmaster? Well!

Aghast, she throws her silverware down, stands and dashes out of the room. Jonathan glares at mildly embarrassed Dinkins.

JONATHAN

That was quite out of line Dinkins. If I were not a gentleman, I would be tempted to hand you your hat.

Jonathan throws his napkin onto the table and storms out after Barbara.

HAROLD DINKINS

Well! I never.

JANE

The night is young, Dinkins. Someone may still knock you onto your ass. If you'll excuse me.

Jane leaves. Dinkins is mildly embarrassed, while the Raj and Tara-ben look on, amused by the incident.

INT. CAPTAIN JONES' OFFICE -

Captain Jones bursts into his office and feverishly grabs the bowl.

MARA (O.S.)

Come for more pleasure? Or pain?

Jones turns to see Mara, as beautiful as before. She comes to him and caresses his shoulders with her six arms.

His eyes glow red and he smiles with a set of pointy fangs. He drools with excitement.

MARA

Good. Now, you are ready.

CAPTAIN JONES

I am-- my mistress.

Mara looks into his eyes and sees the REFLECTION OF BARBARA within them.

She leans in and licks his ear with her serpent-like tongue.

Captain Jones shudders.

MARA

Yes. The blue-eyed girl. She will bring me forth. You know what to do?

CAPTAIN JONES

I do.

INT. THE BULLDOG'S BOLLOCKS PUB - LATER

Jane ENTERS the almost empty pub.

JANE

Well this looks like a fun place.

She sees Sergeant Major Wallace drinking alone. His beefy arms flex as he lifts a full quart of Ale. She smiles, pulls out a cigar and heads over.

JANE

How's the beer here?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Finest stout from Saint James Gate.

He notices her large cigar.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Now that looks like a fine cheroot?

JANE

Buy me a beer and you can have one.

Wallace motions the barmaid, who heads over with drinks.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

My private stock. Enjoy.

Jane swig backs the black Ale and WINCES at the TASTE.

JANE

My God! This beer is skunked!

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Doesn't take the trip well, but it's  
a Guinness. No other shall pass these  
lips, but perhaps a Pale Indian Ale  
may be better for your dainty palate.

Jane looks hard at the big brute, smiles and swigs the rest  
of the Ale. She belches and wipes the froth off her lips.  
Wallace looks on impressed.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Take it easy, lass. Don't expect you  
to keep up-- being a woman and all.

Jane hands Wallace a cigar, as promised, and motions the  
barmaid for another round.

JANE  
Try not to hit your head on the table  
when I drink you under it.

Wallace smirks and takes a long draw from the cigar.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Where have you been all my life girl?

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT, FRONT GATE - NIGHT

ALL IS QUIET. Private Smith stands watch at the gate.

PRIVATE CONNERS, 30's, approaches, lights a rolled cigarette  
and offers another to Smith.

PRIVATE CONNERS  
How goes the watch, Smithee?

Private Smith takes the smoke and lights it.

PRIVATE SMITH  
All's quiet. I sure could use a  
tankard right now. To keep me wits.

PRIVATE CONNERS  
Aye, would be nice, but the Captain  
would hang us by our goolies...

As they speak, Smith sees a SMOKE SPIRIT fly over them.

PRIVATE SMITH  
Lordy! What was that?

PRIVATE CONNERS

What?

Another smoke spirit flies past.

Private Smith looks up to the sky and doesn't see the spirit  
ENTER CONNERS' BODY.

SILENTLY, Conners flinches in distress as another spirit  
flies over the wall and past them.

PRIVATE SMITH

There it is! Another!

NO RESPONSE.

PRIVATE SMITH

Conners?

Smith turns and LOOKS IN HORROR to see Conners with his eyes  
red and an ashen look upon his face.

Private Smith backs away and screams, when suddenly, Conners  
bares his fangs and lunges at him.

As Smith is torn apart, a HORDE OF SMOKE SPIRITS fly over  
the high walls into the cantonment's courtyard.

INT. JONATHAN'S BUNGALOW -

Barbara packs her suitcases, as Jonathan pounds on the door.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Please dear, open this door  
immediately! You're being childish!

Finally, she opens the door and Jonathan enters.

BARBARA

Well?

Jonathan sits on the bed and thinks long.

JONATHAN

Dinkins was crude, but he is right.  
This is just not proper-- we can lose  
everything. Propriety and protocol  
means so much these days. I am sorry,  
but--

BARBARA

I came all this way to be with you,  
and all you care is how our lives are  
dictated to be. What about your  
feelings? Do you even still love me?

JONATHAN

Of course I love you, but--

BARBARA

But nothing. Why can't you follow  
your heart instead of that damned  
head of yours?

Outside, SCREAMS ring out as dozens of British soldiers rush  
past, many half-dressed and poorly armed.

SOLDIERS (O.S.)

We are under attack!

Jonathan leaps up and grabs his sword, rifle and pistol.

JONATHAN

Just stay put my love. We'll talk  
more when I return.

BARBARA

Jonathan! Please don't leave me.

JONATHAN

It's my duty. You'll be safe. The  
rebels have no quarrel with  
civilians.

He opens the door and is surprised to see Paddy.

JONATHAN

Paddy! What is going on?

PADDY

Sahib! Vet alas I tell you! Vet alas!

Suddenly, a VETALAS POSSESSED British soldier pops up behind  
Paddy.

It reaches for him, but sees Jonathan and lunges for him  
instead.

Jonathan, caught off guard, falls to the floor with the  
Vetalas warrior.

Barbara screams out.

BARBARA

Jonathan!

Jonathan frantically reaches for his sword while he fends off the attack.

With all his strength, he grabs the sword, pushes the Vetalas warrior off and gives a quick, swift JAB.

Its head lops off and rolls to Barbara's feet.

SHE SCREAMS AND FALLS FAINT.

Jonathan sheathes his sword and holds up Barbara as she awakens.

BARBARA

My God, that-- that man was--

He throws his rifle to Paddy and readies his pistol.

JONATHAN

Stay and protect her.

PADDY

Yes, Sahib.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT -

Jonathan rushes out the door and into the carnage.

The parade grounds are filled with a legion of British soldiers who have been TRANSFORMED into Vetalas warriors. They slaughter the unprepared and human British soldiers.

The Vetalas warriors feast upon the living. They lap the blood from the wounds of the wounded and dying.

Although visibly afraid, Jonathan swings at anything with glowing eyes and fangs.

He ducks as a Vetalas warrior swings a sword at him.

Jonathan steps back, aims his pistol, and FIRES, taking its sword hand clean off.

Jonathan hears a brutish yell and runs behind the buildings.

Sergeant Major Wallace fights five Vetalas warriors single-handedly.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Take that you beasties!

Jonathan rushes to help, even though the Sergeant Major does well in fending for himself.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

What in hell, Lieutenant?

Jonathan STABS a Vetelas warrior.

JONATHAN

I don't right know.

He kicks one in the chest.

Sergeant Major lops the legs out from one of the Vetelas warriors, leaving only a torso clawing towards him.

It tugs at his pant legs.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Sweet mother Mary!

He instinctively stomps on its head, crushing it.

With the situation somewhat under control, Jonathan turns as he hears a woman's scream.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Go. I'm sound here, but we'll need more rounds shortly.

He cuts another warrior down.

JONATHAN

I'll meet you at the armory.

EXT. RAJ'S PALACE -

Jonathan runs up and sees Jane and the Raj being attacked by two Vetelas warriors on the Palace balcony.

RAJ

Please. No!

The Raj cowers as one lunges at his neck, tearing him apart.

Jane fires her pistol at the beasts, hitting one in the head, while the other manages to get close.

Jonathan shakily takes aim and fires. The warrior is hit and falls off the balcony. It lays dead as it hits the ground.

JANE

What the hell are these things?

JONATHAN

I don't... Are you fine?

Jane fires at the one trying to get up off the floor.

JANE

All things considered, I rather be in New York, but I'll manage. Where's Barb--

INT. JONATHAN'S BUNGALOW -

Paddy paces about as SCREAMS outside fill the courtyard. Barbara sits nervously on the bed, jumping with each scream and gunshot.

The door pounds.

Paddy warily peeks out to see Captain Jones.

CAPTAIN JONES

Where is Miss Billings? Harrows wants her kept safe in the armory.

BARBARA

Captain. Oh thank God!

Paddy looks towards Barbara.

PADDY

She is right here--

Jones fires his revolver at Paddy's chest.

Paddy is thrown back and hits the floor, limp.

CAPTAIN JONES

Imbecile.

He enters the room along with several Vetalas warriors.

BARBARA

Oh my God! What is going on?

Jones smiles, shows his fangs, and turns to his warriors.

CAPTAIN JONES

Take her!

Two Vetalas warriors rush up as Barbara screams in terror.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT, COURTYARD - SAME

Jonathan fights his way to the armory as he steps over the bodies of many of his men.

While reloading his pistol, he uses a sword to fight.

Nearby, several Vetalas warriors attack Tara-ben.

He rushes to her aid, only to see that she has excellent swordsmanship.

She lops arms and heads off with ease.

TARA-BEN

Lieutenant! Watch out!

Jonathan ducks as a Vetalas warrior swings at his head.

Tara-ben takes the advantage to cut the warrior down.

JONATHAN

Thanks!

Jonathan and Tara-ben fight side-by-side until only one Vetalas warrior remains.

Tara-ben swings wildly, forcing the silk covering her hair to swing across her face.

Jonathan sees her eyes and realizes she is the escaped rebel from the hills.

JONATHAN

You!

TARA-BEN

Yes, and now we are even.

She cuts down the lone Vetalas warrior. It falls to the ground, dead.

JONATHAN

But-- the Raj's daughter?

TARA-BEN

All the more to protect my people.

Captain Jones charges around a corner with a dozen Vetalas warriors, one carrying the unconscious Barbara.

JONATHAN

Barbara!

Jonathan and Tara-ben rushes towards them as Jonathan grabs a rifle off the ground.

Captain Jones takes Barbara over his shoulder.

CAPTAIN JONES

Kill them! Kill them all!

Half of the warriors raise swords and rush forward as Jonathan and Tara-ben fight furiously to defend themselves.

JONATHAN

Barbara!

INT. JONATHAN'S BUNGALOW -

Paddy lies on the floor, motionless. Slowly, he awakes, moans and rubs his chest.

PADDY

Thank you Brahma! Oh thank you!

He pulls out from under his shirt his medallion. It's dented from where the bullet hit.

He kisses it repeatedly as he happily prays to his Gods.

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT, FRONT GATE -

Captain Jones rides out with Barbara draped over his saddle. He is followed by his Vetalas warriors.

From behind the gate...

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks the cantonment and palace.

They ride out into the desert as the edge of the sun peaks over the landscape.

FADE TO:

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT - DAWN

The grounds are littered with corpses from both sides and smoke fills the air from the many buildings burned to the ground.

Jonathan, saddened and fatigued, drops to his knees as Paddy stumbles over.

JONATHAN

Oh God... I should have stayed with Barbara. What does he want with her? If Jones harms one hair on her head!

PADDY

Then you must save her.

JONATHAN

How? What are the rules of engagement for those things... And with what men? No. No. Our only course of action is to contact General Wesley in Amhadd--

PADDY

Forgive me, but you are unsure of your abilities as a leader, Sahib.

JONATHAN

I fared well against those creatures-- after all, I am still here.

PADDY

I was not referring to last night's attack...

Jonathan looks up to Paddy, confused.

JONATHAN

What?

PADDY

The day you arrived. Do you remember the snake charmer in the bazaar?

JONATHAN

Yes, but what does that have to--

PADDY

You asked if it was a trick. The Cobra was trained for many months to dance to the flute's movement.

PADDY (CONT'D)

Unlike it's wild brother, who he acts by what he feels to be right rather than what he has been taught to blindly accept.

JONATHAN

Rubbish! My military training is not at question here-- and I am not some beast in the wilds. I am a gentleman and an officer.

PADDY

The true question at hand is whether you will dance to the tune of protocol or the one that plays in your heart?

Jonathan sits quietly distraught.

PADDY

Memsahib Barbara needs your heart now, more than ever.

One by one, Wallace, Jane and a dozen soldiers, all beaten and worn, stumble out to Jonathan.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

My God Lieutenant, what the hell were those beasties?

Paddy, clutches his medallion and yells out to the group.

PADDY

They are Vetalas-- the undead! They feast upon the living and are legion to Mara. Only by the grace of Brahma do we live.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

What have you been drinking?

HAROLD DINKINS (O.S.)

Is it safe?

Harold Dinkins cautiously peeks his head out from under a cart, crawls out and dusts himself off.

JANE

Where's Barbara? Is she dead?

Jonathan bows his head.

PADDY

Memsahib Barbara is alive and safe.  
That I am sure of.

Paddy pulls out his translation journal and shows all.

PADDY

The Sanskrit from the temple. See...  
She is to be the vessel-- a pure soul  
to give Mara a new life...

Dinkins looks over the papers.

PADDY

The sacrifice will take time-- Jones  
will not harm her, not yet. She must  
be made ready first.

HAROLD DINKINS

There you go with that mumbo-jumbo.  
Are we to take all this seriously? I  
say we leave for Bombay and let the  
Empire--

Paddy points at the destruction all around.

PADDY

Is this not serious enough for you?  
If Jones succeeds and Mara comes  
forth, all of India and your precious  
Empire will lay waste at her feet. We  
must stop it before it is too late!

HAROLD DINKINS

This is poppycock! Lieutenant. You  
are the ranking officer here and a  
proper one at that. What say you?

Jonathan stands, straightens his uniform, clears his throat  
and addresses the survivors.

JONATHAN

Jones has taken Barbara. You all saw--  
he's in charge of those-- those...  
Vetalas. We will mount an attack  
immediately!

Wallace cuts in.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Attack! With what? Us? No. No. We get  
reinforcements from Ahmadabad-- an  
entire division-- one day's time and--

Jonathan forcefully cuts Wallace off.

JONATHAN

Sergeant Major! I am your commanding officer and you shall dance to my tune. Understood?

He stands toe to toe with Wallace. The look of determination and new found authority on his face, takes Wallace aback.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

But, we have no force. In these situations, we are to--

JONATHAN

No! We will follow them-- NOW! Before the sacrifice!

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Sacrifices, demons? How can we believe all this?

JONATHAN

Enough! I believe and that is all that matters... Paddy, how much time do we have?

PADDY

The ceremony is most arduous. Maybe one day-- maybe two.

Jonathan glances to Tara-ben.

JONATHAN

We have time, but we cannot do this alone... Perhaps, with the rebels--

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Rebels? Come on Lieutenant! What makes you think those heathens will believe, let alone help us?

Jonathan turns to Tara-ben.

JONATHAN

Well?

Everyone looks on confused as Tara-ben thinks.

TARA-BEN

I will take you to them.

Jonathan turns to a utterly dumbfounded Wallace.

JONATHAN

Sergeant Major! Muster all available weapons. I need a volunteer to ride to Ahmadabad, while we attend to the rebels for aid.

A YOUNG PRIVATE, no worse for the wear, steps up.

YOUNG PRIVATE

I volunteer, Sir.

JONATHAN

Good. Miss Parker, I think you should go also. It would be safer--

JANE

Oh no! I'm coming with you.

HAROLD DINKINS

This is madness! You'll do this all without me. I am a business man, not a soldier.

EXT. JAIPUR DESERT - DAY

Harold Dinkins, on horseback along with the others, struggles to hold the reins and a rifle. Rounds of ammunition are belted over his shoulder.

HAROLD DINKINS

Drafted? Wait until the consulate hears of this!

Ahead, Tara-ben and Jonathan lead the party.

JONATHAN

I will speak to your leader. I'm sure he can be--

TARA-BEN

As you are well aware, these men do not like the British. I will explain. Your men should stay back.

She rides ahead as Wallace rides up to Jonathan.

He is armed to the teeth with a dozen rifles strapped onto his saddle.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

If you ask me Lieutenant, it's daft.  
The Raj's daughter-- a rebel? Shows  
how desperate they are.

JONATHAN

Right now we need the help. Once we  
arrive, fall back fifty yards. They  
will be a bit apprehensive.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

That's an understatement.

They all ride over a small ridge.

EXT. REBEL CAMP -

The rebels crowd around tents as Jonathan's party comes into  
view. THIRTY MEN quickly scamper about, readying weapons.

Tara-Ben, arm raised, yells out in Hindi and rides in alone  
as Jonathan and his men stay back at a safe distance.

Tara-Ben dismounts her horse as a REBEL ELDER trots over and  
grabs the horse's reins. She points to Jonathan's party as  
she speaks in Hindi to the rebel party.

JONATHAN

Paddy. Is she making a good case with  
her leader?

Paddy smiles and barely contains a laugh as he listens to  
Tara-ben.

PADDY

Oh my! You will be quite amused with  
this turn of events.

Tara-ben waves to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Good. Let's move in.

They all ride up. Jonathan dismounts as the rebels stare  
cautiously at the British.

Jonathan heads to Tara-Ben and the Rebel Elder and shakes  
the man's hand.

JONATHAN

It is an honor to meet a noble warrior. I trust Tara-ben has explained? Will you help us.

The Rebel Elder LAUGHS at Jonathan. All the rebels laugh along. Jonathan, visibly confused, turns to Tara-ben.

JONATHAN

Have I said something amusing?

TARA-BEN

He is not their leader, he but tends to the horses.

Jonathan is still confused.

JONATHAN

A stable boy? Well, if he isn't your leader, then who is?

Tara-ben smirks.

TARA-BEN

These are 'my' men, Lieutenant. I lead them.

Jonathan looks at Paddy, who shoots back a big toothy grin.

PADDY

I told you it was amusing. No?

Tara-ben turns to her men.

TARA-BEN

To Victory! Jitta!

THE REBELS CHEER.

She turns back to Jonathan, who finally "gets it."

TARA-BEN

We fight for a free India. Your Captain's brutality has only strengthened our will for independence.

JONATHAN

I respect your rights, but what of our more pressing problem? Once the division from Ahmadabad arrives, we will need your knowledge of the hills.

TARA-BEN

Agreed. Jones is a truly evil man--  
and now, with Mara...

She holds Jonathan's hand and raises their arms up high.

TARA-BEN

Jitta!

Everyone cheers.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER - SAME

Barbara awakens and finds herself strapped down to the stone altar. She struggles for a moment until a hand grabs her wrist.

Barbara turns and screams as a Vetalas warrior holds her still. It licks its lips at the sight of fresh meat.

BARBARA

Oh God. Jonathan! Help!

Jones, draped with exotic silks over his uniform, shoves the Vetalas warrior away and leans close to Barbara.

CAPTAIN JONES

I trust you had a good nap?

Barbara struggles with her straps.

BARBARA

You beast! Do you know who I am? My  
father, General Billings will--

Jones lets out a hearty laugh.

CAPTAIN JONES

That over bloated, poor excuse for a  
military man. While I fought the  
Afghans knee deep in entrails, do you  
know where your gallant father was?

Barbara looks at him, aghast.

CAPTAIN JONES

He was safe in a field tent with his  
precious maps.

(mimics the General)

Maps! Maps win wars, son. Strategy is  
the Empire's greatest asset...

He caresses her hair and she cringes at his greasy touch.

CAPTAIN JONES

I did all the dirty work, while he sipped tea with Brigadier Thelwell and the other would-be Caesars.

BARBARA

Where's Jonathan? When he finds you, he will hand you your hat! LET ME GO!

Jones slaps her hard across the face.

CAPTAIN JONES

Silence! You are in no position to make demands. I alone hold that honor.

He gently caresses her bruised face.

CAPTAIN JONES

Now. You will give me the pleasure of your favors.

BARBARA

I will not do anything for you.

CAPTAIN JONES

Oh yes-- you will.

He nods at two Vetalas warriors who approach the altar with a small bowl, filled with a black, viscous fluid.

CAPTAIN JONES

This will loosen your spirit-- drink!

BARBARA

I will not!

She tightens her lips.

CAPTAIN JONES

Don't make me force it upon you... On second thought, maybe it would be best.

The Vetalas warriors hold her down as Jones forces her mouth open.

Barbara gags as he forcibly pours it down her throat.

CAPTAIN JONES

Drink up girl. There's plenty more before you are proper.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - SAME

Rebels and British soldiers work together in the field around the camp.

Some Rebels show the British Hindi swordplay as the British show the other Rebels the Empire's way of rifle drilling.

At one end of the compound, Wallace reprimands Jane, who holds a rifle with her hands too close to the butt.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

No! Not like that-- you'll bloody shoot your arse off that way.

Wallace moves behind her and holds her close as he positions the rifle in the right form.

He flusters as her hair brushes against his face.

Jane smiles, touches his hand and positions the rifle across her chest.

JANE

Like this?

She gives him a seductive smile.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Ah... That'll have to do. I guess.

Wallace rubs his face, hides his blushed cheeks and marches to Jonathan, Tara-ben and Paddy, who study the map that Jonathan draws.

JONATHAN

From what I remember, this tunnel is thirty paces deep.

He uses a compass and rule to finish the map as he points out various locations.

JONATHAN

We place the explosives here and once Barbara is safe, we set them off as we head back out-- trapping them for an eternity.

PADDY

There will be enough explosives to do it, that I will make sure of.

TARA-BEN

My men will be ready.

Tara-ben heads down the hill as Jonathan looks over the map.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Lieutenant, I don't know about this. These rebels hit and run like wild animals. How can we hope to keep them in line?

JONATHAN

Make do Sergeant Major-- make do. Once the reinforcements arrive, let's see how Jones manages.

PADDY

Do not discount Mara's will.

Sergeant Major Wallace holds his rifle out and cocks it.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

She won't fare too well with a muzzle in her gullet.

PADDY

If the ceremony is complete and Mara possesses Memsahib Barbara, she will be invincible. Your rifles and blades will not harm her. Nothing will.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Ahh-- horse droppings!

He turns and yells down the hill to the soldiers who are training in disarray.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Corporal Lawrence! Assemble the troops! We drill 'em again and again until they get it right!

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Aye, Sergeant Major!

Jonathan grabs Wallace's shoulder and motions to Paddy to come over.

JONATHAN

Paddy. I am quite uneasy of sitting here-- waiting.

PADDY

What is your command then?

JONATHAN

You two feel up to a leisurely stroll?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Let me get my walking stick.

Wallace quickly heads down the hill.

Paddy smiles and places a hand on Jonathan's shoulder.

PADDY

Now you think like a wild Cobra.

Jonathan proudly smiles.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER - LATER

The temple, now cleaned, looks as it did over a thousand years earlier.

Barbara finishes another cup of the black, hypnotic fluid. Her eyes, now glazed over, twinkle in the torchlight.

CAPTAIN JONES

Now my dear... Do you give yourself freely to the mistress?

She shakes her head and tries to stave off the drug's effect.

BARBARA

But... Jonathan...

CAPTAIN JONES

Jonathan wants to send you home, alone.

BARBARA

But... He loves me.

CAPTAIN JONES

No. Mara loves you.

He kisses her gently on her forehead. Slowly she slips away as she CLOSES HER EYES for a moment.

BARBARA'S P.O.V.

As she REOPENS her eyes, Barbara sees her father, General Billings, standing before her, instead of Jones.

Barbara is too far gone to question it.

BARBARA

Father?... I'm sorry I ran away. Are you angry?

GENERAL BILLINGS

No, love, but you will do as I say now? You will give yourself to Mara.

BARBARA

But, what about Jonathan?

GENERAL BILLINGS

I am here, not he. That alone should tell you something.

Barbara sheds a tear.

BARBARA

Yes, father. I will do as you wish.

GENERAL BILLINGS

Good girl. Drink some more...

The General hands her the cup, turns away and TRANSFORMS back into CAPTAIN JONES.

He gives off a demonic smirk as Barbara succumbs to the drug's hypnotic effect.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - DUSK

Dinkins belts back a drink from his flask.

Around him, a campfire warms the center of the camp. All enjoy a final feast before going into battle.

The British soldiers sit intermixed with their rebel counterparts. Tara-ben passes a plate of clay-baked chicken and lamb to Jane.

TARA-BEN

Tandoori.

Dinkins sits away from the fire and drinks from his flask.

JANE

Come on Dinkins, join in-- tastes just like chicken.

HAROLD DINKINS

I don't think so.

A rebel takes out a stringed instrument and begins to play a LIVELY SONG. Another rebel bangs on a small drum as the Indians get up and dance around the fire.

Tara-ben tries to get Dinkins to join in.

TARA-BEN

Dance with us. We celebrate the battle to come against Jones. It will give us strength.

HAROLD DINKINS

I will not!

Tara-ben goes to a YOUNG REBEL and takes his hand.

In homage to a "BOLLY-WOOD" MUSICAL, Tara-ben and the young rebel dances and sings a Hindi duet about love and victory against all odds.

Dinkins turns his back to the party.

HAROLD DINKINS

What a farce.

He raises his nose to the event and takes the opportunity to slip away from camp.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TERRAIN - NIGHT

With the cover of darkness, Wallace, Paddy and Jonathan ride their horses quietly towards the caves.

Wallace carries his "walking stick," a rather large rifle.

PADDY

Sahib, not to question your authority, but shouldn't we have brought more soldiers?

JONATHAN

We're only going to take a look Paddy-  
- assess the enemy...

THEY STOP.

Jonathan pulls out his surveying scope and uses it to see the caves.

JONATHAN

Only a few guards-- good. How many do you venture are inside?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Sixty or so left the cantonment with Jones.

Wallace lights one of Jane's cigars as Jonathan continues to spy on the caves.

JONATHAN

Paddy. Something I don't understand. The way Jones and Dinkins treat your people. You could have joined Taraben, yet you do nothing?

Paddy shoots an insulted look.

PADDY

Nothing? I have three daughters and a son. They will see India have its independence. Until then, I send my wage so they have food, clothes and opportunities.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Pretty noble for an Indian. Wouldn't think that of you.

PADDY

And why not? Just because I am not--

Jonathan sees something head towards the caves.

JONATHAN

Hold on... What the hell?

INTERCUT: ACROSS THE DESERT - SAME

Harold Dinkins rides his horse, packed with supplies. He struggles with the reins.

HAROLD DINKINS

I should have stayed in bloody England. Open a small bonnet shop in York-- bonnets are quite profitable-- and the ladies...

JONATHAN LOWERS THE SCOPE.

JONATHAN  
Dinkins? That idiot!

Wallace rubs his face in disgust.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Do we have to save his arse?

JONATHAN  
I'm afraid so.

Jonathan kicks his horse's side and storms off.

DINKINS MOVES CLOSER TO THE CAVE.

He sees lights in the distance.

HAROLD DINKINS  
Civility? Oh thank the Lord.

He rides closer to the lights, until he spots a cave with six men at the entrance holding torches. Dinkins bellows out in his usual pompousness.

HAROLD DINKINS  
I say! Can you help me find the  
closest rail? I say out there! Where  
can I catch the train?

The figures notice and quickly mount their horses.

Dinkins finally sees that they are Jones' Vetalas warriors.

HAROLD DINKINS  
Lord! Not again!

He tries to turn his horse, but they quickly surround him and grab at his reins.

Spooked, HIS HORSE BUCKS and throws Dinkins to the ground. He cowers as the warriors surround him.

HAROLD DINKINS  
Please don't hurt me! I'm a friend of  
Captain Jones! Your Captain!

The Vetalas warriors lean in and grab him.

Just then, JONATHAN RIDES UP and LEAPS OFF HIS HORSE.

He tackles a Vetalas warrior to the ground as the other warriors let Dinkins go, who falls to the ground and cowers.

HAROLD DINKINS  
Harrows. Thank God!

JONATHAN  
Shut up!

He stabs a Vetalas warrior in the neck.

HAROLD DINKINS  
(whimpers)  
I just wanted to go home. I have a  
weak constitution and--

Paddy and Wallace stomp their horses through the Vetalas warriors, quickly dismount, and join in the fight.

Paddy cocks his rifle, but Wallace stops him.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
No. That'll bring the whole lot upon  
us. Use this.

He throws a sword to Paddy and the two of them battle the half dozen Vetalas warriors.

Dinkins, fearful for his life scrambles away to safety.

HAROLD DINKINS  
I wish to help, Harrows-- but as you  
can see-- I am unarmed and--

As he speaks, he is unexpectedly greeted by a Vetalas warrior who grabs him by the shoulder and throws him over the saddle.

It turns and rides quickly back to the caves.

HAROLD DINKINS  
Harrows! Help!

As the last Vetalas warrior is killed, Jonathan grabs his horse and mounts up to pursue Dinkins, but Wallace stops him and grabs the reins.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
In God's hands now. For us too, I'm  
afraid.

PADDY  
Sahib, I can go back for help.

JONATHAN

No. Let's get back to camp, plans  
have obviously changed.

INT. TREASURE ROOM -

Harold Dinkins is thrown into the dark room along with a lit  
torch.

He gets up and dusts himself off as he grabs the torch off  
the ground, which lights the room with an eerie glow.

He is amazed to see...

HAROLD DINKINS

Lord...

TREASURE! Dozens of brass caskets hold gold coins, jewels  
and other precious items. They are stacked high along the  
walls. Other chests hold spears, staffs and swords made of  
the precious metal.

Dinkins rushes over to an open chest and quickly fills his  
pockets with all the gold and jewels he can grab.

CAPTAIN JONES (O.S.)

I see you've made yourself at home.

Jones ENTERS the chamber, picks up a long golden staff from  
one of the caskets and examines its detailed workmanship.

Behind him, a Vetalas warrior stands guard.

CAPTAIN JONES

The ancients placed a king's ransom  
here as tribute to Mara. She may not  
take kindly to you taking what is  
rightfully hers.

HAROLD DINKINS

Captain Jones. So good to see you. I  
was just admiring all this. Excellent  
workmanship I must say.

He empties his pockets.

CAPTAIN JONES

I do not have time for a chit chat.

HAROLD DINKINS

I agree, and I wouldn't dream of keeping you from this demon business and all...

CAPTAIN JONES

Why then have you come into the lion's den?

HAROLD DINKINS

I do not wish to be on the losing team. From the looks of things, you're ahead a few wickets.

CAPTAIN JONES

Is this a trick? What can you offer me that I do not already possess?

HAROLD DINKINS

Information, my good Captain, Information-- such as Harrows' plans of attack.

CAPTAIN JONES

I'm listening.

HAROLD DINKINS

I trust that you will give me your word as an officer and a gentleman that my life be spared.

Dinkins looks around the room at the treasure.

CAPTAIN JONES

And?

HAROLD DINKINS

A few gold trinkets would be nice. Compensation as such.

Jones thinks for a moment.

CAPTAIN JONES

Agreed. What is Harrows planning?

HAROLD DINKINS

He has teamed up with the rebels.

CAPTAIN JONES

Not quite by the book. I'm impressed. Their strength?

HAROLD DINKINS

Forty or so. Mostly those heathens  
with swords.

CAPTAIN JONES

No match. Good.

HAROLD DINKINS

They have, however, sent word for  
reinforcements.

CAPTAIN JONES

Expected. When do they arrive?

Dinkins stutters nervously.

HAROLD DINKINS

By mid-morning?

Jones is amused.

CAPTAIN JONES

Thank you, Dinkins, you are a credit  
to greedy, slimy merchants  
everywhere.

He hands the staff to the guard.

CAPTAIN JONES

Give him his gold.

Harold Dinkins backs up and falls into the stash of treasure  
as the Vetelas warrior moves closer, lifting the staff as a  
spear.

HAROLD DINKINS

Jones, please! We had a deal! Your  
word. You gave me your word!

CAPTAIN JONES

I am no more of a gentleman than you.  
I am offended that you thought  
otherwise.

Jones leaves as the Vetelas plunges the gold staff into  
Dinkins' torso.

Dinkins screams as the warrior leaps onto him and feasts.

INT. SMALL CHAMBER -

Captain Jones sits on the floor.

He takes the jeweled sacrificial bowl and places his hand in the bloody fluid.

The spirit of Mara appears to him.

MARA

Is all ready?

Captain Jones kneels before her.

CAPTAIN JONES

Soon, Mistress. Your vessel nearly awaits.

MARA

She must be willing! Make no mistake!

CAPTAIN JONES

The drug works well. She will be more than willing. But... We have a situation with our enemies.

She leans in closer.

MARA

I will show you how mortals fear so easily.

Captain Jones smiles as Mara touches his forehead.

His brow glows briefly as she DISSOLVES into thin air.

CAPTAIN JONES

I see... Smashing.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Captain Jones enters and walks towards the statue altar as dozens of Vetalas warriors bow before him.

CAPTAIN JONES

Prepare for the ceremony. We begin at the moon's zenith.

The warriors leave him alone as he continues to the altar.

Jones pulls out a jeweled dagger and slices his hand open.

Blood drips onto the small STONE GARGOYLES that stand at the feet of Mara's statue.

Drop by drop, the blood trickles into the Gargoyles' mouths.

CAPTAIN JONES

Now. Let us see what the young  
Lieutenant is up to...

EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

Around the campfire, everyone drinks, laughs and sings as  
dancing fills the night.

They don't stop as Jonathan, Paddy and Wallace storm in on  
horseback.

JONATHAN IS FURIOUS.

JONATHAN

What in God's name!?

Faced with the sight of the party, Sergeant Major Wallace  
rubs his face in disgust.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

See, I told you we can't expect much  
from these people.

PADDY

Sahib, it is a custom to celebrate  
before battle.

JONATHAN

Custom or not-- Enough!

They quickly dismount and head to the campfire.

JONATHAN

Listen everyone!

THEY PAY NO ATTENTION.

Jane runs up to Wallace and mildly drunk, hugs him.

JANE

Horatio. Where have you been? Come  
on, let's dance!

Jane grabs Wallace's hand and drags him to the dance. He  
reluctantly dances like a lumbering ox.

JONATHAN

I said, listen!

Still, no one pays mind to him.

Jonathan FIRES his pistol in the air.

JONATHAN

Quiet!

THE MUSIC STOPS and everyone now pays close attention.

JONATHAN

Dinkins was captured by the Vetelas.  
Jones may already know of our plans  
and position. We can no longer depend  
on the reinforcements from...

His voice is slowly overpowered by the FLUTTER OF WINGS.

Everyone looks around for the source.

PADDY

Oh my...

SWOOP! The GARGOYLES ATTACK.

They swoop down, ripping at the flesh of whoever is in their way.

A rebel is hit in the back. The gargoyle rips into his flesh as he spins around and falls into the fire.

A moment later, the gargoyle flies from out of the fire, unscathed.

PADDY

Bhutas! Demons! RUN!

Wallace fires a rifle at one, exploding it in mid air.

Men fire their weapons and occasionally hit a winged demon. More often than not, a demon kills a human.

Jonathan rolls on the ground and makes it to several crates. He opens a BOX OF DYNAMITE and grabs a stick. He ducks as a gargoyle swoops down at his head,

As the few remaining gargoyles hover above, Jonathan bites the fuse short and lights it with the campfire. He throws the short-fused dynamite toward the swarm of remaining demons that hover overhead.

BOOM!

The GARGOYLES EXPLODE. Shards of stone fall to the ground around the campfire.

All is calm again, but several men lay dead or wounded.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

What the blazing hell was that!

PADDY

Bhutas. Mara's pets. The time is close now. Jones's power is growing strong. We must hurry.

Jonathan sticks his sword into the ground.

JONATHAN

I want everyone to assemble and prepare to--

SUDDENLY, one last gargoyle swoops in behind Jonathan.

JANE

Look out!

Without flinching, Jane pulls out her Colt pistol and fires.

The gargoyle EXPLODES only a few feet from Jonathan's head.

Still dazed, Jonathan dusts off the debris.

JANE

Still think I should have stayed behind?

JONATHAN

I get your point, Miss Parker.

He picks up his sword up and looks around.

JONATHAN

As I was saying... We attack at once!

TARA-BEN

We are now less, and many of my men are afraid. We should wait until the others arrive.

JONATHAN

No! Barbara's safety is paramount!

Paddy picks up a sword.

PADDY

If Sahib is brave enough to face death, than so am I.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Aye. I'm in.

Jonathan picks his sword up.

JONATHAN

Settled then. For God and country.

On the ground, within view, lays the head of one of the gargoyles.

CLOSE ON: GARGOYLE'S EYES.

Jonathan and the campsite reflect brightly in the gargoyle's glistening, ruby eyes as it silently watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL CHAMBER - SAME

CLOSE ON: CAPTAIN JONES' EYES.

The scene from Jonathan's camp reflect in Jones' eyes.

HE SEES WHAT THE GARGOYLE SEES.

He smiles.

CAPTAIN JONES

Fine then... Let's show those  
bulldogs a new trick.

He closes his eyes and chants.

CAPTAIN JONES

Children of Mara...

His voice echoes to...

EXT. BRITISH CANTONMENT - SAME

CAPTAIN JONES (V.O.)

Awake... Awake!

An INDIAN PEASANT rummages through the abandoned cantonment, looking for food and supplies. He throws whatever he finds into a small cart.

He kneels on the ground and digs into a stale loaf of bread that lays on the ground.

A British soldier steps up to him.

The peasant sees the familiar boots inches from his face.

INDIAN PEASANT

I am sorry, Sahib. I will put it  
back.

HE LOOKS UP.

Private Smith, NOW A VETALAS, still bloody from the  
massacre, bares fangs and growls at the peasant. His neck is  
torn open with exposed tendons.

INDIAN PEASANT

In the name of Brahma. HELP ME!

Cowering in fear, the peasant scrambles back, only to see  
that dozens of POSSESSED BRITISH SOLDIERS are gathered  
around him.

Around the entire cantonment, the dead, over a hundred  
strong, slowly rise.

EXT. CAVES - LATER

The full moon is nearly at the highest position in the sky.

Down the slope and out of sight, Jonathan and Wallace brief  
Corporal Lawrence and Tara-ben, as Jane and Paddy prepare  
sticks of dynamite.

JONATHAN

Corporal. You and your men approach  
from the East and attack the sentry.  
That should flush out those inside  
the cave.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Yes, Sir.

JONATHAN

Jane, after you finish with the  
explosives, you will set up and give  
aid to the wounded.

JANE

Hold on there! Don't forget who saved  
your ass from those flying things.

JONATHAN

And I greatly appreciate it, Miss Parker, but I feel, for your protection, that--

JANE

I'm not the one that's gonna need protection. I promised I would see that girl safe. I'm not gonna stay back and look pretty.

Jonathan thinks for a moment.

JONATHAN

Fine then. Tara-ben, your men will then come from the sides and box the enemy between you and the Corporal. Can you handle that?

TARA-BEN

Yes. We will.

JONATHAN

Sergeant Major, Paddy and myself...

Jane gives Jonathan a stern look. Jonathan shakes his head in frustration.

JONATHAN

and Miss Parker, will find Barbara and slip her back out. Paddy, you ready the charges.

PADDY

Yes, Sahib.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Most of the Vetalas warriors move towards the far end of the temple and crowd around the altar statue of Mara.

They chant as they part and make way for Jones, who leads Barbara by the hand.

Barbara walks willingly and silently, with eyes fixed ahead and glazed. She is dressed in a RED SARI, a silk, robe-like dress, which flows around her.

EXT. CAVES -

Jonathan and his team position themselves near the entrance, behind several large boulders.

They go unnoticed by the sentry of Vetalas warriors who guard the entrance.

JONATHAN

Are we ready?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Where angels fear to tread, Sir.

The others nod in agreement.

Jonathan raises a hand and signals to Corporal Lawrence.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

That be it. ATTACK AT WILL!

He and his men rush up the slope with rifles a blaze.

The sentries respond and bolt forward as one rushes back into the tunnels.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

The sentry races in as muffled gunfire can be heard outside.

At the altar, Jones motions to the Vetalas warriors, who quickly rush out with swords raised and ready. Only a dozen warriors remain for the ceremony.

Captain Jones grabs the SACRIFICIAL BOWL and positions it at the altar's base.

EXT. CAVES -

Fifty Vetalas warriors EXIT FROM THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE.

They rush down the slope and engage the Corporal's men. Vastly outnumbered, they struggle to maintain the offensive.

Once the ENTRANCE IS CLEAR of the enemy, Jonathan waves to Tara-ben, who hides along the side of the cave.

She turns to her men.

TARA-BEN  
 (in Hindi)  
 For freedom of mother India. ATTACK!

She and her men rush out from the side of the slope. They charge down and BOX THE ENEMY IN.

The battle is bloody and fierce from both sides.

JONATHAN  
 It's clear. Let's head in.

They rush out from behind the boulders and enter the caves.

INT. TUNNELS -

Jonathan and his party run into the tunnels as Tara-ben and the Corporal's troops keep the Vetalas warriors at bay.

Jonathan points at several areas on the walls to Paddy.

JONATHAN  
 Here, here and there. Give us ten minutes, Paddy. Not one minute more. Understood?

He throws his pocket watch to Paddy, who opens it to check the time.

PADDY  
 Yes, Sahib.

Wallace shoots a smile and a wink off at Jane as she rubs his muttonchops for luck.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 Give me one of them sticks, Paddy. Might come in handy.

Wallace takes a stick of dynamite from him.

PADDY  
 Be careful, Sergeant Major.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
 Aye. You know... You're not too bad-- for a Hindi that is.

PADDY  
 And you are not so bad yourself-- for a brute and a drunkard.

Paddy smirks as Wallace looks back, DEAD SILENT.

But soon, Wallace grins, lets out a belly laugh and pats Paddy on the back.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Take care, Paddy... Take care.

Paddy POSITIONS the charges into the rock crevasses, as Jonathan, Wallace and Jane head deeper into the tunnels.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Jonathan and Wallace peek in.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
(whispers)  
Looks like Sunday service has  
started, and there's the Vicar...

At a far end of the chamber, they see Captain Jones lead a ceremony with a dozen robed Vet alas warriors around him.

Barbara stands silently at the altar.

JONATHAN  
Thank God.

Jonathan and Wallace DUCK BACK into the tunnel as THREE VETALAS WARRIORS come and stand with their backs to the entrance.

The warriors pay too great attention to the ceremony to have noticed Jonathan and Wallace.

INT. TUNNELS -

Jane checks her pistol as the two men return.

JANE  
Well?

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
There's only a dozen or so of them--  
We can storm in and take the--

JONATHAN  
No! Jones will kill her as soon as we  
rush in... I have a better idea...

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Jonathan, Wallace and Jane sneak into the temple, behind the Vetalas guards.

Silently, Jonathan and the Sergeant Major grab two guards and SNAP THEIR NECKS as Jane STABS the third creature in the back.

They DRAG THE BODIES back into the tunnel.

AT THE ALTAR -

CAPTAIN JONES

Touched by her love. Do you willingly  
give yourself wholly and freely to  
your mistress?

BARBARA

Yes. For the glory of Mara.

Captain Jones lays Barbara onto the statue's arms. The hooded Vetalas warriors gather closer.

He pulls out a dagger and holds it up in the air.

CAPTAIN JONES

The blood of innocence! The glory of  
Rebirth!

The CHANTS STOP.

He stares down at Barbara and grins as he slices her hand.

Barbara's blood TRICKLES into the SACRIFICIAL BOWL.

As the blood swirls into the bowl, a billowy smoke-like spirit begins to MANIFEST from the bowl. Slowly it forms into the smoky shape of Mara.

CAPTAIN JONES

Behold! Darkness is ours once more!

He raises the dagger again, ready to plunge it into Barbara's chest. His eyes grow wide, and glow red, as his fangs glisten from the torches.

Mara's smoke spirit HOVERS above Barbara, circles the altar and anxiously awaits.

CAPTAIN JONES  
For the love of Mara.

Just as he is about to PLUNGE THE DAGGER,

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

Startled, he DROPS THE DAGGER. It falls beside Barbara's semi-conscious body.

CAPTAIN JONES  
What in hell...

He looks around as Mara's smoke spirit quickly dissipates back into the bowl.

Among the kneeling Vetalas, THREE ROBED AND HOODED FIGURES stand ominously before him. One holds a pistol in the air.

JONATHAN, WALLACE AND JANE throw off their robes.

JONATHAN  
Jones! You devil! Step away from her!

CAPTAIN JONES  
ATTACK!!

Wallace and Jane quickly engage the Vetalas warriors around them as Jonathan runs up to the altar.

Captain Jones GRABS THE BOWL and rushes towards an exit as two Vetalas warriors stand between Jonathan and Barbara.

JONATHAN  
Barbara! Hold on!

She just lays there, in a daze.

Jonathan attacks the Vetalas warriors with the fury of a jealous lover.

He quickly LOPS THE HEAD OFF one, as he engages in swordplay with the other.

Within seconds, he destroys the second Vetalas warrior and heads to his love. He holds Barbara's head up.

JONATHAN  
Barbara. What have they done to you?

Her eyes glaze over as she whispers.

BARBARA

Are you my love?

JONATHAN

Yes. Of Course.

BARBARA

Mara?

As Jonathan holds her, she grabs the dagger beside her. She holds it up, ready to strike Jonathan's back.

JONATHAN

Barbara. It's over. Wake up. We must get out of here.

NEAR BY, Jane SHOTS a Vetelas warrior in the head. As it falls, she sees Barbara ready to stab Jonathan in the back.

JANE

Jonathan. Watch out!

He looks up and grabs Barbara's arm. The dagger falls from her hand.

JONATHAN

It's me. Jonathan.

Barbara again falls unconscious. Jonathan shakes her to wake her up.

JONATHAN

Barbara, dear. Wake up!

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

There is plenty of time for that, later. Get her out of here. We'll hold 'em back.

INT. TUNNELS -

Paddy splices all the fuses together. He uncoils the fuse bundle several yards down the tunnel and pays close attention to the gaping crevasse on the tunnel's floor.

He pulls out a pocket watch to check the time.

PADDY

Hurry, Sahib... Hurry.

He takes out his bullet dented medallion and prays.

EXT. CAVES -

Tara-ben plunges at a Vetalas warrior as the fighting comes to a head.

Casualties on both sides lie in the fray, but the rebels and British soldiers appear to have things well under control.

ONLY A FEW VETALAS REMAIN.

As Tara-ben kills a Vetalas warrior, with Corporal Lawrence fighting by her side, another Vetalas warrior LUNGES at her.

CORPORAL LAWRENCE

Miss! Look out!

Lawrence jumps in its way and is SKEWERED by the Vetalas' spear.

He falls to the ground grasping at the spear, and for his life, as the Vetalas warrior BITES HIS NECK wide open.

Tara-ben quickly cuts the Vetalas down and kneels to Lawrence's aid, but it is too late for him. HE IS DEAD.

SUDDENLY, A DISTANT ROAR FILLS THE AIR.

She and her men, only few dozen strong, turn to see in the distance, A HUNDRED BRITISH SOLDIERS rush towards them.

They are only a minute from Tara-ben's position.

A YOUNG PRIVATE holding a spyglass RUNS to her.

YOUNG PRIVATE

Miss! It's the reinforcements!

With renewed vigor, the rebels and British soldiers CHEER as they slaughter the remaining Vetalas warriors.

Tara-ben grabs the spyglass and FOCUSES DOWN THE SLOPE.

The Rescuing troops ARE NOT HUMAN.

They are THE UNDEAD from the cantonment. They rush up the slope at a furious pace.

TARA-BEN

I do not think so. Tell your men to hold ground. At all cost!

(to herself)

It shall end here...

She hands the spyglass back to the Young Private and falls back into battle.

The Young Private looks through the scope.

YOUNG PRIVATE

Sweet Jesus!

His mouth DROPS WIDE OPEN with the realization of the oncoming massacre.

The BATTLE continues on...

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

Jonathan carries Barbara to the tunnels, but Captain Jones blocks the way.

CAPTAIN JONES

You will outrun my blade!

He growls and attacks Jonathan. Jonathan quickly lowers Barbara to the ground to defend himself.

Their blades CONNECT and CLINK in a fierce melee as Barbara lays on the ground, still dazed.

NEARBY...

Busy herself with a Vetalas, Jane glances over to see a figure approach Barbara. It is the UNDEAD DINKINS.

JANE

Dinkins! Get away from her!

Dinkins turns towards Jane. He HISSES like a rabid animal and rushes at her.

Jane aims her trusty pistol as he LUNGES.

CLICK... CLICK...

She is SHOCKED and OUT OF AMMO.

Dinkins LANDS ON JANE and rips at her.

AT THE TEMPLE ENTRANCE -

Captain Jones and Jonathan continue their swordplay in proper British fashion.

Captain Jones swipes his blade and slices Jonathan's uniform. A shallow cut bleeds from his chest.

CAPTAIN JONES

I was killing heathens when you were still wetting your father's lap.

JONATHAN

I've grown much since then.

Jonathan breaks proper form and throws his sword at his once commanding officer's arm. It cuts a deep gash into it.

CAPTAIN JONES

Not very sporting for a gentleman?  
All the better.

Fueled by the sight of his own blood, Jones licks the blood off his wound, smiles, and bursts forth.

He THROWS Jonathan back several feet.

Jonathan hits the cave wall like a ton of bricks. He slumps to the ground, dazed and bruised.

Captain Jones drags Barbara out to the tunnels.

INT. TREASURE ROOM -

Jonathan runs in as Captain Jones rests the bowl on the ground, next to a semi-conscious Barbara.

He holds a dagger to her chest and struggles to finish the ceremony as he tries to hold her tight.

Jonathan meets the dagger with his sword and cuts Captain Jones' HAND CLEAN OFF.

Captain Jones SCREAMS, drops Barbara, and grips his bloody stump. He falls back into the gold filled chests.

Jonathan grabs Barbara and lifts her up.

JONATHAN

It's over, Jones.

Captain Jones, not accepting defeat, takes the sacrificial bowl and drips HIS OWN BLOOD into it.

CAPTAIN JONES

Not bloody over! Not yet!

SMOKE RISES from the bowl as Captain Jones reaches for the dagger and holds it to his chest.

CAPTAIN JONES

I give myself willingly for the glory  
of her Rebirth!

He STABS himself in the chest. The dagger buries deep into his heart.

Captain Jones' body goes LIMP and DEAD as the SMOKE SPIRIT ENTERS his fatal wound.

Suddenly, his body begins to SHAKE and WRITHE as his hand GROWS BACK.

Captain Jones convulses violently as four more arms rip through his robes and he transforms itself into a hideous creature; PART MARA, PART CAPTAIN JONES, AND ALL EVIL.

The JONES/MARA CREATURE stands and grabs several gold swords from the chests.

Armed now with six swords, one for each arm, it turns its attention to Jonathan and ROARS.

JONATHAN

Oh, for the love of God.

Jonathan picks up his sword and engages the creature.

It has great strength. Jonathan barely defends himself.

Barbara SLOWLY WAKES and sees the hideous, six armed creature fighting her love.

BARBARA

Jonathan!

Barbara GRABS a torch post and HITS the creature's back.

Un-dazed, it turns and swiftly gives Barbara a BACK HAND.

BARBARA FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM and hits the floor, unconscious.

JONATHAN

Barbara!

With the creature briefly distracted, Jonathan takes the opportunity to swipe his blade hard against one of its many arms.

AN ARM FLIES OFF, sword still held tight in its grasp.

The arm barely hits the floor before it TURNS TO SMOKE and drifts into the bowl, where it is consumed by it.

IT SHRIEKS FROM THE PAIN and looks upon its bloody stump in disbelief.

JONATHAN

Not as pure a soul you had hoped,  
Aye, Captain?

The creature bats at Jonathan and THROWS him against several of the chests.

Jonathan stands, picks up his sword and engages with masterful swordsmanship.

Although it is five swords against one, Jonathan regains the offensive.

SWING-- PARE'-- JAB!

Metal CLINKS against metal as Jonathan jumps onto the chests to get a swing at its head. The creature swings at his feet and Jonathan jumps over each swing.

Jonathan manages to slice across its neck, but causes only a shallow cut.

As it grasps its neck, Jonathan jumps down and...

SWISH.

Another of its arms gets cut, clean off.

INT. TUNNELS -

The three slain Vetelas, who Jonathan, Wallace and Jane ambushed, lie at the chamber entrance.

The one that Jane stabbed in the back BEGINS TO MOVE and slowly gets up.

It HEARS A NOISE from deep in the tunnels.

It softly GROWLS and limps down the tunnel into darkness.

INT. TEMPLE CHAMBER -

FIGHTING FEVERISHLY, Wallace sees the undead Dinkins ripping at a defenseless Jane.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Jane... NO!

He repeatedly fires his rifle into the few Vetalas warriors before him.

They barely hit the ground before Wallace reaches Dinkins.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

YOU BASTARD!

He lunges and lands on Dinkins with all his might.

Wallace rolls Dinkins over and PUMMELS HIM with his BARE FISTS.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

May you rot in Hell!

Neck and face CRUSHED, Dinkins' lifeless corpse gives no resistance as Wallace continues to lash out.

He then rushes to Jane, who is barely breathing.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

It'll be all right-- Janie me girl--  
I'll get you out-- we'll have a big  
laugh and a tankard over all this.

She weakly places a bloody hand upon his and smiles.

As life ebbs from her, the last few of the Vetalas warriors CROWD around Wallace.

Sergeant Major Wallace stands bravely, UNARMED, as the Vetalas warriors GROWL-- Their mouths drooling with a rancid mixture of blood and saliva.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

So, you all want to take a bite out  
of me? At least you have good taste.

He THROWS an empty swing at one warrior, only to be tackled by several others.

They unrelentingly ATTACK and bring him to the ground.

Wallace struggles feverishly to get them off him, but to little avail.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
Come on all you beasties! LET ME TAKE  
YOU BACK TO HADES!

He takes the stick of dynamite from his belt.

With a free arm, he THROWS IT at the burning torch basin a few feet away.

THE FUSE LIGHTS...

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE  
For GOD AND COUNTRY!

Wallace covers his face as the center of the temple EXPLODES. Vetelas bodies are FLUNG outward like rag dolls.

The whole complex SHAKES as columns fall and the ceiling starts to cave in.

INT. TREASURE ROOM - SAME

The sacrificial bowl still SMOKES from severed limbs returning to its shadowy realm.

BOOM! The room SHAKES as debris falls around Jonathan and the Jones/Mara creature.

Now with only three arms left, the creature corners Jonathan against the wall. Jonathan desperately defends himself from the three blades jabbing at him.

A section of the ceiling falls and hits the stacked pile of treasure chests.

The creature lets out an unholy SCREAM, as the treasure chests and rocks collapse, crushing it underneath.

Jonathan rushes to Barbara and picks her up off the ground. She starts to regain consciousness.

JONATHAN  
I'm here my love. You're safe now.

They look at the Jones/Mara creature, who lies motionless, buried under chests of gold and rocks.

Jonathan grabs the sacrificial bowl and stuffs it under his belt.

JONATHAN

Come on Barbara. Wake up! We have to  
get out of here!

He holds Barbara up and heads towards the entrance to the  
tunnel when...

A blood curdling ROAR comes from behind him.

Jonathan turns, just as the Jones/Mara creature casts the  
gold filled chests aside.

JONATHAN

Why won't you die?

INT. TUNNELS -

Paddy paces about. No sign of Jonathan. Paddy checks the  
pocket watch.

PADDY

I'm so sorry, Sahib.

He reluctantly lowers the torch to the fuse bundle when a  
hand GRABS hold of the torch.

PADDY

Sahib! Thank the Gods you...

He turns to see a VETALAS GUARD.

PADDY

Oh my!

The guard rips the torch away, and dives onto Paddy.

It tries to rip at Paddy's neck, but Paddy manages to keep  
the Vet alas away from his throat.

As they struggle on the ground, Paddy grabs the torch and  
pokes the fire into its face.

He beats the guard with the torch until it burns out. He  
then beats it some more with the burnt stick until it  
finally lays dead.

Satisfied with the victory, he drops the smoldered torch,  
only to have it roll to the fuse bundle.

The fuses bundle SPARKS UP!

Paddy looks down frantically and is about to stomp it out when...

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Paddy. Help me with Barbara!

Jonathan stumbles into view, carrying a dazed Barbara.

PADDY

Sahib! Hurry! The charges are lit.

Paddy helps Jonathan carry Barbara.

The fuse burns into the first set of charges behind them. They are only a few dozen feet away when it GOES OFF.

The EXPLOSION ROCKS the tunnel.

Rocks fall around them as they are thrown to the ground.

PADDY

Oh, please-- we must go now!

They get up and make their way toward the entrance when...

Jonathan's ankle is GRABBED.

He looks back to see the Jones/Mara creature, badly wounded and bloody, yet still very much alive-- and mad as hell!

JONES/MARA

NOT OVER YET!

With only one arm left, it drags Jonathan back, deeper into the tunnel towards the open pit.

The SACRIFICIAL BOWL loosens from Jonathan's belt and...

FALLS TO THE GROUND.

JONATHAN

Paddy! Get out! Save Barbara.

Paddy drops Barbara and rushes to help Jonathan.

The creature reaches for Paddy's neck, but GRABS THE DENTED MEDALLION INSTEAD. Its hand SMOKES and the creature recoils in pain.

PADDY

Sahib! Take it! It does not like it!  
Not at all!

JONATHAN

Take Barbara out. NOW!

Paddy THROWS the medallion to Jonathan, then picks up Barbara and quickly drags her out.

BARBARA

Jonathan. No! I won't leave!

PADDY

Memsahib. No time to argue. Come!

The second set of CHARGES GOES OFF between them and Jonathan.

Jonathan and the creature tangle as rocks and dirt cave in from the ceiling. They roll close to the edge of the open crevasse in the middle of the tunnel floor.

The force of the explosion causes Jonathan to DROP THE MEDALLION onto the ground. It slides dangerously close to the bottomless crevasse.

Jonathan desperately tries to reach for it, but the creature flays him about like a rag doll.

Finally, on a down swing, Jonathan GRABS the medallion off the edge and as the creature lifts him up again, Jonathan stuffs the medallion into the creature's mouth.

ITS MOUTH BURNS WILDLY. The smoky dismay causes it to let go of Jonathan for a moment.

Jonathan gets up, and GRABS A SWORD. He wields it with all his might and...

SLICES the creature's LAST ARM OFF.

The detached limb TURNS TO SMOKE and is sucked into the sacrificial bowl.

JONATHAN

Now it's over!

IN GREAT PAIN, the creature looks up, just as Jonathan swings his blade at it.

The Jones/Mara creature GRASPS ITS NECK and falls backwards INTO THE ENDLESS PIT.

As the creature falls, its head slides off and reveals the fatal cut Jonathan made.

As the creature falls towards blackness, its head and body  
TURN TO SMOKE and rush back up the hole and into to the  
bowl.

Satisfied, but exhausted, Jonathan lowers his sword and  
kicks the smoldering bowl over the edge.

He sees Paddy's Medallion resting on the ground, and leans  
to pick it up, when...

SUDDENLY...

A HAND GRABS HIM, as the last of the dynamite detonates and  
the tunnel SHAKES.

Dust and Debris obscures all light and brings on...

BLACKNESS:

EXT. CAVES - DAWN

Paddy and Barbara rush out of the cave and duck behind  
several boulders as the battle comes to a fierce head.

Not far away, Tara-ben and her men are still engaged with  
the Vetalas Warriors and are quickly losing ground.

Barbara holds Paddy tight as several Vetalas warriors inch  
towards them-- slavering at the site of fresh meat.

Paddy reaches for his medallion, but quickly realizes he no  
longer has it.

PADDY

Please Brahma! Now would be a good  
time for your divine protection!

He and Barbara close their eyes tight as the Vetalas  
warriors move even closer.

They are only a few feet away when...

Suddenly, THE MOUNTAIN RUMBLES and a plume of dust and  
debris SHOOTs from the cave entrance.

Barbara looks up just as the DUST SWEEPS OVER the entire  
mountainside.

BARBARA

Jonathan!

As the DUST CLEARS, ALL the UNDEAD lay on the ground,  
MOTIONLESS.

All the VETALAS SMOKE SPIRITS drift from the corpses and  
slowly rise up to the clear, morning sky.

THE FIGHTING IS OVER.

The few remaining rebels and British soldiers drop their  
weapons and look in awe at the carnage around them.

Barbara looks for Jonathan, but he is NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

PADDY

Memsahib Barbara. He was a very brave  
man. I am so sorry...

In grief, Barbara drops her head and CRIES onto Paddy's  
shoulder, when...

COUGHING fills the air.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE (O.S.)

Oh, my bloody ears!

They turn to see Jonathan shake the dust off his uniform as  
he stumbles out from the cave.

He carries a wounded Wallace over his shoulder.

JONATHAN

I think you overestimated the charges  
needed, Paddy.

Paddy and Barbara rush to them.

PADDY

Better safe than sorry, Sahib...

BARBARA

Jonathan! My God! I thought you were--

Before she can finish, Jonathan kisses her again and again,  
much to her surprise.

BARBARA

Jonathan! What about propriety?

JONATHAN

Damn propriety. You're safe.

Barbara smiles and they kiss passionately in front of all, to a degree of awkwardness on Wallace's part. Paddy, however, grins with glee.

Barbara regains her composure and looks around.

BARBARA

And Jane. Is she--?

Wallace bows his head in sadness. He tries to mask a tear.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

I'm sorry Miss... The poor lass...

Jonathan and Barbara stand silently in remorse.

Paddy breaks the silence as he holds Wallace up.

PADDY

Come. Come, Sahib. Paddy shall clean you up well.

As Paddy leads Wallace down the slope, Jonathan looks up the hill to see the Old Wise Man, who hides among the large rocks with A YOUNG HINDI GIRL.

Before Jonathan's eyes, the decrepid old man TRANSFORMS into a younger version of himself.

IT IS HASSIM AND MINA-KUMRI, looking like they did over a thousand years ago and free from Mara's curse.

Hassim raises his hands up high to the clear sky and LAUGHS joyously as he hugs his daughter.

Jonathan smiles as Barbara gets his attention.

BARBARA

What is it? Is everything all right?

Jonathan looks back to see the spirits ARE GONE.

JONATHAN

Nothing, my dear. Everything is as it should be.

DOWN THE HILLS, Tara-ben exuberantly RAISES HER SWORD.

TARA-BEN

JITTA!

The Rebels CHEER is cut short as the CLOUDS above them GROW DARK and a rumble strikes. THE MONSOON has finally arrived.

Paddy LAUGHS and happily hugs the wet and wounded Wallace.

PADDY

Ahh! The Monsoon! You see Sahib  
Wallace! Brahma favors the victors!

Wallace winces at the gross display of emotion.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

For the love of Mary, let go of me--  
and stop calling me Sahib!

All stand in amazement as the rain falls heavily upon them.

FADE TO:

EXT. ANTIGUA ISLAND, BRITISH CARIBBEAN - DAY

The clouds speckle the deep blue sky in this island  
paradise. The waves beat gently along its shore.

Nestled among the palm trees rests a British Cantonment.

A stern voice RINGS OUT...

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE (O.S.)

All right you Bulldogs! Listen up  
right!

Within its walls, Sergeant Major Wallace loudly addresses  
his new troops. They all timidly stand at attention as he  
parades about.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

I've been to hell and back and the  
demons spit me out for lack of taste.  
Any of you men better not think this  
post is some island holiday! Do I  
make myself clear?

The men all RESOUND.

TROOPS

Aye, Sergeant Major!

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

Good! We drill hard. The new Captain  
has an assignment for the lot.

He prances about and he inspects the line of men.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

A heathen witch doctor has been making trouble in the hills. Nothing the British Bulldogs can't handle.

TROOPS

Aye, Aye, Sergeant Major!

Wallace heads to a Corporal and snatches his rifle.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

You got that all wrong! I expect more from my best Corporal... Like this!

He shows the proper way and THROWS it back to the Corporal.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

You think you can handle it without shooting me 'arse' off?

As Wallace walks around him, the Corporal TURNS.

It's PADDY, in a Corporal's uniform of the British Royal Army. He flashes a toothy grin as he holds his weapon tight.

PADDY

Yes. Sahib-- I mean, Sergeant Major. If any "arses" will be shot off, I will make sure it will be my own.

Wallace offers a WRY SMILE.

In the background, Jonathan, now in CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, stands with Barbara at his side. Barbara's parasol twirls gently in the breeze as she holds Jonathan's hand tightly.

CLOSE ON: They both wear shiny, new wedding rings.

BARBARA

Darling. So harsh? I should think you must have a talk with him.

JONATHAN

It's best if I don't interfere in these matters. The men will come to know him in their own way...

The happy couple watch as Wallace bombasts about.

JONATHAN

... as I did.

FADE OUT: