

PAATAL LOK

Episode 1
Draft 6.0

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ON BLACK:

TITLE appears - BRIDGES

And then - A matter-of-fact, tired voice.

HATHI RAM (V.O.)

Ye jo duniya hai na duniya... yeh
ek duniya nahi hai, teen duniya
hai. Sab se upar swarg lok jahaan
devta rehte hain, beech mein dharti
lok jahaan aadmi rehte hain, aur
sab se neeche paatal lok, jehaan
keedey rehte hain. Waise toh ye sab
shastron mein bhi likha hai...

FADE IN:

1.1 EXT. DELHI ROADS - MOVING VEHICLE - NIGHT 1.1

A police vehicle on Delhi Roads. INSPECTOR HATHI RAM
CHAUDHARI drives it - mid 40s, with tired, cynical eyes that
say he never got his due.

HATHI RAM

...Par maine watsapp pe padha.

His junior SUB INSPECTOR IMRAN ANSARI, young and hopeful at
28, nods at him and then goes back to the book in his lap.

In the back seat - CONSTABLE TOKAS and CONSTABLE BHATI
struggle to stay awake.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)

(referring the book)

Bas kar yaar. Abhi toh mains ka
result bhi nahi aaya...

ANSARI

Sir pass ho gaya toh interview ki
taiyyari toh karni hee hogi.

HATHI RAM

Aur - matlab God forbid - fail ho
gaya toh?

ANSARI

Toh agle saal ke exam ki.

Hathi Ram shakes his head.

HATHI RAM

Sun le... kuchh nahi rakha kitaabon
mein. Kaam ki baat bataa raha hoon.

Ansari smiles and shuts his book. Looks at Hathi Ram with
full attention.

ANSARI

Haan Sir... wo teen lok...

HATHI RAM

Apna thana jo hai na... Outer
Jamuna Paar... wo hai paataal lok.
Wahaan kya hota hai, kaun se keedey
ka murder hua, kis keedey ki cycle
chori hui, kis ne beewi ko peet
diya, kisi ko ghanta farak nahi
padta. Tum karte raho investigate,
koi promotion nahi milna.

ANSARI

Toh matlab Lutyens' Delhi mein
posting milni chahiye thhi...
Ashoka Road, Aurangzeb Road...
swarg lok toh wahi hua na?

Hathi Ram smiles.

HATHI RAM

Beta swarg lok mein jo case hota
hai na, wo wahin dabaa diya jaata
hai... toh police wala kya
investigate karega aur kya number
kamaayega?

The WIRELESS in the car spurts to life.

VOICE ON WIRELESS (O.S.)

Shakurpuri JJ colony se maar peet
ki complaint aayi hai... aas paas
ke PCR van zara ek chakkar maar
lein...

Ansari increases the volume. Hathi Ram sighs.

1.2 EXT. DELHI SLUMS - NIGHT

1.2

The constables lead the way, one of them shining a torch
light on the dimly lit meandering lanes.

Hathi Ram and Ansari follow, while a dog comes after them,
barking incessantly.

HATHI RAM

Vasant Vihar, Preet Vihar,
Mehrauli, Noida... Yeh sab hai
dharti lok, jahaan kabhi kabhi
paatal lok ke keedey ghus aate hain
aur dharti lok waale aadmiyon ko
kaat dete hain.

Hathi Ram's foot lands on something. He stops to look.

Damn - a turd, remnants of which now stick to his shoe.

A disgusted Hathi Ram tries to wipe it away on the side wall.

One of the constables turns to look. The other flashes his torch light.

An embarrassed Hathi Ram gives up and resumes his walk.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)

Aur in ke kaatne se hota hai kaand.
Arushi kaand, Nithari kaand, BMW
kaand, falaa kaand, dhimka kaand...
Aur police waale ko number sirf
kaand investigate karne ke milte
hain. Samjha?

ANSARI

Sir aise thodi hota hai...

HATHI RAM

Bharti hue kitne maheene hue?

ANSARI

Er, teen maheene Sir.

*

HATHI RAM

Satrah saal ho gaye paataal lok
mein... maan le.

VOICES - Up ahead in the darkness. They take a turn and reach-

A cluster of huts. A little crowd gathered outside. And
occupying the centerstage -

A WOMAN with a bleeding head. And a DRUNK MAN beating her.
Both hurling the choicest ABUSES at each other.

An NGO TYPE SLUM RESIDENT spots the police team. She hurries
in their direction.

NGO WOMAN IN THE SLUM

Maine hee phone kiya sir. Dekho
kaise peet raha hai. Roz ki baat
hai.

The constables try to separate the man from the woman.

But the man's drunk out of his wits. He just won't let go.

Ansari intervenes. Slaps the man. The drunk man tries to hit
Ansari back.

The constables let loose their *danda*. Thrash the man.

The woman - crying and abusing the husband so far - now turns
around and comes after Ansari and the constables.

SLUM WOMAN
 Maadarchod... mere marad ko
 maarega?

Hathi Ram stands there - surveying the scene with the boredom of someone who has seen it one time too many.

He casts a weary look around.

A LITTLE CROWD of watchers stand or squat around, scratching their balls and smoking their *beedis*. Tired, hopeless faces, watching the scene with an equal disinterest. A naked kid - presumably the fighting couple's - howls closeby, unattended.

Hathi Ram sniffs. Smells something foul. Oh - the shoe!

The disgust returns to his face as he tries to clean it on the ground. But - the damn thing is sticky!

O.S., the foul-mouthed woman rages on-

SLUM WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sadegi teri laash kuttey... keedey
 khaayenge tere ko, keedey...

1.3 INT. HOTEL UPTOWN - CORRIDOR + ROOM #1 - DAY 1.3

CLOSE ON a cockroach. The antennae gently swing about. Only for a short bit though as -

CRUNCH! A foot comes to land on it.

It's a WAITER walking down a long hotel corridor, holding a tray.

He stifles a yawn. Clearly, it's rather early in the morning.

A gaudily dressed WOMAN passes him by in the corridor - clearly a hooker. Yeah, it's that kind of a hotel.

He checks out her ass before stopping outside a room. Checks the room number on the bill.

He hears - AN AGITATED VOICE come from inside the room.

The waiter gets curious. Brings his ear close to the door. Listens on.

AGITATED VOICE (O.S.)
 Mujhe bas Masterji se baat karni
 hai... wo toh teen din se sun raha
 hoon, meri baat Masterji se
 karwaao...

A loud GRUNT comes from inside, like the phone has been angrily cut. The waiter has still got his ear to the door straining to hear further -

When - the door opens in a FLASH, startling him.

The flashy CHAAKU, 25, stands there - cheap sunglasses, a cigarette dangling from his lips. A bad boy cliché.

He glares at the awkward waiter, who mumbles a -

CURIOUS WAITER

Er... order.

CHAAKU

Cancel.

The waiter wants to protest but Chaaku continues to glare at him from behind the sunglasses. The waiter scurries away.

Chaaku watches him go. Then turns around to go back in the room, we see stuffed behind the back of his jeans - a gun.

Chaaku walks up to the table on which lies - a bright yellow phone. Chaaku picks it up and looks towards -

The chair. On which sits - TYAGI, 30 - eyes shut, massaging his head with a chilled water bottle.

1.4 INT. HOTEL UPTOWN - ROOM #2 - DAY

1.4

Another room. A young man with the eyes of a drifter - KABIR, 27 - sits whittling away at something with a pen knife. As he finishes up, we realize - it's a wooden CHOOZA (chick).

He checks it from all angles. He seems satisfied with it.

1.5 INT. HOTEL UPTOWN - ROOM #2 - BATHROOM - DAY

1.5

A pretty girl with North eastern features, 22, sits on the commode, peeing. We'll call her CHEENI.

Just then - A knock on the door.

She quickly finishes up, pulls up her jeans and opens the door to see -

Kabir standing there. In his hand - the chooza. He offers it to her.

Cheeni looks at him weirdly. Then takes it, unsure what to make of the gesture.

An awkward moment. Finally broken by - the doorbell.

Kabir opens the door. It's Chaaku standing there.

CHAAKU

Chalo.

The two look at him.

1.6 INT. HOTEL UPTOWN - CORRIDOR - DAY 1.6

The long, musty corridor. A tube light flickers.

The four walk - a bag in the hands of each one of them.

Something odd about the group.

1.7 EXT. HOTEL UPTOWN - DAY 1.7

The four emerge out of the hotel - head towards a parked SUV.

Kabir opens the boot. Just as they are depositing their bags in it -

The curious waiter from earlier comes running with a bill.

CURIOUS WAITER

Wo cancel order bill mein nahi joda
thha.

Chaaku turns. Lights up a cigarette while glaring at him -

CHAAKU

Cancel order hai na? Toh bill mein
kyun judega?

CURIOUS WAITER

(protests)
Par ban toh gaya thha na...

CHAAKU

Banne se kya? Maine khaaya thodi...

CURIOUS WAITER

Mujhe nahi pata. Aap manager se
baat karo -

Chaaku moves towards him threateningly but -

Tyagi takes out some money and gives it to the waiter.

Chaaku doesn't like it. He turns to stare at Tyagi -

Who quietly goes and sits down in the back seat of the SUV.

Cheeni joins him there. As Kabir takes the driver's seat - a grumbling Chaaku jumps up front with him.

They drive away.

The waiter mumbles angrily as he watches them go.

Then he turns around to go back to the hotel.

We STAY ON THE FRAME.

Early morning. Not much activity around. But soon enough -
TWO CARS screech to a stop outside the hotel.

7-8 MEN jump out.

And run straight into the hotel. Suddenly - it's all very
FRANTIC.

WE STAY ON THE FRAME some more as -

Soon enough, the men come out running - tentatively followed
by the nervous waiter.

The waiter points in the direction the SUV carrying the four
had gone in. The men scramble back into their two cars and
blitz away in that direction.

1.8 EXT. DELHI ROADS - MOVING CARS - DAY

1.8

The two cars drive like mad on the streets, zipping past
vehicles.

The men inside scan the road with desperate eyes. A man in
his mid 40s looks like THE LEADER as he orders the driver to -

THE LEADER
Chal chal bhagaa... Fast...

Finally he spots - an SUV. It's the one in which the four of
them left.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)
Wo rahe... chal aage le...

As the car moves towards the SUV -

The leader unlocks his gun and look at the rest - who too
bring their guns out.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)
Tu overtake kar ke raasta block
kar. Unko peechhe se dabaane de.

As they move ahead, the leader signals the same to the men in
the other car with them - *we're overtaking*.

The men nod - *got it*.

THE SUV:

It drives at an easy pace - they seem to have no inkling.

The first car slowly gets closer to them.

And closer. Almost there.

But just as the car tries to overtake them from the wrong side, Chaaku notices it.

His eyes go to - The men. Something's wrong.

He taps at Kabir's shoulder -

CHAAKU
Gaadi aage le!

Kabir looks at him. He too notices the car, now driving alongside them.

The men in the car realize they've been spotted. They try to keep their cool as they overtake.

And then Chaaku notices - a gun. He SCREAMS -

CHAAKU (CONT'D)
BHAGAA BHENCHOD!

A nervous Kabir HITS the accelerator and they manage to zoom ahead just in time.

A CRAZY CHASE ensues.

Kabir's an expert at maneuvering the SUV through the traffic - but the lead car just won't let it get out of sight.

Honks. Screeches. The traffic goes nuts as they dangerously zig zag their way around it.

Cheeni lets out a shriek as Kabir makes a particularly dangerous manoeuvre. She holds on to the seat tight - looking increasingly worried. *

Kabir realizes - the lead car's trying to overtake the SUV from the other lane. He zips up his pace further and deliberately blocks its path every time it tries to get ahead. *

But at one moment - he gets stuck behind a slow moving auto rickshaw. *

Kabir HONKS at the rickshaw. Chaaku leans out of the car window, SHOUTING - *

CHAAKU (CONT'D)
ABEY HATT MAADARCHOD! *

Kabir tries to get out of the lane and overtake - *

But - there's a car to the right and Kabir doesn't have enough gap to make the move. *

Just the opening the lead car was looking for. It makes a sharp manoeuvre and manages to overtake the SUV in one swift move.

*
*
*

1.9 EXT. YAMUNA BRIDGE - DAY

1.9

Up ahead - a bridge.

*

Having gone ahead, the lead car makes a sharp skid and stops in a way so to block the road.

Vehicles behind slam their brakes. The auto crashes into the car.

Fuck. Kabir too brakes hard - managing to stop only about hundred meters or so before the lead car.

They see - men jump out with guns.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

KABIR

Ye... ye log kaun hain?

They look at each other - confused. Until -

CHAAKU

PEECHHE LE!

Kabir's really nervous now as he puts the car in reverse.

Tyagi - tense, but trying to keep his calm.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE:

Across the divider - A media OB Van approaching from the other direction notices the SUV blocking the road.

The DRIVER slows down out of curiosity. The CAMERAMAN peeps out too.

CAMERAMAN

Arey kya bhasudi pe gayi?

Then he spots - the men with the guns.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

O BHENCHOD!!!

He grabs at his camera.

WHILE ON THIS SIDE:

The men - making their way towards the SUV.

Kabir - trying to reverse. The onslaught of the oncoming vehicles coming at them.

Honks. Screeching of brakes.

A mini truck comes to a screeching halt right behind, starting a cascading effect of screeching brakes behind it.

And in front of their SUV - the jumble of cars.

Damn - they're stuck.

Kabir panics. Cheeni begins to scream and cry.

Chaaku and Tyagi jump out of the SUV.

They run to the back of the car. Realize - the boot's locked.

Chaaku bangs on the car, screaming -

CHAAKU
DICKY KHOL!

They fail to notice that somewhere behind the mini truck that has stopped behind them - is the other car that was chasing them.

And four men with guns jump out of it and rush towards the SUV.

The men in front: They're almost at the SUV. And just then, the leader notices -

The media OB van across the divider. And a cameraman trying to get the best possible shot of the action.

Damn. He can't believe his fucking luck.

THE LEADER
Bhenchod!

He SHOUTS OUT at one of his men -

THE LEADER (CONT'D)
DAHIYA! DAHIYA!

The man turns to look at him. Then follows his gaze. To see -

The media van. He too seems unsettled at the sight.

AT THE SUV:

The open boot. Chaaku and Tyagi scramble through the luggage.

Chaaku notices - the men in front are almost upon them.

He makes a dash. The men coming from the front chase him, and so do the ones behind.

Then the men realize - too many of them are chasing Chaaku alone while the other three have been left free.

Some of the men now turn around and go for the other three.
Confusion. Chaos.

The leader SHOUTS out at his men in frustration -

THE LEADER (CONT'D)
AARAAM SE... KOI GOLI NAHI
CHALAAAYEGA...

Shouts. Honks.

The Camera Man happily shoots it all.

AT THE SUV:

Tyagi - rummaging through his bag. Finds - the gun.

But just as he is about to bring it out -

Two men come from behind and grab him.

He resists. They pin him down to the ground - face down.

Men surround the SUV with Kabir and Cheeni still inside.

Cheeni looks from inside the car - The angry men. Their guns pointed at her.

She begins to SHAKE. And SCREAM.

The men SHOUT at her -

MAN WITH GUN
HAATH UPAR! HAATH UPAR!

She does as told. And so does Kabir.

The men open the doors and pull Kabir and Cheeni out at gun point.

ON THE BRIDGE:

The traffic jam of jumbled up vehicles. The men chase Chaaku through it.

Chaaku jumps over a car hood. The men follow.

As the men chase Chaaku, trampling all over car hoods and roofs -

Some commuters shoot videos on their mobiles, while others SCREAM -

CAR OWNER ON THE BRIDGE
Bhonsdi ke nayi gaadi hai, dent pad
jaayega...

Chaaku's giving the men a tough time - proving difficult to be caught.

But there're three of them and finally they manage to co-ordinate between themselves just enough to corner him -

Right over a car roof.

Chaaku knows his game is up. He suddenly remembers something.

He yanks that bright yellow phone out of his pocket.

The men realize what he's up to.

As Chaaku tries to throw away his phone - The men try to grab his arm. An almost comical sort of a tussle ensues.

The ONLOOKERS watch with excitement as Chaaku suddenly remembers that his other hand is free. He transfers the phone to his free hand and swing it with all his might.

And with this everything goes SLO MO -

The heads of the onlookers turn and their mouths go wide open as if they're following the trajectory of a cricket ball going out of the stadium as -

The phone COASTS THROUGH in the air. Off the bridge.

UNDERWATER SHOT - Looking at the skies. From where the phone comes flying. Right towards the camera. And just before it can hit the waters -

1.10 EXT. DELHI ROAD - TEA STALL - DAY

1.10

SPLASH! The hit of water. The Drunk Man comes to.

Looks around in confusion. He is on his knees on the ground, right next to the parked police car.

Notices - Hathi Ram staring at him, while sipping his tea.

Slowly - realization dawns upon him. He begins to beg.

The wireless in the car cackles -

VOICE ON WIRELESS (O.S.)
Jamuna bridge pe badi vardaat...
sabhi PCR van ko soochit kiya jaata
hai... Jamuna Bridge pe badi
vardaat...

Ansari looks at Hathi Ram. Hathi Ram signals - 'let's go'.

ANSARI
Is ka kya karein?

Hathi Ram pulls the man up. Slaps him.

HATHI RAM
Karega fir se?

DRUNK MAN
Nahi saab, nahi... maa kasam nahi.

HATHI RAM
Chal, dus uthak baithak kar.

The man holds his ears and starts with the sit ups. While -

The cops jump into the car and drive away.

The man watches them go. Stops. Only to see Hathi Ram stick his head out from the vehicle to look back at him.

The man quickly resumes the sit ups.

1.11 EXT. YAMUNA BRIDGE - DAY

1.11

The handheld Camera POV of the OB van Cameraman:

The bridge has turned into a theatre by now. People are out of their cars, shooting videos on their mobiles. Pushing and shoving, honking and shouting - it's all happening here.

And all of it to get a better view of - the captured four - now on their knees, being held at gun point.

The crowd is being pushed back by the gun men who have got their I-cards out of their pockets by now.

MAN WITH GUN
Peechhe hato... Delhi police...
peechhe hato.

It's now that we realize that these men are cops. The leader - a tense DCP BHAGAT - is on a phone call - trying hard to hear *
over the noise.

The situation looks like going out of hand. Just then -

Someone pushes his way through the crowd - it's Hathi Ram, with Ansari and the constables.

Hathi Ram approaches one of the cops. Notices the I-Card - *Delhi Police, Intelligence.*

Hathi Ram salutes. The cop points at DCP Bhagat who's on the *
phone a little away-

COP ON THE BRIDGE
DCP Bhagat, headquarter se.

*

HATHI RAM
Inspector Hathi Ram Chaudhary
Sir... Outer Jamuna Paar thaana. Ye
area hamaare thaane ke under padta
hai.

The cop looks at him.

COP ON THE BRIDGE
Bheed ko control mein laao.

Hathi Ram signals his team to get the crowd in order. Ansari and the constables stage a mini lathi charge - pushing the crowd back.

Hathi Ram watches as the cop he spoke to walks up to DCP Bhagat and briefs him. *

Bhagat looks at Hathi Ram as he finishes up his call. Then he marches up to Hathi Ram - who offers a crisp salute.

DCP BHAGAT
Chaudhary... in chaaron ka arrest
procedure shuru karo. Tumhaare
thaane mein. *

Hathi Ram's eyes go to the four - the odd bunch on their knees. Their eyes - looking right back at him.

HATHI RAM
Sir. Charge kya rahega?

Before DCP Bhagat can reply - A SUDDEN ROAR. *

Hathi Ram looks - The crowd has got too close for police's comfort and another lathi charge is being resorted to.

Screams. Shouts. Chaos. Noise. And then -

1.12 INT. NEWS NOW OFFICE - SANJEEV'S CABIN - DAY

1.12

ABRUPT silence. Just a tick-tock-tick of a clock on the wall.

TWO LAWYERS in crisp black suits. One of them leafs through a contract while speaking -

LAWYER ONE
Of course, since the minimum term
of five years has not been
completed before the contract is
being terminated, you shall be
eligible for a severance bonus
equivalent of the remaining salary.
(MORE)

LAWYER ONE (CONT'D)

And you'd still have a cashing out option on the five percent equity stake that was to be transferred to you at the completion of five years. As you can see, Singh saab is being more than fair with his revised offer.

Sitting in front of them - SANJEEV MEHRA, 40, sophisticated, charming. But that's on a good day. At this point - he seems a bit on the edge as he sits next to JAI MALIK, about 40 himself.

SANJEEV

I guess I'll have to repeat what I said in the last meeting - I'm not resigning. I've given four years to this damn channel... built it from scratch. And if he thinks he can just throw me out -

LAWYER ONE

It's nothing personal, sir. Singh saab is just going by the performance of the chann-

SANJEEV

(cuts him; snaps)
Your Singh saab can go fuck himself.

Jai looks at Sanjeev sharply. Then glances at the lawyers awkwardly.

JAI

Er, can you give us a few minutes, Rajeev? I'll send some fresh coffee in the conference room.

As the lawyers sigh and walk out, Jai turns to Sanjeev.

JAI (CONT'D)

It's not just the TRPs. Singh ko kuchh aur bhi pata hai.

Sanjeev looks at him. Jai hesitates before -

JAI (CONT'D)

That you've been looking for dirt on their Delhi-Sonipat Expressway deal.

Sanjeev - rather startled to hear that.

JAI (CONT'D)

Singh is not the guy you mess with, Sanjeev.

A tense Sanjeev stares at him with unease.

1.13 EXT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - DAY

1.13

Hathi Ram's police jeep, followed by the two unmarked cars of Delhi Police Intelligence. And behind them - a few OB vans. It's a full circus. *

A few kids playing with toy guns watch them go and 'shoot' at them. *

1.14 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - DAY

1.14

*

KABIR

Kabir M.

HEAD CONSTABLE TOKAS looks up from the record book. *

TOKAS

M kya? Poora bol.

KABIR

Bas M hee hai saab.

Bhati chips in from behind -

CONSTABLE BHATI

Madrasa? Wo hee log likhte hain aise...

TOKAS

Chal kapde utaar.

(to Bhati)

Talashi le iski...

As Kabir reluctantly takes his clothes off and Bhati strip searches him and checks his clothes -

Tokas looks at Chaaku and Tyagi.

TOKAS (CONT'D)

Naam.

The two - quiet.

TOKAS (CONT'D)

Poora din nahi hai mere paas.

Still no response.

Tokas glares at them. Chaaku holds his gaze.

Tokas gets up. Goes behind them.

The two sit tight - sensing the presence behind. But Tokas seems to be doing nothing.

Until all of a sudden - Tokas grabs their heads and bangs them against each other.

A sharp joint SCREAM as the two hold their heads in pain.

As Tokas goes to grab them again - Ansari comes rushing.

ANSARI

Kya kar rahe ho, Tokas? Sir log
hain andar, baahar media hai...

We can sense that Tokas doesn't quite like the reprimand by the much younger but officially his superior Ansari.

TOKAS

Aise hee bulwaana padta hai... Sir.

Ansari gives him a look. Tokas holds firm.

TOKAS (CONT'D)

Naam tak nahi bataaya ab tak...

Beat. Ansari turns to Chaaku.

He pulls Chaaku up - who resists, glaring at Ansari with an intense hostility.

But Ansari pins him to the wall, and checks his pockets.

Finally - he finds something. A wallet.

Ansari checks it. In it - a DRIVING LICENSE. On it - Chaaku's photo with his name - TOPE SINGH.

Ansari hands it over to a sheepish Tokas and walks away.

Bhati laughs as he hits on the back of Chaaku's head.

BHATI

Chutiya! Bekaar mein pita!

1.15 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 15 *

An excited lady constable, MANJU VERMA, escorts Cheeni to the Interrogation Room while chatting on the phone. *

MANJU VERMA

(into the phone)

Haan Mummy ka bhi phone aaya Meerut
se, Mummy boli -

(to Cheeni)

Chal kapde utaar...

Cheeni begs in protest.

CHEENI

Madam maine kuchh nahi kiya.
Shoppers Zone Mall mein kaam karti
hoon. In logon se bas lift li thhi -

Manju Verma slaps her and signals her to start stripping.

MANJU VERMA

(into the phone)

Toh mummy bol rahi thhi tera thaana
dikha rahe hain TV pe, baahar aa ke
haath hilaa de camera ko... maine
bola mummy IPL ka match thodi
hai...

She throws a look at Cheeni - who still has her clothes on.
Manju Verma angrily pulls at her hair and her clothes -

MANJU VERMA (CONT'D)

Khol... khol randi...

(into the phone)

Nahi unka gathiya toh theek hai
kuchh dinon se. Homeopathy khaa
rahi hai...

A sobbing Cheeni finally gives in. Tentatively takes off her
t-shirt and her jeans.

She stands ashamed - trying to cover herself with her arms -
While Manju Verma cursorily checks her jeans and t-shirt.

MANJU VERMA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Par ladies waali problem ho rakhi
hai us se... Arey badi garam karti
hai ye dawaaiyaan...

And then throws the clothes back at Cheeni.

MANJU VERMA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Aur kya dikha rahe hain TV pe?

1.16 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - SHO'S CABIN - DAY 1.16

1.16INS EXT. YAMUNA BRIDGE - DAY 1.16INS

ON a TV as it plays on loop the video of Chaaku's phone being
thrown in the Yamuna, complete in super slo mo glory.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

(off the TV)

Dekhiye ye hai wo peela phone...
aur ab dekhiye... ye uda ye uda...

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
aur ye gaya phone Yamuna ji ki god
mein... theek Dilli police ki
nazron ke saamne... sawaal ye hai
ki aisa kya thha is phone mein jise
ye khatarnaak mujrim chhupaana
chahta thha...

Watching it is SHO VIRK, in his 40s, who heads this station. *

He looks rather flustered.

SHO VIRK
(mutters)
Abhi aana thha case...

Hathi Ram - standing next to him - overhears. And pitches in -

HATHI RAM
Ho jaayega, sir. Main sambhaal
loonga...

Virk seems unconvinced. He looks towards DCP Bhagat - who is *

on a phone call a little away.

A LITTLE AWAY:

Bhagat - his eyes on Hathi Ram - finishes his phone call.

Virk approaches him.

DCP BHAGAT *

Haan, Virk. Ye case kaun dekhne
waala hai?

SHO VIRK
Vikrant Bahl, Sir.
(nervous)
Bas wo ek hafte zara chhutti par
hai, aate hee charge -

Bhagat throws a glance at Hathi Ram -

DCP BHAGAT *

Investigation hafte se delay nahi
kar sakte. Arrest Chaudhary ne kiya
hai... Let him handle it.

FROM A CORNER: Hathi Ram keenly watches the two. The way
they're glancing at him, he can sense they're discussing him.

BACK WITH BHAGAT:

SHO VIRK
(hesitates)
Sir Chaudhary se nahi ho paayega.
Case bada hai... aur usey koi
experience nahi hai investigation
ka...

DCP BHAGAT

*

Open and shut case hai. Rangey
haath arrest hue hai chaaron.
Dimaag na daudaaye sirf rule book
follow karey, toh bhi case ban
jaayega.

SHO VIRK

Sir.

BACK WITH HATHI RAM: His eyes are on Bhagat. He notices -
Bhagat shouts out to one of his men we earlier saw on the
bridge - OFFICER DAHIYA.

DCP BHAGAT

*

Dahiya! Brief Chaudhary.

Hathi Ram beams. But tries to not let it show.

As Bhagat makes another phone call -

Dahiya walks up to Hathi Ram, who quickly opens his diary.

HATHI RAM

Sir phone kahaan se aaya thha?

OFFICER DAHIYA

Anonymous thha. Munirka ke kisi PCO
se.

HATHI RAM

Aur tip kya thhi Sir?

OFFICER DAHIYA

Zyaada kuchh nahi. Bas yehi ki
chaar aadmi murder ke iraade se
Hotel Uptown mein ruke hain.

Hathi Ram waits for more. Looks like that's all Dahiya's got.
Hathi Ram notes down 'Hotel Uptown' in his diary, thinking.

HATHI RAM

Tip dene waale ko ye information
kahaan se mili hogi? Ki murder
karne waale hain...

He looks at Dahiya.

OFFICER DAHIYA

Ho sakta hai inhi ke gang ka koi
ho? Yaa fir hotel ya uske aas paas
se koi waiter wagairah jisne kuchh
sun dekh liya ho...

(condescending smile)

Ab kuchh toh tum bhi investigate
kar lena dost.

Hathi Ram takes it on his chin. Smiles back. There's still something on his mind though.

HATHI RAM
Sir normally toh intelligence
department aisi raid ki information
local thaane ko pass karta hai na?

Dahiya fixes him with a long gaze.

Just then - DCP Bhagat joins them. Dahiya smirks -

*

OFFICER DAHIYA
Sir Inspector Hathi Ram Chaudhary
ko lagta hai humne direct raid maar
ke protocol break kiya.

HATHI RAM
(awkward)
Nahi Sir... main toh wo...

DCP BHAGAT
You're right. Par hamaare paas itna
time nahi thha. Tip dene waale ne
kahaa thha aaj hee ka plan hai. Toh
khud direct action lena pada. Par
jab tak hotel mein raid maari, ye
murder karne nikal pade thhe. Humne
peechha kiya aur bridge pe ghera.

*

HATHI RAM
Sir murder kiska karne waale thhe?

DCP Bhagat looks at him. A moment passes. And just when he is
about to speak, we CUT TO -

*

1.17 INT. NEWS NOW OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

1.17

A Television. A new news story being 'broken' on it. The
EMPLOYEES around seem to be reacting to it. SARA MATTHEWS,
28, is one of them (we'll meet her again later).

*

*

We catch an anxious-looking SECRETARY TYPE as she rushes down
the corridor.

1.18 INT. NEWS NOW OFFICE - SANJEEV'S CABIN - DAY

1.18

Jai gets up and looks at Sanjeev.

JAI
I'll ask the lawyers to reschedule.
Thoda soch le, before taking your
next step.

A phone in the room starts ringing. Sanjeev ignores it as he
looks at Jai accusingly.

*

*

SANJEEV

So you too want me to quit.

JAI

(awkward)

All I'm saying is you don't have
too many friends left in this town.
The last thing you want is another
powerful enemy.

An uneasy silence between the two. Another phone begins to
ring. And just then - the Secretary barges in. *

JAI'S SECRETARY

Sir, you really need to see this.

She rushes to the television and switches it on.

ON THE TELEVISION:

1.18INS EXT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - DAY

1.18INS

A news report plays - a journalist stands facing the camera
with the Outer Jamuna Paar police station in the bg. *

JOURNALIST (T.V.)

After a dramatic chase, a team of
Delhi Police Intelligence managed
to catch the four accused who are
now locked up in this very police
station. The police refuses to
disclose further but our sources in
the police department have revealed
that the target of this failed
assassination attempt could've been
journalist Sanjeev Mehra... *

Sanjeev and Jai stare at the TV with their mouths open.

Sanjeev feels something and looks down at his hand. It's
shaking.

Jai finally turns to the ringing landline and picks it up -
his eyes still on the TV. *

JAI

Hello?

He listens on. Then suddenly gets attentive. And cups the
mouthpiece.

JAI (CONT'D)

(to Sanjeev)

It's the Police Commissioner.

He offers the phone to Sanjeev - Who just stands there
stunned.

An awkward beat. And then -

*

JAI (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Sir... this is Jai Malik, his
colleague...

1.19 EXT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - DAY

1.19

The CLAMOUR of journalists. Cameras. Mikes. Questions.

Through it - Hathi Ram accompanies Bhagat to the waiting car.

DCP BHAGAT
Chaudah din ki remand maangna. Uske
baad dekhte hain.

*

HATHI RAM
Sir.

DCP BHAGAT
Ye case khatam hone tak tum
directly mujhe report karoge. SHO
se main baat kar loonga.

*

Hathi Ram - surprised. Pleasantly surprised.

DCP BHAGAT (CONT'D)
And I want daily reporting.

*

HATHI RAM
Jee Sir, bilkul.

1.20 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - DAY

1.20

The four stand holding a slate each, with their names. We
TRACK ALONG the names 'Mary Lyngdoh', 'Kabir M' and 'Tope
Singh' until we reach - a blank slate.

Hathi Ram looks up from the blank slate to Tyagi.

HATHI RAM
Iski slate khaali kyun hai?

TOKAS
Chutiye ne naam nahi bataaya ab
tak! Fingerprint bhi nau hee diye.
(to Tyagi)
Ae goongey, dikha toh saahab ko.

Tyagi does as told - he spreads his fingers out in front of
his face, almost in an eerie sort of fashion. Only a stub
exists in place of the left thumb.

Hathi Ram walks up to him. Grabs him by his mouth.

Tyagi doesn't react at all.

HATHI RAM
Yehaan goongey bhi bolte hain beta.
Magistrate ki peshi ho jaane de,
uske baad sab bulwaaunga.

He looks at the other three - Cheeni and Kabir quietly sob. *

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Naam bata iska.

As Chaaku stares at him with defiance -

TOKAS
Apna hee nahi bata raha tha saab.
Hoshiyari chod raha hai bas.

HATHI RAM
Nahi batayega? Chal ye bata phone
kyun phenka.

CHAAKU
Kaun sa phone? Maine koi phone nahi
phenka.

HATHI RAM
TV pe dikha rahe hain chutiye...

Chaaku looks him in the eye.

CHAAKU
TV waale toh kuchh bhi dikhaate
hain saab...

TOKAS
Dekha saab, dekha...

Hathi Ram glares at Chaaku. This one's going to be difficult,
he can see. Just then - Ansari walks up to him.

ANSARI
Sir panchnama ho gaya. Evidence
list ready hai.

1.21 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY 1.21

A cramped room piled to the top with sacks and trunks. It's
the evidence room but really, it's just a glorified godown.

The overworked INCHARGE shows Hathi Ram the entries in his
thick log book as Ansari points to the captured evidence
spread out on the desk -

Four bags. Two guns. A pen knife.

ANSARI

Saamaan mein ye Glock 17 pistol,
aur ye Bruni 8 mm mili hai.
Fingerprint ke liye bhej rahe hain.

*

Hathi Ram nods. Ansari then points to a few 20-dollars bills
and a 'girly' phone.

ANSARI (CONT'D)

Ye dollar us ladki ke paas se mile
hain. Aur ye phone bhi.

HATHI RAM

Is number ki detail nikaalo.
Incoming outgoing bhi check karo.

As Hathi Ram signs the log book, his eyes go to a shelf. A
PLASTIC JAR, with a FOETUS inside.

EVIDENCE ROOM INCHARGE

Nursing home mein mila hai sir...
wo bachcha giraane ke case mein.

Just then - something scurries past Hathi Ram's legs before
disappearing in the mess the room is. It's a rat.

HATHI RAM

Pest control karwa le Rajpal.
Evidence khaa gaye na toh fir
enquiry lag jaani hai teri.

*

His eyes go to - a wooden 'chooza' on the table.

*

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)

Ye kalaakaar kaun hai?

*

*

ANSARI

Wo Kabir. Ek ajeeb sa medical
certificate bhi mila hai uske paas
se.

*

*

*

He hands Hathi Ram a laminated sheet of paper. It's an old
certificate by a doctor stating that 'the circumcision on
Kabir M has been performed due to medical reasons'.

*

HATHI RAM

Gaadi yehi chala raha tha na?

Ansari nods.

ANSARI

Churaayi hui lagti hai. Number
plate aur chassis detail match nahi
kar rahe. Muzaffarnagar RTO se
owner detail nikaal rahe hain.

*

*

*

*

Hathi Ram's eyes go to - the driving licence of Chaaku, with
his name and address on it.

*

Hathi Ram picks it up. And stares at Chaaku's picture.

HATHI RAM
 Chaaron ki history sheet nikaalo
 system mein se. Khaas kar ke iski.

1.22 INT. NEWS NOW OFFICE - MAKE UP ROOM - NIGHT 1.22

A NEWS SCRIPT lying on the table. We glance at it -

"There've been some rumours floating around since this morning. I'm here to tell you that I'm fine..."

A tense Sanjeev sits alone, smoking. His eyes go to - the large mirror in front.

He stares at himself for a while. Then picks up his phone. Checks his Twitter feed.

INSERT TEXT:

@therealpatriot - Really sad 2 hear bout Sanjeev Mehra's assassination attempt. I mean why stop at attempt ;) #Deathtopresstitutes

And the likes. Brutal, like only Twitter can be. Sanjeev stares at the tweets with a tired, defeated look on his face.

A knock on the door. Sanjeev looks up.

Jai enters, followed by the Executive Producer, KEERTI.

SANJEEV
 I don't feel like going on air tonight.

Jai looks at Sanjeev's tense face. Then at the over-flowing ash-tray in front of him.

JAI
 Of course. I understand.

Sanjeev picks up the script.

SANJEEV
 And we can't run this. Police ne kuchh confirm nahi kiya hai. Commissioner ne phone pe kya kaha? 'He'll get back when he has something concrete'. If we run this now and it turns out to be false, we're going to look like chuts.

JAI
 I know. But it's the top story tonight on every other channel. We don't want to miss out on it.

SANJEEV

(curt)

Last I checked, I was the one
making editorial decisions around
here.

An awkward beat.

JAI

Of course.

(to Keerti)

Ask Gayatri to take over 9 pm. And
tell her we aren't running this
story.

Keerti runs out. Jai puts a hand over Sanjeev's shoulder.

JAI (CONT'D)

Been a rough day. Chal tujhe ghar
chhod deta hoon.

1.23 EXT. NEWS NOW OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

1.23

Jai drives, with Sanjeev next to him. And all around the car - *
the clamour of journalists trying to get a byte from Sanjeev.

As Jai negotiates his way out of there - *

Sanjeev's phone rings. He looks at it. *Dolly calling...*

Sanjeev shuts his eyes. Takes a tired deep breath. And then
he picks up the phone -

SANJEEV

(into the phone)

Hello... I told you I'm fine...
haan ghar hee aa raha hoon... On my
way, baba.

Sanjeev cuts it just as the car manages to drive away.

1.24 EXT. DELHI ROADS - OUTSIDE NEWS NOW OFFICE - MOVING CAR - NIGHT 1.24

Jai turns to look outside the window, and gets STARTLED by -
A CAMERA - pointing right at him.

JAI

WHAT THE FUCK!

It's TWO PAPARAZZI on a bike - which almost hits the car as
they come dangerously close in their attempt to get a shot.

JAI (CONT'D)
Who are these people?

SANJEEV
They're us.

Jai shakes his head in disbelief and step on the gas. *

Their fancy car zips ahead - quickly leaving behind the disappointed paparazzi on the rickety bike.

SANJEEV (CONT'D)
Kya lag raha hai? Kaun ho sakta hai
iske peechhey?

The question hangs in the air for a while. Sanjeev susses Jai, before hinting further -

SANJEEV (CONT'D)
Singh saab?

Jai looks sharply at him.

JAI
Isn't that taking it too far?

SANJEEV
Tune hee toh kaha tha... he's not
the guy you mess with.

JAI
Maybe it's Dashrath Kumar.

Sanjeev shakes his head - unsure.

SANJEEV
I doubt. Us baat ko toh teen saal
ho gaye hain...

JAI
Snakes and politicians - They never
forget. After all - uska political
career khatam kiya thha tune...

Sanjeev observes Jai as he shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

1.25 EXT. DELHI - ROAD - NIGHT

1.25 *

An INTERNET CLIP plays:

1.25INS INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

1.25INS

Looks like a sting operation footage in which a politician type, DASHRATH KUMAR, can be seen accepting a briefcase.

It's Ansari and Hathi Ram watching it on Ansari's mobile,
with the vehicle parked on a deserted road.

*
*

HATHI RAM

Is Sanjeev Mehra mein baat toh hai.
Government toh hilaayi thhi.

ANSARI

Sir ab Defence Minister ko ghos
lete camera pe pakdoge toh hungama
toh hoga hee.

Hathi Ram finishes up his drink. He pours another one for
himself from the quarter of cheap rum, while signaling Ansari *
to catch up.

ANSARI (CONT'D)

Kya lagta hai? In chaar tattun ko
isi Dashrath Kumar ne bhaade pe
лагаया hai?

HATHI RAM

Koi toh hai inke peechhe. Varna wo
tattoo apna phone nahi phenkta
paani mein.

Ansari looks at Hathi Ram. Then tentatively broaches a topic -

ANSARI

Sir aap ko nahi laga ki
Intelligence waale handover mein
poori information dene se thoda
jhijhak rahe the? Kuchh khaas
detail mili nahi unse...

HATHI RAM

(bitter)

Dekh. Headquarter waalon ko lagta
hai ki thaanon mein jo chutiye
baithte hain wo bas bandobast ke
laayak hain, investigation ke nahi.
Toh un chutiyon ko utna hee bataao
jitna unke kaam ka -

ANSARI

(cuts him)

Need to know basis.

Hathi Ram looks at him. Just then - His phone rings. He
answers.

HATHI RAM

Hello? Haan kaun?

He listens on. Then replies in broken English -

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
 Madam, investigation going on...
 work in progress... Right now we
 only give information on...
 (beat; winks at Ansari)
 Need to know basis.

Ansari snorts out a laugh.

1.26 INT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1.26 *

A stressed out DOLLY MEHRA (39) in a night gown, gulps down
 some pills with her glass of wine, while talking on the phone-

DOLLY
 (into the phone; Bengali) *
 Haan Maa, Sanjeev theek aache. Amio *
 theek aache. Naa aami stress nichhi *
 na. Tumi chinta koro na... *

While continuing to talk, she walks into the kitchen - *

1.27 INT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - DINING AREA + STAIRCASE - NIGHT 1.27 *

only to see -

FELICIA, the domestic help of the Mehra household watching

1.27INS EXT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1.27INS *

Images of the four accused being driven into the police *
 station as a HINDI JOURNALIST VOICE reports O.S. *

DOLLY
 (cupping her phone) *
 Manaa kiya hai na aaj TV on karne
 se!

Felicia quickly tries to switch off the TV but the damned
 remote just won't work.

FELICIA
 Sorry Bhabhi, sorry...

DOLLY
 Savitri bhokhi hogi. Jaldi khaana
 daal uska.

Felicia quickly pours some leftovers in a dog bowl and hands
 it over to Dolly.

We FOLLOW Dolly as she walks out of the kitchen with it, *
 while CONTINUING to mumble to her mother on the phone - *

Then out of - THE LIVING ROOM.

Out into -

1.28 EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

1.28

Dolly calls out -

DOLLY
SAVITRI! SAVITRI!

A stray bitch makes its way towards her, wagging its tail.

But just as Dolly bends to put down the food bowl in front of the dog - A million FLASHBULBS.

Dolly lets out a little SHRIEK as her phone and the bowl drops from her hands, creating a mess on the ground and on her night gown. *

She has walked right into - A circus of JOURNALISTS waiting outside in the lane.

JOURNALISTS
Madam kya aap ki apne husband se
baat ho rahi hai... Madam aap ko
kaisa laga jab aap ko pata chala un
pe attack hone waala tha... Wo jab
ghar aayenge toh aap unse pehli
cheez kya kahengi... *

A stunned Dolly just stands there FROZEN.

1.29 EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - LANE - MOVING CAR - NIGHT

1.29

Jai's car enters the lane. They spot - The media circus outside his house.

Jai pulls over. Sanjeev sighs. Turns to Jai - *

SANJEEV
Tu jaa. I will sneak in from the
back door.

JAI
You sure? Be careful.

Sanjeev nods and gets out.

As he walks towards the quiet back lane - His phone rings. It's Dolly again.

An irritated Sanjeev picks it up, but before he can say anything -

1.30 INT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT &

1.30 *

1.30PC EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - LANE - NIGHT

1.30PC

Dolly in the bedroom, now completely on the edge.

*

DOLLY
(on the phone)
I'm very scared. Just where're you,
Sanjeev? I need you...

SANJEEV
Aa raha hoon, Dolly. I'm right
here. Did you take your pills?

DOLLY
I... I can't breathe, Sanjeev.
They're everywhere. I can't even
step out to feed Savitri.

Sanjeev lets out a tired sigh like it's an everyday matter.

SANJEEV
What do you want me to do, Dolly?

DOLLY
Just come home, Sanjeev. And tell
me we'll be fine. Please...

*

SANJEEV
(snaps)
For God's sake, Dolly. I almost got
killed today... For once, can it
not be about you and your anxiety?

*
*
*

DOLLY
(hurt)
How... just how can you say that?
I... I've been worried sick about
you since morning. Everything I do
is for you. But you always -

*
*
*

An angry Sanjeev cuts the phone.

*

Dolly stands there - hurt and disappointed, looking like an
emotional wreck.

*
*

1.31 EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - LANE - NIGHT

1.31

A tired Sanjeev stands there looking at his house.

Fuck it. He's not going in. He turns around and walks away.

1.32 INT. BAR CLOSE TO SANJEEV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1.32

Mostly yuppie crowd in here. We notice SARA MATTHEWS, 28 -
sitting with a few of her COLLEAGUES.

Her eyes go to someone in the bar. It's Sanjeev.

*

AT THE BAR COUNTER:

Sanjeev sits glumly sipping his whiskey.

His phone dings. And dings. And dings. Umpteen texts from Dolly. 'Where are you???' '????' 'Please reply'

Sanjeev sends back a reply - 'Media outside the house. Staying at the office tonight'.

Just then, a slightly tipsy Sara appears there.

SARA

A penguin walks into a bar, goes to the counter, and asks the bartender - "Have you seen my brother?" The bartender says, "I don't know. What does he look like?"

No reaction from Sanjeev.

SARA (CONT'D)

(awkward)

You know... penguins... they all look the same...

She stops. She knows she's making it worse. But thankfully - Sanjeev finally snorts out a smile.

SANJEEV

Sara, right?

Sara smiles and nods - utterly relieved.

SARA

Sara Matthews. 6 pm feature.

SANJEEV

Looks like you haven't heard the breaking news tonight.

SARA

Of course I did. I just figured that if you wanted to talk about it, you wouldn't be sitting alone in a bar right now.

And at that, Sanjeev lets out a proper smile for the first time in the day.

THE BAR

has emptied since. And just going by their body language, Sanjeev and Sara both look quite drunk.

SARA (CONT'D)

You know, I was in my final semester at Cornell when you did that Dashrath Kumar story. The sheer audacity of it... And then the next day you went to him yourself, with cameras, to break the story of the sting to him. And just what did he say to admit his guilt? One word -
(beat; play-acts it)
Bhenchod!

She laughs. Sanjeev lets out a wistful smile at the memory.

SARA (CONT'D)

That's when I decided to come back to India... to work for you.

A long pause before -

SANJEEV

We used to be heroes, you know... people like us. And then something about this country changed. And now we get trolled. And killed. And fired.

Sara looks quite taken aback to hear that. And the moment turns somber. The Bartender appears and puts two plastic glasses in front of them - 'closing time'.

*
*

SANJEEV (CONT'D)

See, we even get thrown out of bars.

Sara lets out a half smile. And hesitates before saying -

SARA

Well, if you're up for it, I've half a bottle of cheap rum at my place. And a couch that doesn't ask too many questions.

*

Sanjeev looks at her. And smiles.

1.33 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1.33

Dim light. A woman sleeping. A man climbs over her. It's Hathi Ram trying to smooch Renu as she sleeps. Renu pushes him away - annoyed.

RENU

Hato... Smell aa rahi hai...

HATHI RAM
Roz yehi bolti hai.

She turns around - her back to him - and pulls the bed sheet over her face.

RENU
Roz pee ke bhi toh aate ho.

*

HATHI RAM
Tu na thanda paani daal deti hai
ekdum se.
(mumbles)
Kuchh bataane aaya thha...

Hathi Ram sits down by the side of the bed - disappointed.
And looks at his dull bedroom.

In a corner - a little wooden temple in which red and blue lights blink around an image of Lord Hanuman.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Aur sotey waqt toh ye disco bandh
kar diya kar.

Renu's mumble comes from somewhere under that bedsheet -

RENU
Haath mat lagaana Hanumanji ko.

Hathi Ram gets up and walks out.

1.34 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1.34

Hathi Ram takes some food in a plate. And walks into -

1.35 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1.35

An old B/W picture on the wall - possibly Hathi Ram's father.

It's a rather depressing, windowless living room - the kind that has a wash basin in it.

Just as he sits down on the old sofa, Renu appears. And it's only now that we really see her. She looks older than her forty years, but she's not the kind who'll complain about it.

RENU
Ruko garam karti hoon.

*

HATHI RAM
Tu kyun uth gayi?

RENU
Aa ke upar chadhoge toh neend nahi
khulegi?

*

As she comes to take his plate - Hathi Ram holds her hand.

HATHI RAM
Ye chhod. Uth hee gayi hai toh
maalish kar de. Sar dukh raha hai.

Renu rolls her eyes - like it's an everyday thing.

ANGLE ON the half eaten plate of food.

It lies in Hathi Ram's lap as he sits with his eyes shut, getting a nice oily head massage from Renu. Going by the SOUNDS of pleasure he's making, he seems relaxed now.

RENU
Achcha bataao... kya bataane waale
thhe?

*

HATHI RAM
Ek investigation mili hai. Seedhe
headquarter report karna hai, DCP
ko. Saaley Virk ki shakal dekhne
waali thhi jab use pata chala...

*

RENU
(excited)
Promotion mil gaya finally?

HATHI RAM
(irritated)
Sunti toh hai nahi theek se.
Promotion nahi mila hai. Par bada
case mila hai... saalon baad.
Investigation theek gayi toh kuchh
ho sakta hai mera bhi.

RENU
Oh!

Silence. Renu seems mildly disappointed. And so is Hathi Ram by her reaction. He shuts his eyes back.

1.36 INT. SARA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

1.36

ON Sanjeev's eyes wide awake. He lies sleepless on a couch, while from the gaps in the window blinds - early morning sun rays creep in.

*
*
*

His phone buzzes silently. He checks it.

*

It's an unknown landline number. Sanjeev considers, then answers it.

*
*

SANJEEV
Hello?

*
*

No response.

*

SANJEEV (CONT'D)

Hello? Kaun?

From the other side - Just a breathing sound. Kinda ominous.

And then - the line gets disconnected.

Sanjeev stares at the phone with unease. Then feels a presence behind and turns sharply.

It's a beagle staring at him from the ajar door.

1.37 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - HATHI RAM'S DESK - DAY 1.37

The hustle and bustle of a police station. SHO Virk walks up to Hathi Ram's desk.

SHO VIRK

Ye Sanjeev Mehra ka naam kaise leak
hua? Sensitive information thhi...
jo yaa toh intelligence team ke
paas thhi, yaa tumhaari team ke
paas.

Hathi Ram stands up.

HATHI RAM

Sir meri aur Ansari ki toh briefing
bhi poori nahi hui thhi, jab tak
news media mein faiyl chuki thhi.

SHO VIRK

DCP Bhagat sadey hue hain kal se.
Bekaar mein high profile case ban
gaya hai...

Hathi Ram's phone rings. Instinctively - they both look at the display - *DCP Bhagat calling...*

Think of the devil....! Hathi Ram picks it up nervously.

1.38 INT. POLICE HQ - DCP BHAGAT'S OFFICE - DAY &

1.38

1.38PC INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - HATHI RAM'S DESK - DAY 38PC

DCP BHAGAT

Chaudhary... kya update hai?

Hathi Ram fumbles - not knowing how to react.

HATHI RAM

Sir... wo media mein Sanjeev Mehra
ka naam kaise...

DCP BHAGAT

*

Wo sab chhodo... case pe kya
update?

Hathi Ram - surprised. Looks at Virk - who seems to be eyeing
him curiously.

HATHI RAM

Sir leader wo Tope Singh lag raha
hai. Baaki history sheet nikalwa
rahe hain chaaron ki.

DCP BHAGAT

*

Hmmm. Headquarter se do PSO bhej
raha hoon... Mehra ki security ke
liye. Tum hee le ke jao uske paas.
Usey brief bhi kar dena.

HATHI RAM

Jee Sir. Waise kitna bataana hai
case ke baare mein?

DCP BHAGAT

*

(as if obvious)
Need to know basis, Chaudhary.

As the phone gets disconnected, Hathi Ram smiles at the use
of that phrase. Until he realises -

SHO Virk's looking at him. With that tinge of jealousy.

An awkward silence. Filled by - a TV playing in the bg -

1.38INS EXT. YAMUNA BRIDGE - DAY

1.38INS

A report on the phone being thrown in the river by Chaaku.

SHO VIRK

Ye phone dhoondho zara. Nahi toh in
bhonsadi waalon ko chain nahi
milega.

HATHI RAM

(extra respectful)
Sir.

As an annoyed Virk walks away - Hathi Ram tries to control
his smile.

1.39 INT. MAGISTRATE OFFICE - DAY

1.39

A small, run down court. More like a *sarkaari daftar*
overburdened with files.

A super-busy FIRST CLASS JUDICIAL MAGISTRATE goes through the
papers in front of him while -

Hathi Ram and Ansari wait, along with the four accused.
 The magistrate spots something off. Looks at Hathi Ram.
 Before he can say anything, a sheepish Hathi Ram points
 towards Tyagi.

HATHI RAM
 Sir, wo iska naam abhi pata lagaa
 rahe hain...

The magistrate looks at Tyagi.

A beat. And then -

TYAGI
 Vishal Tyagi.

The Magistrate gives Hathi Ram an annoyed look.

And then fills out the name himself. And signs on the papers -

MAGISTRATE
 Tope Singh, Kabir M, Mary Lyngdoh,
 Vishal Tyagi. Fourteen day police
 remand approved.

1.40	EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY	1.40	
	Sanjeev's car comes to a stop. He steps out to see -		*
	A police car parked there.		*
1.41	INT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM + DRIVEWAY - DAY	1.41	*
	Hathi Ram sits with two plain clothes policemen. Given their stoic, hard-to-read faces, let's call them SHADOWS.		
	Dolly notices Sanjeev entering and rushes up to him.		*
	She hugs him tight. Whispers -		*
	DOLLY I'm sorry.		
	Sanjeev notices - from across the living room - Hathi Ram's watching.		
	SANJEEV It's okay, honey. I'm fine.		
	He gently gets out of her hug and walks up to Hathi Ram.		
	They shake hands.		

HATHI RAM
Hathi Ram Chaudhary, Sir. Outer
Jamuna Paar Thaana.

SANJEEV
Sanjeev Mehra.

Hathi Ram looks at him with genuine admiration.

HATHI RAM
Of course, Sir. Aap ko toh kab se
dekh rahe hain TV pe...

Sanjeev smiles. They sit down.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Madam ne bataaya aap kal ghar nahi
aaye thhe...

SANJEEV
(awkward)
Haan wo... ghar ke baahar reporters
jamaa thhe... toh ek hotel mein...

Hathi Ram observes him.

HATHI RAM
Kuchh din careful rahein, Sir.
Baahar jaayein toh inhe saath le
ke. Aur raat ki shift ke liye ek
doosri team hogi.

Sanjeev looks at the two shadows - Something unsettling about
them.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Waise aap ko kisi pe koi shaq?

Sanjeev shakes his head - unsure.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Koi property dispute?

SANJEEV
Nahi.

HATHI RAM
Koi puraani dushmani?
(nudging in a direction)
Koi khulaasa wagairah kiya ho
aapne, kisi badey aadmi ke
khilaaf... ya karne waale ho?

Sanjeev looks at him. For a moment he's tempted to say
something - but changes his mind. Shrugs.

SANJEEV
Part of the job.

Hathi Ram nods. Glances at Dolly who's instructing the maid a little away from them.

HATHI RAM
(softly)
Sir koi affair wagairah?

Sanjeev looks at him sharply.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)
Routine sawaal hain Sir. Normally
yehi sab wajah hoti hai murder ki.
Jar Joru Jameen.

SANJEEV
Nahi aisa kuchh nahi hai.
(changing the topic)
Waise wo chaar log kaun hain... un
ki koi information?

HATHI RAM
Tafteesh kar rahe hain, Sir. Aur
aap ko police station aanapadega.
Identification ke liye...

Sanjeev nods.

1.42 EXT. SANJEEV'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - DAY 1.42 *

Hathi Ram brings out his little pocket diary with the
'Narsingh avataar' photo on its cover. Quite kitschy!

In it he writes - 'Afair?'

He looks at it. Something's off.

With an uncertain pen - he changes the spelling to 'Affair?'.

1.43 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - ANSARI'S DESK - NIGHT 1.43 *

ON a notepad. On it - a number - UP 48 B 9791, along with FIR
number etc.

It's Ansari at his desk, dialing a number.

A young CHAIWALA KID appears with tea. Ansari ruffles his
hair while taking the cup.

The phone gets answered on the other side.

ANSARI
Sir ji Delhi Police se bol raha
hoon, Outer Jamuna Paar thaana. Ye
Muzaffar Nagar RTO ki ek gaadi
chori hui thhi... toh uske saath
humne chaar log pakdey hain.
(MORE)

ANSARI (CONT'D)
 Unka criminal record jaanna thha...
 (pause)
 Jee inke naam hain...

*

1.44 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN + LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1.44

A TV plays somewhere.

Renu cooks in the kitchen - with the help of a youtube video.

The doorbell rings. She rushes out to answer.

Hathi Ram stands there.

RENU
 Good ki jaldi aa gaye. Pasta
 banaaye hain tumhaare liye.

*

*

She rushes back to the kitchen. When her eyes go to -

THE TV:

It's playing footage of the

1.44INS EXT. MAGISTRATE OFFICE - DAY

1.44INS

Four accused at the Magistrate's Court. And leading them away
 is Hathi Ram.

Renu points at it, all excited.

RENU
 Arey ye toh tum ho...

She claps her hands in delight. And CALLS OUT -

*

RENU (CONT'D)
 Siddhu! Siddhu! Dekh Papa TV pe aa
 rahe hain...

*

*

*

Hathi Ram is a little chuffed too.

*

HATHI RAM
 Siddharth kahaan hai?

*

*

A delighted Renu can't take her eyes off the TV.

*

RENU
 Abhi toh yehin thha...

*

*

Hathi Ram walks towards a room to check -

*

1.45 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - SID'S ROOM - NIGHT

1.45

Hathi Ram walks in.

No one there.

He sees books and papers scattered all over the study desk. A couple of papers have fallen on the ground too.

Hathi Ram shakes his head. Then picks them up and puts them on the desk. Puts the books in order.

He's about to turn away when - Something sticking out of a book catches his attention.

He pulls it out.

It's a marksheet. Lots of reds. And an 'F' at the bottom.

And then his eyes spot - a signature at the bottom - 'Hathi Ram Chaudhary'.

Anger rises on his face as he stares at the signature.

1.46 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1.46

An old printer finishes spitting out a document. *

Ansari picks it up.

It's the criminal record of Kabir M, along with his picture.

Ansari scans through it - A long list of car jacking cases.

Ansari is about to turn away when -

The printer starts printing again. *

Ansari stops. Looks at it.

A photograph slowly starts to emerge.

Curious - Ansari bends over to peer at it.

It's an old photograph - but as more and more of it comes out, the face begins to resemble VISHAL TYAGI. The clincher though is the next column that emerges out -

Identification mark: Missing left thumb.

And as the printer continues to spit out his criminal record - *

Ansari's eyes widen with shock at what he's reading.

1.47 INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1.47

SIDDHARTH (aka SID), 16, sits opposite to Hathi Ram and Renu on the sofa. *

On the center table in between - the marksheet.

HATHI RAM

Bataaya kyun nahi tu fail hua hai?

Sid - silent.

HATHI RAM (CONT'D)

Aur ye mera sign ispe kahaan se
aaya?

SID

Mujhe nahi padhna us school mein.

HATHI RAM

Toh kaun se school mein padhega?

SID

Happy Valley. Colony ke saare
friends wahin jaate hain.

HATHI RAM

Kyun ki lafantar hain saare. Tere
ko pata nahi kitni mushkil se
admission milta hai teri school
mein? Kitna ro peet ke Commissioner
saab se sifarish karwaayi thhi -

*

Sid storms out -

SID

Toh maine kahaa tha rone peetne?

Hathi Ram lunges at him. Renu pulls him back.

RENU

Baitho tum. Ladne marne ko taiyyar
rehte ho dono.

HATHI RAM

Toh dhyaan rakha kar na. Half
yearly ka result kab aaya pata
chala tujhe?

A door gets SLAMMED somewhere O.S.

Renu sighs and goes in the direction, calling out -

RENU

Siddhu...

Hathi Ram stands there - fuming.

On the table - his phone rings. *Ansari calling...*

He fumes for some more before picking it.

HATHI RAM

Haan bol.

1.48 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - NIGHT &

1.48

1.48PC INT. HATHI RAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1.48PC

ANSARI

Sir thaane aa sakte ho?

HATHI RAM

Kyun kya hua?

ANSARI

Inki history sheet nikali hain.

We STAY on Hathi Ram's face for a bit.

1.49 INT. JAMUNA PAAR POLICE STATION - MALE LOCK UP - NIGHT

1.49

A grim Ansari leads Hathi Ram on to the lock up while briefing him.

ANSARI

Sir ye Vishal Tyagi Hathoda Tyagi hai.

HATHI RAM

Kaun?

ANSARI

Chitrakoot UP ka most wanted gangster... aaj tak kabhi arrest nahi hua...

HATHI RAM

Case?

They reach - the lock up. The three male accused sit on the ground - their backs against the grimy lockup wall.

From Hathi Ram's POV - We start a SLOW TRACK towards Tyagi as-

ANSARI

Kidnapping, Ransom, Extortion...

(beat)

Aur paintalees murder.

The TRACK stops on a TIGHT of Tyagi. He sits calm as ever - looking straight at us. His cold eyes - not giving away anything.

And then - just like how he did earlier - Tyagi eerily spreads his fingers out in front of his face -

Four fingers in one, five in another.

Four. Five. Forty five.

FADE OUT.

ROLL IN END CREDITS