

"In Pursuit of Love"

a Spec Sreenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN KABUL - DAY

SUPER: "OCTOBER 1996, TWO MONTHS AFTER THE TALIBAN'S INITIAL CAPTURE OF KABUL"

VARIOUS ANGLES:

Two TOYOTA PICKUPS, loaded with bearded Taliban fighters armed with AK-47s, PK machine guns, and RPGs, patrol the street.

On the pavement in front of a restaurant, a few men and women dressed in SHALWAR-KAMEES and BURQAS walk quietly.

A member of the Taliban's religious police, using a MEGAPHONE, calls out to the people.

THE MAN

(in Pashto/ subtitled)

De lemanza wakht day, karo bar band
kaday, au zey Jumaat ta.

*(It's time for prayer. Stop doing
business and go to the mosque.)*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yeh jang-zada Afghanistan ka darul-hukumat, Kabul hai. Chalees saal pehle, yeh shehr apni saaf-suthri sarakon, electric buson, aur achhe public transport ke liye mashhoor tha. Mukhtalif tehzeebon aur mazhabi aqaayid ke log yahaan aman aur amaan ke saath rehte the. Lekin kai saalon ki ladaai ke baad, khaas taur par Taliban ke iqtedaar mein aane ke baad, sab kuch badal gaya hai, aur kuch aqalliyaton ke liye zindagi mushkil ho gayi hai. Main yeh kahoonga ke Kabul aur Afghanistan ke dusre shehron mein sadiyon se rehne wale Hindu aur Sikh log ab bairooni duniya mein hijrat kar chuke hain. Magar, un mein se kuch log, jaise Madan Malhotra aur unka khandan, ab bhi haalaat ka muqabla kar rahe hain.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A HOUSE - NIGHT

Two bearded men in their early 30s, armed with AK-47s and wearing black turbans, approach the IRON GATE of a two-story house.

One of them presses the doorbell button located on the top right corner of the gate. After a brief pause, he presses the bell again.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(in Farsi with
subtitles)

"Keest?"
(*Who is it?*)

THE ARMED MAN

(in Pashto with
subtitles)

Moonj Taliban you. War khalase kah.
(*We are the Taliban.*
Open the door.)

A small door on the right side of the iron gate opens. The two armed Taliban, partially covering their faces with their turbans, rush into the house.

Talib 1 points his gun at a tall, bearded man in his 30s, dressed in Shalwar Kameez, from about three meters away. Talib 2 closes the gate and approaches the frightened man.

TALIB 2

(in Urdu)
Aap ka naam?

THE FRIGHTENED MAN

Madan Malhotra.

TALIB 2

Achha, to Malhotra sahib, aap ke ghar mein bohot deno se saz aur awaz sunayi deti hai. Aap ko ab tak nahi pata ke Emirate-e-Islami ke qanoon ke mutabiq, gehne sona aur saz bajana mana hai?

MALHOTRA

Hosakta hai mere bete ne tape-recorder on kiya hoga. Mawlawi sahab, is baar usko maaf kar dijiye. Do bara yeh ghalati kabhi nahi karega.

TALIB 2

Chalo is baar maaf kar dete hain. Magar aapko to jurmana dena padega, kyunke aap is mulk me rehkar bhi Taliban ko koi madad nahi kar rahe hain. Isliye, aapka jurmana hoga DUS HAZAR DOLLAR.

MALHOTRA
 (swallowing nervously)
 \$10,000?

TALIB 2
 Malhotra Sahab, aap to ek successful
 businessman hain. Aap achhe se jaante
 hain ke har cheez ki ek qeemat hoti
 hai. Wo kahawat to sunhi hogi jo
 kehti hai, 'Kuch paane ke liye...

Talib 2 pauses.

MALHOTRA
 ...Kuch khona padta hai.

TALIB 2
 Malhotra Sahab! Yeh kahawat humein
 bohot pasand hai kyunki ye humein
 purane zamane ki yaad dilati hai—uss
 zamane ki jab is mulk mein andhera
 nahi, roshni thi; dushmani nahi,
 dosti thi; takalluf nahi, sadegi
 thi; aur sab se badi baat, hamari
 bhi achi zindagi thi. Hum bhi kabhi
 kabhi cinema jaate the.

MALHOTRA
 Mawlawi Sahab, aap bhi cinema jaate
 the?

TALIB 2
 Jee haan, jaate the. Hindi films
 dekhne ke liye. Purani films mein
 kya gaane the, kya tarane the.
 Heroines ki khubsurti dekhne mein,
 kitne achhe achhe sariyan istemal
 hoti thi.

(beat)
 Malhotra Sahab, maine suna hai ke
 naye films mein jism ki numaishteh bohot
 zyada hoti hai?

MALHOTRA
 Ye sach hai, Mawlawi Sahab.

TALIB 2
 Chalo, ye bhi is haqeeqat ka saboot
 hai ke hum insaan paise ke liye kuch
 bhi kar sakte hain. Khair, main aapko
 ye keyon bata raha hoon. Mujhe tho
 serf jurmana..., nahi nazrana chahiye.
 Malhotra Sahab, hum kal raat isi
 waqt phir aayenge.

(MORE)

TALIB 2 (CONT'D)

Aap par farz banta hai ke humara
nazrana tayyar karke humein de dein.

MALHOTRA

Theek hai, Mawlawi Sahab.

TALIB 2

(holding the gate of
the house with one
hand and looking
back at Malhotra)

Malhotra Sahab, humein maloom hai ke
paisa dena, woh bhi American dollars,
bahut dushwaar hai. Magar humein ye
bhi maloom hai ke aap ko apni biwi
aur bachon se bohot pyar hain. Shab
bakhair.

The Taliban exit Malhotra's house.

CUT TO:

INT. A SPACIOUS BEDROOM - MORNING

A woman in her early 30s, with black eyes and black hair,
wearing an Indian sari, gently shakes the arm of a man
sleeping on a king-size bed. This is SHANTI, the beautiful
wife of Madan Malhotra.

SHANTI

(shaking her husband's
arm slowly)

Chaleye, ut jayein. Aaj aap office
nahi jaayenge? Nashta aur Haroon
dono tayyar hain. Nashta karke Haroon
ko school tak chhod dijiye.

MALHOTRA

(rubbing his eyes
with the back of his
thumbs)

Ek minute, Shanti. Aaj ke baad Haroon
chand dinon ke liye school nahi
jaayega.

SHANTI

Kyon?

MALHOTRA

Waise bhi Taliban ke aane ke baad
schools mein teaching bohot kam aur
preaching zyada ho gaya hai. Ab humein
is mulk ko chhodna padega.

SHANTI

Kam se kam, nashta to kar lijiye.

MALHOTRA

Nahi. Mujhe jaana hai. Apne partner,
ZALMAI KHAN, ke saath zaroori baat
karni hai.

SHANTI

Achha, jaise aapki marzi.

MALHOTRA

Shanti, Haroon ko bata do ke kuch
dinon ke liye, radio aur tape-recorder
on mat karna aur gana mat sunna.

SHANTI

Kyoon, kisi ne kuch kaha?

MALHOTRA

Abhi mere paas waqt nahi hai. Raat
mein baat karenge.

EXT. STREET, DOWNTOWN KABUL - MORNING

Malhotra drives a Toyota Corolla through downtown Kabul and
turns right into the parking lot of a dealership marked
"KHAN'S MOTORS."

EXT. VAST PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He parks the car and heads towards the showroom's large
entrance door.

INT. CAR SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malhotra enters the showroom, where the shiny colors of
several new and used Toyota models sparkle. In the right
corner of the showroom, a salesman (28) is showing a Corolla
to a middle-aged man, the only customer.

Waving at the salesman, Malhotra heads toward a room with a
signboard on the door reading "SALES MANAGER" in Farsi and
English. Malhotra knocks on the door.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(in Pashto with
subtitles)

Raza.

(Come in.)

MALHOTRA

(entering the room)

Salam khan Sahab!

ZALMAY KHAN, a bearded, strong man in his early 50s, wearing a turban and traditional Afghan attire, stands up from his chair.

ZALMAY KHAN

(in Hindi with a
Pathan's accent)

Namaste Malhotra sahab, kya haal hai? Aaj thoda der kar diya. Khaireyat to hai?

MALHOTRA

Khan sahab, khaireyat is mulk ko ab chhod chuki hai.

Malhotra walks closer to Zalmay Khan. They shake hands and sit on couches opposite each other.

ZALMAY KHAN

Tum pareshan lagte ho. Batao, problem kya hai?

MALHOTRA

Zindagi mein to problems aati jaati hain. Magar is problem se door rehne ke liye, humein is mulk se door rehna padega.

ZALMAY KHAN

Iss mulk ko chhod kar aap kahan jayenge?

MALHOTRA

Canada.

ZALMAY KHAN

Mazaak mat karo dost.

MALHOTRA

Yeh mzaak nahi hai Khan bhai. I'm serious. Main sab kuch bech kar Canada jana chahta hoon. Jaise ki aap jaante hain, pichle saal main apni family ke saath wahan business ke liye gaya tha. Lekin, is baar, main Toronto mein asylum ke liye darkhawast de dunga.

ZALMAY KHAN

Sunno, dost, Canada jao. Magar yeh partnership kharab mat karo. Main 20 million dollar tumhare naam par apne Dubai accounts se Canada transfer kar doonga.

(MORE)

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)

Woh Canadian-made Toyota Corollas yahan Afghanistan mein huge demand mein hain. Unhein bhejo, aur hum mil kar business expand karenge.

MALHOTRA

Mujhe ek aur ehsaan kar do, dost. Mere ghar ke liye koi achha kharidar dhoondh kar uska paisa mujhe transfer karwa do.

ZALMAY KHAN

Abhi property market bahut kharab hai. Isliye, apna ghar kuch din ke liye mat becho, kyunki duniya mein property business beemar to ho sakta hai, magar kabhi nahi marega.

MALHOTRA

Phir kya karoon? Main to is mulk se ja raha hoon.

ZALMAY KHAN

Tum mere naam par ek Power of Attorney bana do. Main tumhare ghar ko kisi NGO ke liye kiraye par de doonga aur uska paisa tumhe har teen mahine mein transfer kar doonga.

MALHOTRA

Shukriya, Khan sahab. Main aap ke naam par kiraye dene ka Power of Attorney bana kar laata hoon.

ZALMAY KHAN

Dosti ke liye jaan qurban. Chalo ab batao, woh aadmi kaun hai jo tumhe tang karta hai?

MALHOTRA

Chaliye bhai sahab, rehne dijiye. Main un logon ki khwahish पूरी karunga.

ZALMAY KHAN

Nahi. Dosti ke liye, tum batao aur baaki kaam mujh par chhod do. Tum to jaante ho ke main Kandahar se hoon aur Taliban se meri jaan-pehchaan hai. Isliye main yakeen ke saath keh sakta hoon ke is deewar ko todne ke liye, mera pariwaar kaafi hai.

MALHOTRA

Kal raat do aadmi mere ghar aakar
mujhse dus hazaar dollar maang rahe
the. Unhone kaha ke woh Taliban ka
aadmi hai. Aaj raat barah baje, mujhe
unke \$10,000.00 deyna hoga.

ZALMAY KHAN

Tum woh paisa de do. Hum tumhare
ghar ke bahar un dono se nipat lenge.

MALHOTRA

Shukriya, Khan bhai. Ab main chalta hoon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Malhotra sits on a couch, reading a book. The iron tongue of a wall-mounted clock strikes midnight. A teenage boy's voice is heard.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Aap abhi tak nahi soye, baba?

Malhotra looks up from his book and turns his head to the right. On the stairs, connecting the upper and lower parts of the house, stands a handsome 13-year-old boy, HAROON, with black hair and eyes, dressed in pajamas.

MALHOTRA

Tum bhi jaag rahe ho, Haroon beta.
Main to uncle Khan ka intezaar kar
raha hoon. Woh aane wale hain. Tum
chalo, so jao.

HAROON

OK, baba.

Haroon climbs the stairs and disappears behind the corridor wall. Moments later, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Malhotra grabs a plastic bag from the coffee table and rushes to the front yard.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The half-moon casts a dim glow over the yard as Malhotra approaches the gate. He opens it silently.

The two armed Taliban in black turbans jump in. The first Talib stands guard, pointing his AK-47 at Malhotra.

TALIB 2
 (closing the gate)
 Hamara nazrana tayyar hai?

MALHOTRA
 (giving the plastic
 bag)
 Jee, Mawlawi sahab. Yeh hai aapka
 nazrana. Gen lijiye.

TALIB 2
 (examining the money)
 Theek hai, Malhotra sahab. Humein
 aapke imandari par poora bharosa
 hai. Shukriya.

The Talib divides the money between his pockets and calls his companion.

TALIB 2 (CONT'D)
 (in Pashto/ subtitled)
 Akhtara! Raza che zoo.
 (*Akhtar! let's go.*)

The Taliban leave Malhotra's house.

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE MALHOTRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As the Taliban exit, a commanding male voice is heard.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (in Pashto/ subtitled)
 Aslehe mo woghor zawey. Lassona porta
 karey.
 (*Hands up and drop
 the guns.*)

The Taliban drop their guns and raise their hands.

Zalmay Khan and his men step forward and disarm the Taliban. Khan retrieves Malhotra's money from their pockets.

TALIB 1
 Ye paisa hamare liye jahiz hai.

ZALMAY KHAN
 Chup, khabees. Tum jaise zaleel
 musalmanon ke harqaton se hamara
 deen aur mazhab badnaam ho gaya hai.
 Kisi ke ghar mein ghusna aur usse
 bandook ke zariye paisa lena chori
 nahi to kya hai?

TALIB 1

Musalman hote hue bhi aap Hindu ke saath dein rahe hain?

ZALMAY KHAN

Tum bhi to dollar ki ibadat karte ho. Halanke apni naam-nehaad jihad ke liye tumne pagri utari hai, daadi bada di hai, aur bandook le li hai. Agar woh Hindu hai, toh apne bhagwan ko dil se pyaar karta hai. Uska andar aur bahar ek jaisa hai. Woh tum jese "munafiq" nahi hai, jo zahir se kuch aur hota hai aur batin mein kuch aur.

Zalmai Khan uncovers the Taliban's face.

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)

Tum dono namaz padtey ho?

TALIB 2

Jee haan, paanch waqt namaz padte hai hum.

ZALMAY KHAN

Woh namaaz, namaaz nahi jo insaan ko bure kaam karne se nahi rokta. Zaroor aapki namaaz mein koi kharabi hai. Jab dil aur niyat kharab ho, to namaaz se bhi kuch nahi milega. Jaise Allama Iqbal ne kaha tha: "Tera dil toh hai sanam-ashna, tujhe kya milega namaaz mein?"

(Beat)

Taliban hokar bhi kyun chori kartey ho?

TALIB 2

Chori... iss waqt hamare liye sirf ek majboori hai, jo zaroorat se bhi zaroori hai.

ZALMAY KHAN

Zaroorat aur majboori nahi, balkeh tumhare imaan ki kamzori hai. Chalo, ab yeh bata do ke tum dono ka commander kaun hai?

TALIB 1

Hamare commander yahan nahi hai. Woh Pakistan gaye hain.

ZALMAY KHAN

(to his men, in Pashto/
subtitled)

Taso doy zan sara bozay motar ta.
Zeh zoma de Malhotra paisay wapas
warkawom au beya razoom. (*Take them
to the car. I'm going to return
Malhotra's money and come back.*)

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY, DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

An ARYANA AFGHAN AIRLINES plane glides smoothly onto the runway of DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, touching down with a soft thud. It decelerates as it taxis toward the terminal.

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Haron gazes out the window at the bustling airport, where planes are parked, luggage carts zip by, and ground staff hustle.

He turns toward his mother, who is seated beside him.

HARON

(emotional)

Yakeen nahi hota ke hum Afghanistan
se bahar hain.

SHANTI

(smiling warmly)

Ek nayi shuruaat ka pehlla qadam
hai, beta.

EXT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Sprawling terminals stretch out like tentacles across the vast runways.

ON THE TARMAC -

Bathed in floodlights, an EMIRATES AIRBUS A380 towers majestically, dwarfing nearby commuter jets. The massive plane taxis toward the runway, preparing for departure.

EXT. RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With a powerful surge, the Airbus A380 picks up speed and lifts off into the night sky.

INT. EMIRATES PLANE - DAY

SUPER: 15 HOURS LATER

The Malhotra family sits calmly as the engines hum.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(over the PA system)

Ladies and gentlemen, we will soon be arriving at Pearson International Airport in Toronto. Please fasten your seatbelts and return your seats to the upright position as we prepare for landing. Thank you.

Malhotra looks out the window, deep in thought, as the skyline of Toronto comes into view.

HAROON

(elated)

Vow! yeh hai hamara naya mulk, ek nayi shuruaat ki.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

An aerial view of a large bungalow, nestled in the suburban neighborhood of Toronto. A well-maintained front lawn and a beautifully landscaped garden. A spacious driveway with two luxury cars parked side by side.

SUPER: RICHMOND HILL, TORONTO, 13 YEARS LATER.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Malhotra, now with graying hair, sits at an exotic dining table in an expensive suit and a multicolored tie, reading an English newspaper.

On the table are fruits, teacups, bread, a couple of boiled eggs, and an omelet.

His wife, Shanti, comes out of the kitchen holding two cups of orange juice. She places one cup in front of her husband.

SHANTI

Yeh aap ke liye.

She places the other cup on the opposite side of the table.

SHANTI (CONT'D)

Aur yeh Haroon ke liye.

Malhotra puts the newspaper down on the dining table and looks at his wife.

MALHOTRA

Kahan hai aap ke sahabzade? Ab tak so raha hai, kya?

SHANTI

Main jaakar dekhti hoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAST GARDEN - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A tall, handsome, athletic man in his early 26, is in a beautiful garden. A pretty, slim, well-dressed young girl (24) calls him from behind a rose bush.

THE GIRL

Hi, handsome. Come on, hug me. If you can, I'll be yours.

The man eagerly follows the girl. As he reaches out to hug her, she playfully escapes his embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom walls are adorned with pictures of Indian and Western celebrities. The handsome young man seen in the garden now lies on a king-size bed, hugging a cushion as he sleeps peacefully.

SHANTI

(standing by the bed)

Haroon! Haroon beta, chalo uttho. It's half past eight. Don't you want to go to the office today?

Haroon opens his eyes and sees his mother by his side.

HAROON

Oh, Mah! Kitna accha khwab dekh raha tha. Aapne kharab kar diya.

SHANTI

Sapno ki duniya se baahar aao aur haqeeqat ka saamna karo.

HAROON

Yeh pyaar ka sapna tha, Mah! Ek aisa pyaar jo mere dil mein hai, ek aisa pyaar jo mere zindagi ko mushkil kar diya hai.

SHANTI

Acha hua tumhein kisi se pyaar ho gaya. Kaun hai woh ladki? Uska naam kya hai? Main usse dekhna chahti hoon, kyunki mera bhi ek sapna hai, woh bhi tumhari shaadi ka.

HAROON

Mah, woh ek bohat haseen ladki hai jo kabhi kabhi mere sapno mein aati jaati hai.

SHANTI

Acha, toh batao, uske baal, uska chehra aur rang kaisa hai?

HAROON

Mah! She is a very beautiful girl. Her hair is parted in the middle, hanging down to her shoulders, giving off the fragrance of flowers. Her teeth are pearly white and perfectly even. The combination of her face and body is a masterpiece of the creative Creator.

SHANTI

Bas, bas, yeh sher aur shayari bahut hogayi. Tum apne daddy ki tarah businessman kyun nahi bante?

HAROON

Main tejarat, mohabbat, likhawat, shaheri, aur sangeet ko milaawat karke logon ki khidmat karna chahta hoon. Maa! Woh Farsi ki kahawat to suna hoga jo kehti hai, "Shaad ziestan hunar Ast, shaad kardan, hunar-e-waalatar." Khush rehna ek kala hai, lekin doosron ko khushi dena usse bhi badi kala hai.

SHANTI

Jo tumhara dil chahta hai, wahi karo. Magar ab uth jao aur fresh ho kar neeche aao, kyunki aapke daddy tumhara intezaar kar rahe hain.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wearing jeans, a blue shirt, and Nike sports shoes, Haroon appears on the stairs, carrying a GoodLife brand HANDBAG on his right shoulder and a GUITAR on his left. He descends the stairs, heading towards the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haroon enters the dining room, where Malhotra reads "*The Globe and Mail*" at the table while Shanti drinks tea.

Haroon walks in, setting his guitar down gently and placing the handbag on a nearby chair.

HAROON

Hi Dad. Good morning, Maa.

SHANTI

Itni jaldi tayyar ho gaya beta.

HAROON

Time is money, aur isse zaya nahi karna chahiye, Maa. Yeh toh Daddy ki siksha hai.

MALHOTRA

Yeh jo tum kar rahe ho, kya yeh waste of time nahi hai?

HAROON

Dad! Main toh apne shauq se padhayi kar raha hoon.

MALHOTRA

Aaj kal ke zamane mein music aur literature padhne ka kya faida hai? Aur is mulk ka current music jo gaane ke ander singer baat karta hai, mere hisaab se sab bakwas hai.

HAROON

Woh toh RAP hai, Dad.

MALHOTRA

Woh RAP nahi, balki music ke chehre par ek SLAP hai. Sur aur taal ke darmiyan ek TRAP hai.

HAROON

Aao, Dad! Aapka yeh sochne ka tareeka bata raha hai ke hamare darmiyan ek 'GENERATION GAP' hai.

MALHOTRA

Mere pyare beta! Agar tum mere tarah businessman nahi banna chahte, toh koi baat nahi. Kam se kam ek acha doctor ban jao; aise career banao ke main fakhr se kahoon, yeh hai mera beta Dr. Haroon.

HAROON
 (drinking half of his
 juice)
 Dad, main to doctor ban gaya hoon.
 Magar Doctor of English Literature.

Haroon gets up.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 Main jaa raha hoon, Maa!

SHANTI
 Beta, aaram se khao aur juice pi lo,
 phir jana.

HAROON
 Nahi Maa. Mujhe doston ke saath ek
 naye geet ka rehearsal karna hai aur
 uske baad Aikido class jana hai.

Holding his guitar in one hand and his handbag on his left shoulder, Haroon walks toward the main door, opens it, and exits.

MONTAGE

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

Haroon, surrounded by three musicians, performs passionately. He strums his guitar while the drummer keeps the beat, the saxophonist adds a smooth melody, and the keyboardist plays a rich harmony. Haroon sings into a microphone:

HAROON
 (singing)
*Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil main hain.
 Ke mere zindagi mushkil main hain.
 Bhaag jaati woh mere yaadon se. Phir
 bhi dil koshish-e-baatel main hain.*

CUT TO:

EXT. ETOBICOKE OLYMPIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Haroon parks his sleek BMW in the lot. He grabs his Goodlife handbag from the passenger seat and steps out of the car.

The camera follows him as he walks confidently towards the building entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. AIKIDO CLASS - DAY

Haroon, now in AIKIDO ATTIRE, practices the Japanese sword fighting moves with intensity. He performs a series of precise movements and techniques, demonstrating skill and focus.

The instructor guides him through a move, and Haroon executes it with determination.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. LUXURY WASHROOM - DAY

Haroon is in the shower, water cascading over him.

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Haroon, with a towel wrapped around his waist, slides open the closet door, revealing a collection of jeans, suits, shirts, ties, and other clothing items.

He selects a crisp suit and a matching shirt. Once dressed in the suit, he grabs his guitar and heads out of his room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haroon stands in the center of the living room, calling out to his mother.

HAROON

Mah! O Mah! Main apni graduation party ke liye ja raha hoon. Aaj raat der se aaoonga.

SHANTI (O.S.)

Theek hai, beta. Apna khayal rakhna.

CUT TO:

INT. A BIG HALL - NIGHT

The hall is bustling with energy, filled with young men and women from the Indian community in Toronto.

On the dance floor in front of the stage, a young dancer performs acrobatic moves in a dynamic Western style, captivating the audience with his skill.

Some guests cheer him on, while others are seated at tables covered with white napkins, enjoying the lively atmosphere.

Near the stage, a table of four Indian girls sits prominently, watching the dancer's impressive performance. One of the girls turns to the one beside her.

GIRL
 (in Hindi)
 SIMRAN, hey Simran! Woh tumhara singer
 Dost Haroon kahan hai?

SIMRAN
 He should be here by now.

Simran glances toward the entrance of the hall just as Haroon walks in.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)
 There he is!

Simran rises quickly and heads over to greet Haroon. As she reaches him, she smiles warmly.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)
 Hi Haroon. Tumne bahut der kar di!

HAROON
 Sorry, bumper-to-bumper traffic, you know.

SIMRAN
 (taking Haroon's hand
 and leading him
 towards the stage)
 Come on! Tumne wada kiya tha ke graduation party mein ek naya Hindi gana gao ge. Aaj apna wada poora karo!

HAROON
 (as gentle music plays
 in the background)
 Okay, okay. I'm ready to fulfill my promise.

Simran climbs onto the stage and grabs a microphone.

SIMRAN
 Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!
 Aaj ki shaam, Hindi music ke naam.
 And now, my handsome friend, Dr.
 Haroon Malhotra, will sing a special
 song for you all in Hindi. Let's
 give him a big hand!

The crowd erupts in applause. Haroon steps up to the microphone with his guitar in hand, waving to the audience.

HAROON
 Ladies and gentlemen, this Hindi
 song is inspired by a Farsi
 (MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)
 composition by Ahmad Zahir, the late,
 great Afghan singer.

Haroon starts strumming his guitar, and the musicians join in, creating a beautiful melody.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai.
 Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai.
 Bhaag jaati woh mere yaadon se. Phir
 bhi dil koshish-e-batil mein hai.*

Haroon sways to the rhythm, his movements infectious as some in the crowd begin to dance along.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Bakht agar mujhse jafa karta hai,
 Tum ko yeh mujhse juda karta hai.
 Aye Sanam tum toh wafa kar do zara.
 Warna aashiq yeh tera marta hai.
 Apne hoton se pilao aab-e-hayat.
 Pyaar ke fasl bhi hasil mein hai.
 Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai.
 Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai.*

A couple of people in the middle of the hall start dancing. Haroon continues to play his guitar and sings with passion.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Door hai pyaar ki manzil mera,
 Purkhatar/dangerous amn ka saahil
 mera. "Sarfaroshi ki tamanna" ab
 tak. Yeh mera rooh, mera dil mein
 hai. Dekhna hai mujhe kitna power.
 Woh tera "baazu-e-qaatil mein hai".
 Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai.
 Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai...*

The audience is fully engaged. Some clapping along to the beat, others dancing with abandon.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Pyaar jab hadd se guzar jaata hai.
 Har taraf noor nazar aata hai. Aao
 ek baar wada karke jao. Jab mera
 waqt-e-safar aata hai. Mere aansoon
 ke musaafir dekho. Ab rawana soy-e-
 manzil mein hai. Kaisa yeh pyaar
 mera dil mein hai.*

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai.
Bhaag jaati hain mere yaadon se.
Phir bhi dil koshish-e-batil mein
hai...*

Haroon finishes the song, and the hall erupts with applause and cheers.

CUT TO:

EXT. A VAST CAR PARKING - NIGHT

Haroon walks toward his BMW. Suddenly, he hears faint cries for help.

FAINT MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Help! Help! Ouch! Ouch! You guys
wanna kill me!

Haroon's steps quicken as he follows the sounds, weaving between the parked cars.

Ahead, Haroon spots a group of men surrounding a young man, mercilessly beating him. He quickly pulls out his cell phone, ready to call for help. But he hesitates when he sees one of the attackers, a man wearing a PAGRI, raising a HOCKEY STICK to strike the victim.

In a flash, Haroon springs into action. He dashes forward and delivers a swift SIDEKICK to the man with the hockey stick, knocking him off balance.

Using his AIKIDO skills, he disarms another attacker, swiftly taking the hockey stick and using it to fend off a third man who has grabbed the victim by the neck.

HAROON

(in a firm voice)

Indian hokar bhi Indian ko maar rahe ho?
Why are you beating this poor guy?

ONE OF THE MEN

(angrily)

Fuck you! This is none of your
business. He owes me \$3,000 and
refuses to pay up.

Before Haroon can respond, the man with the PAGRI lunges at him from behind, swinging the hockey stick toward his head. Haroon deftly dodges the blow and counterattacks, defending himself effectively. The attackers momentarily pull back, a tense lull in the fight.

HAROON

(calmly)

Look, if this guy owes you money, it doesn't give you the right to beat him up. There are peaceful ways to resolve this.

THE MAN WEARING PAGRI

(grumbling)

But he's been hiding from us for the last three months.

HAROON

(confidently)

If that's the case, I'll be his guarantor and promise to pay you within a week. Let's end this now.

Haroon reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(throwing the card
toward them)

Here's my card. I'm Haroon Malhotra, Deputy Manager at Mississauga Toyota. Come to the dealership on Monday, and I'll write you a check.

The man wearing the PAGRI steps forward cautiously, picking up the business card from the ground.

THE MAN WEARING PAGRI

(skeptically)

Alright, it's a deal. But no more games.

HAROON

(nodding)

It's a promise. Now let's get out of here before the police come, or we could all end up in trouble.

The men exchange glances and, with a final glare, disappear into the darkness.

Haroon turns his attention to the beaten man, extending a hand to help him up.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(offering his hand)

Hey, I'm Haroon Malhotra, a U of T alum.

THE MAN

(gratefully)

Thanks for saving me. I'm SOORAJ
SINGHANIA, a Ph.D. student at the U
of T Law School.

As Haroon helps Sooraj up, he notices a small wound on
Sooraj's head.

HAROON

(concerned)

You've got a wound. Should I call
911?

SOORAJ

(shaking his head)

Nahi, mujhe jana hai. I have to work
on my Ph.D.

HAROON

(insistent)

At least let me give you a lift.

SOORAJ

(politely declining)

Thanks, but I take the bus. I live
at 225 Kipling Avenue.

HAROON

Are you sure?

SOORAJ

Absolutely.

Haroon nods, then uses his remote to start his BMW. He reaches
into his pocket and pulls out another business card.

HAROON

(handing the card to
Sooraj)

Yeh lejiye, Wakil Sahab. Come by my
office on Monday at the address on
the card. Bring your credentials.
I'll see how I can help.

SOORAJ

Thank you, sir.

HAROON

(smiling)

Alright, take care. See you Monday
at 10:00 am.

Sooraj nods as Haroon heads toward his car, leaving the parking lot as the distant city lights flicker.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP - DAY

Sooraj stands in front of a young, attractive receptionist (25) at the information desk.

The showroom, filled with various Toyota models like HIGHLANDER, SIENNA, AVALON, CAMRY, COROLLA, and RAV4s, glistens under the lights.

SOORAJ

(to the receptionist)

Good morning. I'm Sooraj Singhanian.
I have an appointment with Mr. Haroon
at 10:00 a.m.

THE RECEPTIONIST

(with a smile)

Just a moment, sir. I'll inform Mr.
Haroon that you've arrived.

The receptionist dials a few numbers on the intercom. Haroon's voice comes through.

HAROON'VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Ms. Crystal?

CRYSTAL

Mr. Sooraj is here for his 10:00
a.m. appointment.

HAROON (V.O.)

Send him in, please.

Crystal hangs up the intercom, gets up from her chair, and smiles at Sooraj.

CRYSTAL

Please follow me.

She leads Sooraj down a short corridor.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(turning the handle
of a door labeled:
DEPUTY MANAGER)

Mr. Sooraj, please go in.

Sooraj enters the room.

INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

SOORAJ
Good morning, Sir.

HAROON
(getting up from his
chair)
Good morning. How are you today?

SOORAJ
I'm good, thank you, sir.

They shake hands.

HAROON
(in Hindi, pointing
to a chair)
Tumhara zakhm kaisa hai?

SOORAJ
Acha hai, Sir. Shukr hai zakhm sar
par lagee hai, dil par nahi.

HAROON
(taking a file from
his desk drawer and
placing it in front
of Sooraj)
Yeh aapka employment contract hai.
Iska review kar lijiye, aur agar aap
terms se satisfied hain, to please
sign kar dijiye. Aap hamare dealership
ke liye Part-Time Legal Adviser ke
roop mein kaam karenge.

Sooraj opens the file and scans the contract.

HAROON (CONT'D)
Are you satisfied with the salary
and benefits?

SOORAJ
(looking at the line
that reads: CAD
3500.00)
It's more than I expected. I must
say, you're very generous, sir.

HAROON
This isn't about generosity. I'm
paying for the services you'll
provide.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Besides, I have a plan involving a trip to India with a friend. I could use your help with that.

SOORAJ

(in Hindi)

Aap ke liye to jan hazir hai, Sir.

HAROON

When do you expect to finish your Ph.D.?

SOORAJ

In about a month. Maine apna dissertation complete kar liya hai; mujhe bas apne professor ke feedback ke adhaar par kuch adjustments karne hain.

HAROON

Great! Toronto's summer is fantastic, but I'm looking forward to winter in India. By the way, we're going to our farmhouse near Niagara Falls this weekend. We'll have fun, especially with shooting clay targets using a shotgun. Would you like to join us?

SOORAJ

I'd love to, but I need to work on my Ph.D., Sir.

Sooraj signs the contract and hands it to Haroon.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Here you are, sir.

Haroon signs the document and places it on his desk.

HAROON

Mr. Sooraj, are you really in debt to those guys?

SOORAJ

Haan, sir. Pichle saal, dad achanak guzar gaye, aur mujhe koi financial support nahi mila. Mah ne apni zeywarat bech di meri aakhri semester ke kharchon ko cover karne ke liye. Magar woh kaafi nahi tha. Isliye maine un logon se bhi paisa udhaar liya lekin apni part-time income ki kami ke wajah se wapas nahi kar paya.

HAROON

Don't worry. I'll cover that debt
and deduct it from your salary later.

SOORAJ

Thank you, sir.

HAROON

I have a business meeting in an hour. You
can start tomorrow. I'll see you later.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALHOTRA'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

Haroon and his parents are seated around an elegant dining
table having breakfast. Malhotra is having boiled eggs and
drinking a cup of fresh orange juice. Haroon is enjoying an
omelet.

MALHOTRA

(looking at his wife)

Toh aap bata sakti hain ke aapka
beta kab shaadi kar raha hai?

SHANTI

Mujhe kya pata? Uska kehna hai ke wo
apni pasand ki ladki khud chune ga,
woh bhi India se.

MALHOTRA

Yeh main kya sun raha hoon, Haroon?

HAROON

Yeh sach hai Dad. Main ek seedhi-
saadhi Indian ladki se shaadi karna
chahta hoon. Is silsile mein, main
do din baad India ja raha hoon.

MALHOTRA

Yeh kaam itna aasan nahi hai. India mein
tumhe koi nahi jaanta. Agar kisi jaal
mein phas gaye to kya karoge?

HAROON

Wahan main akela nahi hoon Dad. Mera
dost Sooraj ab ek bade wakeel ban
gaya hai. Uski madad se mera kaam
aasan huga. Kal usne phone kiya aur
kaha ki woh next Sunday mein shaadi
kar raha hai.

MALHOTRA

Tum Lata, hamare partner ki beti, ke saath shaadi kyun nahi kar lete? Lata jaise ladki India mein tumhe nahi milegi.

HAROON

Nahi Dad. Lata ek aazad khayal ki ladki hai. Uski parvarish Canada mein hui hai aur woh aap aur maa ko woh izzat nahi de sakti. Dusri baat yeh hai ke main pyaar karke shaadi karunga, business ke liye nahi.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - DAY

Haroon is aboard an airplane, surrounded by Indian and international passengers.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

An AIRBUS A380 of AIR INDIA is landing on the runway of a modern airport. The voice of a flight attendant comes over the loudspeakers:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Chhatrapati Shivaji International Airport. On behalf of Air India's Flight 907 and the entire crew, thank you for joining us. We hope you have a pleasant stay in Mumbai.

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS HALL - DAY

Sooraj is waiting for Haroon in the arrivals area of the airport. As soon as Haroon appears, Sooraj approaches him.

SOORAJ

(embracing Haroon
tightly)

Welcome to India, Sir!

HAROON

I'm no longer your boss. We're friends now. So from now on, call me by my name.

SOORAJ

Theek hai. Jo aapki marzi.

INT. INSIDE A HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Haroon and Sooraj are sitting in the back seat of a Honda Civic.

SOORAJ
(to his driver)
Shamlal! Seedha ghar chalo.

HAROON
Nahi, bhai sahab. Seedha Taj Hotel chalo.

SOORAJ
Hotel kyun? Hamara garib khana aapke
liye hazir hai.

HAROON
Abhi nahi. Kuch kaam ke liye maine
teen din ke liye wahan room reserve
kiya hai.

EXT. TAJ HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

The Honda Civic pulls up in front of the Taj Hotel. A man in a red uniform approaches and opens the door of the car.

Haroon and Sooraj step out. Another hotel employee unloads Haroon's luggage from the trunk and places it on a trolley.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Haroon and Sooraj are sitting on comfortable couches in a hotel room, drinking tea.

HAROON
Sooraj bhai! zara akhbar mein ek
ishtihar de do ke ek bara zameendar
ka beta medical check-up ke liye
Kabul se Mumbai aaya hai aur apni
treatment ke liye ek interpreter
hire karne wala hai. Suitable
candidate ko achhi salary milegi.
Farsi aana is job ke liye ek plus
point hai.

SOORAJ
Chinta mat karo. Main abhi jakar yeh
ishtihar "The Times of India" mein de
dunga. Mere ek dost wahan kaam karta hai.

Sooraj searches in his right coat pocket and reaches for his cell phone. He hands it to Haroon.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Yeh lo. Yeh mera phone le lo. Mere paas ghar mein doosra hai. Waise, yeh mat bhoolna ke agle Sunday tumhe mere shaadi mein aana hai aur gana bhi gaana hai.

HAROON

Koi baat nahi. Agar zarurat padhi to main tumhari shaadi mein ek nahi, do gana gaunga.

SOORAJ

Shukriya dost.

HAROON

Mere paas apna unlocked iPhone hai. Main tumhara SIM card le leta hoon. Tum apna phone le lo.

Haroon takes an iPhone out of his pocket. Opening both phones, he puts Sooraj's SIM card into his phone and activates it.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Yeh lo, tumhara cell phone. Thank you so much for the SIM Card.

Sooraj puts his phone in his coat pocket.

SOORAJ

(standing up)

Mujhe ab jaana hai. Kisi cheez ki zarurat ho to call karo.

HAROON

Theek hai, see you later.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA, BOMBAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Four young female doctors in white coats with stethoscopes around their necks sit at a table in the crowded cafeteria's left corner.

Two female hands are holding *THE TIMES OF INDIA* newspaper in front of her face, blocking our view of the person.

Another girl, whose back is only visible to us, snatches the newspaper in objection.

THE GIRL

(loudly)

Kya kar rahi ho, Dr. Nazaneen?

(MORE)

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Hum to Dr. Sunitee ki shaadi ki baare
mein baat karne aaye thi, magar tum
akhbar padhne mein busy ho!

The face and half of the body of a pretty girl in her late 25 appear from behind the PAPER CURTAIN. This is NAZANEEN ROY, our beautiful HEROINE, wearing a blue Indian SARI under her white coat. She is slim, tall, and whiter than other Indian girls.

NAZANEEN

Come on Dr. Maryam. Give me a break.
I was not reading a love poem. I was
searching for a part-time job in the
Ads section.

MARYAM

Naya job dhoond rahi ho? Magar kuch
denon ke baad, hum sab residency
karke kaam karenge.

NAZANEEN

I can't wait. I need a job now.

Another girl sitting next to Nazaneen starts scanning through the page of the newspaper which is now on the table.

THE GIRL

(interrupting her
friends' conversation)

Hey girls! Listen to this. Medical
Interpreter escapes with his client's
money. An Afghan interpreter deceives his
illiterate client by taking him up and
down in the elevator of a private hospital,
charging him the fee of an MRI.

All the girls burst into laughter, except for Nazaneen, who picks up the newspaper again. She circles an ad with the pen in her hand, then retrieves her mobile from her handbag and dials a few digits.

The cafeteria is noisy. As the phone starts ringing, Nazaneen steps out of the café.

EXT. UNDER A TREE, HOSPITAL CAMPUS - DAY

Nazaneen's cell phone rings a couple of times and we hear a Sooraj's voice greeting and introducing himself.

SOORAJ'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over Nazaneen's phone)

Good afternoon. This is Sooraj
Singhania. What can I do for you?

NAZANEEN

Good afternoon! My name is Nazaneen Roy and I'm calling regarding your need for a medical interpreter. I speak Hindi, English and Farsi and I'm sure you'll enjoy my service and company.

SOORAJ'S VOICE (V.O.)

Great! Your interview is at Taj Hotel tomorrow, 10:00 a.m. Please tell the reception desk that you want to meet Mr. Haroon, room 305.

NAZANEEN

Thank you Sir. See you tomorrow.

Nazaneen disconnects the call and goes back toward the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Nazaneen takes her handbag from the table, puts her cell phone into it, and bids farewell.

NAZANEEN

Sorry. I've to go to the hospital.

DR. MARYAM

By the way, tumahri mah kesey hai?

NAZANEEN

Mah hospital me hain. Routine check-up keh leyeh. I'm getting late. Kal bhat karengay. Bye.

Nazaneen gets out of the cafeteria.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nazaneen is sitting on a chair next to a bed where a woman in her late 50s, with black eyes and hair, looking pale and skinny, is sleeping.

As a nurse enters the room, Nazaneen stands up.

NAZANEEN

Mah keysee hain?

NURSE

She is in pain and cannot sleep without painkillers. Maine injection dey diya hai. But the sooner we do the operation, the better for her.

NAZANEEN

Where is Dr. Raaj?

NURSE

Today, he is on leave. But he will be coming tomorrow.

NAZANEEN

(getting up)

OK. Main kal aakar Dr. Raaj ko milungi.

NURSE

(moving her head right and left)

Theek hai, Ma'am.

INT. STREET IN A MIDDLE-CLASS AREA - DUSK

A RIKSHA pulls up in front of a house door. Nazaneen gets out of the Rickshaw, opens her handbag, and takes out a 100 Rupees note.

NAZANEEN

(giving the money to the driver)

Yeh leejiy bhai sahab.

The driver takes the money and drives away.

Nazaneen pulls open a metal door and enters a small house front yard.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

Nazaneen closes the door behind her and crosses the front yard. She climbs a couple of stairs leading to a wooden door.

As she inserts a key into the lock and opens the door, we see a young boy (17) in sportswear sitting on a chair in a modestly furnished living room, watching TV. This is RAWUL, Nazaneen's only brother.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RAWUL

(standing with a TV remote control in hand)

Mah kaisi hain?

NAZANEEN

Achhi hain.

RAWUL

I miss her so much.

NAZANEEN

Tum apne padhai par dhyan do. Just concentrate on your studies, OK?

RAWUL

OK, sis.

CUT TO:

INT. TAJ HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Nazaneen is sitting on a couch opposite Haroon, dressed in a RED SARI. Haroon is in a PATHAN SHALWAR KAMEES, while Sooraj, wearing JEANS and a white shirt, sits beside him.

Sooraj introduces himself and Haroon.

SOORAJ

I'm Sooraj Singhania, and this is my friend, Haroon Khan. Mr. Khan has come from Afghanistan for a medical check-up. Though he speaks some English and Hindi, he cannot read or write well. So he needs a good interpreter to fill out medical forms and explain the doctors' instructions to him.

NAZANEEN

I'm Nazaneen Roy, a prospective medical doctor. I've been working as a medical interpreter for the past few years.

HAROON

(in broken English)
Talk Farsi?

NAZANEEN

(in Farsi/ subtitled)
Yes. My father worked as a diplomat in both Afghanistan and Iran for many years, which is how I learned Farsi. I was in Kabul when my dad was killed in the terror attack on the Indian Embassy, after which we returned to India.

HAROON

(in a mix of English and Hindi)
Sorry ke galat question kiya.
(Beat)

NAZANEEN

Aapko kuch aur poochna hai?

Haroon looks at Sooraj, pressing his foot gently.

SOORAJ

I have no questions as long as you satisfy my friend.

HAROON

(mixing ungrammatical English and Hindi)
Mera khayal aap theek. Yeh kaam aap ka. Work 8 hours, get \$100. OK?

NAZANEEN

That's great, thank you.

HAROON

Kal, come Bombay Hospital, 02:00 p.m. OK?

NAZANEEN

OK, Sir.

HAROON

(scribbling his cell number on a piece of paper and giving it to Nazaneen)
Mera mobile number. Ghair hazri nahi. Main bahut strict. Nahin aaye, no paisa.

Haroon stands up, forming his hands in the traditional Indian gesture of Namaste.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Khuda Hafiz. Kal, Bombay Hospital, do baje.

NAZANEEN

OK. Khuda Hafiz.

Nazaneen leaves the hotel.

SOORAJ

(pulling Haroon's shoulder gently)
Kyon ladki ko do baje bol diya?

HAROON

At 12:00 or 01:00 PM, we will go to the hospital to do the registration. If we go together, the hospital might ask for my ID, and I don't want to give my Canadian passport to the hospital staff in front of the girl. You know I need to stay in disguise.

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL, REGISTRATION DESK - DAY

Haroon and Sooraj are standing in front of the registration desk. The hospital clerk, who has finished her work, prints a card and hands it to Haroon along with his passport.

HOSPITAL CLERK

(smiling)

Here you are, sir. Your passport and card.

HAROON

(taking the hospital
card and his passport)

Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING AREA - DAY

Sooraj and Haroon are sitting on chairs opposite the registration desk when Nazaneen arrives.

NAZANEEN

(standing in front of
Sooraj)

Good afternoon. Let's begin the
paperwork.

SOORAJ

We've already finished registration
and got the hospital card.

Sooraj opens a paper file and gives it to Nazaneen.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Yeh tumhara employment contract hai do
copies mein. Dhyan se padho. Agar sab
theek hai, toh tum aur Haroon dono sign
karoge, aur ek-ek copy rakhoge.

Nazaneen opens the file and starts reading the two identical contracts that outline her duty hours, wages, and other conditions.

She takes a pen from her handbag and signs in the designated places. She gives the file back to Sooraj, who signals Haroon to come closer and sign the documents.

Haroon acts like an illiterate person and writes his name with difficulty as his signature. He puts one copy of the signed document in front of Nazaneen.

HAROON

(speaking ungrammatical
English)

Your.

Taking the remaining copy in his hand.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Me.

NAZANEEN

(putting the contract
in her handbag)

Ab kam shorou karey?

HAROON

(holding his head
with both hands)

Aaj nahi. Sar mein dard. Mood kharab.
Check-up, kal. Abhi go Bombay beach.

NAZANEEN

(somewhat upset)

Main aap ki interpreter hoon, tourist
guide nahi.

HAROON

(in broken Hindi)

Aapne contract sign ke 8 ghante humare
saath kaam. Contract mein no specify
ke aapka kaam sirf interpreter.

NAZANEEN

Yeh to cheating hai, khud gharzi
hai.

SOORAJ

Yeh employer ki marzi hai.

HAROON

(in a mix of broken
Hindi & English)

Sau dollar bahot badi raqam. You kaam nah
kad, me bring dusri interpreter.

NAZANEEN

(taking a deep breath
and releasing it
with a puff)

OK, let's go. Aapko kahan jana hai?

HAROON

Go Bombay beach.

Putting her handbag on her shoulder, Nazaneen gets up. Haroon
signals toward Sooraj with his right hand to get going.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHOWPATTY BEACH, BOMBAY - AFTERNOON

Haroon, Sooraj, and Nazaneen are on the beach. As they walk on the sand near the ocean, Haroon notices a couple of young men playing volleyball. He walks towards them with Sooraj and Nazaneen following him.

NAZANEEN

(to Sooraj
sarcastically)

Yeh aap ka pagal dost kahan jaa raha hai?

SOORAJ

Woh bahar se pagal lagta hai, magar
andar se theek hai.

Sooraj and Nazaneen join Haroon, who is watching the men play volleyball. One of the players, a man with long hair and a mustache, starts to make negative comments about Nazaneen.

THE MAN WITH LONG HAIR

(calling one of his
friends)

Arey Rocky! Udhar dekh. Pariyon ki
raani ek cartoon ke saath.

ROCKY

(gazing at Nazaneen)

Kya India mein mard kam hain ke hamari
ladkiyan, ghair mardon ke saath beach
mein ghoomti hain?

The men continue playing volleyball. The man with long hair sends the ball high over the net to his friend Rocky. Rocky jumps and hits Haroon, who is standing nearby, with the ball. The ball impacts Haroon's left leg and rolls a few meters on the sand.

Haroon runs to get the ball. Taking off his coat and pulling up his sleeves, he enters the court.

HAROON

(in broken Hindi &
English)

Aapka ball out. Now, ball mera.

Haroon goes under the net and, like a professional player, raises the ball to himself. As soon as the ball returns, he jumps as high as he can and hits it hard, targeting Rocky's face. The ball impacts its target, leaving sand on Rocky's nose and forehead.

Rocky gets very furious. He runs toward Haroon with his head down, trying to hit him in the stomach.

Haroon, standing in front of the post, moves to the right just as Rocky gets close.

Rocky's head hits the post, which is made of steel. The sound effect is heard clearly.

Rocky's friends join the fight against Haroon. In the exchange of punches and kicks, Haroon also takes a couple of punches, but he manages to handle the men.

Sooraj and Nazaneen watch the fight, along with a large crowd of onlookers.

NAZANEEN

(looking worried,
pulls Sooraj by his
shoulder)

Kaisa dost ho tum? Tumhara friend
mushkil mein phans gaya hai, aur tum
tamasha dekh rahe ho.

SOORAJ

Maine usko dekha hai. Woh akela 10
aadmi ke liye kaafi hai.

While the fight is ongoing, HEAD CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN (25), tall and somewhat handsome, emerges from behind the crowd, recording the incident with his cell phone.

After a few seconds of recording, he puts his phone in his uniform pocket and jumps into the court. He grabs Haroon's hand, who is about to hit one of his opponents.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

(holding Haroon's
hand and pulling)

Tum kaun ho jo Havaldaar Sahil Khan
ki maujoodgi mein hamare aman ka
sahil ko na-aman karte ho? Chalo
mere saath, thane mein.

The other men quickly flee upon seeing the police. Sooraj steps forward to speak with the constable.

SOORAJ

Salaam Havaladar sahab. I'm Advocate
Sooraj Singhanian. This man, whom you
are taking to the police station, is
my friend. Yeh Kabul se yahan medical
check-up ke liye aaya hai.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

Acha, toh Wakil Sahab, aap English mein
kyun samjha rahe ho?

(MORE)

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

Kya aapko lagta hai ki mujhe English nahi aati? Aapki jankari ke liye, main university se graduate hone wala tha, but due to some economic crisis in the family, I couldn't continue and had to join the police as a constable. However, I'll soon be under training to become a sub-inspector.

HAROON

Wah, Awaldar Sahab, wah!

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

Aap ne yeh sab lafda kyun kiya?

HAROON

(in broken Hindi)

Jang hum nahi...

SOORAJ

(interrupting Haroon)

Lafda un logon ne shuru kiya tha. Iss baat ki Miss. Nazaneen, mere dost ka interpreter, bhi gawah hai.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

(releasing Haroon)

Haroon Sahab! Is baar chhod raha hoon kyun ki gawaah hai aap ke paas. Magar yaad rakhna ki yeh India hai, Afghanistan nahi.

Constable Sahil Khan disappears behind a crowd of people. Sooraj, Haroon, and Nazaneen continue walking on the beach. Nazaneen looks unhappy.

HAROON

(to Nazaneen in broken Hindi)

Aap naraaz?

NAZANEEN

(masking her dissatisfaction)

Nahi toh.

Nazaneen's cell phone rings. She takes it out of her handbag to answer it.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Jee kaun?

The voice of a woman is heard from the phone speaker.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Miss. Nazaneen?

NAZANEEN

Yes, speaking.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I'm calling from P.D. Hinduja
Hospital. Dr. Raaj wants to see you.
It's about your mother's condition.
Can you come to the hospital now?

NAZANEEN

OK. I'll be on my way.

Haroon, who is watching Nazaneen, notices signs of
apprehension on her face.

HAROON

(in ungrammatical
Hindi)

Kya baat? Aap kuch pareshan?

NAZANEEN

Maa hospital mein hain. Isliye mujhe
jana hoga, abhi, isi waqt.

HAROON

(putting a \$100.00
note in Nazaneen's
hand)

Take. Aap ki aaj ki tankha. We see kal.

Nazaneen takes the \$100.00 note and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Nazaneen is sitting on a chair beside her mother's bed who
is asleep, an oxygen mask on her face.

A man (50) with salt-and-pepper hair, wearing a doctor's
uniform with a stethoscope around his neck, enters. Nazaneen
stands up.

NAZANEEN

Good evening, Dr. Raaj. Maa kaisi
hai?

DR. RAAJ

Unfortunately, theek nahin hai. Mainey
apni team ke saath consultation kiya
hai. Sab ki rai operation par hai.
Woh bhi bahut jald.

NAZANEEN

Iska kharcha kitna hoga?

DR. RAAJ

Kam se kam 80,000.

NAZANEEN

Aap operation ki tayyari kijiye.
Main paisa ka band-o-bast karungi.

DR. RAAJ

OK. We'll do the operation at 10:00
AM the day after tomorrow.

NAZANEEN

Theek hai, Sir. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nazaneen enters her house's living room and finds her brother watching cricket on TV.

NAZANEEN

Hi Rawul! I'm home.

RAWUL

Hello sis! Aaj aap ne dair kar di.

NAZANEEN

Main maa ke paas gayi thi. Tumne
kuch khaya ke nahi? Sabzi fridge
mein hai. Garam karke lahon?

RAWUL

Nahi, maine thoda sa pizza khaya aur
aadha tumhare liye chhod diya.

NAZANEEN

Pizza kahan se aaya?

RAWUL

Woh tumhari saheli, Dr. Maryam, ne
ghar par phone kiya tha maa ki tabiyat
poochna ke liye. Jab maine kaha ki
maa hospital mein hai aur tum bhi
nahi ho, toh woh pizza lekar ghar
aayi. She gave it to me at the door
and then went home.

NAZANEEN

Dr. Maryam is a good friend. Humein
uska shukriya ada karna padega.

(MORE)

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Mujhe neend aa rahi hai, Rawul. Main jakar soti hoon. Kal bhi bahut kaam hai.

Nazaneen goes to her room and lies on her bed without changing her clothes. She murmurs to herself:

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Rs. 80,000 for the day after tomorrow. Itni badi raqam kahan se laun? Oh Rabba! Mujhe maaf kar do kyunki main jo ghalat kaam kar rahi hoon, maa ko bachane ke liye hai.

Nazaneen fetches her cell phone from her handbag and starts writing a message:

"Hi, Mr. Haroon! Please bring \$1000.00 for the MRI and other tests tomorrow."

She searches for Haroon's number and presses the send button.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE A MODERN ELEVATOR - DAY

Nazanee, Haroon, and a man in a blue uniform are inside a modern elevator.

NAZANEEN

(smiling towards the man)

Dr. Patel, put the machine in service and begin the MRI.

Patel uses a key and puts the elevator in service mode and presses buttons 5 and 9.

Nazanee gently pushes Haroon to the center of the elevator as it ascends.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(in Farsi/ subtitled)

Einja istaad shoo. Harakat nakoo, warna MRI kharaab meysha.
(*Stand here and don't move. Otherwise, the MRI will go wrong.*)

The elevator reaches the 5th floor, stops briefly, with its doors opening and closing. It then ascends to the 9th floor, stopping for about a minute.

The fake Dr. Patel, actually an elevator technician, presses a couple more buttons, taking the elevator up and down,

repeating the same cycle several times, stopping on a few floors.

Haroon stands in the middle, biting his lips, possibly trying to suppress a laugh.

Patel gestures to Nazaneen, indicating his watch.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Are we done, Dr. Patel?

PATEL

Yes, Ma'am.

NAZANEEN

(handing several Rs.500
banknotes discreetly
into Patel's hand
behind his back)

Then take us to the lobby.

Haroon struggles to control his laughter as the elevator descends to the lobby, and they exit.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

NAZANEEN

Thanks, Dr. Patel.

HAROON

Me want coffee.

NAZANEEN

OK. Let's go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nazaneen and Haroon are sitting on two chairs facing each other in the hospital's cafeteria, having coffee.

NAZANEEN

Paisa laya?

HAROON

(mixing English and
Hindi)

Why paisa?

NAZANEEN

For MRI.

HAROON
 (trying to control
 his laughter)
 Kahaan MRI?

NAZANEEN
 (enraged)
 Gawar jahil aadmi! You don't even
 know what MRI stands for? It's
 Magnetic Resonance Imaging.

HAROON
 (in a mixture of
 incorrect Hindi and
 English using gestures)
 Woh small camera. Go up, go down?

NAZANEEN
 Yes.

HAROON
 OK, OK. Paisa kitna?

NAZANEEN
 (in simple English
 and Farsi)
 Didn't you get my message last night?
 Deeshab, payam-e-maraa na-gerefti?

Haroon laughs out loud, searches his pockets, and gets
 \$1000.00 out, placing the money on the coffee table.

HAROON
 (in broken English)
 Here, you take.

Nazaneen takes the \$1000 banknotes and puts them into her
 handbag.

NAZANEEN
 (mixing Farsi, Hindi,
 and English)
 Tashakkur. Yeh paisa hospital ko de
 doongi. I go now. Meri maa beemar.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj is sitting behind his desk, looking through a file.
 His phone rings. He answers the call as soon as he sees
 Haroon's name on the phone's screen.

SOORAJ

Hi Haroon. How are you? Zara bata
do, kal kaise guzra us ladke ke saath?

INT. TAJ HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

HAROON

Kal to bura nahi tha. But she hasn't
shown up yet. I'm afraid she won't
come again.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SOORAJ

Did you call her?

HAROON

Yes, I tried her cell phone, but
it's off.

SOORAJ

Don't worry. Forget about her now.
Think about your promise of singing
at my wedding.

HAROON

Tum chinta mat karo. Ek nahi, balki
do-do gaaney mere paas hain.

SOORAJ

So, I'll see you on Sunday night. Main
khud tumhe lene aaoonga. Bye for now.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET LINED WITH MODERN HOUSES - DUSK

A MERCEDES adorned with flowers cruises down the asphalt
road, accompanied by a lively procession of musicians,
revelers and the wedding 'BARATIES'.

Trumpets blare and drums beat rhythmically as a couple of
young men and women dance ahead of the Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj, his mother SARIKA, 50 and his friend, Haron ride
inside, chauffeured by a driver in a crisp white uniform.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF A MODERN MANSION - LATER

They pull up to the entrance gate of a stunningly modern MANSION, where the band serenades with the famous Hindi wedding song 'Shadmani O.'

The palatial house is adorned with vibrant flowers, colorful lights, and traditional Indian wedding decor.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Haron and Sooraj, the latter donning the groom's attire step out of the car. Haron looks dashing in his sleek black TUXEDO.

The procession of guests enters the meticulously prepared garden for the wedding ceremony.

Waitstaff circulate among attendees, serving refreshments to seated and standing guests engaged in conversation.

EXT. STAGE IN THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

On one side of the garden, a stage is set for the musicians, who play guitars, keyboards, and various instruments, but there's a notable absence of a singer.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - NIGHT

Sooraj, accompanied by his mother, and Haron, is escorted by his in-laws DR. SHARMA (50) his wife, SUMAN (45) and other family members to a designated area for the groom.

Before settling in, Haron discreetly checks the seating arrangements to ensure no pranks are awaiting them.

HAROON

(whispering to Sooraj)

Ab tum baith sakte ho, dost. Yeh jagah safe hai. Lekin mujhe batao, yeh jagah tumne rent kiya hai ya ladki ke baap?

SOORAJ

Yeh Dr. Sharma, mera sasur kaa hai. He's very rich, owning several drugstores and private hospitals. I've been his lawyer for a few months, and now I'm going to be his son-in-law.

HAROON

Yeh sab, tumne pehle kyun nahi bataya?

SOORAJ

I wanted to surprise you.

(MORE)

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Dusri baat yeh hai ke tumhara bhabhi khud
Medical Doctor hai.

Haroon and Sooraj's conversation is interrupted by the arrival
of a senior man (50) dressed in black.

THE MAN

Hello Mr. Sooraj. Shadi mubarak.

Sooraj stands up and shakes hands with the man, then
introduces him to Haroon.

SOORAJ

(to Haroon)

Meet my role model, PROF. DR. KARAN SINGH,
one of the top legal experts teaching at
the Faculty of Law, Bombay University.

Haroon stands up and greets Prof. Karan. Sooraj continues
his introduction, this time facing Prof. Karan.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Professor sahab, this is Mr. Haroon
Malhotra, my best friend who helped
me a lot in Canada while I was
studying there.

PROF. KARAN

Nice to meet you, young man.

HAROON

Nice to meet you too, Professor.

PROF. KARAN

(turning to Sooraj)

Yeh shadi ka jagah, yeh faza aur yeh
sama to first class hai. Par shadi
ka singer kahan hai?

SOORAJ

Bechaini ka talwar, neyam mein rakhiye
Professor sahab. Jab dulhan aayegi, main
khud ek naya singer introduce karunga.

PROF. KARAN

Yeh naya singer kaun hai?

SOORAJ

Woh ek surprise hoga.

Indian music with 'SHANAHI' is heard from the entrance door
of the villa, and guests' attention is diverted there.

Girls, women, and children dressed in expensive Indian SAREES and dresses dance in front of the bride. As they come closer, Haroon recognizes one of the girls standing beside the bride—Nazaneen, his interpreter. Haroon gets up.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HAROON

Mujhe chhupna padega kyunki meri interpreter yahan hai dulhan ke saath. Usse mujhe nahi dekhna chahiye.

SOORAJ

Theek hai, lekin door mat jao kyunki main tumhe stage par bulane wala hoon, gaane ke liye.

HAROON

OK, boss.

The bride is brought by her entourage and takes her place beside Sooraj.

SOORAJ

(whispering to his
bride's ear)

Mere jaan! Give me a couple of minutes so that I go on the stage and ask my Canadian friend to come and sing.

Sooraj gets up and goes towards the stage prepared for the musicians and singer.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

(into a mic)

Ladies and gentlemen! May I have your attention please? I'm the groom, Sooraj Singhanian, and main aap sab ka shukr guzar hoon ke aap apne aane se hamari is khushi ke mehfil ko aur rangeen bana diya hai.

The guests cheer and clap for Sooraj. He pauses, and waving with his right hand, resumes speaking.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Now, please allow me to introduce my best friend, Dr. Haroon Malhotra, who has come all the way from Canada to attend my wedding. Mr. Haroon is a businessman, a social worker, a lyricist, and a singer and composer.

The sound of applause and clapping of the guests reaches a crescendo. Sooraj takes a deep breath and continues.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Dr. Haroon Western and Eastern music mein kisi Ustad se kam nahi. Isliye unka sur aur awaaz ka zarafat aur latafat, main lafz aur bayan mein bayan nahi kar sakta. So, I suggest that you listen to his music and voice, then make your judgments. So dosto, aaj ke shaam Mr. Haroon ke naam. Please give him a big round of applause.

Haroon comes forward and climbs the stage. He takes a couple of pages of music notations from his right coat pocket and distributes them to the musicians. Then, he goes behind the MIC and signals to the musicians to start.

The musicians begin to play and everyone is all ears. Haroon, guitar in hand, springs into action, strumming the first chords with confidence.

HAROON

(singing)

*Aye dost tumhare yeh hasseen raht
Mubarak. Sar pe tere yeh khushiyoun
ka barsaat mubarak. Aye jaan-e-
tamanna, tumhe mere taraf se. Yeh
jashn, yeh shaadi, yeh baraat mubarak.*

Haroon dances lightly to the music, and some of the audience in front of the stage join in.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(resuming his singing)

*Mehboob ke moon se jo nikalti hai
woh awaaz. Jo pyaar se kehte hain,
woh har baat mubarak. Sar pe tere
yeh khushiyoun ka barsaat mubarak.
Aye dost tumhari yeh hasseen raht
Mubarak. Sar pe tere yeh khushiyoun
ka barsaat mubarak.*

The camera pans to show Dr. Maryam taking Nazaneen's hand, pulling her to the open area in front of the bride and groom. They both dance beautifully for a few seconds.

BACK TO HAROON, who gets down from the stage and walks towards the bride and groom, holding a CORDLESS MICROPHONE.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(standing close to
the bride and pointing
to her wedding dress)

*Bhabhi woh tere shaadi ka jora, woh
kangan. Mehndey jo lagaya, tere uss
haath mubarak. Taqdeer/Kudrat ne
diya phir bhi tere saath mubarak.
Aye dost tumhari yeh hasseen raht
Mubarak. Sar pe tere yeh khushiyoun
ka barsaat mubarak.*

Haroon finishes his song, and the guests, dumbfounded by his performance, continue clapping enthusiastically.

Nazaneen tries to leave, evading Haroon, but her friend, Dr. Maryam, holds her hand.

DR. MARYAM

Kahan jaa rahi ho, Nazaneen? Let's
go and ask the young man to sing
another song.

Haroon, who is close by, overhears Dr. Maryam.

HAROON

You're right, young lady. Agar tumhari yeh
nazaneen sahili mujhse ek aur gana ke liye
request kare, to main zaroor gaaunga.

But Nazaneen remains as quiet as a mouse.

DR. MARYAM

Her silence means 'YES.'

Haroon smiles, then heads back to the stage and picks up the microphone.

HAROON

Ladies and gentlemen, meney apney
gumshuda ko es mehfil mey paida keya
hai. Isliye, mein ek aur gana aap ke
khedmat mey pesh kar raha hoon. Yeh
geet us Nazaneen ke liye hai.

Haroon takes a guitar from one of the guitarists on stage and begins playing and singing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Saare duniya chor kar, Hindustan mey
aagaya, Hindustan mey agaya. Ek bulbul
ke tara, iss gulsitan mey agaya, iss
gulistan mey agaya.*

Haroon dances lightly to the music on stage.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Too agar mera na hota, hum yeh khud se
poochtey- Iss tarah behooda kyun main
iss jahan mey agaya, main iss jahan mey
agaya. Saare duniya chor kar, Hindustan
mey agaya, Hindustan mey agaya- Ek bulbul
ke tara, iss gulsitan mey agaya, iss
gulsitan mey agaya.*

As the music continues, Haroon returns the guitar to the guitarist and steps down from the stage.

Haroon bows before Nazaneen asking for her hand to dance, but another man jumps in, trying to take Nazaneen's hand. Haroon pulls the man aside, takes the hand of his dream girl, and resumes singing:

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Sirf main marta hoon iss naz aur ada
pe, aye sanam. Dusira aashiq kahan
se, darmiyan mein aagaya, o' darmiyan
mein agaya. Sarey duniya chor kar,
Hindustan mey agaya, Hindustan mey
agaya- Ek bulbul ke tara, iss gulsitan
mey agaya, iss gulsitan mey agaya.*

Haroon moves toward Sooraj, the groom, and gently pulls him to the open area for a dance.

Sooraj dances gracefully to the music for a few seconds before returning to his seat next to Dr. SUNITEE, his bride.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Husn ki tareef karna yeh kabhi mumkin
nahi. Phir bhi yeh gustaakh dil, lafz-o-
bayan mein gaya, lafz aur bayan mein gaya.
Sarey duniya chor kar, Hindustan mey agaya,
Hindustan mey agaya- Ek bulbul ke tara,
iss gulsitan mey agaya, iss gulsitan mey
agaya.*

The camera pans across the arena, capturing various shots of dancing guests from different angles.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(resuming his singing
from the stage)

*Ham nahi samjhe, badi mehfil mein
mere dostoun- Kaise unka naam, yeh
meri zuban main agaya, meri zuban
main agaya. Sarey duniya chor kar,
Hindustan mey agaya, Hindustan mey
agaya- Ek bulbul ke tara, iss gulsitan
mey agaya, iss gulsitan mey agaya.*

Haroon ends the song with a bow, and the audience cheers enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S ROOM, TAJ HOTEL - DAY

Haroon is watching the CNN News Channel. His cell phone rings. Sooraj's name appears on the screen. Haroon answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SOORAJ'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sooraj is sitting on a couch, his wife nearby, flipping through a magazine.

HAROON

Hi Sooraj, acha howa tum ne phone keya. Mujhe Nazaneen ke home address chahiye. Tum Bhabhi se wo address leykar mujhe de do. Main uske mohalley mein, ek flat lunga.

SOORAJ

I think she lives in Pant Nagar. Sooraj turns to his wife. Main yeh check kar ke tumhe kal bataunga.

HAROON

Perfect. Kal subah 9 baje tum hotel mein aa jao. Breakfast karney ke baad, jahengey makan dekhney ke liye.

SOORAJ

OK, bye for now.

HAROON

Bye.

END INTERCUT.

INT. TAJ HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Haroon and Sooraj are having breakfast in a moderately busy hotel restaurant.

SOORAJ

Meney sab bando bast keya hai. Udhar ek block across Nazaneen's house, mere business associate ka naya building complete howa hai. Second story mein sare ke sare flats khali hain aur ek furnished apartment bhi hai.

HAROON

Acha, yeh furnished apartment mein
kitney rooms hain?

SOORAJ

Two bedrooms, a spacious kitchen,
and two washrooms. You can rent the
furnished flat for your residence.

HAROON

Area kaisa hai?

SOORAJ

Business ke liye itna acha jagah
nahi hai, kyunki hafta leney wali
udhar aata jaata hai.

HAROON

Doesn't matter. I'm ready to face
any challenges for the sake of love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FURNISHED FLAT - DAY

Sooraj and Haroon are looking at the rooms and amenities of
a furnished flat.

HAROON

How much is the rent?

SOORAJ

You just move in. Don't think about
the rent. I'll take care of that.

HAROON

Thanks, but I can cover my own
expenses. If I ever need money, I'll
let you know.

SOORAJ

(looking at his watch)

Anyway, I've got to head to the office for
an urgent meeting. Tumhe aur kuch chahiye?

HAROON

Yes, I forgot to tell you that I
need one more apartment.

SOORAJ

What will you do with another one?

HAROON

I will set up a cheap English course so that middle-class and poor people can afford to learn English. Akhir mehboob ke qareeb rehne ke liye koi bahana toh chahiye. Warna log poochhenge ke yeh ajnabi yahan kya kar raha hai.

SOORAJ

Good idea. You can take the opposite flat too.

HAROON

Great! Akhbar mein ishtehar dena bhi tumhara kaam.

SOORAJ

(sarcastically)

Toh tum kya karoge?

HAROON

I'll supervise, fund, and teach. So you, Mr. Sooraj, ask your secretary to write on an A4 paper: "LEARN ENGLISH FROM A NATIVE SPEAKER" as the title.

SOORAJ

What else?

HAROON

Under the title, write in small letters: "Affordable English Classes from Beginner to Advanced, from Linguistics and Literary Writing to Poetry and Articles of Romance."

SOORAJ

(interrupting Haroon)

Bus, bus mere yaar. Yeh bhi ho jaayega.

HAROON

Don't forget to write the address. We need around 500 copies to distribute in the neighborhoods.

SOORAJ

OK, sir. Are you done now?

HAROON

No sir. I need CHAIRS, WHITE BOARDS, and MARKERS too.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION OF HAROON'S ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

SUPER: "10 DAYS LATER"

Haroon sits at a desk, working on a computer. Two tall, strong men in their early 30s enter the English Center: one dark-skinned, the other bearded.

THE DARK-SKINNED MAN

Mera naam Ranjeet hai, aur yeh mera saathi, Kabir. Kya aap bata sakte hain ke iss jaga ka in-charge kaun hai?

HAROON

Main hoon.

THE DARK-SKINNED MAN

Es center ke kholne ka license aapko kisne diya?

HAROON

Government of India ney.

THE MAN

Tumhe pata nahin hai ke Yousuf Khan es mohalle ka chief hai, aur license usi se lena chahiye. Khair, koi baat nahin. Jab dhandha shuru kiya hai to Yousuf Khan ka commission Rs. 50,000 dena parega.

HAROON

(smiling)

Agar main tumhare boss ka commission na doon to kya kar loge?

THE MAN

(threatening)

Phir na tum rahoge, na tumhara yeh center.

HAROON

Nahi, pehlwan jee, main to mazak kar raha tha. Main kaun hoon jo aapke Khan Sahab ka muqabla karoon. Paise ke liye, aapko mere saath bank jana parega, kyunki mere paas cash nahi hai.

THE MAN

Theek hai. Hamarey gadhey neeche tayyar hai.

The two men exit the office.

HAROON

(getting up from his
chair)

Ramoo Kaka, o Ramoo Kaka!

WIDEN TO REVEAL an old, slim Indian man in his late 50s wearing a Kurta appearing from the kitchen.

RAMOO

Jee Haroon sahab.

HAROON

Office ka khayal rakhna. Main bahar
ja raha hoon.

RAMOO

Acha sahab.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HAROON'S ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon stands in front of the two men, waving an ATM card in the air.

HAROON

Bhai sahab, es zamane mein koi cheez
muft mein nahi milti. Phir bhi, yeh
card mere haath se le kar ATM machine
mein use karein.

The two men approach and try to grab the card, but Haroon teases them, shifting the card between his right and left hands.

The men grow furious and try to fight. Haroon defends himself, scratching their faces with the card.

The men attack Haroon, but he fends them off with a couple of kicks and punches. A crowd gathers to watch the fight. The two men finally give up.

THE DARK-SKINNED MAN

Hum nahi jante tum kaun ho aur kahan
se aaye ho. Magar tum bhi nahi jante
ke kis ke saath panga le rahe ho.
Yousuf Khan tumhe nahi chhodega.

HAROON

Woh Khan nahi, nadaan hai, beiman
hai aur na-musalman hai. Lekin mera
naam Haroon hai. Singh bhi hoon aur
Khan bhi, thoda Hindustan se hoon
aur thoda Afghanistan se. Kabul mein
paida hua hoon aur Canada ka rehne
wala hoon. Khair, jo bhi hoon, is
waqt aapke samne khada hoon.

The two men back up, trying to find their way through the crowd.

BACK TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE IN THE ENGLISH CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Haroon's cell phone, lying on the side of his desk, buzzes. Sooraj's name appears on the screen.

HAROON

(pressing the green
phone icon, then the
speaker button)

Hi Sooraj. Acha howa tumne phone kar diya, kyunki yahan thoda sa problem tha, magar maine solve kar diya.

SOORAJ

Kya problem tha?

HAROON

Tum Yousuf Khan ko jaante ho?

SOORAJ

Haan. Woh ek computer programmer aur software developer tha jo ek bara company mein kaam karta tha. Suna hai ke uska apne ameer boss ki beti ke saath pyaar ho gaya tha.

HAROON

Interesting. Agar woh itna educated hai, to yeh sab gheir qanooni kaam kyun kar raha hai?

SOORAJ

You've to find out why this guy has turned 180 degrees in his life. Main sirf itna jaanta hoon ke woh ab badmashon ka badmash hai aur yehan wahan se hafta leta hai.

HAROON

Woh apne do aadmi bhej kar mujhse commission maang raha tha.

SOORAJ

Tumne kya kiya?

HAROON

Unke dono ko maar kar bhaagney pe majboor kar diya.

SOORAJ

Tumne acha nahi kiya. Woh log bahut khatarnak hain.

HAROON

Tum be-fikr raho. Jo hoga dekha jayega.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL MAIN GATE - AFTERNOON

Haroon stands at the GATE of Bombay Hospital, waiting for someone. Soon, Nazaneen exits, and Haroon jumps in front of her.

HAROON

Hello Nazaneen. I want to talk to you.

NAZANEEN

Kya kehna hai aapko? Yahi ke maine aapke saath dhokha kiya hai, aapka paisa lekar bhaag gayi. Tum bhi to mere saath natak khele. Main to apni maa ke bachane ke liye tumhe dhokha diya. Mere paas uss waqt doosra rasta nahi tha.

HAROON

Maine bhi apne pyaar ke liye jhoot bola, natak kiya. After all, mohabbat aur jang mein sab kuch jaayaz hai.

NAZANEEN

Tum mere baare mein kya jaante ho, haan? Do din mere saath guzara, aur pyaar ho gaya?

HAROON

Mujhe kuch jaan-ne ki zaroorat nahi. Jo ladki apni maa ke bachane ke liye itna risk le sakti hai, woh ek acchi biwi ban sakti hai.

Nazaneen walks faster. Haroon runs to catch up with her.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Look, Nazaneen, I love you and I want to marry you.

NAZANEEN

Dekho, Mr. Haroon, mere sar par bahut zimmedariyaan hain.

(MORE)

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Main sirf apni residency ke baare mein sochti hoon jo ek hafta baad khatam hoti hai, pyaar ya shaadi ke baare mein nahi. Tumhara woh ek hazaar dollar bhi, main das din mein de doongi.

Nazaneen heads towards the bus stop with Haroon following her. She spots a police constable standing near the stop and approaches him.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Namastey, Hawaldar sahab, zara meri shikayat sun lijiye.

CONSTABLE

(looking at Nazaneen)

Namastey, Madam interpreter. Hawaldar Sahil Khan aapki khidmat mein haazir hai.

NAZANEEN

Ek ladka mere peechhe pada hua hai. Meri shikayat lek kar usko giraftaar karo.

SAHIL KHAN

Kaun hai woh badtameez? Zara dikhaiye.

Haroon steps forward from behind Nazaneen.

HAROON

Namastey, Hawaldar sahab! Main hoon Haroon Malhotra. Mera khayal hai ke hum pehle mil chuke hain.

SAHIL KHAN

Mujhe yaad hai. Tumne Sahil Khan se Mumbai ke saahil par mulaqat ki thi.

NAZANEEN

Ab to meri shikayat ke mutabiq, inko giraftaar kar deejiye.

HAROON

(jumping between
Nazaneen and the
constable)

Aap unki shikayat to sun chuke. Magar, meri hikayat bhi sun leejiye. Dar asal hamare beech pyaar ka maamla hai. Main is ladki se pyaar karta hoon, magar yeh meri mohabbat ko thukra rahi hai.

SAHIL KHAN

(to Nazaneen)

Sorry, madam. Jab pyaar ka maamla ho, to main kuch nahi kar sakta. Main khud bhi ek saccha aashiq hoon jo aaj tak apni mehbooba se izhaar nahi kar saka. Ab main chalta hoon, mujhe hospital mein kuch kaam hai.

NAZANEEN

Aur meri shikayat ka kya hoga?

Sahil Khan walks away, ignoring Nazaneen's complaint.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(running after the constable, starts to sing)

Shikayat meri, shikayat meri. Hawaldar zara lekko na.

HAROON

(singing)

Hikayat meri, hikayat meri, Hawaldar zara suno na.

Haroon dances with the music as people in the area watch.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(pointing at Nazaneen)

Yeh ladki mera dil chori kiya hai. Upar se, seena zori bhi kiya hai. Magar main is hageeqat jaan gaya hoon. Ke majboor isko majboori kiya hai. Hikayat meri, hikayat meri, Hawaldar zara sunno na.

NAZANEEN

Shikayat meri, shikayat meri, Hawaldar zara likho na.

As the music continues, Sahil Khan imagines that he has taken Haroon and Nazaneen to the police station.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The song continues. Sahil Khan is ready to file Nazaneen's complaint, holding a pen and FIR book.

Haroon standing behind Nazaneen, is making a phone call.

SAHIL KHAN

(to Nazaneen)

Achha, aapki shikayat kya hai?

Nazaneen dances and sings, pointing at Haroon.

NAZANEEN

(singing)

*Yeh ladka mere saath dhokha kiya
hai. Mujhe raste mein phir roka kiya
hai. Yeh saccha hai ya jhoota kaise
jaanun. Jo kehta hai woh sab main
kaise maanun? Shikayat meri, shikayat
meri. Hawaldar zara likho na.*

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP ROOM, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Haroon, disheveled and unshaved, sings to Sahil Khan, who is now in an inspector uniform in his world of imagination.

HAROON

(looking at Sahil
Khan and pointing to
himself)

*Yeh haalat meri, yeh haalat meri, O
Tahnedar, zara dekho na.*

NAZANEEN

*Shikayat meri, shikayat meri, O
Tahnedar, zara likho na.*

As the song reaches its climax, Sooraj enters the police station with bail papers for Haroon.

HAROON

(singing)

*Zamanat meri, Zamanat meri. O Tahnedar
zara le lo na.*

Sahil Khan's daydream ends, and he's back as a constable at the entrance of Bombay Hospital, near the bus stop.

NAZANEEN

(singing and dancing)

*Shikayat meri, shikayat meri, Hawaldar
zara sunno na.*

HAROON

(holding Nazaneen's
hand)

Mohabbat meri, yeh chahat meri.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

O mera yaar, zara samjho na.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE IN THE ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon is working on a laptop, sitting behind his desk. A bearded man in his late 40s, wearing a hat, and a teenage boy in sportswear, enter Haroon's office.

THE MAN

Kya main andar aa sakta hoon?

HAROON

Aiyeh janab.

THE MAN

Namastey sir! Mera naam Salim hai, aur yeh hai mera beta, EMRAN. Emran to school jata hai, magar English mein thoda weak hai. Isko kisi class mein daakhil kar dijiye.

HAROON

Aap Monday 10:00 AM ko Emran ke saath aayiye. Hum placement test lekar usko munasib level par register karenge.

SALIM

Woh aapka fees kitna hoga?

HAROON

Aap kya kaam karte hain?

SALIM

Car mechanic hoon. Mera is mohalle mein apna garage hai.

HAROON

Chalo, aap har mahine Rs. 500 de dijiye.

SALIM

Theek hai sir.

HAROON

By the way, Mr. Salim, aap apne dukan ka address aur business card mujhe de dijiye. Main aakar aapke garage ko dekhunga aur apna business proposal bhi aapke saath discuss karunga.

Salim takes a business card out of his pants right pocket.

SALIM
 (giving the card to
 Haroon)
 Yeh lijiye sir. Agar aap hamare garage
 mein aaye, to hamara khushnaseebi hoga.

HAROON
 Chalo, main kal lunch ke baad aunga.

SALIM
 Most welcome sir. Acha, khuda hafiz.

HAROON
 Khuda hafiz bhaisahab.

As soon as Salim and his son leave, three men in their early 30s appear at the door. Haroon recognizes one of them as the dark-skinned man he had beaten the other day.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 Aap Yousuf Khan ke aadmi hain aur
 hafta lene aaye hain, na?

THE DARK-SKINNED MAN
 (holding a revolver
 and pointing it at
 Haroon)
 Hum Yousuf Khan ke aadmi hain. Magar
 hafta lene nahi, balkay tumhe lene
 aaye hain.

HAROON
 Keyon?

THE MAN
 Keyon ke Khan bhai tumhe dekhna chahte
 hain.

HAROON
 Dekhiye baisahab, revolver se kohi
 zaroorat nahi hain. Main aapke saath
 chalne ke liye tayaar hoon.

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE HAROON'S ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon crosses the street in front of his apartment with his captors behind him. One of the men walks ahead, moving across a wide, empty area.

The armed man with the revolver is pushing Haroon with the barrel of his gun. They all head towards a somewhat old but large house located opposite Haroon's English Center, about 150 meters away.

EXT. AT THE GATE OF A BIG HOUSE - DAY

Haroon and his captors reach the gate of a big house on the right side of which another man is standing on guard. The man going ahead opens a small iron door that's part of the main big gate.

THE MAN WITH THE REVOLVER
(pressing the barrel of his
gun at Haroon's back)
Chalo under.

Haroon obeys and gets in.

INT. FRONT YARD OF THE HOUSE - DAY

In the middle of the Yard, four men all under 30 years of age are sitting on chairs around a big circular table playing cards. Behind them, a somewhat dark middle-aged man in LUNGI is oiling the long black hair of a handsome 32 years old man sitting on a SOFA. He is YOUSUF KHAN, the leader of the group.

THE MAN WITH THE REVOLVER
(pushing Haroon slowly
with the barrel of
his gun)
Bahijan! Yeh hai Haroon, apka mujrim.

YOUSUF KHAN
(raising his right
hand to signal to
his man to stop
rubbing his hair)
RANJEET tumne bahot achcha keya jo
esko edar laya.

HAROON
(with a grin)
Mujhi kesine nahi laya hain. Main
khod edar aya hoon. Main Is baht ko
sabet kar sakta hoon.

Saying that Haroon makes a sudden move like Steven Segal in his action movies. Turning back and twisting the hand of Ranjet to the side all of a sudden, Haroon snatches the revolver from his opponent's hand.

Haroon targets the right hand of one of Khan's men who is trying to shoot him with his PISTOL. The man's hand is injured, but he manages to throw his gun toward his boss, Yousuf Khan.

THE INJURED MAN
Khan Bahi! Mera Pistol leh leijai.

Haroon targets the pistol in the air preventing Yousuf Khan to catch it. The gun plummets far from Khan in one corner of the yard.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Haroon is shooting with a gun based on a quick reaction to clay targets thrown by a machine called "Traps" over a LAKE. He shoots with pinpoint accuracy destroying his targets.

SUPER: MALHOTRA'S FARMHOUSE SOMEWHERE NEAR NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA - FOUR MONTHS AGO.

END OF FLASHBACK --

BACK TO YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - PANT NAGAR, MUMBAI - DAY

Surrounded by several men, in the middle of the house, Haroon kicks, punches, swings, jumps and runs. He fights bravely knocking down some of Khan's men.

YOUSUF KHAN
(shouting at his men)
Band karo yeh sab.

Everyone stops fighting.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
(looking at Haroon)
To tum ho Haroon. Wahi Haroon jo
Kabul mey peyda howa hai, Canada
main parahi aur kam kar ke eik
business tycoon bangaya, aur a'pna
peyar paney keleyeh India main social
worker bangaya hai.

HAROON
Tumney mera love story or personal
life ke barey mey etna jankari kaha
sey hasel key hain?

YOUSUF KHAN
(reverting to English)
We always conduct a complete search
about the past and present of our
friends and foes. As a computer
engineer and software developer, I'm
good at doing online searches to get
or even steal information. From
Linkedin, I got information about
your profession and education level.

HAROON

Or mera love story ke barey mey?

YOUSUF KHAN

The night you sang at your friend's wedding, I was there. When you set a condition that if Ms. Nazaneen asks you to sing, you would sing another song. There, I inferred that you loved the prospective doctor. So, Mr. Haroon! How is my information about you?

HAROON

Good, but something is missing. That's my skills at shooting and AIKIDO which aren't really in your favor.

YOUSUF KHAN

If you are so skillful at everything, how my men were able to bring you here?

HAROON

Mr. Khan! As I said before, I came by myself to meet you in person and tell you that don't play games with me and let me work at my English Language Center.

YOUSUF KHAN

Which means that you eat everything alone.

HAROON

This language program is for poor and middle-class people. This is part of my capacity-building program in this area. Look Mr. Khan, you're a well-educated Muslim man. I don't know why you are doing these illegal activities such as extortion, theft and robbery. As far as I know, yeh sab Islam mey najahiz hain.

YOUSUF KHAN

Tum samachteh hou ke meyne acha insan banney mey kabhi koshish nahai key. Meney bahot Koshish key hain. Magar har bar es zalim zamaney or eskey logue meyre sa't dokha keya hain.

HAROON

Keysa doka?

YOUSUF KHAN

I was a good person like you having a decent job as a software developer. But they set me up and sent me to prison for an offense that I hadn't committed.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Just because I was poor and from a lower class, the father of the girl whom I loved smeared my character after which I couldn't work anywhere.

HAROON

I'm sorry to hear that, but don't be disappointed, the winning side is not always the right one. You know you've in your holy book the verse that says: "Despair not of the Mercy of Allah, verily, Allah forgives all sins".

YOUSUF KHAN

Great Mr. Haroon! You are a good preacher too.

HAROON

Yes, keyon key jo kam a'p ko karna chahaita, woh be ab ham non-Muslims ko karna padega. So come and work with me Mr. Khan. We will establish a computer course for low-income families' children too.

YOUSUF KHAN

What do I do in your computer course?

HAROON

You can become an instructor. Bring your men. We will teach them English and train them in computer operation, programming, repairing and so on.

YOUSUF KHAN

It's not that easy Mr. Haroon. You don't know how dangerous these people for whom I'm working are? They gonna come and destroy your Center and its equipment. Do you have the guts to stand against them?

HAROON

Yes I do. We will face dangers and challenges together. Once we win the minds and hearts of the people in the community, they can't do anything.

YOUSUF KHAN

I like your positive attitude and decisiveness. So, I'm gonna try this for the last time with you. Either victory or martyrdom.

HAROON

(extending his right
hand towards Khan)

So, come on, yeh dosti ka ha't leylo.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Working together, I'm sure we will be able to restore your dignity and reputation.

YOUSUF KHAN

OK Haroon sahab. Mey a'p ke saht houn. A'j ke ba'd, sab ghair qanooni kam band.

The two men shake hands and hug each other.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(looking at his men)

Mey seedy rahsty mey jana chata houn, or a'p se bhi guzarish karonga ke jeysey bora kam karney mey mera saht deya hai, a'j acha kam karney mey or acha insan banney mey bhi mera saht deedeey jey. Warna eik na eik den kesey police or dosrey gang ka adami ke goleyon ka shikar ban kar kuttey ke mout mara jahaugay.

All of Khan's men join hands shouting in unison.

THE MEN

Yousuf Khan zenda bad! Yousuf Khan zenda bad!

CUT TO:

INT. A MODERN HALL ROOM - DAY

A man in WHITE, appearing to be around 45, is sitting at an exotic large oval table with a couple of other well-dressed men, all in their late and early 50s.

THE MAN IN WHITE

(turning his face
towards one of the
men to his right)

Mr. MATOR! Delhi ka karobaar kaisa chal raha hai?

MATOR

Acha chal raha hai, Jagatpal sahab. Our business has witnessed a 10% increase in the last three months.

JAGATPAL

Excellent. Magar hoshiyari se kaam lena kyunki yeh naya Home Minister bahut watan-parast aadmi hai, jise smuggling aur ghair qanooni kaam karne walon ke khilaf elan-e-jang kar diya hai.

Mator wants to say something, but Jagatpal's phone rings.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)
 (taking his phone out
 of his pocket and
 pressing the OK button)
 Ah, bolo Ranjeet?

RANJEET (O.S.)
 Sir! Woh Yousuf Khan aur uske aadmi
 aap ka kaam chhod kar nayi zindagi
 shuru karne wale hain.

JAGATPAL
 Kya?

RANJEET
 Jee sir. Khan ek Haroon naam ke bande
 ke baton mein aa gaya hai. Usne Haroon
 ke English Center ka hafta bhi nahi
 liya, aur upar se uske saath dosti
 ka haath badha diya hai.

JAGATPAL
 Khan aur uske saathiyon ka hum sambhalenge.
 Tum khud ko sambhalo aur un logon ke har
 plan se humein inform karo.

Jagatpal disconnects the phone.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)
 (turning to his left
 and looking at a
 bearded man in his
 50s wearing glasses)
 MALIK sahab! Suna hai ke aapka TOTA
 pinjre se bahar aakar khuli hawaon
 mein udne laga hai.

MALIK
 Kahin aapka ishara Yousuf Khan ki
 taraf toh nahi hai?

JAGATPAL
 Toh tumhe sab pata hai.

MALIK
 Jee sir. Magar main chahta tha ke is
 development ke baare mein aapse ek
 private meeting mein baat karoon.

JAGATPAL
 Toh ab humein kya karna hoga?

MALIK
 Yeh kaam aap mujh par chhod dijiye
 sir. Main Khan ko sambhal loonga.

JAGATPAL

Theek hai. Aap Yousuf Khan ki zindagi ke saare raste band kar dijiye, kyunki agar aaj woh aur uske saath sahi raste par aa gaye, toh kal hamare kamahi ka rasta band ho jayega.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nazaneen enters the living room of her house, where her teenage brother, Rawul, is watching cricket on TV.

NAZANEEN

(enraged)

Kya kar rahe ho, Rawul? Tum movies aur cricket dekhne mein zaroorat se zyada dhyan de rahe ho, aur apni padhai pe kam. Yeh theek nahi hai, mere bhai. Tumhare English teacher tumse khush nahi hain. She told me that you don't even do your homework.

RAWUL

Main toh pass ho raha hoon.

NAZANEEN

Sirf pass hona kaafi nahi hai. Good university mein शामिल hone ke liye, achhe results zaroori hain. Maine suna hai ke yahan ek acha English course inaugurate ho chuka hai. Kal tumhe uss English course mein register karwaungi.

RAWUL

(turning off the TV
with the remote)

I promise. Aaj ke baad, main theek se padhai karunga. Khush?

NAZANEEN

(hugging her brother
gently)

That's like a good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE, ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon and Yousuf Khan are sitting on couches in the administration office of the English Course, talking and drinking tea. Haroon notices a strong young man with somewhat long hair standing behind the office entrance door.

HAROON

(putting his cup on
the coffee table)

Khan bhai! Woh jo darwaze par khada
hai, aapka aadmi toh nahi?

YOUSUF KHAN

Jee haan, woh mera bhai hai, KARIM KHAN.
Main do teen aur saath laya hoon. Unmein
se KABIR aur OSMAN iss building ke main
gate par pehra de rahe hain. Actually,
Haroon sahab, main aapne aadmiyon ke
mustaqbil ke baare mein aapke saath baat
karna chahta tha.

HAROON

Don't worry! I can find employment
for about 10 of them here as cleaners,
guards, and maybe drivers. I'm also
investing in an auto repair garage.

YOUSUF KHAN

Who owns that business?

HAROON

A man named Salim, and his son is my
student.

YOUSUF KHAN

And what about the computer course?

HAROON

We'll start that soon. You're a
software developer and programmer—you
can handle that side.

YOUSUF KHAN

It's not easy in India. For a business
to become profitable, it requires
the patience of Job and the
perseverance of Noah.

HAROON

We'll beat the odds. As for profit, I'm
not doing this for money. I want to prove
that anyone can make a difference

YOUSUF KHAN

Agar tum itni qurbani dene ke liye tayyar
ho, toh main bhi kuch kar sakta hoon. Hamara
ke chhota sa ghar hai Andheri West mein,
jo mere abbu jaan ki halal ki kamahi se
kharida gaya tha. Main usay bech dunga aur
uska paisa in projects mein laga dunga.

HAROON

Khush khabari yeh hain ke hamara
body shop jaldi inauguration ke liye
tayyar hoga.

YOUSUF KHAN

Bahot khoob. Jab bhi tum chaho, main aur
mere aadmi aapke khidmat mein hazir hain.

HAROON

Shukriya Khan bhai.

Yousuf Khan stands up and extends his right hand toward Haroon
to bid farewell.

YOUSUF KHAN

Ab main chalta hoon property dealer
ke paas. Agar koi kaam ho to mujhe
phone karna. Khuda hafiz.

HAROON

(reciprocating the
handshake)

Khuda Hafiz Khan bhai.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE AGENT OFFICE - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits across from a mustached and bearded man
(45). Karim, sits beside him, scanning the room like a
bodyguard.

YOUSUF KHAN

(handing over a plastic
file folder to the
agent)

Bhai sahab! Yeh mere ghar ke kaghazat
hain. Main esko bechna chahta hoon.
Property ka location Andheri West
hai. Papers ke saath property ki
tasveerain bhi hain.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Ghar ka location acha hai. I'm sure
ke good price milega. Mujhe in
kaghazat ka copy chaahiyeh.

YOUSUF KHAN

Main aap ke liye color copies laaya
hoon. Original mere paas hain.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Acha tho main chaar-paanch din ke andar
aapko phone karunga. Agar koi khareedar
nahi mila to main khud le loonga.

YOUSUF KHAN

(getting up)

Shukria bhai sahab. I'll wait for
your call.

Khan exits the office after his brother, Karim.

EXT. PARKING, OPPOSITE REAL ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A JEEP pulls up in front of the office. Karim opens the car's
back door. As soon as Yousuf Khan gets inside, a GUNSHOT
rings out.

Khan throws himself into the vehicle, clutching his arm.
Osman, in the driver's seat, slams on the accelerator and
speeds away.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Khan's jeep weaves through traffic on a TWO-WAY ASPHALTED
ROAD.

INT. CAR BACK SEAT - DAY

Karim quickly tears off his shirt and wraps it around Khan's
bleeding arm.

YOUSUF KHAN

Osman! Ghar chalo. Zakhm gehra nahi
hai. Ilaj ghar par karenge.

OSMAN

Theek hai, bhai jaan.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Haroon sits on a chair next to a Queen-size bed, where Khan
lies. Karim, Osman, and Ranjeet are also in the room.

HAROON

Arre yaar! Mujhe nahi pata tha ke
meri dosti tome itni mehngi padegi.

YOUSUF KHAN

Kohi baat nahi. Yeh meri zindagi ka
hissa hai pichle kahien saalon se.

HAROON
Yeh sab keyse huwa?

YOUSUF KHAN
Main ek property dealer se milne
gaya tha, woh ghar bechne ke liye.
Office se bahar nikalte hi goli chali.

HAROON
I think we're no longer safe here.
We need to take precautionary
measures.

YOUSUF KHAN
Tum batau ke hume kya karna chahiye?

HAROON
We'll get licenses for a couple of
guns. Sooraj, my lawyer friend, will
handle that.

YOUSUF KHAN
What else?

HAROON
We should buy some strong sticks and
swords. I'll teach AIKIDO to your men.
Plus, we'll invest in bulletproof vests
and helmets. Whenever we go out for
something important, we'll wear them.

YOUSUF KHAN
Sounds great! I can't wait to learn
AIKIDO.

HAROON
(reaching his phone)
Now, let me call Sooraj.

Haroon searches his phone and dials Sooraj's number.

CUT TO:

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj is reading a paper in a file. His phone rings. He
takes the mobile from the right side of his desk and looks
at the screen. Seeing Haroon's name, Sooraj answers it.

SOORAJ
Hi Haroon. Kya haal hai?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Haroon sits with his feet up at the coffee table.

HAROON

Hello Sooraj. Bas yeh confirm karna tha ki Salim ke Body Shop ka sab kuch theek se chal raha hai.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SOORAJ

Haan bhai. Jagah renovate ho chuki hai aur naye machines bhi lag gaye hain. Meri assistant Sara ne legal issues jaise partnership papers bhi handle kar liye hain. Kuch aur?

HAROON

Haan, bhai. Humein apni protection ke liye do licensed guns bhi chahiye. Mujhe yakin hai tum yeh sambhal loge. Tum court ko convince kar sakte ho ki tumhara client, jo yahaan businessman ke taur pe invest kar raha hai, apne aap ko safe feel nahi kar raha. Isliye, uske liye do armed bodyguards ki zarurat hai.

SOORAJ

Yeh bhi teen-chaar din mein ho jayega.

HAROON

Thank you, Sooraj.

SOORAJ

Mention not.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD WITH A POOL - DAY

Malik, the Muslim MP and Jagatpal's partner wearing shorts, is lying on a POOLSIDE LOUNGE CHAIR in the backyard of a villa. A pretty woman (28) is giving him a massage.

ERFAN, a skinny man in his early 30s comes with a bottle of whisky and a cup on a tray. He places the tray on a round table near Malik.

ERFAN

Salam Sahab. Yeh hain aap ka sharbat. Glass mein daal doon?

MALIK

Abhi nahi, Erfan. Usse pehle, Yousuf Khan ko phone karo.

ERFAN

OK, Sir.

Erfan makes the phone call.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan's iPhone on a small table under a nightstand keeps ringing. Khan, who is lying on his bed, picks up the phone. Seeing Erfan's name on the mobile screen, Khan presses the OK button.

YOUSUF KHAN

(bringing the phone
closer to his mouth)

Phone apne Malik ko de do, kutte.
Tum mera counterpart nahi ho.

EXT. BACK TO MALIK'S BACKYARD - DAY

ERFAN

(giving the phone to
Malik)

Yeh lijiye Malik Sahab.

MALIK

(lying on his back on
the chair)

Aadab Khan Sahab! Sunaha hai aap ke
haath par goli lagi hai. Lagta hai
shooter jaan-boojh kar nishana haath
par lagaya hai, warna goli sar par
bhi lag sakti thi.

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)

Main to apne kafan uss din kharida
tha jab tum jaise kaminey logon ke
saath kaam karna shuru kiya. Tum bhi
apna kafan tayyar rakhna, kyunki ab
zyada din nahi rahoge.

MALIK

Main to rahunga. Magar tum aur tumhara
woh Canadian dost zyada din nahi
rahenge. Tumhe hamari taqat ka andaza
nahi hai.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

YOUSUF KHAN

Tum apne siyah aur kahle siyasaton
ke saaye mein safed lebas pehn kar
tho baith sakte ho, magar maidan-e-
jang ka hum jaise sarfarosh sipahi
(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 ka saamna nahi kar sakte. Kyunki
 tumhare sab kahli karnamey ka saboot
 mere paas hai. Agar main mar bhi
 gaya, to woh sade saboot kaa soft
 aur hard copies media aur police ke
 paas pohnc h jayega aur tumhari maut
 bhi janta ke haathon mein hogi.

Yousuf Khan disconnects the phone.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

MALIK
 (giving the cell phone
 to Erfan)
 Driver se kaho ke gadhey nikal lo.
 Jagatpal Sahab ke ghar jana hai.

ERFAN
 OK, Sir.

MALIK
 (getting up from the
 chair and kissing
 his massage girl's
 lips)
 Erfan! Yeh whiskey tum le lo. Aaj ke
 liye, Miss. Shabnam ke hothon ke
 sharab kaafi hain.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A PALATIAL HOUSE - DAY

A sleek black BMW pulls up to the driveway of a modern white mansion, guarded by two armed men.

Erfan steps out from the driver's seat and opens the back door. Malik steps out, adjusting his coat as he surveys the surroundings.

INT. LUXURY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jagatpal is seated on an elegant couch, across from a man dressed in black. The spacious room exudes wealth, adorned with expensive furniture and artwork. Malik enters, nodding to Jagatpal.

MALIK
 Namastey, Jagatpal sahab. Aapki
 tabiyat kaise hai?

Jagatpal raises his hands towards Malik without looking at him.

JAGATPAL

Mehra sahab! Aap chinta mat kariyeh. Aapka kaam kal tak ho jaayega. Woh contract zaroor aapko milega. Magar hamari commission ka dhyaan rakhiye.

MEHRA

Aap befikr rahiye, Jagatpal sahab. Commission chhodiye, agar aap partnership bhi chahein, toh project ka munafa 50-50 kar denge.

JAGATPAL

Nahi Mehra sahab, hamara business kaafi bada ho chuka hai. Sirf commission bank mein jama karwa dejiye.

MEHRA

Jaisa aap chahein. Good day, sir.

Mehra stands and walks towards the exit door.

JAGATPAL

(turning to Malik)

Malik sahab, aap meri tabiyat poochh rahe the? Main aapko bata doon, agar Khan ka case waqt par solve nahi hua, toh meri tabiyat aur bigad jaayegi.

MALIK

Maine Khan ko zoordar warning di hai.

JAGATPAL

Kaisi warning?

MALIK

Uske haath par goli lag chuki hai.

JAGATPAL

Goli sar par kyun nahi lagi?

MALIK

Woh kaam ka aadmi hai, isliye ek mauka aur de diya maine.

JAGATPAL

Tum sure ho ke sher ko sirf zakhmi kar ke nahi chhoda?

MALIK

Agar aap chahte hain ke main uski zindagi ka file hamesha ke liye band kar doon, mujhe koi aitraaz nahi.

(MORE)

MALIK (CONT'D)

Magar usne mujhe dhamki di hai, ke uske paas meri kaali kartooton ki recording hai, audio aur video.

JAGATPAL

Yeh Yousuf Khan hai ya teesmar Khan? Dekho, Mr. Malik, tum khud is problem ka solve karo. Make sure he knows nothing about me.

MALIK

Main aapko bata doon ke Yousuf Khan ne aajkal ek dost banaya hai, naam hai Haroon. Haroon Canada se aaya hai. Woh businessman aur social worker hai. Mera khayal hai Haroon, Khan se bhi zyada khatarnak hai, kyunki usne Khan ko gair-qanooni kaam chhodne ke liye convince kar diya hai.

JAGATPAL

Malik sahab issey pehle ke yeh zakhm nasoor ban jaaye, kisi acche doctor ko dekh kar iska ilaaj karo.

MALIK

Samajh gaya sahab. Aap chinta mat kariye, main sab sambhal loonga.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan, Karim, Kabir, and Ranjeet are having dinner at the dining table when Khan's phone buzzes with Haroon's name on the screen. He answers the call.

YOUSUF KHAN

(chewing and swallowing)

Hi Haroon. How are you?

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Haroon is standing by a large window overlooking the city, phone in hand.

HAROON

Good, good. Thank you. Are you busy tomorrow morning?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

YOUSUF KHAN

Aapne jo hamara sab kaam band kar diya hai, phir hum kaise busy reh sakte hain?

HAROON

(chuckling)

Koyi baat nahi. Kal hamara naya garage aur body shop ka opening hain. Is garage mein aapke 10 aadmi ko kaam milega. Main aapko da'wat deta hoon ke kal apna aadmi ke saath woh Salim ka purani garage mein aaiyeh.

Yousuf Khan raises an eyebrow, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

YOUSUF KHAN

Phir ek capitalist ne kaise gareeb ka business qabza kar liya hoga.

HAROON

(turning away from
the window)

Maine kisi gareeb ka business qabza nahi kiya hai, balki Salim Khan ki purani body shop mein invest karke usse modern bana diya hai. Aap idhar aa jao, iske baare mein detail se baat karenge. Khuda hafiz.

YOUSUF KHAN

OK. Kal melengey. Shab ba-khair.

END INTERCUT.

Ranjeet approaches Yousuf Khan, concern etched on his face.

RANJEET

Khan bhai, aap bahar mat jayein. Aapki jaan ko khatra hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Kya main chudiyaan pehen kar kuch corrupt politicians se dar kar zindagi bhar underground ho jaon?

Yousuf Khan cleans his hands with a tissue and turns towards his brother, Karim Khan.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Snow, Karim!

KARIM

Jee, bhai jaan?

YOUSUF KHAN

Hamari sahtiyon mein sabse gharib
aur mohtaaj aadmi ko chhoon kar kal
ke liye tayyar karo. Ranjeet bhi
hamare saath jayega.

KARIM

Achha, bhai jaan.

RANJEET

Khan bhai, agar koi kaam nahi hai, toh main
aaj raat ghar jaoon? Bibi bachon ke paas.
Kal theek 9 baje aa jaoonga.

YOUSUF KHAN

Theek hai. Aaj raat, tu chal bhabhi
ke paas.

RANJEET

(standing up)
Shukriya, Khan bhai.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING - MORNING

A BLUE MINI-VAN and a JEEP pull into the parking area of
Haroon's residence. Karim Khan exits the mini-van first and
enters the building. Moments later, he returns to the door
and signals to Yousuf Khan, confirming the area is secure.

YOUSUF KHAN

(to Ranjeet)
Tum Kabir ke saath gadi mein baitho.
Hum 10 minutes mein aayenge.

RANJEET

Theek hai, Khan sahab.

Yousuf Khan and his men enter the building.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HAROON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Karim knocks on the door.

HAROON (O.S.)

Kaun?

YOUSUF KHAN

Main hoon, Khan.

The door opens, revealing Haroon at the entrance of his
apartment. He shakes hands with Khan and his men, then
gestures for them to enter and sit on the couches in the
living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

HAROON

Excuse me, Khan sahab. I'll be back
in a moment.

Haroon goes to his bedroom and returns with a large open parcel. He pulls out vests, helmets, and hats, placing them on the coffee table.

YOUSUF KHAN

Yeh sab kahan se laaye ho?

HAROON

Maine online order kiye the.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aur inka kya karoge?

HAROON

Inka istemal karenge. Yeh aam cheezein nahi hain. Vests aur helmets bulletproof hain. Hamari jaan ko khatra hai, aur humein apni hifazat karni hogi.

Haroon hands a vest to Yousuf Khan and another to Karim.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Please pehn lijiye. Main bhi ek pehnunga, aur chautha vest mere dost Sooraj ke liye hai.

Yousuf Khan and Karim take off their coats and shirts, then put on the vests over their undershirts.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Thode heavy hain, lekin aadat ho jaayegi. Winter mein toh yeh zyada mushkil nahi hoga.

Haroon puts on a vest and a helmet. Then he wears a hat over the helmet to camouflage it. He also places another helmet on Yousuf Khan's head.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(turning to Karim
Khan)

Khan bhai, aap bhi ek helmet aur topi meri tarah pehn lijiye.

Karim Khan follows Haroon's example.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Ab hum India mein kahin bhi jaa sakte hain.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODY SHOP OPEN AREA - DAY

Haroon and Yousuf Khan are sitting on folding chairs in an open area behind which a large SIGN BOARD reads: "SALIM & MALHOTRA'S GARAGE"

Around 35 people from the community are seated on chairs arranged in rows in front of Haroon and Khan.

A small stage has been set up at one side of the open area. Karim Khan, Ranjeet, and all of Khan's men are positioned around the area, keeping an eye on the crowd.

Salim goes up to the stage.

SALIM

Bhaiyo aur behno, aap amara is choti mehfil mein aakar humein bohot izzat diye hain. Yeh naya garage, mere liye ek khawab tha jo ek achhe insan ke badolat ab haqeeqat mein badal chuka hai. Ab main us devta ko stage par bulana chahta hoon. Toh, khawateen-o-hazraat, Haroon Malhotra sahab ke liye ek zor-daar taaliyaan.

A big round of applause is given to Haroon as he walks towards the small stage. Haroon stands behind the microphone with Khan next to him.

HAROON

(adjusting the mic to his height)

Bhaiyo aur behno, yeh mere liye fakhar ki baat hai ke main aapke samney hoon. Yeh sach hai ke main ek businessman hoon, magar yeh bhi sach hai ke main ek social worker aur gareebon ka hamdard hoon. Isliye, apne doston ke saath, English Language Center establish kiya hai. Yeh center aapke aulad ko English sikhaata hai aur unka employment ka mustaqbal roshan kar deta hai. Hum bohot jald computer courses bhi launch karne wale hain.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

English aur computer, is zamane ke do important education pillars hain jinke bina achha kaam milna mushkil hai. Agar aap hamare saath denge, to main wada karta hoon ke is community mein bohot jald sharab aur juwa khane band ho jayenge aur uske saath-saath gunda gardi bhi. Aur mujhe khushi hai ke is kaam ke liye mera dost aur bhai Yousuf Khan bhi hamare saath hai, aur aap se bhi guzaarish hai ke --

No sooner has Haroon finished his statement than two gunshots ring out. The camera widens to reveal the bullets striking Haroon in the chest and Yousuf Khan in the forehead.

Haroon collapses off the stage, while Yousuf Khan falls from his chair beside it. The scene erupts into chaos.

Salim looks towards the place from where the bullets were fired. He and some of his workers see two snipers vacating the roof of a building about five hundred meters away from the garage.

Karim Khan, Osman and their friends form a human shield around Yousuf Khan. Salim and his men do the same around Haroon, who has fallen from the impact of the bullet.

Haroon slowly sits up. Salim's men take him inside the Body Shop, assuming he is seriously injured.

Haroon removes his shirt and checks his bulletproof vest, confirming that it has done its job. He finds no serious injury and goes to check on Khan.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(calling Karim)

Karim! Yousuf Khan ko andar le aao.
Agar police aaye, sirf main aur Khan
baat karenge, koi aur nahi.

As chaos continues to engulf the scene and people flee the area, Karim and his friend swiftly move Yousuf Khan into the garage's office.

EXT. GARAGE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Shortly after, a TV reporter and a police car with blaring sirens arrive at the garage.

An inspector, accompanied by two constables, steps out of a jeep and makes his way into the garage.

INSPECTOR
Is garage ka in-charge kaun hain?

SALIM
(hearing the officer's
question)
Main hoon, sir.

INSPECTOR
Firing kidhar se hui?

SALIM
(pointing towards the
building roof)
Shooters uss building ke roof se
goli chalayi.

INSPECTOR
Victims kidhar hain?

SALIM
Dono meri office mein hain. Aap aayiye
mere saath.

The inspector follows Salim towards the office of the garage,
and knocking on the glass door, goes in.

INT. OFFICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INSPECTOR
Namaste bhai sahab. Main hoon
Inspector Pandey. Main kuch poochtaaj
karne aaya hoon.

HAROON
Go ahead, sir.

INSPECTOR PANDEY
(a pen and small
notebook in hand and
pointing at Yousuf
Khan)
Inko to hum achhe se jaante hain.
Aap apna naam aur kaam ke baare mein
kuch bata dijiye.

HAROON
Naam hai Haroon Malhotra. I'm a social
worker and a businessman from Canada.

INSPECTOR PANDEY
What do you think about the motive
behind this attack? Do you have any
enemies?

HAROON

I don't know. I've had no enemies anywhere in the world. It's possible that because of my friend Khan, who has started a new life on the right path, I've also been attacked.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Mr. Haroon, please do not leave Bombay until our investigation is complete.

HAROON

OK, Inspector.

As Inspector Pandey exits the Body Shop, a male TV reporter, 30, holding the Z NEWS CHANNEL'S MIC, appears on air.

THE ANCHORMAN

There has been a shooting incident during the inauguration ceremony of a new body shop in Pant Nagar, Bombay. Salim Khan, the manager of the garage, says that his business partner Haroon Malhotra and his friend Yousuf Khan were both targets, but they have had a close call. Let's go and take a look at these individuals and see if we can get a statement from them.

The reporter and his cameraman head towards the garage's office, trying to find Haroon and ask a few questions.

THE TV REPORTER

(while his cameraman
is shooting a close-
up of Haroon)

Sir! Can you answer a few questions?

HAROON

I've answered the police officer's questions. You may complete your story by asking the police.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Malik, the corrupt Muslim politician, lounges on a comfortable couch, shirtless and wearing shorts, watching the Z News Channel.

Shabnam, his massage girl and mistress, pours oil onto his hair and massages it into his scalp.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN

As the words "BREAKING NEWS" flash across the screen, a self-satisfied smile spreads across Malik's face.

THE NEWSCASTER

There was a failed assassination attempt during the opening ceremony of a new body shop on Mall Rd, Pant Nagar. According to the police, Haroon Malhotra, a Canadian business tycoon, and his friend Yousuf Khan were the targets.

Furious, Malik grabs the TV remote control from the coffee table in front of him and hurls it at the screen. The remote shatters, and Shabnam steps back in fear.

Malik's cell phone, lying on the coffee table, starts ringing. He answers the call.

MALIK

Kohn?

MALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Malik sahab, main hoon Rajeshwar, aap ka nouker. Hamne woh kaam kar diya. Ek ko seeney se lagaya, aur doosre ko sar par betadiya.

MALIK

(enraged)

Haramkhor! Call karney se pehle, TV deik!

RAJESHWAR'S VOICE (V.O.)

Main to theek se nishana laga raha tha.

MALIK

Chup ho jao, kaminey! Kabhi bhi yeh phone par discuss mat karna. Tum aur tumhari team bekaar ho. Main khud hi sab sambhaal lunga.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, MALHOTRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "RICHMOND HILL, TORONTO, CANADA"

Malhotra and his wife, Shanti, are having dinner. The CBC News Channel is on. Suddenly, a breaking news headline appears on the TV screen. The newscaster reads:

THE NEWSCASTER

There was a failed assassination attempt on Canadian social worker and business tycoon Haroon Malhotra in Mumbai.

Haroon's picture appears on the TV screen, and the newscaster continues.

THE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

According to reports, Mr. Malhotra is on a tour of India investing in small projects that benefit underdeveloped communities in Mumbai.

SHANTI

(bringing the phone to her husband)

Zara phone karke dekhiye ke hamara beta theek hai ke nahi? Agar Haroon ko kuch ho gaya to main mar jaungi.

MALHOTRA

Shanti meri jaan, abhi TV mein kaha gaya hai ke yeh ek nakam koshish thi aur hamara beta Haroon bilkul theek hai. Phir bhi tumhari khushi ke liye, main phone karke Haroon ko abhi wapas bulaunga.

Malhotra searches for Haroon's name in his contact list and makes the call.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Haroon, Yousuf Khan, Karim, Osman, and Ranjeet are sitting in a room.

HAROON

I think someone is informing our enemies about our activities.

YOUSUF KHAN

I think so. But I can find the informer soon.

A cell phone rings. Haroon takes his iPhone out of his coat pocket. Seeing his dad's name on the screen, he presses the OK button.

HAROON
 (moving the iPhone
 closer to his ear
 and mouth)
 Hello, Dad! How are you? Mom kaise
 hain?

INTERCUT BETWEEN MALHOTRA'S DINING ROOM IN TORONTO AND YOUSUF
 KHAN'S HOUSE IN MUMBAI

MALHOTRA
 I'm fine, son! But it seems you are
 not in a safe place. We're worried
 about you. Dekho Haroon! Pehli flight
 se wapas Canada aa jao. Tumhara wahan
 rehna theek nahi hai.

HAROON
 Don't worry, Dad. I'll be okay. As
 soon as I finish my job, I'll come
 home. Dad! Zara phone Mom ko de do.

MALHOTRA
 (giving the phone to
 his wife)
 Shanti, yeh lo aur baat karo apne
 bete se.

SHANTI
 Haroon beta! Hamari baat maan lo aur
 jaldi wapas aa jao.

HAROON
 Mom, tum chinta mat karo. Agar mera
 din poora hua to main Toronto mein
 bhi kisi hadse ke bina mar jaata.
 Warna mujhe kuch nahi hoga.

SHANTI
 Aisa mat kehna beta. Mera dushman
 tumhe nuksan pohncha sakta hai.

HAROON
 Mom! Main tumhare liye ek bahut sundar
 bibi chhod ke aaya hoon. Wo thodi
 ziddi hai, lekin main sure hoon ke
 wo tumhe pasand aayegi. Main bahut
 jaldi uske saath ghar aaunga.

SHANTI
 Acha mere lal. Apna khayal rakhna.
 Main phone Baba ko deti hoon. Tum
 Dad ko convince karo.

HAROON

Acha Mom. Khuda Hafiz.

Malhotra takes the phone from his wife.

MALHOTRA

Acha, to aap nahi aayenge. In that case, main ek bulletproof car bhej dunga. Yeh car aane tak tum idhar-udhar ghoomna band karo.

HAROON

Theek hai Dad. Bye and take care.

MALHOTRA

Bye, mere sher.

END INTERCUT.

HAROON

(disconnecting the phone)

Sorry guys, main aur Baba ke beech baat ho gayi. Buray khabar sunke Mom ne chinta karni shuru kar di. By the way, Mr. Khan! Aapne kaha tha ke aap traitor ko dhoondh sakte hain jo hamari information dushman tak pohunchata hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

(getting up from his chair and heading towards the exit door)

I'll be back in a few minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A dimly-lit basement with flickering fluorescent lights. Shelves lined with old, broken computer hardware and spare parts cover the walls. Dust floats in the air, disturbed by the occasional creak of the wooden shelves.

Yousuf Khan steps into the room, his footsteps echoing off the concrete floor. He moves with purpose, heading towards a corner of the basement where a cluttered shelf stands. He eyes the shelf, then pushes it with some force.

The shelf swings open with a groan, revealing a hidden passage. Khan steps through, disappearing into the darkness.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

As our eyes adjust to the darkness, the hidden room reveals a stark contrast to the basement. It's clean, tidy, and well-organized, with a couple of desks neatly arranged.

On the desks are a few modern computers, printers, and headphones. The soft, rhythmic blinking of an INTERNET MODEM'S LIGHT is the only sign of life.

Khan approaches a somewhat new desktop that resembles a large server. He sits down, his fingers moving with practiced precision as he presses the space bar. A LOGIN SCREEN appears, and he types in a password. The computer's screen lights up as he gains access.

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER KEYBOARD -

Khan's fingers dance across the keys, typing a series of words and digits. The monitor flickers as data begins to populate the screen.

WIDEN TO REVEAL -

Khan clicks on a FOLDER named "RANJEET". He navigates to a specific file and clicks on it. A message pops up on the screen: *"Sirji. Khan aur Haroon kal 10:00 AM Salim's body shop jaraha hai."*

Khan scribbles down the phone numbers listed in the message, his expression focused. After noting the numbers, he quickly logs off the computer.

He stands up and makes his way back to the hidden passage, closing the shelf behind him.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Khan re-emerges into the dimly lit basement, holding a scrap of paper with the phone numbers. He exits, leaving the clutter and darkness behind for the tasks of the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Khan enters the room where Haroon, Karim, Osman, and Ranjeet are seated. He approaches Ranjeet and delivers a sharp slap, sending him crashing to the floor.

YOUSUF KHAN

Toh tum ho woh ghaddar. Ab batao,
tum kis ke liye kaam karte ho?

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Agar sach bataoge, toh main tumhe chhod dunga, kyunki tum bhi family aur bachche wale ho. Main tumhe maar kar ek parivar ko besahara nahi karunga.

RANJEET

Woh log bahut khatarnak hain. Woh mujhe zinda nahi chhodenge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Agar tum cooperate nahi kiya, toh hum tumhe maar denge.

RANJEET

Main nahi bata sakta.

YOUSUF KHAN

Mujhe SHOLAY ka GABBAR SINGH banane par majboor mat karo. Jalte hue batao aur paise le lo. Dono taraf se kuch mil sakta hai. Hum is raaz ko mehfooz rakhenge aur tumhare liye bhi kaam karenge.

RANJEET

Ek shart par main aapki baat maanunga. Woh yeh hai ke agar mujhe kuch ho gaya, toh aap mere bhibi aur bachon ka dekhbhal karenge.

HAROON

(jumping into the conversation)

Hum yeh vachun tumhe de denge.

RANJEET

Theek hai. Main Malik aur Jagatpal ko khabar deta tha.

YOUSUF KHAN

Malik ko hum pehle se jaante hain, aur uska number bhi hamare paas hai. Yeh Jagatpal kaun hai? Kahi woh bada business tycoon ya politician toh nahi hai?

RANJEET

Woh wahi aadmi hai jo apne kaam Malik ke zariye karta hai aur khud bahut kam media ke samne aata hai. Jagatpal ka number J.P. ke naam se mere cell phone mein hai, aur Malik ka phone M.K. ke naam se.

Yousuf Khan saves the phone numbers in his phone. Releasing Ranjeet, he turns to Karim Khan.

YOUSUF KHAN
Karim, tum Ranjeet ko DO LAKH Rupees
de do.

KARIM KHAN
Achha bhai jaan.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - AFTERNOON

Haroon stands in front of a blackboard. Male and female teenage and adult students sit attentively in the classroom.

HAROON
I don't see Manjeet again. This is
the third consecutive day. Does anyone
know why he's absent?

The students exchange glances. Rawul raises his hand.

RAWUL
Sir, I know where he is. I'll tell
you after class.

HAROON
Alright, let's get started with
today's lesson.

Haroon picks up an eraser and wipes the WHITEBOARD clean.

HAROON (CONT'D)
Today, we're going to learn about
phonemes and allophones in the English
language. Phonemes are the smallest
units of sound that carry meaning, like
[t], [d], [g], [m], [p], and so on.
Allophones, however, are variations of
these phonemes depending on their
placement within words. Let's explore
how the phoneme [p] changes in the words
'prepare' and 'stop.'

Haroon writes the symbols of the phonemes and an example of an allophone as a raised small (h).

HAROON (CONT'D)
So in the word 'prepare' the phoneme
[p] has two allophones: an aspirated
[p] at the beginning of the word,
and an unaspirated [p] in the middle.

A student raises a hand.

STUDENT

Sir, what's the difference between aspirated and unaspirated?

HAROON

Good question. Aspiration is the burst of air that comes out when you say certain sounds. For example, if you say 'pot' and hold your finger in front of your mouth, you'll feel a puff of air—that's aspiration. In 'prepare,' the first [p] is aspirated, but the [p] in the middle isn't. Now, in 'stop,' the [p] at the end is unreleased. That means there's no air or aspiration at all.

Haroon draws a raised 'h' to the upper right of the phoneme [p] to demonstrate aspiration.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Any other questions?

The class remains silent, focused on their notes.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Alright, that's it for today. Be sure to review this at home, and bring any questions to the next class. See you tomorrow.

As the students pack up, Rawul quietly approaches Haroon.

RAWUL

(whispering)

Sir, Manjeet is addicted to gambling. He's been spending everything his single mother gives him at a casino called 'The Rose.'

HAROON

(tapping Rawul on the shoulder)

Thanks, Rawul. I'll look into it.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY

A bearded old man, in his late 60s, well-dressed with a large chapeau on his head and a black CANE in hand, enters a CLUB. Men and women, young, middle-aged, and old, are seated around tables, gambling with cards.

In one corner of the HALL, a girl in a RED DRESS, 24, slim, with black hair and medium height, dances to live music played by several musicians.

The camera widens to reveal the OLD MAN standing in the middle of the Casino, behind a young man, 18, with black hair and eyes, somewhat skinny. This is MANJEET, sitting at a table playing cards with men in their 30s and 40s.

A woman, 28, wearing an INDIAN SARI and a revealing blouse, sits beside a 40-year-old man in a gray suit.

Manjeet deals the cards and has a large pile of money in front of him. One player folds, the second doubles, and the 'chal' is now Rs. 5000. The man whose turn it is to bet drops his cards.

Manjeet checks his cards, 'TWO ACES' and a 'king'. He tosses five Rs. 1000 notes into the pile.

MANJEET

Yeh mera chaal.

A man in a black suit reads his cards and throws Rs. 5000 into the pot.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Aur yeh mera.

The third man, who had doubled, checks his cards: 'TWO ACES' and a 'QUEEN.' He pulls his Girlfriend closer.

THE THIRD MAN

Hey, my queen! Give me a kiss; this might be your lucky day.

He kisses his girlfriend on the cheek and throws Rs. 5000 onto the table.

THE THIRD MAN (CONT'D)

Yeh hain mera chaal, Rs. 5000.

MANJEET

(looking at his cards,
adds Rs. 5000)

Mera bhi Rs. 5000.

The man in black folds, tossing his cards onto the table.

THE MAN IN BLACK

In cards ke saath, Rs. 5000 lagana
akalmandi nahi hai.

Now it's down to Manjeet and the man having two aces and queen. They exchange Rs.

5000 several times, building a heap of money on the table. Finally, the man places his last Rs. 5000 and challenges Manjeet.

THE THIRD MAN

Chalo, show.

Manjeet reveals his cards: two aces and a king. Collecting the money, he grins.

MANJEET

Aisa lagta hai ke aaj khush-bakhti
kaa shaya mere sar par hai.

THE OLD MAN

(placing his hand on
Manjeet's head)

Jeyse ki mera haath.

Manjeet, lost in his world of gambling, recognizes the voice. He turns and sees his teacher, HAROON, disguised.

MANJEET

Sir, aap yahaan?

HAROON

Chalo, let's go. This should be your
last day here.

Manjeet, collecting the money and stuffing it into his pockets, stands to leave with Haroon, but one of the men who lost protests.

THE MAN

Aap aise nahi jaa sakte.

MANJEET

Aap kaun hain hamein rokney waaley?

The man slaps Manjeet.

THE MAN

Tumhara baap.

Manjeet charges, headbutting the man in the stomach. A brawl ensues. Haroon tries to intervene but is attacked by the man. Haroon deflects by twisting the man's arm and pushing him away.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(getting up)

Rocky, Sam, Suneel! Come on!

Three men, previously engaged with their girlfriends and drinks at the BAR COUNTER, rush over.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(kicking at Haroon)

Tumhe nahi pata tum kiske saath panga
le rahe ho.

Haroon dodges. One man attacks Manjeet, while the others take on Haroon. Haroon notices Manjeet struggling, so he jumps in, delivering a sidekick that sends the man flying.

HAROON

(to the approaching
men)

Dekho bhai sahab, main sulah karne
aaya hoon. Magar aapka dost khud hi
lafra shuru kar raha hai.

Haroon finds himself surrounded.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Guys, let's stop fighting and settle
this peacefully.

No one listens. Another man from behind grabs a wooden table and smashes it on Haroon's head.

The table breaks into pieces, but Haroon removes his CHAPEAU, revealing a helmet underneath.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(smiling, showing the
helmet)

Puri tayyari ke saath aaya hoon.

Haroon puts on the chapeau, wielding his STEEL CANE like an AIKIDO sword, swiftly taking down the attackers. Tables, chairs, bottles, and plates shatter during the fight.

There's a brief pause in the action. The bad guys, hurt and disoriented, struggle to continue.

A well-dressed man (50) rushes over and grabs Haroon by the shoulder.

THE MAN

Main houn BASHIR KHAN, iss club kaa
maalik aur Manager. Magar yeh to batau
ke tum kaun aur Keya balaa houn?

HAROON

Batha doun?

THE MANAGER

Jee han. Bathadije.

HAROON

Eik minute, abhi bataata hoon.

Haroon walks to the stage, grabs a guitar from one of the musicians, and starts playing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Main keya hoon, main koun hoon? Main
tan houn, Keh jan houn? Yeh kohi
najaney, keh mey keya bala hoon.*

Haroon dances and plays the guitar. Other musicians follow suit.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Agar kohi poochai keh main hoon kahan sey?
Bata houn keh main aagaya Canada sey. Agar
cheh, main Kabul mey paida howa houn.
Mgar mera khoun hai, iss Hindo-setan sey.
Main keya hoon, main kohn hoon? Main tan
houn, keh jaan houn? Yeh kohi najaney keh
main keya bala hoon.*

During Haroon's performance, one or two bad guys come back to fight. But Haroon both fights and sings taking care of everything.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(playing the guitar,
resumes singing)

*Kahi den mey apney shehr sey juda
houn. Kahi raht-o- mey apney gar sey
juda houn. Main houn shame taareek,
sahar sey juda houn. Qena'at ke sahil
mey jabtak rahounga. Hamisha main
mouj-o- khatar sey juda houn. Main
keya houn, mey kohn houn? Main tan
houn, keh jan houn? Yeh kohai najaney
keh main keya bala houn.*

While the music is on, some customers who were about to vacate the place, go back to their seats. The manager and the staff work to reorganize the place.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Jo pahtar ko torta hai, sheeshai sey
yaroun, Bahot teez houn apney payshey
sey yaroun. Main baga howa houn kahee
den sey gahr sey. Mohabat hawa hai
mujhai es safar sey.*

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Main kya jano yaroun, qaza-o-qadar
sey, Ki shayad meloun mey, kesey
hamsafar sey. Mey tan houn, keh jan
houn? Yeh kohai najaney keh mey keya
bala houn.*

Haroon finishes his song and wants to leave, but the club manager appears in front of him.

THE MANAGER

Well done, young man, well done.
Keya gahtey hai aap, keya guitar
bajatey hai aap! Wah bhai sahab wah.
Aap ke ta'reef?

HAROON

Nam hai Haroon. Gana mera shouq hai,
business aur gareeboun ko madad karna
mera paysha.

THE MANAGER

Acha to Haroon sahab Is achai ganey
ke khater main aap se koi gharamat,
I mean compensation, amari club ka
nuqsan ke wajey se nahi lunga. Magar
ek darkhwast hai aap se.

HAROON

Bata dijiye Khan sahab?

THE MANAGER

Aap kam se kam, once a week, aakar
amari club me kuch gana gayein.

HAROON

Main sharab aur juwa khane mein kaam
nahi karunga, kyunki yeh dono society
ko kharab karte hain. Jaise ke yeh lafda
aur is club ka jo nuqsan hua, yeh sab
juwa khelne ka nateeja tha. Ab sharab
ki burai ke baare mein baat karenge.

THE MANAGER

Acha. Shortcut mein batadeejeye.

HAROON

(pointing to a drunk
man in the corner of
the club)

Woh dekhiye manager sahab. Woh aadmi
sharab pee kar apni bibi ko chhod
kar ek aur aurat ke saath nach raha
hai.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

By the way, aap Musalman hokar bhi sharab aur juwa ke club me apna paisa invest kar choke hain. Jahan tak main janta hoon, yeh sada kaam aapke mazhab mein bhi najayaz hai.

THE MANAGER

Haroon sahab! Aap sahi kehte hain. La'nat hai mujpar ke main apne mazhab ke usoolon ke khilaf kaam karta hoon. Magar aap yeh sab kaise jaante hain?

HAROON

Kitabon se. I'm an avid reader.

THE MANAGER

You seem to be a nice man. Main yeh sab jaan kar bhi, aaj tak kahi action nahi liya. Halanka Quran-e- paak mein kaha gaya hai ke sharab aur juwa dono SHAITAN ka kaam hai, jin ke zariye woh amari darmiyan dushmani paida karta hai.

HAROON

That's right. The Quran says that "there is a gross sin and some benefits for the people in intoxicants and gambling. But their sinfulness far outweighs their benefits."

THE MANAGER

It's good that you reminded me, sir. Aaj ke baad, main is CASINO ka naam aur kaam change kar ke "Rose Restaurant" banadunga aur isme sirf khana aur gahna hoga.

HAROON

In that case, I'll sing at your restaurant on Saturday nights.

THE MANAGER

Thank you very much, sir.

HAROON

See you then at 05:00 P.M. on Saturday. Khuda Hafiz.

Haroon still in disguise signals Manjeet to leave the club.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP, MUMBAI - DAY

Haroon stands in front of the information desk at a Toyota dealership. As his turn comes, he steps forward, handing an A4 document to the RECEPTIONIST, a pretty woman in her 30s.

HAROON

(handing over the
document)

Good morning. I'm Haroon Malhotra.
My father, Madan Malhotra, ordered a
Land Cruiser from Japan for me.
According to this document, it should
have arrived by now.

RECEPTIONIST

(checking the document)

Oh yes, Mr. Haroon. Your bulletproof
vehicle has arrived. It's been
thoroughly inspected. You can pick
it up now.

The receptionist calls someone via intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sir, Mr. Haroon Malhotra is here.

MALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

(through intercom)

Great! I'll be right there.

Moments later, a well-dressed senior man approaches, holding a couple of keys and a file.

THE MAN

Good morning, Mr. Haroon. I'm Deepen
Patel, the manager. And I'm delighted
to have you. Your car is ready and
parked outside. Please follow me.

The manager leads Haroon through the exit to the parking area, stopping beside a luxury Land Cruiser.

MANAGER

(handing over the
keys and the file)

Here are your keys, and this file
contains the ownership papers. We've
also handled the license plate as per
your father's request. Enjoy your ride.

HAROON
 (taking the keys and
 file)
 Thank you very much. Have a great
 day.

MANAGER
 You too, sir.

Haroon gets into the Land Cruiser, starts the engine, and
 pulls out his cell phone to make a call.

EXT. WIDE ASPHALTED ROAD - DAY

Cars of various makes and models, rickshaws, and motorcycles
 are at a standstill behind a red traffic light on a four-
 lane road.

CLOSE ON the back seat of a new HONDA CIVIC, where SOORAJ is
 on the phone.

We hear HAROON's voice coming through the phone speaker.

HAROON'VOICE (V.O.)
 Please come to Bombay Hospital now.

SOORAJ
 Kyun? Kya baat hai?

HAROON (V.O.)
 Parishan mat ho. Main theek hoon.
 Magar tumhe udhar aana hoga. Bye.

SOORAJ
 (to his driver)
 Shamlal, zara Bombay Hospital chalo.

SHAMLAL
 (signaling and turning
 right)
 OK, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL, MENTAL HEALTH WARD - DAY

Haroon is sitting in a wheelchair, pretending to be a mentally
 disturbed patient in front of the reception desk.

SOORAJ
 (talking to a man at
 the information desk)
 Sir, this is my friend. He's unable
 to react to anything.
 (MORE)

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

He mostly talks to himself and avoids eye contact. I want him admitted under Dr. Nazaneen's care for treatment.

THE MAN AT THE INFORMATION DESK

(smiling)

Sure, Sir. Just give a minute.

SOORAJ

Aap paise ki koi chinta mat keejiye.
I'll deposit Rs. 50,000 in advance.

INT. A BIG ROOM, MENTAL HEALTH WARD - MORNING

Haroon continues his act as a mentally disturbed patient. Outside, it's a beautiful sunny December morning in Bombay.

As soon as Nazaneen arrives at the hospital, she calls for her assistant.

NAZANEEN

Asha! O Asha!

ASHA

Yes, madam?

NAZANEEN

It's a lovely day. Get the staff to take the patients outside for some fresh air. I'll be there in a couple of minutes. Maine suna hai ke eik naya patient kal raat admit hua hai. I want to examine him in the garden.

ASHA

OK, ma'am.

EXT. GARDEN FULL OF FLOWERS - MORNING

There are many patients in wheelchairs scattered around the garden.

CLOSE ON one of the patients, a man in his early 40s with unkempt curly hair, holding a guitar and playing a discordant melody.

THE LUNATIC GUITARIST

I am the world's number-one guitarist!

ASHA stands in front of Haroon, who is staring off into the distance, avoiding eye contact.

ASHA
 (calling to her
 colleague)
 Sheetal! O Sheetal!

SHEETAL
 (from a few meters
 away)
 Kya hai?

ASHA
 Yahan aao aur is patient ko dekho.
 Kitna handsome hai aur jitni tareef
 karo, kam hai.

SHEETAL
 Aapko har patient ka itna dukh kyun
 hota hai? Just concentrate on your
 duty, not on patient's beauty.

ASHA
 Main apne kaam aur patients dono ka
 dhyaan rakhti hoon. Lekin yeh patient
 alag hai, kyunki iska file kehta hai
 ke bechara ek bewafa ladki ke pyaar
 mein pagal ho gaya hai.

Sheetal is about to respond, but Nazaneen arrives and interrupts.

NAZANEEN
 Kya ho raha hai? Tum dono kis ke
 baare mein baat kar rahi thi?

Hearing Nazaneen's voice, Haroon lowers his head to his chest.

ASHA
 Iss naye patient ke baare mein. Aap
 khud zara nazdeek se dekhiye. Suna
 hai kisi bewafa ladki ke pyaar ke
 wajah se bechara bimaar pad gaya
 hai. Agar woh ladki mere saamne aaye,
 to ek thappad maroongi usko!

Nazaneen steps closer and gently lifts Haroon's chin. Seeing him shocks her.

NAZANEEN
 Tum yahan!

HAROON
 Jee haan, main yahan. Jahan aap,
 waha main.

ASHA

Wah! Yeh patient to theek ogaya.
Madam, aapke haath mein jaadu hai!

NAZANEEN

Mere haath mein koi jaadu nahi hai.
Main is aadmi ko jaanti hoon.
Actually, yeh bilkul theek hai. Yeh
pagal nahi hai.

HAROON

Main to pagal hoon. Tumhare pyaar
ka.

NAZANEEN

Main tumhe abhi discharge karti hoon.

HAROON

Tum yeh nahi kar sakti. Main accha actor
hoon. Waise bhi, is mulaqat ke liye
maine Rs. 50,000 diye hain, jo bahut
badi raqam hai. Tumhe pata nahi hai ke
tum mere liye kitni qeemti ho.

NAZANEEN

Fazool baatein mat karo.

Nazaneen tries to evade Haroon by walking away and checking
on other patients.

HAROON

Dekho Nazaneen. Iss hospital mein,
hum bhi teri bemaar hain. So come
and examine me. Take my hand, check
my pulse, kyun ke main jaanta hoon
tumhare dil mein bhi mere liye pyaar
hai, par hoton pe kyun inkaar hai?

NAZANEEN

Tum jaise pagal se koi pagal hi pyaar
karega. Main nahi.

Haroon gets up from the wheelchair, walks towards the lunatic
guitarist, takes the guitar from him, and starts to sing.

HAROON

*Tere baghair aye Nazaneen, jeena
mera dushwar hai. Is hospital mein
dekh lo, hum bhi terey bemaar hain.
Dil mein tere iqrar hai, hoton pe
kyun inkar hai. Mujhko bata aye jan-
e-man, aakhir yeh kaisa pyaar hai?*

Haroon dances while playing the guitar, and a couple of nurses
and hospital staff join him.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Aao mera saath dedo, dosti ka haath
dedo, dosti ka haath dedo. Meri chahat
ke chaman mein, ek pal barsaat dedo.
Tere baghair aye Nazaneen, jeena
mera dushwar hai. Is hospital mein
dekh lo, hum bhi terey bemar hain.
Dil mein tere iqrar hai, hoton pe
kyun inkar hai? Mujhko bata aye jan-
em-an, aakhir yeh kaisa pyaar hai?*

While the dance and music continue unabated, a large crowd of hospital staff and visitors has gathered to watch Haroon's performance in the hospital garden.

HARON

(singing)

*Dekho idhar, aye jan-e-man. Aye nazneen,
aye gulbadan. Tumse hai mera shaheri.
Tumse hai har lafz-o-sukhan. Tumse mera
har jeet hai. Tumse mera sangeet hai.
Sadiyon se tumse pyaar hai. Mujhko tere
upkaar hain. Kehdo ke mujhse pyaar hain.*

HARON (CONT'D)

*Dil mein tere iqraar hai, honton pe kyun
inkaar hai? Mujko batao, aye jaan-e-man,
aakhir yeh kaisa pyaar hai?*

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haroon is writing on his computer when Yousuf Khan, Karim, and three other men enter.

HAROON

(getting up from his
seat)

Khush amadeed, Khan bhai, khush
amadeed. Zara baithiye.

YOUSUF KHAN

What are you writing?

HAROON

Ek proposal tha jo maine complete
kiya. Isko UNESCO, IRC, aur USAID
mein bhejunga. Ho sakta hai, ek na
ek hamare Language Center ko support
karein.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aap hamein phone par kyun bulaya?

HAROON

Dar asal baat yeh hai, Khan bhai, ke Dad ne mere liye ek bulletproof gaadi bheji hai, aur is naye gaadi ki protection ke liye mujhe kam se kam do aadmiyon ki zaroorat hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Dou kyouun, teen le lo.

HAROON

Dou kafi hain, keyoun ke dou wafadar or daleer adami sou buzdel or bewafa sahteyoun se behtar hai. Jeyse keh FERDOSI, woh bahot bada Farsi shahir a'pne mashhoor ketab, Shehnamah mein kahan hain ke " Seyahi lashkar naya-yad ba kaar. Do sad mard-e- jange beh az sad hazaar." "A crowd of followers is of no use; two hundred warriors are better than a hundred thousand."

YOUSUF KHAN

In that case, tum mera bhai Karim aur uska dost Usman ko apne saath rakho. They're brave, dependable, and good drivers too.

HAROON

Phir tumhare saath kaun hoga?

YOUSUF KHAN

Mera cousin KABIR aur do teen aur door ke rishtedar mere liye kaafi hain.

HAROON

Shukriya. Mujhe kal raat party mein jaana hai, woh bhi Jagatpal ki. So Karim and Usman will accompany me.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malik, the corrupt politician, is sleeping with a girl on his bed. It's the beginning of the night when his cell phone rings. Keeping the girl in his embrace with one hand, he tries to reach for the phone on the nightstand with the other.

MALIK
 (Seeing Jagatpal's
 name on the screen
 of his cell phone)
 Uff! Yeh Jagatpal sahab bhi hamesha
 ghalat waqt par phone karte hain.

Lying on the bed with the girl still in his lap, Malik answers the phone.

MALIK (CONT'D)
 Namaste, Jagatpal sahab.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. JAGATPAL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jagatpal, is sitting at his large, ornate desk, surrounded by documents. He speaks into the phone with a stern expression.

JAGATPAL
 Kya kar rahe ho Mr. Malik? Aaj kal
 hamare phone ka bhi der se jawab
 dete ho.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MALIK shifts slightly, careful not to disturb the girl, who is dozing in his lap.

MALIK
 Aap to meri sabsey zoordar kamzori
 se waqif hain Sir.

INT. JAGATPAL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jagatpal's expression hardens as he leans back in his chair, lighting a cigar.

JAGATPAL
 Aurat sirf tumhari sabse zordar
 kamzori nahi hai, haramkhor. Your
 strongest weakness is your failure
 to accomplish your tasks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MALIK looks slightly nervous, shifting in the bed as he continues the conversation.

MALIK
 Kyun? Kya kiya hai maine?

INT. JAGATPAL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jagatpal blows out a puff of smoke, his voice dripping with disdain.

JAGATPAL

Maine tumhe ek kaam diya tha jise
anjaam tak pohanchane mein nakam ho
chuke ho.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malik sits up slightly, more alert now.

MALIK

Talash jari hai. I'm working on that.

INT. JAGATPAL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jagatpal, crushes the cigar in an ashtray and stands up.

JAGATPAL

Aaj ke baad, tum kuch nahi karoge.
Ab main khud kuch karta hoon. Maine
is saamp ko doodh pilane ka bandobast
kiya hai. Tum bhi kal raat ke party
mein mere farmhouse par aana.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MALIK, now visibly concerned, nods to himself, realizing the gravity of the situation.

MALIK

OK sir.

END INTERCUT.

INT. AN EXOTIC SPACIOUS HALL - EVENING

There are many guests, including politicians, businessmen, celebrities, and government officials, at Jagatpal's party.

As Haroon enters the hall, Jagatpal, who is talking with Malik and a couple of high-ranking government officials and business tycoons in a circle, excuses himself.

JAGATPAL

(to his guests)

Sorry, gentlemen, I'll be back in a
minute.

Jagatpal goes towards the entrance door of the hall where Haroon has just entered. He greets Haroon warmly.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Haroon Sahab, aap hamarey party mein aakar hamein bahut khush kar diya. Humne socha tha ke aap nahi aayenge.

HAROON

Jagatpal sahab! Aap bulaayein aur hum na aayein, yeh kaise ho sakta hai.

Jagatpal introduces Haroon to other guests, including businessmen, high-ranking politicians, and MPs.

JAGATPAL

(to Haroon and pointing to a man wearing simple Indian clothes with a white hat)

Haroon Sahab, inse miliye. Yeh hain Dr. Vijay Sinha, Minister of Transportation. Aur yeh hain Mr. Mohan Shrivastav, an MP from the Congress Party. Aur yeh hain Mr. Malik, my business partner and another MP from Bombay.

HAROON

(raising both hands in front of his mouth)

Namaste and nice to meet you all, gentlemen.

JAGATPAL

(pointing to Haroon)

And this is Mr. Haroon Malhotra, an Afghan-Indo-Canadian businessman, social worker, singer, and songwriter. Inki jitni bhi tareef karein, utni hi kam hai.

HAROON

Jagatpal sahab, aap hamein sharminda kar rahe hain. Warna main to kuch bhi nahi hoon.

MALIK

(interfering in the conversation)

Aap to bahut kuch hain. Aap ke India aane se abhi teen mahine nahi hue hain, phir bhi in chand dinon mein aapne itna kuch kar diya ke hamein yaqeen nahi aa raha hai.

HAROON

Kya kar diya maine?

MALIK

Aap apna English Language Center bana diya, ek gumrah aadmi ko sahi rasta dikha diya, aur ek club ke malik ko bhi convince kar diya ke woh jua aur sharab ke jagah apne club ko ek restaurant bana kar halal kamayi se chalayein.

HAROON

Aap hamare baare mein bahut kuch jaante hain.

MALIK

Hum yeh bhi jaante hain ke aap pyaar ke maamle mein itne kamyab nahi hain jitne business aur social work mein hain.

Jagatpal interrupts Malik.

JAGATPAL

Mr. Malik! Khana tayyar hai, baaki baatein dinner ke saath karenge.

Widen to reveal a huge open buffet. Some guests are helping themselves to food, but a couple of tables have been reserved for VVIPs.

CLOSE ON Jagatpal, who leads Haroon along with other high-ranking guests to the VVIPs exclusive dinner table on which different kinds of dishes, desserts, and fruits are set in a very professional manner. Waiters and young waitresses serve the food to the guests.

After dinner, Haroon puts an orange and some grapes on his plate. Moments later, Jagatpal offers Haroon a cup of wine.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Yeh lijiye, Haroon Sahab, main aap ke liye thoda sa wine laya.

HAROON

Shukriya, Jagatpal sahab. Main sharab nahi peeta.

JAGATPAL

(to Malik)

Malik Sahab, aapka information Haroon Sahab ke baare mein kaamil nahi tha. Aapko to Haroon Sahab ka na-peene ki aadat maaloom nahi hai.

HAROON

Hamari aur bhi kuch aadatein aur traits hain jo Malik Sahab ko pata nahi hain. Woh waqt aane par maaloom ho jaayenge.

JAGATPAL

Haroon Sahab, aap abhi abhi angur khaaye. Magar sharab peene se inkaar kar diya, koi khaas wajah? Aakhir yeh sharab bhi yahi angur se aata hai.

HAROON

Jagatpal sahab! People sleep with their wives, but they don't sleep with their daughters. In the same way, I don't drink the daughter of the vine because when it goes through chemical reactions, it no longer remains the same grapes.

MALIK

Jagatpal Sahab, Farsi she'ri mein sharab ka ek aur naam hai 'dukhtar-e-raz' meaning "the daughter of the vine" jeyse ke Haroon sahab ne zikr keya, aur Omar Khayyam has used this term in his four-line verses many times.

HAROON

(recites Khayyam's poem in Farsi and its English translation)

"Im-shab Mai-e- jaam-e- yak-mane khaham khord. Khod raa ba do jaam-e-mai,ghani khaham kard. Awwal Seh Talaag-e- a'ql-o- deen khaham Guft. Pas, dukhtar-e- raz raa ba zani khaham kard." You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse, I made a Second Marriage in my house; favored old barren reason from my bed, and took the daughter of the vine to spouse.

JAGATPAL

Wah Haroon Sahab, Wah! You're a genius.

HAROON

Therefore, Jagatpal Sahab!
(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

I think ke sabse bada nasha tandurusti mein hai. Aur yeh aapki "daughter of the vine" to tandurusti aur sehat ki dushman hai.

JAGATPAL

Mr. Haroon. Aap businessman bhi hain aur social worker bhi. These two professions are like the lines of a railway track that never meet. So, I propose you join us and invest in our projects that produce millions overnight. Aap kyun apna qeemati waqt aur paisa in chhote mote projects mein barbaad kar rahe hain?

HAROON

Jagatpal Sahab! I work to bolster the economy of the poor and the middle class. You and your partners work to wipe out the middle class, making the rich richer and the poor poorer. Yeh mere usool ke khilaf hai. Mere hesab se, business aur social work dono shaana ba shaana chal kar mulk aur janta ki economy mazboot karte hain. Isliye main kehta hoon ke hamara kaam karne ka tareeqa do parallel lines ki tarah kabhi intersect nahi karega.

Haroon takes a look at his watch and gets up from the chair.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Jagatpal Sahab, ab main chalta hoon. Thank you for the delicious dinner, and have a great night.

Haroon walks towards the exit door of Jagatpal's farmhouse hall and disappears from our sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BACK SEAT OF HAROON'S LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Haroon is in the back seat of his car, talking on his cell phone. Karim Khan is driving, and Osman is sitting next to him with a gun in hand.

HAROON

Manager sahab, main hoon Haroon.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bashir Khan, sits behind his office desk in his restaurant holding the phone to his ear.

BASHIR KHAN

Good evening, Haroon Sahab. Achcha howa a'pney phone keya. I hope you haven't forgotten your Saturday night's program.

HAROON

Nahi, Manager sahab. Mujhe yaad hain. Mey a'p ko batadoun ke show ke raht mey mujhe ek khobsoorat ladki ki zarurat hai jo thoda se acting aur dance bhi kar sake.

BASHIR KHAN

Ek kya, main a'p ke liye nazaaneen aur gulbadan larkiyon ki line lagadonga.

HAROON

Achcha, to main program shuru hone se pehle aakar us larki ke saath rehearsal karonga.

BASHIR KHAN

Theek hai, Haroon sahab. See you Saturday afternoon.

HAROON

See you. Khuda Hafiz.

Haroon disconnects the phone.

END INTERCUT --

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haroon is working on the computer in his English Center's Administration when Nazaneen knocks on the open door.

NAZANEEN

May I come in?

HAROON

(standing up)

Yes, please, come on in.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Believe me, Mam, I can't believe that you've come here. So, what can I do for you?

NAZANEEN

(getting an envelope out of her handbag)

I've brought your money.

Nazaneen gives the envelope to Haroon.

NAZANEEN

Yeh lijiye. There's \$1000.00.

HAROON

Es ki kya zarurat thi? Yeh paisa main nahi lunga.

NAZANEEN

Nahi, Haroon sahab. Loan to hamesha loan hota hai. Maine wada kiya tha ke a'p ka paisa wapas kar dunga. So, please take it, and thank you for giving me so much time.

HAROON

Chalo, mere taraf se a'p yeh paisa Rawul ke liye gift de dijiye.

NAZANEEN

Nahi. Yeh kabhi nahi hoga.

Nazaneen puts the envelope on Haroon's desk. Then, takes a step toward the exit door.

HAROON

Zara tehriye Ma'm. Mujhe aapse kuch kehna hai.

NAZANEEN

Main jaanti hoon a'p kya kahenge. Pehr wahi baat: "I love you, Nazaneen, and so on."

HAROON

Nahi, Mam. Is baar pyaar ki baat nahi, balki kar-o-bar ki baat hai. We are opening a small clinic for the people of this community, and I want you to join us in serving these people. If you want to volunteer a couple of hours once or twice a week, fine. Otherwise, we will be ready to pay you.

NAZANEEN

In that case, I'm ready to volunteer for a couple of hours. I'll check my schedule and let you know. Now I've got to go.

Nazaneen walks towards the exit door. Haroon gets three invitation cards from the drawer of his desk and follows her.

HAROON

Excuse me, Mam. Ek aur request hai.

NAZANEEN

Aur kya chahiye a'pko?

HAROON

(giving the invitation cards)

Saturday night ko Rose Restaurant mein, mera gaane ka program hai. Main yeh VVIP cards a'p ke liye laya hoon. Don't forget to bring your brother and your amusing friend, Dr. Maryam.

NAZANEEN

Wa'da tho nahi karsakti, but I'll try to come.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is full of people sitting around tables covered with white sheets. Sooraj, his wife, Dr. Sunity, Nazaneen, Dr. Maryam, and Yousuf Khan are sitting at the VVIP venue.

Karim Khan, Osman, and their friends are standing on guard, in addition to the restaurant's exclusive security men.

BASHIR KHAN

(into a Mic.)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's a great pride for me to have a great artist in my modest restaurant tonight. This phenomenal man is Mr. Haroon Malhotra, a businessman, social worker, singer, and songwriter. Mr. Haroon is going to perform live on this stage. So please give him a huge round of applause.

The audience claps as the curtain is pulled from the stage. Haroon and his troupe, along with a nice girl wearing a

college uniform and holding books, appear on the stage. The girl walks towards a bus station, and Haroon follows her.

HAROON

(calling the girl)

Nazaneen! O Nazaneen! Zara meri baat suno.

THE GIRL

Kyun merey peechey par-rahey ho?

HAROON

That's because I love you and wanna marry you.

THE GIRL

Look, Mr. Haroon! I'm not the girl for you. Mainey kaha, merey peecha chhodo.

HAROON

Kaise chhodo. Main tumse pyaar karta hoon.

THE GIRL

(taking a deep breath
and releasing it in
a puff)

Yeh pyaar nahi, deewanagee hai.

HAROON

Yeh deewanagee nahi, meri zindagi hai. Dekho Nazaneen, tum mere pyaar ko sweekar karo, aur mera jahan gul-o-gulzar karo. So, pyaar deydo, pyaar leylo, kyunki pyaar achha hai.

THE GIRL

Main kaise mano ke tera pyaar sachha hai?

HAROON

Main qasam khata hoon ke mera pyaar sachha hai.

NAZANEEN

Arre O deewana aashiq! Thoda sharm karo. Yeh saare bazaar aur pyaar ka izhaar. Log kya kahengey?

HAROON

"Pyaar zindagi hai, pyaar bandagee hai," aur pyaar mein koi sharmindagi nahi hai. Isliye main phir se kahunga ke pyaar deydo, pyaar leylo.

Saying the above words, Haroon starts singing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Pyaar deyday, peyar leylay, pyaar
achha hai. Main qasam khata hoon,
mera peyar saccha hai. Peyar dilon
ka manzil-e-maqsood hai, maqsood
hai. Pyar hamare khoon mein maujood
hai, maujood hai. Peyar zindagi,
peyar bandagi, peyar mein nahin
sharmindagi. Peyar zindagi, peyar
bandagi, pyaar mein nahin sharmindagi.*

BACKUP SINGERS

(singing)

*Peyar, peyar chahiye, peyar chahiye
Peyar, peyar chahiye, peyar chahiye.*

Haroon dances while playing the guitar. Others, including the lead girl, follow suit. Haroon resumes singing.

HAROON

*Peyar mein hargeez, sanam dhoka nahin
karte. Jab qadam aage badha, roka
nahin karte. Jab commitment kar diya,
socha nahin karte.*

BACKUP SINGERS

Ha ha ha ha...

HAROON

*Teri chahat mein, sanam had se guzar
jaaon. Tum kaho to tere qadmon mein
mar jaaon. Is tarah main aye haseen,
tum se bichhad jaaon. Peyar duniya
ka bada dastoor hai, dastoor hai.
Peyar hamare hauliya ka noor hai, ha
noor hai. Peyar mein is zindagi ejad
hai, ejad hai. Peyar mein saare jahan
aabaad hai, aabaad hai. Peyar zindagi,
peyar bandagi, peyar mein nahin
sharmindagi.*

Dance and music in full swing, and the camera pans to take some shots from different angles.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Peyar karke humko apna ghar basana
hai. Saari rasmein, saari qasmein ko
nibhana hai. Peyar mein khamoshiyaan
bhi gungunata hai. Peyar mein
tanhaaiyan bhi muskurata hai. Peyar
humko peyar karna bhi sikhata hai.*

Haroon finishes the song. He bows and leaves the stage.

INT. CHANGE ROOM - LATER

Haroon is in the CHANGE ROOM, wearing his bulletproof vest and helmet. He covers the helmet with a big chapeau.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Haroon's bulletproof Land Cruiser drives along a two-way road under the shining fortnight moon.

INT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Haroon sits in the back seat of his car. Osman is driving, and the road ahead is mostly clear. Karim Khan is in the front seat, holding a gun.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan and Ranjeet are sitting in a taxi with two other armed men. Khan calls Haroon. As his phone rings twice, we cut to:

INT. BACK SEAT OF LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

HAROON
(pressing the OK button)
Hey bro. Kya baat hai?

INT. BACK SEAT OF TAXI - CONTINUOUS

YOUSUF KHAN
I've information that there'll be an ambush ahead, but I don't know the exact location. Be careful.

HAROON
Don't worry Khan bhai. If my time has come, I'll meet my end in a road accident.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH A SLUM - MOMENTS LATER

Haroon's Land Cruiser comes to a stop on a road through a slum.

INT. LAND CRUISER BACK SEAT - CONTINUOUS

HAROON

Kya baat hai Osman, gadi kyun rok di?

OSMAN

Rasta band hai Haroon sahab. Kisi ne ek van ke saath rasta band kiya hai. Kya karun?

HAROON

Teez chalo aur us van ko maaro peeche se. Yeh bulletproof Land Cruiser hamara rasta kholega.

Osman steps on the gas pedal, but before reaching the van, four men armed with machine guns emerge from behind the vehicle and start firing at Haroon's car.

The Land Cruiser crashes into the van blocking the road, capsizing it and pushing it aside, but not enough to fully clear the path. One of the thugs is pinned under the fallen van.

As Osman reverses and pushes the van further to the side of the road to clear the way, THREE THUGS fire relentlessly from behind and the right side of the road.

Bullets ricochet off various parts of the Land Cruiser's body, but the bulletproof beast forces its way through, pushing the van off the road.

HARON

(opens sunroof)

Karim Bhai, give me your gun.

KARIM

(turning towards Haron)

Yeh lijeh, Bhai Sahab.

Haron grabs the gun from KARIM and climbs halfway out of the sunroof, firing back at the attackers. One bullet strikes a thug in the eye; another drops with two shots to the chest. The THIRD THUG dives for cover behind a tree.

Haron ducks back inside the car and sits down. His phone, lying on the back seat, rings—YOUSUF KHAN's name flashes on the screen.

HARON

(answering the call)

Accha huwa tumne phone kiya. Ham par hamla huwa.

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

Dushman ke teen aadmi mar gaye hain,
sirf ek baaqi hai. Woh bhi ek drakht
ke peeche position liye huye hai.
Tum uska khayal rakhna.

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)

Tum chinta mat karo. Hum tumhare
peeche aa rahe hain. Soch samajh ke
aage jaana.

Osman rams the van a third time, finally pushing it aside,
clearing just enough space for Haroon's Land Cruiser to
escape.

As they drive off, the thug emerges from behind the tree,
chasing the bulletproof car and opening fire. Khan's taxi
arrives, catching him off guard.

INT/EXT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan and Ranjeet exit the taxi and unleash a hail of
bullets on the remaining attacker, causing him to collapse
by the side of the road.

Getting back in the taxi Khan reaches his phone making a
call.

YOUSUF KHAN

(taking the phone
near his right ear)

Hello Kabir. Udar sab theek hai?

CUT TO:

EXT. HAROON'S RESIDENTIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

KABIR stands at the entrance, speaking into his cell phone.

KABIR

Jee, Bhai Jan. Idhar sab khairiyat
hai. Hum apni positions par hain.

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)

Hum aa rahe hain. Hoshyaar rehna.

Widen to reveal Haroon's Cruiser and Khan's taxi pulling up.
Yousuf Khan, Ranjeet, and two men step out of the taxi.

Forming a protective circle around Haroon, they escort him
to the entrance. KABIR opens the door, allowing them in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, HAROON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

YOUSUF KHAN

Shukr hai uss Khuda ka ke hamein ek baar aur bacha diya.

HAROON

Yeah! We had a very entertaining night full of singing, dancing, fighting, and firing. By the way, Khan bhai, how did you know they'd attack me after I left the Rose Restaurant?

YOUSUF KHAN

When I worked as a software developer, I had written a program that could hack cell phones and listen to selected numbers' conversations. Woh program abhi merey paas hai.

HAROON

(interrupting Khan)

Aur jab tumne Ranjeet se Jagatpal aur Malik ke phone numbers liye, tumne wohi software use karkey unlogon ka phone hack kar diya.

YOUSUF KHAN

Jee haan. Listening to Jagatpal's conversation with someone named MATOR, I got the information.

HAROON

Woh sab recorded baatein kisi mehfooz jagah pe bacha kar rakho. Ho sakta hai ke court mein humarey kaam aa jaye.

YOUSUF KHAN

Tum chinta mat karo. Merey paas Malik ke khilaf voice aur video ka saboot hai. Sirf Jagatpal ka nahi tha, kyunki woh apna saara kaam Malik ke naam pe karat tha.

HAROON

A'b tom kya karoge?

YOUSUF KHAN

Sabse pehle, humein yeh Mator ko khatam karna hoga.

HAROON

You mean murder. Are you sure you're gonna kill him?

YOUSUF KHAN

Jee haan. Agar hum ussey nahi
maareng, toh woh humein maarega.

HAROON

Yeh kaam itna aasan nahi hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Paisa har mushkil ko aasan karega.
Itney saal ghair-qanooni kaam karney
se, merey paas haram ki kamaai bohot
hai. Kisi harami ko maarney ke liye,
woh haram ki kamaai kaam pe laga
doonga.

HAROON

(walking toward his
bedroom)

Acha, tum jaano aur tumhara kaam.
Mujhe ab sona hai. Tum bhi so jao.

YOUSUF KHAN

Main ek text message bhej kar
sojaoonga.

Yousuf Khan starts typing on his phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

"Meet me at Salim & Malhotra's Body Shop at 10:00 pm tomorrow.
Urgent -Yousuf."

Soon, he scrolls through his contact list. Selects "HAIDER
KHAN" and hits SEND.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE'S BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Haroon is teaching AIKIDO to Khan's men. They are practicing
with wooden sticks when Sahil Khan, wearing a Subinspector's
uniform, enters.

HAROON

(smiling)

Masha Allah, Khan sahab! Aapka toh
taraqqi ho gaya hai. Hawaldar se
Subinspector ban gaye hain. So,
congrats! Kahiyien, kaise aana hua?

SAHIL KHAN

Humein khabar mili hai ke kal raat
aap par qatilana hamla hua aur aap
ab tak koi report darj nahi ki.

HAROON

Agar report darj karoon toh aap kya kar lenge? Kisike khilaf action lenge?

SAHIL KHAN

Jee haan, zaroor lenge. Agar aapko kisi par shak hai toh humein bata dijiye. Hum taqeeqat karke mujrim ko bahot jald pakad lenge.

HAROON

Shak nahi, yaqeen hai aur saboot bhi, magar aap un logon ke khilaf kuch nahi kar sakenge.

SAHIL KHAN

Aap un logon ka naam bata dijiye. Hum wada karte hain ke qanoon aapka saath dega.

HAROON

Khan sahab, aap jaante hain ke humarey aane ke baad is mohalle mein positive changes aaye hain. Hafta dena aur lena band ho chuka hai. Yousuf Khan aur uske aadmi sahi raste par aa gaye hain.

SAHIL KHAN

(interrupting Haroon)

Juwa aur sharab khaney ka kaam khatam ho gaya hai, aur ghareeb logon ke liye English aur computer courses free ya bohut saste mein mil rahe hain.

HAROON

Aur humare wajah se, aapko cheap music bhi milta hai.

SAHIL KHAN

Yeh sab toh theek hai, magar aapne ab tak koi naam nahi diya. Kaun hain wo log jo aapke peechhe pade hain?

HAROON

I think those who have had a stake in all these illegal businesses have become our enemies.

SAHIL KHAN

(taking a card from
his uniform pocket &
giving it to Haroon)

Acha, toh main chalta hoon. Aap yeh mera card lijiye. Isme mera private cell number bhi hai. Agar zaroorat ho toh mujhe phone kar dijiye. Khuda hafiz.

HAROON

(taking the card &
adding the number to
his phone)

Thank you. Khuda Hafiz.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALIM & MALHOTRA'S BODY SHOP - NIGHT

A new white SUV enters the Body Shop. HAIDER KHAN, early 40s, steps out in a crisp suit, flanked by two strong men. The BODY SHOP echoes with faint tool clanking.

Inside a parked JEEP, YOUSUF KHAN waits, a leather hand bag beside him on the back seat.

Haider approaches Yousuf's jeep and gets in. They greet with a handshake.

YOUSUF KHAN

(quietly)

Masha Allah. Pehli baar aapko suit mein dekh raha hoon. Kya wajah hai?

HAIDER KHAN

Hamaare dhandhe mein, disguise aur fareb zaroori hain, jaise yeh gaadi bhi keraya ki hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Achha hai. Ab kaam ki baat karte hain. Iss bag mein Mator ka photo aur paisa hain. Woh aksar Oberoi Hotel mein weekend pe apni girlfriend ke saath swimming karta hai.

Haider briefly checks the bag – a stack of cash and MATOR's picture. Without further words, they share a nod. Haider slings the bag over his shoulder.

HAIDER KHAN

Khuda Hafiz.

Yousuf nods as Haider exits, heading back to his SUV. The driver reverses, pulling into traffic.

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL - POOL AREA - DUSK

MATOR, dark and athletic, lounges on a float with NEELAM, a slim woman in her 30s, both sipping drinks.

SUPER: "FIVE DAYS LATER"

A green-eyed MAN in Adidas sportswear, carrying a tennis hand bag, walks towards the pool. The bag's zip is half-open.

He strolls casually, inching closer to Mator and Neelam.

CLOSE ANGLE ON: The man's hand grips the half-open tennis bag. Inside, the handle of a shotgun is visible.

He stops by the pool's edge. In a swift motion, he pulls the shotgun from the bag and fires two shots at Mator.

BULLETS BLOSSOM ON MATOR'S CHEST, blood splashing into the pool. Mator slumps, drink falling, body sinking into the water, turning it red.

NEELAM

(screams)

Mator!

She leaps into the pool, splashing in shock.

The assassin puts his gun in the tennis bag and strides away, blending into the fleeing crowd.

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL MAIN GATE - NIGHT

The assassin moves swiftly, approaching the exit. Near the main gate, he spots a SECURITY GUARD sitting on a chair, with a two-barrel hunting gun slung over his shoulder.

ANGLE ON: The assassin's hand discreetly pulling the shotgun from the bag, still concealed.

Without stopping, he aims at the guard, eyes fixed on his target.

SECURITY GUARD

(freezing)

Arre!

The guard bolts, disappearing into the hotel grounds.

ASSASSIN

(under his breath)

Good choice.

The assassin tucks the weapon back into the bag and jogs toward the exit, entering the busy street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OBEROI HOTEL - LATER

The assassin weaves through pedestrians, eyes scanning the street.

A man on a motorbike in black sunglasses slows down. The assassin hops on the back, and they speed off, passing cars.

A few blocks away, the bike stops beside a taxi. The assassin gets off and enters the back seat.

ASSASSIN
(to the driver)
Kaam ho gaya.

Close-up on HAIDER KHAN at the wheel, wearing a taxi driver's uniform with a Sikh Pagri. He glances at the assassin in the mirror, then merges into traffic, disappearing into the Bombay night.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan brushes his teeth. Rising it, gets out stepping into his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks to his bed. But before sitting on its edge, a male voice coming from his back diverts his attention.

MALE VOICE
Kya main andar aa sakta hoon?

Khan looks up to see Inspector Pandey and Kabir at the door.

YOUSUF KHAN
Inspector Sahab! Aap already andar aa chuke hain. Khair, koi baat nahi. Kahiye, aap ke liye kya kar sakta hoon?

INSPECTOR PANDEY
(moving his stick
from hand to the
other)
Filhal toh chand sawaalon ka jawab deejiye.

YOUSUF KHAN

Lo, kar lo baat. Jab main gunde aur badmaash logon ke saath kaam karta tha, hafta leta tha aur gareebon ka khoon peeta tha, tab aapne kabhi mujhse sawaal nahi kiya. Ab jo maine buraai ka raasta chhod diya hai, aap pooch-taach karne aa gaye hain.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Aaj tum kahan the?

YOUSUF KHAN

Yahin, apne ghar mein. Kya baat hai inspector? Saaf-saaf kahiye.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Acting achhi kar lete ho. Jaise ke Mator ke qatl ke scheme mein aapka koi sambandh nahi.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aap kya keh rahe hain? Yeh Mator kaun hai?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Mator, Jagatpal ka khaas aadmi tha jo aaj dopahar, Oberoi Hotel ke swimming pool mein pani ke jagah apne khoon ke dariya mein swimming karte hue mar gaya.

YOUSUF KHAN

(walking on the floor
of his bedroom)

Yeh baat aap mujhe kyon bata rahe hain? Rozana, is mulk mein der saare log jaan deite hain. Kisi ko pollution maarti hai aur kisi ko corruption aur assassination. Is mein mera kya kasoor.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Khan, main jaanta hoon ke is khoon ke peeche tumhara haath hai. Magar main shak ke buniyad par kaam nahi karunga. Main wapas aakar tumhe dekhunga.

YOUSUF KHAN

Beshak aap wapas aa jaaiye. Magar arrest warrant aur saboot ke saath.

Inspector Pandey turns back and walks out of the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A sandy beach with nearby trees. Folding chairs, water storage tanks, beverage cartons, and drinking water are arranged on a used carpet under a tree.

A couple of young men set up a tent while the girls unpack barbecue equipment from a van's trunk.

Dr. Maryam carries a large bowl. Her friend, Dr. AMRITA (28) asks.

DR. AMRITA

Is mein kya hai?

DR. MARYAM

Machliyan hain, jo maine spice lagake marinate kiya hain.

Widen to reveal two men are busy working on a barbecue fire.

INT. TENT - LATER

Nazaneen, pours some tea into a PAPER-CUP and sits beside Dr. Maryam on on a folding chair.

NAZANEEN

Yeh hamare group ki nayi nayi dulhan, Dr. Sunity, nahi aayi. I think she's still in her dreamland of green valleys and fertile hills.

DR. MARYAM

(playfully pushing
Nazaneen's left arm)

Isko kehte hain pyaar - apne mard ko ek second bhi akela mat chhodo. Ek Sunity hai, aur ek tum ho, jo bechara Haroon ko itna satha tey ho.

NAZANEEN

Toh main kya karoon? Tum log chahte ho ke main uske baahon mein aakar uske liye Arabic dance karoon?

(Nazaneen sways her waist and breasts like an Egyptian dancer while she says this)

DR. MARYAM

Jee haan, karo! Usmein kya burahi hai? Agar main tumhari jagah hoti, Arabic dance toh kya, break dance bhi kar leti.

NAZANEEN

(sarcastically)

Mera khayal hai agar koi langoor bhi tumhare haath maangne ke liye aaye, toh tum 'na' nahi kaho gi.

The girls and boys burst into laughter. Nazaneen's cell phone rings. She picks it up from her handbag, sees Dr. Sunity's name on the screen, and quickly answers.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Accha hua tumne phone kiya, Sunity! Hum idhar tumhari backbiting kar rahe the ke tum party mein abtak kyun nahi aayi?

SUNITY'S VOICE (V.O.)

We're almost there. Are you guys in that big tent with a couple of cars beside.

NAZANEEN

(getting out of the tent)

Yes. That's where we are.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A Mercedes stops a few meters behind the tent. As its occupants get out, the girls and boys, including Nazaneen, move to greet the new bride. But as soon as Nazaneen sees Haroon among them, she hides behind Maryam.

DR. MARYAM

Hello, Dr. Haroon! Welcome to our modest party for honoring the newly-wed couple, Dr. Sunitee and your friend Sooraj. Hum sab aapko jaante hain, kyunki Sunity ki shaadi mein Sooraj sahab ne aapka zabardast introduction diya tha. Magar main chahti hoon ke aap apni doston ka introduction karo.

Dr. Maryam points with her right hand, introducing her friends one by one to Haroon and Sooraj.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

(pointing to each guy)

That's Dr. Ajeet, orthopedic surgeon.
Dr. Ram, ENT specialist. Dr. Sheila,
gynecologist. Dr. Arpeet Singh,
pediatrician. Dr. Patel, heart
surgeon. And myself, Dr. Maryam –
internal medicine doctor and
introduction specialist.

Everyone bursts into laughter, but Maryam continues like a good moderator.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

And the last one is someone special.
I'm sure you'll be very happy to
meet her.

Maryam steps aside, allowing Haroon to come face to face with Nazaneen.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

Aur yeh hai Dr. Nazaneen, brain
surgeon and neurologist. Inka kaam
hai paagalon ka ilaaj karna.

HAROON

(jokingly interrupting)

Yeh aapki khubsurat neurologist,
paagalon ka ilaaj karti hai ya logo
ko paagal banati hai?

Nazaneen blushes, and everyone laughs, but Haroon continues:

HAROON (CONT'D)

Sorry guys, main mazaak kar raha
tha. Actually, I'm so glad to be
among such nice, well-educated people.

DR. AMRITA

Okay, we're done with the
introductions. Now let's go and sit
around the barbecue fire. We've got
many chairs to sit and beers, tea,
and coffee to drink.

Everyone heads to the barbecue fire where two men are busy barbecuing chicken and fish. A harmonium, a guitar, and a tabla are also seen on a big coffee table far from the fire.

Haroon and Sooraj sit beside each other. Sunity brings the harmonium and places it in front of Haroon on the coffee table.

SUNITY

Bhai Jaan! Yeh lijiye harmonium ke saath ek gaana hojahey. Without music, the party will get a little boring.

HAROON

Itni jaldi? We've just arrived. Let's wait for others.

SUNITY

Nobody else is coming. Everyone's here.

HAROON

Not everyone. Woh aapki Nazaneen saheli, jisko maine dil de diya hai, yahan nahi hai. Please call her. I've got a new song for her, woh bhi dil ke baare mein.

SUNITY

(calling Nazaneen)

Hey Nazaneen, come here. Is party ki rounaq ab tumpe depend karti hai. Warna Haroon nahi gayega.

Dr. Maryam holding Nazaneen's hand join the group. All the girls and boys sit in a semi-circle.

Haroon adjusts himself with the harmonium.

HAROON

Yeh gana jo aap ke khedmat mein peysh kad raha hoon, dil ke bare main hain. Kyoun ke yeh dil aankhon ke saath kaam karta hain. Jo aankhein dekhti hain, usse dil yaad karta hai. Humein aashiq banata hai, hasaata hai, rulaata hai, kabhi dukh aur kabhi sukh deta hai. This is why, nobody truly understands the real nature of the human heart.

Haroon starts playing the harmonium. Sooraj strums the guitar, and one of the male doctors takes the Tabla.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Aye dil aye dil dil-e- deewana. Kabhi apna kabhi begana. Bady mushkil tomhi samjana. Aye dil aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil dil-e- deewana.

Haroon continues to play the harmonium as a couple of girls, including Dr. Maryam, dance.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Nahi sunta yeh dil faryaad meri,
Nahi deta kabhi yeh saath mera. Mujhe
ruswaaye aalam kar diya hai. Yeh hai
qaatil, yeh hai sayyaad mera. Aye
dil aye dil dil-e- deewana. Kabhi
apna kabhi begana. Bade qaatil tera
nazraana. Aye dil aye dil. Aye dil,
aye dil, aye dil dil-e- deewana. Aye
dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e- deewana.*

Music plays, and some girls and boys join in dancing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Mera dil ko na jaane kya hua hai? Ke
meri zindagi mushkil kya hai. Magar
meri tarah yeh dil bhi yaaron, Kisi
mehroob mein apna dil diya hai. Aye
dil aye dil, dil-e-deewana, kabhi
apna kabhi begana. Badi mushkil tumhe
samajhna, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-
deewana.*

Music and dancing continue in full swing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(resumes)

*"Badi dilchasp ghaflat" kar gaya
dil. Ta-e-dil se mohabbat kar gaya
dil. Hamare jism ka yeh sarzameen
par, Yeh dekho phir baghawat kar
gaya dil. Aye dil aye dil, dil-e-
deewana, kabhi apna kabhi begana.
Badi mushkil tumhe samajhna, bade
qaatil tera nazraana, aye dil, aye
dil. Aye dil aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-
deewana. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil,
dil-e- deewana.*

CUT TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Yousuf Khan sits on the edge of his bed, holding a blue pair of BRIEFS and a gold chain locket with an oval blue pendant. RANJEET steps into the room.

RANJEET

Khan bahi, aapne mujhe bulaya?

YOUSUF KHAN

(standing and extending
the gold chain locket
to Ranjeet)

Han. Idar aau. Yeh lo, aur gale mein
dalo.

Ranjeet coming closer takes the locket, and looks at it
curiously.

RANJEET

Kya karunga iske saath?

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

Yeh tumhare aaj raat ke kaam ki cheez
hai... woh bhi Jagatpal ke office
mein.

RANJEET

(surprised)

Achcha!

YOUSUF KHAN

Nahi samjhe. Yeh locket abhi ek zeewar
lag raha hai, magar main tumhe ek
aur pendant doonga jisme hidden WiFi
security camera hai. Iske zariye
main apne iPhone aur computer se
video recording kar sakta hoon.

Ranjeet examines the pendant, running his fingers over it
thoughtfully.

RANJEET

Aur Jagatpal ke office mein, mujhe
pendant ko change karke WiFi camera
activate karna hoga?

YOUSUF KHAN

Bilkul theek kaha tumne.

Yousuf walks toward the nightstand, disconnecting a similar
blue oval pendant from a small charger. He returns to Ranjeet,
showing him how to replace the current pendant with the one
attached to the locket chain.

He then fetches the BRIEFS, revealing a small pocket stitched
inside. He places the charged pendant into the pocket and
demonstrates how to wear the underwear in a way that the
pendant is concealed under one's reproductive organ.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(handing the Briefs
to Ranjeet)

Jab tum Jagatpal ke office jaoge,
washroom mein jaake iss locket ka
pendant change kar lena.

Yousuf reaches for his iPhone, unlocking the screen and opening the WhatsApp app. He scrolls down, finds Ranjeet's contact, and attaches a short video.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(looking at Ranjeet)

Apne WhatsApp check karo. Maine apne
mulaqaat ka video footage Beam Singh
ke saath tumhe bheja hai. Usko
Jagatpal ko dikhana aur kaho ke Mator
ke qatal ke zimmedaar Yousuf Khan
aur Beam Singh hain.

Ranjeet nods in understanding.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Aaj raat agar Jagatpal ke khilaf
saboot mil gaya, toh uski gardan
kanoon ke haath mein hogi. Ab washroom
jaa kar chaddi ko pehno.

RANJEET

(walking towards the
washroom)

Jab aapke saath kaam karne ka vachan
diya hai, toh yeh kaam bhi zaroor
karunga. Jaan jaaye par vachan na
jaaye.

Moments later, Ranjeet gets out of the washroom.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Khan bhai! A'b main chalu?

YOUSUF KHAN

Abhi nahi. Jaane se pehle, tum
Jagatpal ko phone kar ke batao ke
Mator ke qatl mein zaroor Bhim Singh
ka haath hai aur kaho ke tumhare
paas is baat ka pakka saboot bhi
hai. Mujhe yaqeen hai ke phone karne
ke baad, Jagatpal tumhe kahega ke
apne saboot ke saath aao. Phir tum
chalo.

Ranjeet calls Jagatpal as instructed by Yousuf Khan. We hear his iPhone ringing.

INT. LUXURY OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Jagatpal is sitting with Malik. They are holding drinks.

As soon as his cell phone on the coffee table rings, Jagatpal picks it up and, upon seeing Ranjeet's name, taps the green phone icon to answer.

JAGATPAL

(enraged)

Ranjeet, maine tumhe jaldi aane ko kaha tha. Haramkhor, aane ke jagah tumne phone kar diya.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

RANJEET

Sir, main Mator ke qatl ke bare mein kuch information jama karne mein busy tha.

JAGATPAL

Kya hai tumhare paas?

RANJEET

Sir! Main dawe ke saath kehta hoon ke Mator ki maut ke zimmedar Bhim Singh aur Yousuf Khan hain.

JAGATPAL

Is baat ka sahee sabit karne ke liye tumhare paas saboot hai?

RANJEET

Mator ka Yousuf Khan ke paas aana aur un dono ki mulaqat ka video.

JAGATPAL

Haramkhor, tumne yeh baat pehle kyun nahi batayi?

RANJEET

Sir! Mera situation thoda sa kharab hai. Khan ke aadmi mujhe kutte ki tarah peeche kar rahe hain aur har jagah main observation mein hoon. Magar aaj raat ghar jaane ka bahana karke chhutti li hai.

JAGATPAL

Tum wo saboot ke saath abhi aur isi waqt mere office aao.

Jagatpal disconnects the phone and rubs his hands, pacing back and forth in the room.

MALIK

Kya baat hai, Jagatpal sahab? Bade beqaraar lagte ho?

JAGATPAL

Abhi abhi Ranjeet ne phone par bataya ke Mator ki maut ke kaaran Bhim Singh aur Yousuf Khan hain. Yeh Khan aur Haroon hamare liye nasoor ban chuke hain. Ab in dono ko khatam karne ke liye humein bahut bada khel khelna padega.

MALIK

Main to kehta hoon ke khel Bhim Singh se shuru karenge. Phir sab partners ko message dekar ek bada meeting bula denge.

JAGATPAL

Bhim Singh ko saza dena to theek hai. Yeh meeting bulana kis kaam ke liye?

MALIK

Is meeting mein hum apne partners se madad maangege, kyunki ab tak hum do baar Haroon aur Khan ko maarne ke liye nakam koshish kar chuke hain. Ho sakta hai, teesri baar police hum par shak kare.

JAGATPAL

Kya tum chahte ho ke in dono ko maarne ke liye hum foreign se madad maange?

MALIK

Foreign se nahi, balki India ke doosri states aur doosre gangs se. Maine suna hai ke Haroon aur Khan hamesha bulletproof vest pehente hain aur unke paas ek armored Land Cruiser bhi hai.

JAGATPAL

Achha! Isliye itni goliyon ki barish ke bawajood, wo log us raat bach gaye.

MALIK

Chalo, Bhim Singh ka khel khatam karne ke liye, main sabse pehle usko yahan bula lunga.

Malik makes a call, putting his phone on speaker mode. The phone starts ringing, and the voice of a man comes from the loudspeaker.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Namashkar Malik sahab. Kahiye, kaise yaad kiya?

MALIK

Hum apne khaas aadmiyon ko khaas mauke aur khaas kaam ke liye yaad karte rahenge.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Aisa kaunsa khaas kaam hai jo humein karna padega? Aapka haath to bahut ooper tak hai, sir.

MALIK

Jungle mein jab sher jaal mein phas jata hai, to usey bachane mein chuha kaam aayega, haathi nahi.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Toh bataiye, yeh chuha aap ke liye kya kar sakta hai?

MALIK

Phone par kam ke bare main baat karna theeg nahi hain. Tum abhi, esee waqt Jagatpal sahab ke gar aau. Jagatpal sahab tume melna chata hain.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Achcha sahab. Mey abhi aya.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA, JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

In front of a palatial building, Ranjeet gets out of a taxi, pays the fare, and walks toward the main GATE.

EXT. MAIN GATE - JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ranjeet approaches two uniformed security guards, each holding a walkie-talkie.

RANJEET

(facing one of the guards)

Namaste Sir. Main hoon Ranjeet, Jagatpal sahab ka khaas aadmi.

(MORE)

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Main andar jaana chahta hoon, woh
bhi a'pne iPhone ke saath, kyunki
sahab ne khud mujhe aane ko kaha
tha.

THE GUARD

(searching Ranjeet
superficially and
checking his gold
chain locket)

Achha, toh aap hain Ranjeet sahab.

RANJEET

Jee haan, koi shak?

GUARD

(to his cohort)

AJEET bahi! Ranjeet sahab ko lekar
sir ke paas chalo. Inka clearance
pehle se aaya hai. Jagatpal sir ne
khud mujhe phone karke kaha tha ke
Mr. Ranjeet ko office mein laao.

AJAEET

(looking at Ranjeet)
Aap aaiye mere saath.

As Ajeet moves out of the security area at the gate, Ranjeet follows him, disappearing from our sight.

INT. JAGATPAL'S VAST OFFICE ROOM - LATER

Ranjeet enters the office room, raising his hands in front of his chest as a gesture of respect.

RANJEET

Namashkar, Jagatpal sahab. Aapne
humein yaad kiya aur hum bhi khaali
haath nahi aaye.

Ranjeet, holding his cell phone, approaches Jagatpal. He plays Beam Singh's and Khan's meeting video on the phone and hands it to Jagatpal.

As Jagatpal watches the video, his anger flares up. He violently throws the phone on the ground, causing the battery and cover to split apart.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Sir! Aapne mera iPhone tod diya. Ab
main doosra kahan se laoon?

JAGATPAL

Main is Bhim Singh ko aisi saza doonga
ke phir kisi aur hamare aadmi ko
maarne ki jurat na kare.

Ranjeet picks up scattered parts of his phone from around the room and successfully reassembles it, discovering it still functions perfectly. He pretends, however, that it's completely ruined.

RANJEET

Yeh phone to gaya kaam se.

JAGATPAL

Koi baat nahi. Hum tumhe naya phone
kharidne ke paise de denge.

Jagatpal gets up, pacing restlessly across the room.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(looking at his
wristwatch)

Nau baje chalis minute ho gaye aur
yeh Bhim Singh ab tak nahi aaya?

MALIK

Woh zaroor aayega, kyunki woh jaanta
hai ke aapka hukum na maanna maut se
barabar hai.

RANJEET

(placing his hand on
his stomach)

Yeh mere pet ko kya ho gaya? Aane se
pehle to main washroom gaya tha.
Lagta hai woh bahar ke khane mein
kuch kharabi thi.

Ranjeet pauses and rubs his stomach.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

(to Jagatpal)

Sir, is kamre mein koi toilet hai ya
mujhe bahar jaana padega?

JAGATPAL

(pointing to the door
of the washroom)

Woh tumhare samne darwaza hai, toilet
ka. Jaldi chalo, warna hamare is
shandar office ki hawa kharab ho
jayegi.

Ranjeet quickly runs towards the washroom, opens the door, and turns on the lights.

INT. SPACIOUS WASHROOM - NIGHT

Ranjeet lowers his pants, turning his back to the camera. He pulls at the waistband of his briefs, searching for something hidden. His fingers find it—the blue oval pendant.

He raises it, holding it up to the light. Standing before the mirror, Ranjeet carefully swaps the pendant in his locket, activating its hidden Wi-Fi camera.

He flushes the toilet, washes his hands, and examines his reflection. He adjusts his attire and exits the washroom.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ranjeet wipes his hands with a tissue and approaches an empty couch, but as he's about to sit, Ajeet enters with BHIM SINGH.

AJEET

(entering with a bow)

Sir, Bhim Singh apne bhai ke saath
aya hai, magar hamne uske bhai ko
gate ke paas bitha diya.

JAGATPAL

Achcha keya. Tum jaa skate ho.

Ajeet nods and exits, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER ROOM, YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits in his dimly lit server room, eyes glued to the monitors. The hidden camera in Ranjeet's locket streams clear footage from Jagatpal's office.

Khan presses the "RECORD" button, a sly smile creeping across his face as he watches the screen.

BACK TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE ROOM - SAME TIME

BHIM SINGH

(walking towards

Jagatpal)

Namaste Jagatpal sahab.

JAGATPAL

Bhim Singh ji. Aane mein bahut der
kar di.

BHIM SINGH

Thoda der se aya, magar aya to sahi.

MALIK

(interjecting)

Der aaye, durust aaye. Better late than never. Esko Farsi main kehtey hain, "Der aayad, drust aayad."

JAGATPAL

(getting up from his seat)

Singh Sahab! Suna hai ke Mator ke qatl mein Yousuf Khan ka haath hai.

BHIM SINGH

Ho sakta hai sir.

JAGATPAL

Main chahta hoon ke tum jaa kar Khan ka khoon karo.

BHIM SINGH

Woh tho theek hai sir. Magar main Khan ko kaise mar sakta hoon jab aap itne powerful hokar bhi usko maar nahi sake? Aap to jaante hain ke aaj kal Khan aur uska dost, Haroon, bahut popular ho chuke hain, aur log unke liye jaan dene ko tayyar hain.

JAGATPAL

Agar log un dono ke liye jaan dene ko tayyar hain, to tum jaan lene ke liye tayyar ho jao.

BHIM SINGH

Woh kaise?

JAGATPAL

Jis tarah Mator ko marne ke liye tumne Khan ka saath diya, waise hi Khan ko marne ke liye ab mera saath do.

BHIM SINGH

Mera yaqeen keejiye, Mator ko marne mein mera koi haath nahi hai.

Jagatpal pulls a revolver from his pocket and shoves it into Bhim Singh's mouth.

JAGATPAL

(enraged)

Phir kyun Khan ke saath uski jeep mein mulaqaat kar ke ussi se ek handbag li?

BHIM SINGH

(stammering, terrified)

Main sach keh raha hoon sir. Jab se Khan aap ke saath kaam karna chhod diya hai, us waqt se maine Khan ko nahi mila hai.

Ranjeet steps closer to Jagatpal, ensuring his locket's hidden camera captures a better angle.

JAGATPAL

(angry)

Haramkhor, tumhari wajah se mera ek kaam ka aadmi zindagi ke imtihaan mein naakaam ho gaya. Uski jawani ki subah itni jaldi shaam ho gayi ke uski wajah se main badnaam ho gaya. Batao, haramzade, Mator ko maarne ke liye Khan se kitna paisa liya?

BHIM SINGH

(gasping for breath)

Main kasam khaata hoon ke maine kisi se ek paisa nahi liya... aur Khan se mulaqaat bhi nahi ki.

Jagatpal, unable to control his rage, pulls the trigger. BOOM! The bullet pierces through Bhim Singh's skull, and he collapses onto the carpet.

Ranjeet steps closer, capturing a shot of the lifeless body with the locket hanging from his chest. He then turns to Jagatpal.

RANJEET

(masking his fear)

Sir... yeh to mar gaya.

JAGATPAL

Dekh liya? Yeh hai hamare saath ghaddari karne ka anjaam.

Jagatpal strides towards a BOOKSHELF in the corner of his office. He pulls out a book, revealing a set of hidden switches behind it. He presses one of the switches for a few seconds.

The WOODEN CUPBOARD shifts aside, revealing the door of an ELEVATOR. Jagatpal presses a button, and moments later, the LIFT doors slide open to reveal two ARMED GUARDS.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(to the guards)

Is laash ko carpet ke saath le jao
aur samundar mein phenk do. Waise
bhi, iska bhai bahar guards ke paas
wait kar raha hai. Dono bhaiyon ki
mulaqat karwa do.

The guards approach Bhim Singh's blood-soaked body lying on the blue carpet. They roll the body up in the carpet and take it into the elevator.

The elevator descends, disappearing from view and the BOOKSHELF returns to its original position.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKYARD, YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits on a chair in his backyard, enjoying breakfast. Ranjeet walks in.

RANJEET

Namaste Khan bhai! Zara bataiye,
operation kamyab tha ya nahi?

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

So fisad kamyab tha. Shukriya, Ranjeet
bhai.

RANJEET

(sitting on a chair
opposite Khan)

Ab yeh bataiye ke aapki mulaqat Bhim
Singh se kab aur kahan hui?

YOUSUF KHAN

(chuckling)

Woh toh Photoshop tha. Mera mulaqat
kisi aur ke saath tha, lekin maine
Bhim Singh ka sar us aadmi ke jism
par Photoshop ke zariye fit kar diya.

RANJEET

(in disbelief)

Aap mazaaq kar rahe hain?

YOUSUF KHAN

(taking a sip of his
milk tea)

Main sach keh raha hoon. Iss zamane
mein digital technology bahut aage
badh chuki hai.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Aur tum jaante ho ke main ek computer programmer tha. Khair, chhodo yeh baatein. Bhim Singh aur Mator dono Jagatpal ke hitmen the. Agar maine un dono ko nahi maara hota, to woh log humein maar dete.

RANJEET

Isko kehte hain eik tere aur do shikaar!

YOUSUF KHAN

Jab yeh video social media pe upload hoga, Jagatpal ki political ambitions aur career khatam hojaega. Phir woh kisi ke kaam ka nahi rehiga.

RANJEET

Aur uske baad, mera pariwar safe nahi rahega.

YOUSUF KHAN

Tum bilkul sahi keh rahe ho. Isliye, tum abhi jaake apne biwi aur beta ko yahaan le aao. Is bare hawaley mein teen-char kamre khaali hain. Aaj se tumhara biwi, mera behan, aur tum mere jeejaji.

RANJEET

Theek hai, Khan bhai. Main chalta hoon.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Three EGGS boil in a small dish. Nazaneen turns off the stove, opens the refrigerator, and takes out BUTTER and a JAR of JAM. She places them on a small dining table next to a plate of CHAPATTI in the kitchen corner.

NAZANEEN

(calling her brother)

Rawul! O Rawul! Nashta tayyar hai.

The camera widens to reveal Rawul in a school uniform, carrying a backpack, coming toward the kitchen.

RAWUL

I'm ready.

NAZANEEN

Rawul! Tum shuroo karo. Main jaake
maa ko deikti hoon.

Nazaneen leaves the kitchen, but the ringing of her phone on the dining table catches her attention. She returns, picks up the phone, and answers the call.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Hello!

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - MORNING

HAROON

Good morning, Nazaneen!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NAZANEEN

Mere naye mobile number tumhare paas
kaise aaya?

HAROON

Tumhare bhai jo mere class mein padta
hai. Uske emergency contact ke liye
tumhara number hamare system mein
maujood hai.

NAZANEEN

Acha. Batao, sawere sawere main keyse
phone kiya?

HAROON

Yeh phone pyar ka izhaar karne ke
liye nahi, kaam ke liye hai. Next
Sunday, hamara chhota sa health clinic
iss mohally mein inaugurate ho raha
hai. Main chahta hoon ke tum bhi
aakar is khushi mein shamil ho jao.

NAZANEEN

Agar na aayi to kya karoge?

HAROON

Kuch nahi. Tumhari aane se hamari
mehfil bahut rangeen ho jaayegi. Aur
na aane se, ek aashiq ke dukh ka
bojh aur bhi sangeen.

NAZANEEN

Main to nahi aungi.

HAROON

Chalo, opening ceremony mein mat aao. Magar volunteering ke liye to tumhe aana padega.

NAZANEEN

Theek hai, main dono mein participate karungi. Magar yeh mat samajhna ke mujhe bhi tumse pyar ho gaya hai.

HAROON

Koi baat nahi, wo bhi ek din ho jayega. Mujhe apne pyar par poora bharosa hai. Ek din tum khud aakar mera haath pakdogi.

NAZANEEN

I like your confidence. You've always kept the birds of hope flying. By the way, Is ceremony ka venue kahan hai?

HAROON

Yahi, Yousuf Khan ke hawaley mein. Usne apne hawaley ka first floor hamare clinic ke liye donate kiya hai.

NAZANEEN

Wah! Dost ho to aisa. Achha, See you Sunday. Bye.

HAROON

Bye, meri Nazaneen.

END INTERCUT

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nazaneen opens a door in the hallway of her house, revealing her mother in a WHITE SARI lying on a used queen-size bed.

NAZANEEN

Mah, nashta aap ki room tak laoon ya aap udhar aakar hamare saath khaengi?

MOTHER

(getting up from the bed)

Nahi, beti. Main kitchen mein aaungi, ab main theek ho gayi hoon.

NAZANEEN

(smiling)

Yeh aur bhi achha hai ke aap bistar se uth kar thodi si walk karen.

MOTHER

Achha beti, zara yeh toh batao ke phone par kis se baat kar rahi thi?

NAZANEEN

Toh aapne meri sab baatein suni?

MOTHER

Sab nahi, magar aadhi se zyada mere kaan mein aa gayi.

NAZANEEN

Woh Haroon tha, Rawul ke English teacher.

MOTHER

Kitne dino se usse jaanti ho?

NAZANEEN

Kuch zyada nahi, do ya teen mahine ho chuke hain.

MOTHER

Agar woh achha aadmi hai toh usse ghar chaai pe bulao. Marne se pehle, tumhari shaadi dekhna chahti hoon.

NAZANEEN

(blushing)

Theek hai, maah. Agar aap kahengi, main usse ghar daawat de doongi. Waise bhi, woh bahut dino se mere peeche pada hai.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL ROOM, JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jagatpal chairs a gathering of around 20 well-dressed men in their early and late 40s and 50s, all sitting around an oval desk. Next to Jagatpal is Malik, his right-hand man.

JAGATPAL

Main aap sabka shukr-guzaar hoon ke itni chhoti si notice par, Bharat ke kone-kone se Mumbai aaye. Main aapko bata doon ke kuch dino se hamare kaarobar ka samandar bohot toofani ho chuka hai.

(MORE)

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Iss toofan ka muqabla karne ke liye, hamaari cooperation aur ek doosre se madad karna bohot zaroori hai. Asal baat yeh hai ke in do teen maheenon mein, ek Canadian social worker jiska naam Haroon hai, Bombay aakar community development projects ka kaam shuru kiya hai.

A man, 38, in a brown suit, raises his right hand.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(looking at the man)

Haan Mr. Mehra, aap kuch kehna chahte hain?

MEHRA

Ji sir. Main yeh kehna chah raha tha ke iss aadmi ke development projects hamari subversive activities ke khilaf kabhi muqabla nahi kar sakte, kyunki bekaari is desh mein ek aisi beemari ban chuki hai jiska ilaaj ab tak kisi doctor ke paas nahi hai.

JAGATPAL

Mehra sahab, maine nahi socha tha ke aap itne bewakoof ban sakte hain. Iss aadmi ke kaaran, ek do mohallon mein log hafta dena band kar chuke hain. Yusuf Khan aur uska saathi jo hamare liye kaam karte the, sahi raste par aakar ab Haroon ke saath hain. Yeh social worker Language Center khol kar gareebon ko English sikhata hai, juwa khane band kar auto repair garage kholta hai aur berozgar naujawano ko kaam deta hai. Aur iss Sunday ko woh gareebon ka ilaaj karne ke liye Pant Nagar mein ek Medical Clinic launch kar raha hai.

Jagatpal pauses, but Malik keeps the ball rolling.

MALIK

Agar yeh Medical Clinic abaad ho gaya to hum barbad ho jaayenge, kyunki wahan sharabi aur addicted logon ka ilaaj hoga, woh bhi muft mein. Agar addicted logon ka ilaaj hua, toh hamare ganja, charas, sharab aur drugs ka koi use nahi karega.

(MORE)

MALIK (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, yeh trend doosre shehron
mein bhi replicate ho sakta hai.
Isliye, main kehta hoon ke har qeemat
par humein Haroon aur uske saathiyon
ko rokna hoga.

Another participant wearing glasses raises his hand.

JAGATPAL

Haan, Mr. Banwari?

BANWARI

Kyun na hum sab bees-bees aadmi
contribute karke, ek powerful force
banayein aur yeh force bhej kar iss
clinic ko uske inauguration ke din
aag lagaa de?

JAGATPAL

Idea bura nahi hai.

BANWARI

Is plan ko kaamyab karne ke liye,
humein Police ko rokna padega.

MALIK

Yeh kaam mujh par chhod deejiye. Iss
sheher ka ACP, mera namak khaya hai.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Haroon, Yousuf Khan, and Salim are sitting in the living
room drinking tea.

HAROON

Aap jaante hain ke Sunday ko hamara
medical clinic ka opening ceremony
hai aur iske liye humein tayyar hona
chahiye. I'm sure ke, dushmano ne
hamare program ko flop karne ke liye
poori tayyari kar chuki hai.

SALIM

Dushman ka muqabla karne ke liye
humein kya karna hoga?

HAROON

Hum apne wafadar sahteyon ko strategic
points par laga denge, hockey sticks,
khanjar, aur chhote mote hathiyaar
de kar.

SALIM

Phir?

HAROON

(looking at Salim)

Tum apne workers ko garage ke saman dekar logon ke darmiyan dal do. Hammers, screwdrivers, wrenches, aur tire opening keys wa ghaira wa ghaira fighting mein arms ke jagah kaam dete hain. Hamare paas kuch bulletproof vests aur teen-char licensed guns bhi hain.

SALIM

Maine aapka bulletproof car aur vest dekh kar, garage mein apna bulletproof VAN aur teen-chaar vests banaye hain. Sunday tak main kuch motorcycle ke helmets bhi purchase karenge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hum bhi poori tayyariyan kar chuke hain. Mere paas Malik ka diya hua sniper rifle hai, jo hamare kaam aa sakta hai.

HAROON

Khan bhai, tum uss rifle ko lekar chhat pe jaaoge. Agar kisi ne hum par hamla kiya, to tum wahan se usse shoot karoge. Baaki jo hoga, dekha jaayega.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN AREA OPPOSITE YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Haroon, Sooraj, Yousuf Khan, Nazaneen, and a few doctors prepare for the clinic's opening, while Osman, Kabir, and his friends monitor the crowd of poor and middle-class locals.

Haroon walks over to Yousuf Khan, who is adjusting the sound system at the podium.

HAROON

Sab theek hai?

YOUSUF KHAN

Jee haan. Jab chaho, yeh amplifier on karke baat kar sakte hain.

HAROON

A'b tum apne bandook le kar haveli ke roof par position le lo.

YOUSUF KHAN

Theek hain. Main abhi bandook le kar wahan jata hoon.

HAROON

Aur main chalta hoon bulletproof vest aur helmet pehne ke liye.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

With a gun in hand and a backpack on his shoulder, Yousuf Khan climbs to the roof of his house and positions himself behind the water tank.

Khan sees armed men arriving in vans and trucks, attacking the crowd and causing chaos. People flee as the attackers spread out in the open area.

Khan targets one of the attackers trying to fire a gun from inside a van. The attacker collapses, blood blossoming on his jaw.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE CLINIC - DAY

Nazaneen exits the clinic and runs towards the guests seated in the VIP section near the stage set up for the ceremony.

NAZANEEN

(to the doctors and
VIP guests)

Ladies and gentlemen! Please, proceed into the clinic.

Doctors and guests in the first and second rows near the podium get up and run towards the Gate getting in.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Haroon, dressed in a bulletproof vest, answers his ringing cell phone upon seeing Khan's name.

HAROON

(standing in front a
mirror)

Bolo Khan bhai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aap zara jaldi aaiye, kyunki der sare gundey aur badmash aakar hamara area qabza kar liya hai.

HAROON

Kitne log hain?

YOUSUF KHAN

Do nahi, kam se kam sau hain.

HAROON

Koi baat nahi. Tum apni position mein raho. Main abhi bahar nikalta hoon.

INT. A ROOM IN THE CLINIC - DAY

Dr. Sunitee is on the phone.

MALE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Bolo beti, kyun phone kiya?

SUNITEE

Sorry dad, hum bahut musibat mein hain. Isliye mujhe aapko phone karna pada.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

Dr. Sharma, Sunitee's father, sits at his desk talking on the phone.

DR. SHARMA

Kya baat hai?

SUNITEE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Main aur Sooraj kuch doston ke saath Pant Nagar me ek naya clinic opening ke liye aaye hain. Lekin der sare gundey aakar sab kuch qabza kar liya hai. Dad, humari jaan khatre mein hain.

DR. SHARMA

Kyun, police ko phone nahi kiya?

SUNITEE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Maine phone kiya tha, lekin Inspector Pahndey ab tak nahi aaye. Kya aap Police Commissioner se baat kar sakte hain?

DR. SHARMA

Achha beti, main abhi Bombay Police Commissioner ko phone karta hoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD FULL OF FLOWERS - DAY

Police Commissioner John D'Souza (55) is having tea with his wife, LINA (50) when his cell phone on the coffee table

buzzes. Seeing Dr. Sharma's name on the screen, the Police Commissioner taps the screen to answer the call.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(putting the phone on
speaker)

Good morning Dr. Sahab. Kahiye, kaise phone kiya?

DR. SHARMA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Meri beti aur damad, doston ke saath Pant Nagar mein medical clinic inauguration ceremony mein hain. Lekin wahan kuch armed gundey aur badmash hain jo ceremony ko kharab kar rahe hain. Venue hai Yousuf Khan's Hawili.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Aap chinta mat karein. Main abhi Police Station ko phone karke security kaa bandobast karwaata hoon.

CUT TO:

INT. PANT NAGAR POLICE STATION - MORNING

Sub-inspector Sahil Khan is sitting in his office, reviewing a file when the phone on his desk rings.

SAHIL KHAN

(picking up the
receiver)

Good morning. Sub-inspector Sahil Khan, at your service.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Mey houn Police Commissioner, John D'Souza. Inspector Pahndey kaha hai?

SAHIL KHAN

(standing)

Sir! Pahndey Sahab sobha akar bahot jaldi bahar gaye. Unho-ne kaha ke ACP sahab ke ghar ja rahe hai. Sir! Kuch kaam ho to mujhe bata deejey.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Mr. Khan! Tum apne thaaney ka police force lekar Yousuf Khan ke haveli mein jo naya Health Clinic launch ho raha hai, pohoch jao. Khabar mili hai ke wahan gundey log jakar lafda kar rahe hain. Mr. Khan!

(MORE)

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

You have to protect the people and
the public property. Isliye jab tak
majboor na ho, goli mat chalana.

SAHIL KHAN

OK, sir!

Sahil Khan puts the receiver down, grabs his hat from the desk, puts it on his head, and takes his stick as he walks out of his office, calling for one of the constables.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

Kundan! Alarm baja kar sabko khabar
kardo ke Commissioner Sahab ke order
ke mutabiq, hamein eik mssion pe
jaana hai.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY

KUNDAN, a constable in his late 40s, rushes to the wall and presses a RED BUTTON. The station fills with the piercing sound of an alarm, echoing through the halls and rooms.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

We see constables reacting instantly to the alarm, grabbing their weapons and gear and rushing toward the main exit.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING AREA - LATER

The doors burst open as armed constables stream out of the station, moving with urgency. They load into two JEEPS and a large MINI-VAN.

Sahil Khan steps out, his eyes scanning the scene to ensure everything is in order. He nods with satisfaction as the vehicles rev their engines, ready for action.

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Sahil Khan climbs into the lead jeep, taking the passenger seat. He adjusts his hat and looks back at the constables, giving a final nod.

SAHIL KHAN

Yousuf Khan ke ghar ja rahe hain.
Let's move!

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The JEEPS and the MINI-VAN roar to life, their engines revving and sirens wailing as they speed out of the parking area. Racing down the road, their lights flash and sirens blare, cutting through the traffic.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DIFFERENT SCENES:

EXT. OPEN AREA IN FRONT OF THE CLINIC - DAY

The open area opposite the Health Clinic is engulfed in chaos.

Heavy fighting rages between the belligerent sides, with thugs clashing against Yousuf Khan's and Salim's men, who are fighting back with mechanical tools from their body shop.

INT. HARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Haroon tightens his boots and adjusts his helmet. Grabbing his STEEL CANE, he opens the door and steps out, closing it firmly behind him.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING MAIN GATE -

Haron steps outside the MAIN GATE of his residential building.

He sees intense clashes between thugs and his friends. As he crosses the street to go to the open area, he spots a thug trying to rob a woman of her gold chain and earrings.

Haron springs into action, delivering a powerful side kick that sends the thug crashing to the ground, incapacitating him.

EXT. OPEN AREA -

Sooraj punches a thug in the face and follows up with a kick, sending him crashing into a nearby fence. He spins around, blocking a blow and countering with a series of quick jabs.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Nazaneen, holding a surgical scalpel, defends herself as a thug breaks through the clinic's main gate. With a swift slash to his hand, she forces him to retreat.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Haroon enters the open area, elbows a thug in the ribs, then swiftly strikes another with his steel cane, hitting the thug's neck and knocking him out.

EXT. ROOFTOP -

Yousuf Khan, positioned behind the water tank, takes careful aim and shoots an armed thug trying to fire at Haron. The thug drops his weapon, falling to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The police convoy, led by Sub-inspector Sahil Khan's Jeep, comes to a sudden halt on a street lined with shops, stores, and middle-class houses.

INT./EXT. POLICE JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Sahil Khan, followed by Kundan and two other constables, gets out of the Jeep. He pushes through the crowd and discovers a car accident and a skirmish between the drivers causing a traffic jam.

DRIVER 1

(slapping Driver 2
across the face)

Haramkhor! Agar tumhe gaadi chalani
nahi aati, toh phir steering ke peeche
kyon baithe ho?

DRIVER 2

(getting out of his
car, grabbing Driver
1 by the collar)

Main tumhari gaadi ko repair kar
dunga, lekin jo tapper tune maara
hai, uska hisaab tumhe dena hoga.

Driver 2 punches Driver 1 in the face. The two men start kicking and punching each other.

SAHIL KHAN

(stepping in, loud
and commanding)

Band karo yeh sab aur apni gaadiyan
raste se hatao, warna main tum dono
ko giraftaar karwa dunga!

DRIVER 1

(defiant and
aggressive, stands
his ground, refusing
to comply)

Main apni gaadi nahi hatauunga jab
tak koi traffic officer nahi aata
aur ek report likh kar sabit nahi
karta ki meri koi galti nahi thi.

BACK TO:

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Three thugs forcefully push open the clinic's main gate, overpowering Dr. Nazaneen, Dr. Sunitee, and their friends. They storm into the clinic's courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The ensuing fight is intense. One of the thugs inflicts a serious wound on Dr. AMRITA'S hand, causing it to bleed.

Dr. Maryam quickly takes her away, rushing toward the corridor.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Yousuf Khan, seeing the thugs infiltrate the clinic, emerges from his hiding place behind the water tank.

He positions himself on the edge of the roof, targeting two armed thugs and neutralizing their threats. As the third thug tries to escape from Khan's bullet, he runs into Nazaneen, who delivers a deep cut to his shoulder with her scalpel.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

KALEYA, a (29), tall, athletic bad guy with long hair, is fighting fiercely, punching and kicking anyone who tries to stop him as he forces his way to the stage set up for the clinic's inauguration.

Soon, he reaches the podium, steps onto it, and speaks into the microphone.

KALEYA

(into the Mic)

Haroon! Arrey O Haroon! Kahan ho tum? Agar apni maa ka doodh piya hai to samne aao. Maine to suna tha ke tum sher ke tarah delawar aur bebak ho, magar ab maloom pad gaya ke tum geedar ke tarah buzdel, makkar, aur chalak ho, jo apni jaan bachane ke liye, apne doston ki jaan khatre mein dalta hai.

Kaleya pauses. An eerie silence settles over the area that was buzzing with noise and screams moments ago.

CLOSE IN ON HAROON, wielding his BLACK STEEL CANE like a sword, striking the thugs and breaking their hands, heads, ribs, and legs, forcing them to retreat and clearing his path to the podium.

HAROON

Mey agaya hoon Kaleya, woh bhi tumharey kaley karnamon ka anjaam tak pohochane ke liye. Kyunki "Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamarey dil mein hai."

Haroon approaches the podium where Kaleya stands behind the microphone, holding a gun.

EXT. MAKESHIFT PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Kaleya points his gun at Haroon.

KALEYA

Achha, to abhi tumhari sarfaroshi ki
tamanna poori karte hain.

Kaleya shoots at Haroon's chest, but the bulletproof vest protects Haroon well as he launches forward hitting with his STEEL CANE on the hand of Kaleya causing the gun to fall.

HAROON

(speaking loudly)

Kaleya, tumharey goliyoun mein itna
dum nahi hai ke mujhhe marsake.

KALEYA

(fuming, yanks a bamboo
stick used for the
podium's structure)

Main tumhe kuchal dunga, Haroon!

Kaleya swings the bamboo stick wildly, aiming for Haroon. Haroon sidesteps and counters with precision. His steel cane moves swiftly, each strike calculated like an AIKIDO sword.

HAROON

(delivering a blow to
Kaleya's head)

This ends now!

Haroon's cane lands on Kaleya's neck, then his arm. A swift blow to the hand forces Kaleya to drop the bamboo stick. Haroon follows with a crippling strike to Kaleya's leg, sending him to his knees.

KALEYA

(in pain, collapses
to the ground from
the podium)

Ahh!

The crowd, now in a frenzy, tramples over Kaleya, who struggles helplessly beneath the mass of Salim Khan's men and locals. Haroon leaps off the podium into the chaotic battleground, where multiple fights are unfolding simultaneously.

EXT. OPEN AREA -

Haron ducks under a swinging pipe and counters with a knee to the thug's stomach, followed by an uppercut. He pushes forward, fighting through the crowd.

Sooraj grapples with two thugs near the stage. Grabbing a metal pipe, he swings it to fend off the attackers.

Salim Khan fends off a group of thugs, using a long tire iron to block and parry their attacks.

Osman swiftly knocks a thug out with a strike to the head.

EXT. ROOFTOP -

Yousuf Khan fires at another armed thug, hitting him in the shoulder. The thug drops his gun, and Kabir rushes in to disarm him.

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Ranjeet and his wife, CHAMPA, 28, sit with SUJEET, their 12-year-old son. The room is tense with the sounds of the battle outside.

Champa stands up and moves towards the window. She pulls the curtain to the side, revealing Nazaneen, Sunitee, and their friends guarding the entrance door, trying to block the outlaws from entering the clinic.

CHAMPA

Sab bahar apni jaan ke baazi alga kar un gundo se lad rahe hain. Yahan tak ki woh lady doctors bhi aangan mein hain. Tum yahan apni biwi aur bacche ke saath kaise baith sakte ho?

RANJEET

Khan ne mujhe andar rehne ko kaha hai. Usne kaha meri gawahi Jagatpal ke khilaf bahut zaroori hai.

CHAMPA

Agar woh gunde safal ho gaye, toh woh humein bhi nahi chhodenge. Tumhe bahar ja kar Haron aur Khan ke saath khade hona hoga.

RANJEET

(kissing his wife)

Main tum par fakr karta hoon ki tum samajh gayi ho ki apne samuday ke

(MORE)

RANJEET (CONT'D)

liye khade hona kitna zaroori hai,
chahe isme humein khatra hi kyun na
ho.

Ranjeet gets up, retrieves a hockey stick from the corner of the room, and exits, closing the door behind him.

EXT. TOP OF WALL - DAY

Ranjeet stands on top of the Clinic's wall, surveying the chaotic open area below.

Under the wall beside the main gate of the clinic, a couple of thugs are battling Kabir and Osman, keeping them under intense pressure.

Ranjeet jumps into the throng, landing amidst the fight. He swings his hockey stick, striking the thugs with precision and strength.

KABIR

(smiling towards
Ranjeet)

Achcha huwa aap aa gaye!

RANJEET

(grinning, striking
another thug)

Saara maza aapko kaise lene deta.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGLISH AND COMPUTER COURSES BUILDING - DAY

Rawul, Manjeet, and their friends arrive, armed with cricket bats. They swiftly take positions in front of the building's entrance, where a signboard reads "Affordable English & Computer Courses".

RAWUL

(to his friends)

Kohi is building mein nahi ghusega!

A group of outlaws approaches, intent on destroying the signboard. The young men wield their cricket bats, swinging them defensively.

The confrontation escalates as Rawul and his team fend off the attackers, preventing them from getting close to the building.

Watching their younger sons battling the outlaws, the local people in the area gain a boost in morale.

Men and women with sticks and broomsticks start coming out to support, hitting the thugs with renewed vigor.

But suddenly, three jeeps and a van full of athletic outlaws emerge from the end of the street.

The lead jeep charges through the crowd, frightening the locals and forcing them to disperse.

The people begin to retreat, some running back into their houses and apartments. The arrival of the reinforcements shifts the tide in favor of the thugs.

CLOSE IN ON Haron, who rushes toward the half-destroyed podium, standing behind the MICROPHONE.

HAROON

(into the Mic)

Pyare bhaiyon aur behnon! Yeh aapka aakhri mauka hai apni community aur bachchon ke liye azadi, insaaf, aur taraqqi ke liye khade hone ka. Agar aap ab bhaag gaye, toh yeh gunde wapas aayenge aur aapko aapke gharon se ghaseet kar aapke apno ke saamne saza denge. Ab lad lo, warna apna vyapar aur samaan kho doge. Yeh log aapko apna ghulaam bana denge, aur aapke sheher mein dalal, sharabkhane, casino, drugs, aur crime le aayenge. Issi leye, ruk kar achchayi aur sachchahi ke liye lado.

A thug charges the podium, swinging a long stick at Haroon. Haroon blocks with his steel cane and delivers a powerful blow to the thug's head, knocking him out cold.

HARON

(Singing)

"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-qaatil mein hai." Hamwatan aage bado har zulm sey darna nahee. Eik den martey hai ham, har den hamey marna nahi. Na karengey kaam jo hargez hamey karna nahi.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE

Nazaneen exits the clinic and strides toward the stage, joining Haron.

HARON

(resuming his song)

*Jaan dey deyngay es watan kehleyeh.
Pool layengay es chaman kehleyeh.
Ham jo sathi hai jen ko woh dayem. Kam
kartay rahey aman kehleyeh. Eik roh
eik sans jeysa ham. Zendagi deingay
har badan keleyeh.*

NAZANEEN

(singing, placing her
hands on Haron's)

*To akeyla nahi merey sathi. Ham bhi
aahey es anjuman kehleyeh. Kab tak
eik dosrey se bagengay, eisey
jagengay, eisey jangengay. Aaney
waley nasal ko ham eisa, keya seka
deyngay, Keya seka deyngay.*

HARON

(singing and fighting)

*Hamsafar dangerous hai yeh waadi.
Uss taraf reh gaya hain abaadi. Kohl
do yeh rasee ghulami kaa.
Phir manao, jashn-e- azadi.
Kab tak eik dosrey sey bagengay.
Eisey jagengay. Eisey bahgenge.
Aaney waley nasal ko ham eisa. Keya
seka dengey? Keya seka dengey?*

Inspired by Haron and Nazaneen's courage, people emerge from their homes, armed with sticks and knives, ready to fight.

PEOPLE

(singing in unison)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare
dil mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna
baazu-e-qaatil mein hai." Hamwatan
aage bado har zulm sey darna nahi.
Eik den martey hey ham, har den hamey
marna nahi. Na karengey kam jo hargez
hamey karna nahi.*

While the music and fighting continue in the open arena, we
CUT TO the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan takes aim and fires at a thug about to shoot
Sooraj. The bullet strikes the thug's forehead, causing him
to collapse immediately.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Haroon and Sooraj are now fighting close to each other. Haron kicks a thug down, while Sooraj ducks and strikes another with a side stick.

HARON

(singing)

*Deysh hamara khod eik jannat hain.
Dil mein esko bohot mohabbat hain.
Ham salamat rahenge duniya mein.
Jab tak es desh bhi salamat hain.*

SOORAJ

(singing)

*Deysh ka peyar khod ebadat hain.
Ketney oonchey hamarey chahat hain.
Mulk mein aman aam otahey. Kohney
kohney mein jab adalat hain. Kab tak
eik dosrey se bagengey, eisey
jagengey. Eisey bahenge. Aaney waley
nasal ko ham eisa, keya seka dengey.
keya seka dengey.*

NAZANEE, SUNITEE, MARYAM & THEIR GUESTS

(in unison)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare
dil mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna
baazu-e-qaatil mein hai. Hamwatan
agey bado har zulm se darna nahi.
Eik den martey hey ham, har den hamey
marna nahi. Na karengey kam jo hargez
hamey karna nahi.*

HAROON

(singing and fighting)

*Gar cheh yeh kam hey bohat mushkel.
Har samandar mey hai kohei sahil.
Samney wo hamarey manzel hai.
Ham sabhi qatelon ki qaatil hai.
Kab tak eik dosrey sey bagengey,
eisey jagengey, eisey jagengey.
Aane wala nasal ko ham eisa, kya
seka deynge, kya seka dengey?*

HARON/NAZANEEN/SOORAJ & THEIR SUPPORTERS

(singing in chorus)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare
dil mein hai Dekhna hai zor kitna
baazu-e-qaatil mein hai." Hamwatan
aage bado har zulm sey darna nahi.
Eik den martey hey ham, har den hamey
marna nahi. Na karengey kam jo hargez
hamey karna nahi.*

As Haron and his cohorts finish the song, the sirens of police vehicles blare, with Sahil Khan's jeep at the forefront as the police force spreads out and surrounds the area.

SAHIL KHAN

(through a megaphone)

Police aap logon ko charon taraf se gher liya hai. Aur Commissioner sahab khud bhi der se police ke saath aane wale hain! Isliye sabke behtari ke liye yeh hai ke ladayi foran band karein. Yeh aakhri warning hai. Agar hinsa band nahi hui, toh mujhe majbooran goli chalane ka adesh dena padega.

Hearing Sahil Khan's announcement, many thugs flee in panic. The police swiftly arrest a few, while some others, are beaten by the crowd.

The community, having emerged from their homes, celebrates their victory. Men and women cheer, hugging each other and joining Haron and his friends in a joyous celebration.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Inspector Pandey and Sahil Khan stand before the Police Commissioner, who is seated with a couple of other high-ranking officers.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(angry)

Inspector Pandey! Jab tumhe phone aaya ke Pant Nagar mein gunde log jaakar lafda kar rahe hain, to tumne action kyun nahi liya?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Sir! Maine socha ke woh lafda badmash logon ke darr mein hai jaise ke Yousuf Khan jo pehle se ek gangster the.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

But you had a sacred duty to protect the civilians and the public property. You are suspended till further notice.

The Commissioner takes a sip from a glass of water on his desk.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Mr. Khan!

SAHIL KHAN

(saluting)

Yes Sir!

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Take charge and find out who is behind the attack on the clinic in Pant Nagar.

SAHIL KHAN

Sir! Mere paas iske baare mein information aur saboot hain. Agar aapki ijaazat ho to dikhata hoon.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Go ahead, Mr. Khan!

Sahil Khan pulls out his Samsung Galaxy phone, opens a video showing Beam Singh's killing, and shows it to the Commissioner.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

SAHIL KHAN

Ek informant ne mujhe bheja hai. Sir! Is qatl ke chashm-deed gawah bhi moujood hain. Magar filhaal, mujhe ek search warrant ki zaroorat hai, woh bhi Jagatpal ke office ki talashi lene ke liye.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Well done, Mr. Khan. I'll authorize you to search the suspected site immediately.

SAHIL KHAN

Thank you, sir! Jai Hind.

Sahil Khan exits the commissioner's office.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TWO-WAY STREET - DAY

Two jeeps and a van, full of policemen, speed down the street with sirens blaring. Sahil Khan sits in the front seat of the lead jeep as the vehicles pull up in front of Jagatpal's modern office building.

EXT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Sahil Khan and the constables exit their vehicles and head for the gate.

A security guard steps in front of Khan, trying to block his way. Khan shoves him aside, as another guard attempts to close the gate. Khan quickly draws his revolver.

SAHIL KHAN

Hat ja mere raste se, kyunki desh ke
aman ke dushman ko, main kabhi nahi
chhoda.

The frightened guard moves aside, and Khan leads the police inside.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sub-inspector Sahil Khan walks towards the bookshelf. He takes the same book out of the shelf and presses the elevator button, just like in Beam Singh's killing video.

The elevator arrives. As soon as the ARMED SECURITY in the elevator sees the police, he tries to fire his gun. But Sahil Khan is quicker, targeting him with his pistol. The man collapses inside the elevator. The policemen rush in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

SAHIL KHAN presses the B-BUTTON, holding the dead man's body in front of the door's mirror. The elevator descends, and the men in the underground base are caught by surprise.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A fight breaks out, with some of the bad guys shot by Sahil and the police Constables.

Sahil moves to a STORAGE ROOM in the corner of the vast basement. He opens a couple of wooden and carton-made boxes randomly and finds drugs, gold, and guns. He pulls out his Galaxy phone and records a video of the illegal goods.

SAHIL KHAN

(ordering his men)

Sub ghair qanooni maal ko zabt karon.

Sahil Khan takes out his phone and makes a call. The phone rings twice before the voice of the POLICE COMMISSIONER is heard.

POLICE COMMISSIONER'S VOICE

(from Khan's phone)

Yes Mr. Khan! Bolon. Talashi keysa
chal raha hain?

SAHIL KHAN
 (into the phone)
 Sir! We need more men to confiscate
 guns, drugs, and gold biscuits.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - DELHI

Jagatpal is on the phone in his luxurious hotel room, looking
 perturbed.

JAGATPAL
 (worried)
 Snow Malik! Tumhe toh pata hai ke
 main election ke silsile mein party
 ke annual meeting ke liye Delhi aaya
 hoon. Tum aisa karo ke mera chief
 security guard ko bol do ke yeh ilzaam
 apne sar par le le. Media ke saamne
 iqbal-e-jurm kare ke sab ghair qanooni
 maal uska hai, aur ismein mera koi
 sambandh nahi hai. Iske badley woh
 jo maangega, main usko dene ke liye
 tayyar hoon. Baaki kaam main kal
 Delhi se Mumbai aake sambhaal loonga.

MALIK' VOICE (V.O.)
 Acha Jagatpal sahab. Main usko
 bataunga. Aap befikar rahaiyeh.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

An Air India passenger plane lands on a runway.

INT. DOMESTIC TERMINAL - ARRIVAL HALL GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Jagatpal, dressed in an expensive suit, steps out of the
 domestic terminal with his personal secretary, Mohan (40).

Parked close to the curb are a Mercedes Sedan with a uniformed
 driver behind the wheel and a police jeep with Sub-Inspector
 Sahil Khan and two constables inside.

As soon as Jagatpal approaches his car, Khan steps forward,
 standing tall.

SAHIL KHAN
 Mr. Jagatpal, you're under arrest
 for the murder of Beam Singh.

MOHAN sneers, stepping up to Khan with a sarcastic smirk.

MOHAN

Dokodi ka sub-inspector hoke Jagatpal Sahab ko giraftaar karne aaye ho? Shayad tumhe pata nahi, Sir ko bas ek phone karna padega, aur tum suspend ya tabadla ho jaoge.

JAGATPAL

(maintaining his composure)

Rehne do, Mohan. Yeh bhi humare mulk ke anda qanoon ka ek zimmedar sipahi hai. Inke paas zaroor meri giraftari ka order hoga. Election nazdeek hai, aur main nahi chahta ke media yahan aake humse sawal pooche. Mohan, mujhe toh Mr. Khan ke saath jaana hoga. Tum jaldi se hamare wakeel ke paas jao aur zamant ka bandobast karo.

MOHAN

(nodding)

Theek hain, Sir.

Jagatpal looks at Sahil Khan, calm and collected, as he steps toward the police jeep.

JAGATPAL

(stepping into the jeep)

Chaliye, Mr. Khan.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan is working on his laptop at a coffee table with Ranjeet sitting beside him, watching anxiously.

The screen shows uploads in progress on Instagram. Then, on Facebook, and YouTube – the Beam Singh murder video footage.

ON SCREEN: Upload complete.

Yousuf Khan leans back, satisfied, then turns toward Ranjeet, who sits beside him, visibly tense.

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

Tumhe yaad hai na? Tumne wada kiya tha ke Beam Singh ke murder ke liye court mein gawahi dogey... Jagatpal ke khelaf.

Ranjeet looks down, then nods slowly, as if gathering courage.

RANJEET

Haan Khan bhai, main apna wada zaroor
nibhaunga.

Yousuf Khan watches him for a moment, then reaches for his phone. His fingers tap quickly across the screen, sending a message to Subinspector Sahil Khan.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

*"Witness mere pass hai jo Jagatpal ke khelaf court mein gawahi
deyga."*

Yousuf Khan presses send, his face showing a mix of relief and determination. He leans back, exchanging a brief glance with Ranjeet, who now seems resolved.

YOUSUF KHAN

(quietly)

Ab dekhte hain, Jagatpal kitni der
tak bacha reh sakta hai.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A well-groomed man with black and white hair enters the police station, accompanied by MOHAN, who holds a file of legal documents. KUNDAN, the on-duty constable, sits nearby.

MOHAN

(to Kundan)

Kahan hai tumhara do kaudi ka sub-
inspector? Hum zamant ke kaghazat
uske munh par maarna chahte hain.

Kundan stands up, taking the papers from Mohan.

KUNDAN

Main Sir ko yeh papers de dunga aur
bata doonga ke aap log aaye hain.

Kundan heads toward SAHIL KHAN's office, knocking lightly before entering.

INT. SAHIL KHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kundan hands over the bail papers to Sahil Khan.

KUNDAN

Sir, Jagatpal ka wakeel zamant ke
kaghazat laya hai.

Khan stands up, taking the papers, his eyes scanning the first page. He heads out of his office toward the LOBBY. Seeing Sahil Khan, the well-dressed Lawyer approaches.

LAWYER

Main hon VIKRAM RATHOR, Jagatpal Sahab kaa Wakeel. Zamant ke kaghazat to aap dekh chuke honge. Ab jaldi se mere client ko chhod dijiye.

SAHIL KHAN

Aap beshak apne muakkil ko le ja sakte hain. Magar main wada karta hoon ke woh bahut jald wapas hawalat aur jail ki hawa khayega.

Mohan steps forward in a threatening tone.

MOHAN

Tab tak aap iss kursi par nahi rahoge.

SAHIL KHAN

(commanding)

Kundan, Mr. Jagatpal ko lock-up se bahar lao aur paperwork complete karo.

KUNDAN

(saluting)

Yes, Sir.

Kundan takes a key from the wall, where a couple of keys are hanging, and walks toward the lock-up room, followed by Mohan and Vikram, the lawyer.

INT. LOCK-UP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jagatpal, disheveled and unkempt, stands behind bars.

KUNDAN

(opening the lock and then the door)

Aap jaa sakte hain. Aap ki zamanat ho chuki hai.

JAGATPAL

(seeing Mohan and his lawyer)

You're late, Mr. Vikram.

VIKRAM

(apologetic)

Sir, court jana aur papers tayyar karna to time leta hai.

JAGATPAL
 (walking towards the
 exit door)
 Main yeh do Khans ko nahi chhodunga.

VIKRAM
 Koun yeh log, Sir?

JAGATPAL
 Ek to yeh naya sub-inspector, aur
 doosra Yousuf Khan, jo kuch den pehle
 humare apne aadmi the.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, HAROON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: "THREE DAYS LATER"

Haroon sits with Yousuf Khan, Osman, Ranjeet, and Kabir,
 watching Z-News Channel. A lady newscaster reads the news as
 the words "BREAKING NEWS" flash on the screen.

NEWSCASTER
 The business tycoon and Deputy Head
 of the Opposition party, Mr. Jagatpal,
 who faced charges of smuggling drugs,
 gold, and guns, has been acquitted
 of all charges by a Bombay court.
 The court accepted the confession of
 his chief security guard, who admitted
 to masterminding the scheme and
 claimed that Mr. Jagatpal was unaware
 of the illegal activities occurring
 in his house's basement. Mr. Jagatpal
 has also challenged the authenticity
 of the video footage related to Beam
 Singh's murder, labeling it as "fake
 and fabricated" by Yousuf Khan, a
 computer programmer and IT expert
 previously jailed on charges of
 hacking and illegal activities.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (reducing the TV volume
 with the remote)
 Hum sab jaante hain ke Jagatpal bahut
 makkar hai. Qanoon aur siyasat ke
 shatranj mein uske paas bohot se
 mohrey hain. Jaise ke TV par dekha,
 Jagatpal apna ek mamooli pyada istemal
 karkey qanoon ke gereft se bahar
 nikal gaya.

RANJEET

Is shatranj mein hume kya karna hoga?

HAROON

Tum befikar raho. Aur apna khayal rakhna. Main aur Yousuf Khan, Jagatpal aur Malik ke khilaaf yeh shatranj khelenge, ba-shart yeh ke tum jaise wafadar saathi humare Rukh, Knight, Bishop, aur pyadey ka role theek se nibhaoge.

RANJEET

Sir, nek kaam karne ka maza ab tak mujhe maaloom nahi tha. Main toh aapke saath hoon. Jaan jaaye par vachan na jaaye.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jagatpal and Malik are seated among a crowd of reporters from TV, radio, and newspapers, all holding microphones and tape recorders, bombarding him with questions.

ONE OF THE REPORTERS

(introducing herself)

I'm SEEMA from The Times of India. Sir, drugs aur guns smuggling ke charges mein to adalat ne aapko baree kar diya, magar aapko Beam Singh ke qatal ke barey mein kya kehna hai?

JAGATPAL

(into the microphones
of various TV channels)

Yeh qatal bhi Haroon aur Yousuf Khan ki mere khilaf ek aur sazish hai. Woh Yousuf Khan ek bohot shatir computer engineer aur software developer hai jo pehle ghair qanooni kaam aur fraud karne ki wajah se jail gaya tha. Aur aaj kal ke zamane mein, Photoshop aur computer programming ke zariye kya kya nahi ban sakta. Magar qanoon andha nahi hai. Jurm sabit karne ke liye, saboot aur gawaah zaroori hote hain.

A journalist in his mid-40s stands up, holding a mic.

THE JOURNALIST
 (introducing himself)
 Main Shakeel Ahmad hoon, Urdu Times
 se.

He looks directly at Jagatpal, confident but respectful.

SHAKEEL AHMAD
 Sir, mera do sawal hain aapse.

The room falls silent as everyone focuses on the exchange.

SHAKEEL AHMAD (CONT'D)
 Pehla sawal yeh hai ke Yousuf Khan
 aur Haroon logon ki madad kar rahe
 hain. Jaise ke Pant Nagar mein, woh
 computer aur English courses chalate
 hain, logon ki khidmat karte hain,
 aur apna paisa aur qeemati waqt laga
 rahe hain desh ki taraqqi ke liye.
 Toh phir unka aapse kya dushmani
 hai? Aap to hamesha politician ke
 taur par yeh kehte aaye hain ke aapka
 sabse bada maqsad desh ki taraqqi
 aur janta ki rahat aur aasaan zindagi
 hai.

The tension builds as Jagatpal listens carefully.

SHAKEEL AHMAD (CONT'D)
 Mera doosra sawal yeh hai ke jab
 police ne aapko Beam Singh ke qatal
 ke ilzaam mein giraftaar kiya, toh
 kya yeh nahi ho sakta ke police ke
 paas gawaah bhi ho?

Shakeel lowers his mic, and the room fills with murmurs as
 all eyes turn to Jagatpal, awaiting his response.

JAGATPAL
 Mera Haroon aur Yousuf Khan ke saath
 koi dushmani nahi hai, magar Yousuf
 Khan ko mujhse dushmani hai kyunki
 woh kuch saal pehle meri ek IT company
 mein kaam karta tha. Phir humne
 discover kiya ke woh company ka
 sensitive information doosri firms
 aur companies ko bech raha tha. Iske
 alawa, woh ek zabardast hacker aur
 programmer bhi tha, jo doosron ke
 credit cards aur accounts se choti
 choti choriyaan karta tha aur identity
 theft mein bhi uska haath tha.

(MORE)

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

In sab cheezon ko madde nazar rakhte hue maine mera company kaa director use jail bhi bhijwaya. Isliye woh ab mujhse inteqaam lena chahta hai. Aur rahi baat Beam Singh ke qatal ke gawaah ke baare mein, toh woh dou din baad court mein maloom ho jayega.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jagatpal sits with Malik and a couple of his top men who manage both his legal and illegal operations.

JAGATPAL

(taking a sip from
his drink)

Hamein Ranjeet ko dhoondhna hoga kyunki Beam Singh ke qatl ka chashmadeed gawaah sirf woh hai.

MALIK

Woh Yousuf Khan ke haveli mein apni biwi aur bachon ke saath settle ho gaya hai.

JAGATPAL

Iska matlab yeh hai ke hum court ke din tak usay kuch nahi kar sakte.

MALIK

Phir, hum usse us din, adalat pahunchne se pehle hi maar denge.

JAGATPAL

Gentlemen! Yeh hamara aakhri mauqa hai. Agar yeh haath se nikal gaya, humein baqi zindagi jail mein guzarni hogi.

MALIK

Hum apne aadmiyon ko is sheher ke har intersection aur road jo adalat ki taraf jaata hai, kaam par laga denge.

JAGATPAL

Malik! Tum is kaam ka khud supervise karo. Kyunki agar main jail gaya, to tum bhi nahi bachoge.

MALIK

Main poori koshish karunga. There'll be a total recall, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HAROON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yousuf Khan, Haroon, and Salim are seated on chairs, discussing their next move.

YOUSUF KHAN

Haroon Sahab! Aap ki bulletproof Land Cruiser Ranjeet ko court le jaane ke liye tayyar hai?

HAROON

Gadi to tayyar hai. Magar mera plan yeh hai ke Ranjeet ko Land Cruiser mein nahi, balki ek aur gadi mein lekar court jayenge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Yeh kaisa plan hai? Main samjha nahi.

HAROON

Dushman jaanta hai ke hamare paas yeh bulletproof car hai. Isliye woh apni sari taqat aur force istemaal karke is gadi ko destroy karne ki koshish karega.

SALIM

Humne bhi ek bulletproof gadi apne garage mein banayi hai. I mean, made in India.

HAROON

Yeh tumhara made in India safe hai ke nahi?

SALIM

Sir! Aap chinta na karein. Hamare garage mein banayi gayi gadi, ek ARMORED CARRIER hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Phir theek hai. Ranjeet ko Salim ki gadi mein court le jayenge.

HAROON

Khan bhai, tum ek BULLDOZER ka bhi band-o-bast karo.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Kyunki jab dushman hamare raastey band karne ki koshish karega, hum Bulldozer ke saath sadak ki naka bandi tod denge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Good idea, brother. Kal subah tak bulldozer ka band-o-bast ho jayega. Now let's go and see Salim's bulletproof vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIM AND MALHOTRA'S GARAGE - DAY

Haroon, Salim, and Yousuf Khan are standing beside a Mini-Van that is mostly covered with a gray cloth.

SALIM

(taking off the cover
from the vehicle)

Yeh lijiye, Bhai Sahab! A bulletproof VOLKSWAGEN Mini-Van with a TATA engine.

Salim opens one of the doors of the vehicle and gets in.

INT. OLD VOLKSWAGEN MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

As Haroon and Khan get inside the van, we see metal panels welded on almost all sides of the van's body, along with four computer monitors installed inside.

SALIM

(opening the sunroof)

Sunroof ke alawa, is gaadi mein close-circuit cameras bhi hain, jin ke zariye hum chaaron taraf ko monitor kar sakte hain.

HAROON

Peeche ke windshield ko toh aapne aasani se metal panel ke zariye cover kiya hai. Magar woh saamne ka sheesha bulletproof karna thoda mushkil hai. So, zara batayein, yeh kaam aapne kaise kar diya?

SALIM

Uske liye maine metal panels ko hoods ke upar install karke, drivers ke dekhne ke liye rectangular sooraakh aur shooting karne ke liye chhote-chhote holes chhod diye hain.

Salim gets out of the van followed by Haroon and Khan.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

They go to the front of the van, and Salim opens a large rectangular iron panel welded on the vehicle's hood. He pulls the metal panel up, covering the windshield.

SALIM

Yeh dekhein, Haroon Sahab.

YOUSUF KHAN

Wah Salim bhai! Wah! Tumhein toh defense ministry mein hona chahiye.

HAROON

Aur kya kya features hain is gaadi mein?

SALIM

Maine Japanese Coaster ka AC is van mein laga diya hai. Isse hum ise Mumbai ke garmi mein bhi use kar sakte hain.

YOUSUF KHAN

Tumhare paas bandook hai?

SALIM

Hamaare paas 5 bandookein hain, jo clinic ke opening ke din jab jang hui thi, mere aadmi dushmano se ghaneemat li thi.

YOUSUF KHAN

Insha'Allah, is gaadi mein hum Ranjeet ko gawaahi dene ke liye court tak aasani se le jaayenge.

HAROON

Phir bhi humein soch samajh kar kaam karna hoga, kyunki hamaare paas bandook aur goliyaan bohot kam hain.

YOUSUF KHAN

Bandook aur goliyaan ka kaam aap mujh par chhod dijiye. Kal 11:00 baje Jagatpal ka court hearing hai aur aaj raat hum sab mere ghar mein tayyariyan karke, kal subah 7 baje court ke taraf rawana ho jaayenge.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT, YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Yousuf Khan, Salim, and a couple of their men are in a dimly-lit basement. Khan places his hand on the wall and turns on a switch.

The basement gets illuminated. Khan moves toward the opposite wall where a map of India is hanging. He takes the map down, revealing an old closet. Khan opens it, showing a few used suits, shirts, and pants.

Reaching behind one of the suits, he grabs a small hidden handle and turns it to the right. Another closet, this one full of weapons—AK-47s, pistols, hand grenades, and ammunition—slides open.

YOUSUF KHAN

(to Salim & his men)

Yeh hai Malik ka ek ammunition depot
jo mere paas rakha tha. Dou teen
mahiney pehle, yeh hathiyaar hum
Malik ke kehne par mulk mein fasad
karne ke liye istemal karte the.
Magar aaj, isey mulk ko bachane ke
liye apni marzi se use karenge.

SALIM

(amazed)

Mashallah, Khan bhai! Yeh toh bohot
achha hua. Hamari imaan ke saath
saath, ab jang ke samaan aur asbaab
bhi hain.

Khan takes the guns and ammunition from the closet and passes them to Salim and his men.

YOUSUF KHAN

Ab Jagatpal aur uske aadmi qanoon
aur hamare haath se nahi bachenge.

Salim and his men, now armed to the teeth, walk out of the basement.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

In the backyard, Yousuf Khan, Osman, and the others are arming themselves. Haroon enters with a woman in a BURQA.

OSMAN

Sawere sawere, babi ko kahan jaana
hai?

HAROON

Yeh tumhari babi nahi, balki kisi ka
pati hai.

RANJEET

(removing his burqa
and niqab)

Haroon sahab sach bol rahe hain.
Main patni nahi, pati hoon. Bibi aur
bachcha ko maine secretly unki maa
ke ghar bheja hai.

Everyone bursts into laughter.

HAROON

(to Yousuf Khan)

Woh bulldozer kahan gaya?

YOUSUF KHAN

Karim Khan bulldozer ko le kar aa
raha hai. Thoda aur sabr karo.

(beat)

The roar of a heavy machine is heard.
Everyone rushes outside the house.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

On the street, a BULLDOZER approaches and stops near Khan's
house. Karim gets off the driver's seat of the bulldozer.

YOUSUF KHAN

Brother Haroon! This is the beast
you asked for.

HAROON

So, let's go. We need to take the
witness to court as early as possible.

YOUSUF KHAN

Inspector Sahil Khan bhi hamare phone
ka intezaar kar raha hai. Maine usko
message kar diya hai, sab intezaam ho
chuka hai. Jahan dushman ka firepower
hum par pressure dalega, hum Khan aur
uske sipahiyan se madad mangenge.

HAROON

Great! Main aur Karim Khan bulldozer
mein jayenge. Osman, Kabir, aur uske
dost meri Land Cruiser le jayenge.
Tum, Ranjeet ko le kar, Salim ke van
mein aao. Agar hum par hamla hota
hai, tum right side le lena. Osman
aur Kabir left side sambhalenge. Jo
bhi samne ayega, main aur Karim
bulldozer se uda denge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Theek hai. Tum aur Karim bulldozer
le lo.

HAROON

Then, let's go. We have guns, hand
grenades, and ammunition. We can
communicate via our cell phones.

Taking some food, bottled water, and ammunition, the men get into their assigned vehicles. Karim starts the bulldozer, leading the way, followed by the others.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ASPHALTED STREET - MORNING

Karim Khan drives the bulldozer at the front of a small convoy, with Haroon sitting beside him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN VARIOUS SCENES:

INT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Osman, Kabir, and three other men are in the Land Cruiser, following the bulldozer along the asphalted road.

INT. SALIM KHAN'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Salim, Yousuf Khan, Ranjeet, and a couple of other men sit in the van, driving behind the Land Cruiser.

A TAXI passes from the opposite direction on the street.

Yousuf Khan checks for potential threats on the computer screens, which display video feeds from the cameras installed in their van.

A TOYOTA PICKUP with two men in the back approaches from behind, overtaking Salim's van. Large bags sit in front of each man. As they reach the side of the Land Cruiser, one of the men pulls out an RPG-7 from the bag, while the other grabs a MACHINE GUN.

Osman, driving the Land Cruiser, suddenly slows down as he spots the armed men. Salim maneuvers his van to the right and also notices the armed occupants in the pickup.

SALIM

(to one of his men)

Ashraf bhai, uda do saloun ko.

Ashraf, already standing up through the sunroof, opens fire with his AK-47. One of the attackers is killed instantly.

The second thug prepares to fire the RPG.

Ashraf fires his machine gun, but the vehicle's speed and movements make it difficult for him to aim accurately. Frustrated by the missed shots, he quickly pulls the safety pin of a hand grenade and hurls it at the remaining attacker in the pickup.

The grenade explodes, injuring the thug. Disoriented and in pain, the attacker fires the RPG blindly. The rocket misses the Land Cruiser and slams into the wall of a nearby house on the side of the street.

Salim overtakes the pickup, forcing its driver to slow down as he reduces the van's speed.

Ranjeet, sitting in the back of the van with an AK-47, has a clear view of the pickup and its driver through a small firing window.

RANJEET

Es haramkhor ko main maarunga.

Ranjeet fires several shots. Bullets shatter the windshield and hit the driver. The pickup veers out of control and crashes into a tree on the left side of the road.

EXT. ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF A SLUM - LATER

Haroon's bulldozer crosses a road going through the middle of a slum.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER CABIN - CONTINUOUS

With an AK47 between his two legs and an iPhone in his right hand, Haroon is making a call.

INT. INSIDE SALIM KHAN'S VAN -

Yousuf Khan's phonerings showing Haroon's name on the screen. Khan answers the phone.

YOUSUF KHAN

Han, bolou Haroon bhai.

HAROON (O.S.)

Where does the firing come from?
Khaireyat to hai?

YOUSUF KHAN

Dushman ka teen adami or eik Pickup
have gone to hell.

INT. BULLDOZER CONTROL CABIN -

From the bulldozer's CONTROL CABIN, Haroon sees a TRUCK capsized with its load of gravel in the middle of the road.

HAROON

(into cell phone)

Eik truck gravel ke sa't rasta band keya hai. Karim Khan osko rastey sey oradega. But, you should be ready for a potentially dangerous situation.

YOUSUF KHAN (O.S.)

Ham tayyar hai.

Karim Khan drives the bulldozer toward the truck lowering its blade. As the bulldozer pushes the truck to the side and cleans the gravel scattered on the road, we hear the sound of firing and see bullets hitting and ricocheting the blade of the bulldozer.

EXT. BEHIND A HALF-DESTROYED WALL - SLUM - CONTINUOUS

A man is firing toward the bulldozer with a MACHINE GUN.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER CABIN -

Haroon opens fire at the shooter who is firing from behind the wall, but misses the target.

Haroon gets off the bulldozer. With a grenade in the right hand and a pistol in the left, he marches forward cowering behind the blade of the bulldozer until he reaches near the half-destroyed wall.

Haroon removes his HAND GRENADE's SAFETY PIN and throws it targeting his enemy's position. The grenade explodes behind the wall killing the bad guy.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Exchange of fire between Salim's VAN, the outlaws and the LAND CRUISER traveling on the road.

An RPG grenade impacts a few meters away from Salim's VAN raising dust, smoke, and gunpowder in the sky.

INT. SALIM'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

YOUSUF KHAN

(on the cell phone)

Inspector Khan! Please come to the SLUM area because we've come under attack from the two sides of the street.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Be careful not to fire on our vehicles.
We've got a bulldozer, a Land Cruiser and
an old van.

EXT. INSIDE A POLICE JEEP PARKED UNDER A TREE - DAY

SAHIL KHAN

(into cell phone)

We'll be there soon.

Sahil Khan, who is sitting in the front seat of a police jeep, disconnects the phone and turns his face towards his driver.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

Deepak gadey start karo or Pant Nagar
ke taraf jau.

Deepak starts the jeep and hits the road. Another van full of police force follows Sahil Khan's Jeep whose sirens are wailing.

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET CROSSING THROUGH THE SLUM - LATER

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Haroon's bulldozer and the other two bulletproof vehicles are being showered with bullets from behind the walls and windows of a couple of rugged houses in which the outlaws have taken position.

Karim Khan drives the bulldozer toward a house from which several bad guys fire at him.

HAROON

Khan bhai? Uss haweelay par civilians hai.

KARIM KHAN

Udar civilians kam or villains zeyada
hai. Aur iss waqt hamey apney jaan
ko bachana hai.

The bulldozer destroys the wall of the house killing two of the bad guys with its blade. Three other outlaws try to escape into one of the rooms of the house. But, Haroon targets them with his AK 47.

Karim Khan puts the bulldozer blade on the window of a room on the second floor of an OLD HOUSE from which two men are firing. The room is demolished and the bad guys collapse with the rubble.

Haroon and Karim Khan open fire on the remaining outlaws, riddling them with bullets. During the exchange of gunfire, Haroon is struck by two bullets, but his bulletproof vest protects him.

A man with RPG 7 appears from the roof of the neighboring house. He targets the bulldozer but before he pulls the trigger, Haroon sees him.

HAROON
 (taking his gun in one
 hand and a grenade in the
 other calls Karim Khan
 loudly)
 Khan Bhai jump.

The RPG is fired hitting the bulldozer and putting it ablaze, but Haroon and Karim Khan have already vacated the machine jumping on the ground.

While Haroon leaves the bulldozer jumping, he fires several bullets toward the man who is trying to reload the RPG. One of the bullets hit the RPG ammunition causing it to explode in the hand of the thug turning him into pieces in the air.

Haroon crawls toward the rubble of a nearby house. He attempts to stand and peer over the debris to get a view of the street, but a bullet strikes his helmet, knocking him back down.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (staying down on his
 chest on the ground)
 Khan bhai sar neechai karo or helna mat.

Haroon takes off his helmet and puts it on the barrel of his gun, he raises the helmet slowly upper and upper. Another bullet hits the helmet denting the place it impacts. Haroon reaches for his phone and starts calling.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE SALIM'S VAN - DAY

Yousuf Khan is sitting in the bulletproof VAN looking at monitors showing outside videos recorded by the cameras installed in the VEHICLE. Khan's cell phone starts ringing.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (answering the phone)
 Bolo Haroon!

HAROON
 Our bulldozer has been destroyed and
 we are trapped in a demolished house.

YOUSUF KHAN

Don't worry. We will reach there and
ease the pressure on you soon.

EXT. VAN ON THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bullets hit the VAN ricocheting here and there.

BACK TO:

EXT. ON THE RUBBLES OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Haroon and Karim are still lying down on their chests.
Haroon's phone starts ringing. He reaches for it to answer.

HAROON

(seeing Sahil Khan's
name on the cell
phone's screen)

Hello inspector.

SAHIL KHAN (O.S.)

Main houn sub-inspector Sahil Khan.
Ham porani bastey mey poanch gahey
hain. A'p kedar hai?

HAROON

Ham eik destroyed bulldozer ke pass
sarak ke kenarey mey hai.

We hear the sirens of the police car.

HAROON (CONT'D)

I can hear the sirens of your car.
So you should be near us.

EXT. STREET CROSSING THROUGH A SLUM - DAY

Scores of armed Policemen move out of their vehicles in two
groups taking position behind their cars on the two sides of
the street.

INT. BEHIND THE BROKEN WINDOW OF A ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two armed men, one with an RPG and the other with an AK47,
crouch behind a broken window. The first is young and
cleanshaven; the second, in his 30s with an unkempt beard.

They exchange nervous glances. The RPG man peeks out and
spots police jeeps and vans parked, with officers spreading
across the area.

THE MAN

SAMIR bhai deir sarey Police agaya hain. Ub kya hoga. Mere pass serf eik RPG Grenade baqi hain. Main to Police par firing nahi karonga aur eske ba'd, yeh MP, Malik kaa kaam bhi chod donga. Woh haraami, hamko a'pne maqsad kehleyeah estemal kartha hain. Main to gaya. Tum bhi jaan bacha loun.

The man drops his RPG and exits the room, followed by his friend who leaves his AK47 behind.

Sahil Khan's jeep arrives in front of the destroyed house. A man with a gun aims at the jeep, but Sahil shoots him first.

Constable Kundan targets another gunman attempting to escape from behind a tree.

SAHIL KHAN

(in to the phone)

Mr. Haroon! I think the area is safe now and you can get out of your hideouts.

EXT. ON THE RUBBLES OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HAROON

(standing on his feet)

OK. We are two people behind the destroyed bulldozer. Please tell your men not to shoot at us.

SAHIL KHAN

(into a megaphone)

Dou aadmi eik destroyed bulldozer ke peechey sey bahar a'raha hai. Kohi unpar firing nahi karega. Woh dono apna adami hai.

Haroon and Karim Khan get out from behind the destroyed bulldozer and go toward Sahil Khan. Reaching close, Haroon shakes hands with the police officer.

HAROON

(introducing Karim)

This is Karim, Yousuf Khan's brother who has helped me a lot in doing my social work here.

SAHIL KHAN
(shaking hands with
Karim Khan)

As salamu Alaikum Khan sahab. Mujhe khoshi hain ke aap loug borahi aur tabahi kaa raasta chod deya hain.

KARIM KHAN
Walaikum As salam. Hum bhi Khuda kaa shukr-guzaar hain.

As Sahil Khan and Karim talk, Haroon calls Yousuf Khan.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE SALIM'S VAN - DAY

YOUSUF KHAN
(into phone)
Edar sab theek hai. Aap ke situation kaisa hai?

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)
(from Khan's cell
phone)
We are good. Sahil Khan aakar humein assist kiya. Dushman ka deir saade aadmi maara gaya aur baaqi bhaag jaane par majboor. I think we're safe now, at least in this area.

YOUSUF KHAN
Agar aisa hai, to humein adalat ki taraf jana hoga.

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)
I and Karim will go on Sahil Khan's Jeep. So let's move as fast as we can. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Malik, Mohan, Vikram Rathod, Sooraj, and some people, including journalists and lawyers, sit in the large courtroom.

Jagatpal stands in the accused box, his defense lawyer, Vikram Rathod, is at the defense table, ready to rebut the Public Prosecutor.

A video showing Beam Singh's killing plays on the TV screen. Jagatpal stands in the accused box. The judge, seated, watches as the Public Prosecutor, a man in his late 50s, begins.

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

(holding a remote)

Your Honor, jaise ke humne abhi video mein dekha, Mr. Jagatpal ne Beam Singh ka be-rehmi se qatl kiya. My Lord, Jagatpal par pehle bhi drugs, guns, aur gold smuggling ke ilzaam lag chuke hain, lekin apni taqat aur paisay ka galat istemal karke hamesha kanoon ki greft se bachta raha hai. Agar aaj yeh phir se bach gaya, toh logon ka qanoon aur adalat par bharosa uth jaayega. That's all, My Lord.

The courtroom murmurs in reaction.

JUDGE

(hammering the gavel)

Order, order! Defense lawyer ko iss video ke baare mein kuch kehna hai?

Vikram Rathod, Jagatpal's defense lawyer, stands and starts his rebuttal.

VIKRAM RATHOD

Thank you, My Lord. Main hoon Vikram Rathod, Jagatpal sahib ka wakeel. Your honor! Mera muakkil, ek izzatdar businessman aur politician hai, jo kisi sazish ka shikar ho gaya hai. Yeh ho sakta hai ke opposition parties iske peeche hon. Jis tarah se Jagatpal sahib pehle bhi drugs aur arms smuggling ke jhoothhe ilzaamon se ba-izzat bari ho chuke hain, yeh video bhi ek digital chal ka hissa hai, taa-ke inko badnaam kiya ja sake. Aur sabse important baat yeh hai, Your Honor, ke iss video ki authenticity ko ek expert certify aur dou reject kar chuke hain.

The Defense Lawyer fetches a few pages from a paper file and walks towards the court clerk, giving the documents to him.

VIKRAM RATHOD (CONT'D)

Yeh hain, Your Honor, the experts' report regarding the authenticity of the video footage shown in court.

The Judge, taking a look at the papers placed on his desk by the court clerk, glances up.

JUDGE

Adaalat yeh jaana chahti hai ke iss video ke alawa, Public Prosecutor ke paas koi chashm-deed gawa hai ke nahi?

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Hain, Your Honor. Magar woh abhi raste mein hain. Aur uske car par qaatelaana hamla bhi huchuka hai.

JUDGE

Agar 15 minutes mein aapka gawaah nahi aaya, toh main iss case ko dismiss kar deta hoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET LEADING TO BOMBAY COURT - DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep drives with Haroon and Karim Khan in the back. Two other Police vehicles follow, sirens blaring, trailed by Haroon's Land Cruiser and Salim's van, flanked by another police vehicle full of armed constables.

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VIKRAM RATHOD

My Lord! Aaj kal ke digital daur mein, kisi video ko manipulate karna bohot aasan hai. Yousuf Khan ke liye aisa video footage banana mushkil nahi hai, kyunki woh ek skillful hacker aur software developer hai. Leaza, Your Honor, agar Beam Singh ke qatl ke liye koi chashm-deed gawaah maujood nahi hai, toh main iss adaalat se darkhast karta hoon ke mere muakkil ko ba-izzat bari kiya jaye. That's all, Your Honor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING OF BOMBAY COURT - DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep, followed by other vehicles, enters the court parking. Haroon's Land Cruiser pulls up beside Sahil's jeep.

WIDE SHOT: Two young men, dressed as lawyers, step out from the back seat of a HONDA SEDAN.

CLOSE-UP: The driver, a skinny man in his early 30s, lowers himself to open the car's trunk.

CLOSE IN ON the trunk as one man pulls out an RPG (Rocket Launcher), and the other grabs an AK-47. The man with the AK-47 immediately starts firing at Haroon's Land Cruiser, while his partner takes aim with the RPG.

Haroon, monitoring the area from Sahil Khan's jeep, reacts swiftly. He fires his pistol, killing the man with the AK-47. However, the thug with the RPG manages to fire before Haroon can stop him. The bulletproof Land Cruiser is hit and erupts into flames.

INT./EXT. HAROON'S LAND CRUISER - Osman throws himself out from the driver's seat, narrowly escaping the blaze.

Kabir emerges from the back seat, but he's badly burned and blackened from the blast. He collapses to the ground.

Sahil Khan joins Haroon, both returning fire. They manage to seriously injure the RPG-wielding attacker. The driver of the Honda tries to flee, but Haroon lands a precise shot to his temple, killing him instantly.

As Salim's van and an additional police jeep arrive, armed policemen fan out, securing the area.

Yousuf Khan, Salim, and their men exit their van, forming a protective shield around Ranjeet, who has now removed his burqa. They rush toward the courtroom.

Sahil Khan sprints toward the injured man who fired the RPG.

SAHIL KHAN
(lifting the man from
the ground)
Tumhara naam?

INJURED MAN
Jabbar.

SAHIL KHAN
Dekho Jabbar, tum mar rahe ho. Mera
baat mano aur marne se pehle ek accha
kaam karo.

JABBAR
Kaisa kaam?

SAHIL KHAN
Adalat mein gawaahi dekar batao ke tumne
kiski kehne par Haroon ka Land Cruiser
RPG se uda diya.

(MORE)

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

Waise bhi, Ranjeet jo Beam Singh ke
qatl ka gawaah hai, Land Cruiser mein
nahi tha.

JABBAR

(moaning, breathing
with difficulty)

Abh kya faida?

SAHIL KHAN

Naam se toh tum Musalman lagte ho.
Ho sakta hai iss sachchi gawaahi ke
liye, Allah tumhare gunaahon ka bojh
halka kar de.

JABBAR

Tum theek keh rahe ho, Inspector. Chalo,
mujhe jaldi adalat mein le chalo.

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

(to the public
prosecutor)

Time dene ke bawajood, aapka gawaah
adalat mein hazir nahi hua. Isliye
mujhe apna faisla sunana padega.

The judge is about to continue when the courtroom door swings open with a creak. All eyes turn as Yousuf Khan, Haroon, and Ranjeet stride into the room, their expressions resolute.

YOUSUF KHAN

Your Honor! Gawaah hazir hai. Jagatpal
aur Malik ke aadmiyon ne humara rasta
rokne ki bohot koshish ki. Isliye hume
unse ladhai karni padi. Unhone toh court
parking mein bhi RPG se humari gaadi par
firing ki, jisme humare kuch saathiyoun
zakhmi aur shaheed ho gaye.

Ranjeet steps forward. He walks toward the witness box with steady steps as a court staff member brings out the Gita.

RANJEET

(placing his hand on
the book)

Main sach kahunga aur sach ke siwa
kuch nahi kahunga.

Ranjeet faces the judge, meeting his gaze with confidence.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Your Honor, main hoon Ranjeet, jo Jagatpal ke liye kaam karta tha. Lekin Haroon aur Yousuf Khan ki imandari dekh kar, maine bhi sachai ka raasta chuna. Jagatpal ne Beam Singh ka khoon mere saamne kiya, aur uss waqt maine khud apne iPhone se video banayi thi.

Suddenly, the doors open again. SAHIL KHAN walks in, supporting JABBAR, who limps with visible injuries.

SAHIL KHAN

(to the judge)

Sorry for being late, Your Honor. Main ek aur gawaah laya hoon. Yeh hai Jabbar, jo abhi abhi adalat ke parking area mein RPG se dou begunah logon ko maar chuka hai. I kindly request that he be allowed to testify in this case.

JUDGE

Ijazat hai.

Sahil helps Jabbar into the witness box. Jabbar, struggling to breathe, begins speaking with difficulty.

JABBAR

(in a raspy voice)

Judge sahab! Main marne wala hoon. Magar marne se pehle, main gawahi dena chahta hoon ke maine Mr. Malik ke kehne par adalat ke building ke saamne ek silver Land Cruiser ko RPG se uda diya.

Jabbar coughs, pausing before raising a trembling finger, pointing directly at MALIK.

JABBAR (CONT'D)

Judge sahab! Yeh aadmi—Malik—mujhe paisa de kar Ranjeet ka qatal karne ka supaari diya tha. Usne yeh bhi kaha tha ke Haroon ki Land Cruiser bulletproof hai, aur mujhe usse RPG se uda dena chahiye. Aur RPG ko bhi Malik ne khud mujhe supply kiya tha.

The courtroom erupts into shocked murmurs and gasps.

YOUSUF KHAN

(shouting from the corner)

Your Honor! Meri giraftari ka bhi hukm de dijiye. Main Malik ke saath kaam karta tha teen mahine pehle. Aur uske khilaf mere paas sabot bhi hain.

Yousuf walks toward the bench and pulls a flash drive from his pocket, handing it to the court clerk.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(in English)

Your Honor, Mr. Malik is an MP. His duty is to make laws for the good of this country. But instead, he's involved in rape, murder, extortion, and smuggling drugs and guns.

The noise in the courtroom intensifies as people chatter in disbelief.

JUDGE

(banging the gavel)

Order! Order! Saboot aur gawaahon ke bayanat ko madde nazar rakhte hue, yeh adalat Mr. Jagatpal ko Beam Singh ke qatal ka zimmedar qarar deti hai. Indian Penal Code ke dafaa 302 ke tehat, Mr. Jagatpal ko saza-e-maut-hanged until death-sunayi jaati hai. Mr. Malik ko 20 saal qaid ba-mashaqqat ki saza di jaati hai. Yousuf Khan, jo Malik jaise gunahgaron aur desh-drohiyon ko expose karke qanoon ki madad kar chuka hai, uski saza mein takhfeef ki jaati hai. Isliye, Mr. Khan ko sirf cheh mahine ki jail ki saza milti hai. The court is adjourned.

The Judge rises, banging his gavel. But Jagatpal moves swiftly, pulling a small pistol from his left sock and firing at Haroon.

A bullet strikes Haroon in the head, but his helmet absorbs the impact.

Without a moment's hesitation, Sahil Khan draws his weapon and fires two clean shots at Jagatpal - one hitting his neck, the other his chest. Jagatpal collapses to the floor, moaning and clutching his nick wound.

Haroon dashes toward him, snatching his pistol.

Jagatpal, enraged and flabbergasted, struggles to speak.

JAGATPAL

You bastard! You're lucky, like a cat with nine lives. I had a bulletproof vest, but even that couldn't save me.

Haroon, grinning widely, removes the helmet camouflaged under a large handkerchief from his head and shows it to Jagatpal.

HAROON

I'm human, not a cat. A species that
uses its wisdom to trap a rat.

Jagatpal, lying in a pool of blood, eyes wide open, stutters and struggles to breathe. As he gasps in the throes of death, his body falls lifeless in the middle of the court.

Malik, frozen in place, attempts to flee, but a nearby officer quickly restrains him. Malik is cuffed and escorted out of the courtroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL JAIL'S MAIN GATE - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

The GATE of the Central Jail in Mumbai creaks open. Yousuf Khan steps out, carrying a small handbag.

Waiting for him outside are Haroon, Nazaneen, Karim, and Dr. Maryam. Smiles spread across their faces as they move forward to greet him. The men embracing Yousuf one by one.

HAROON

(playfully introducing
Dr. Maryam)

Ensey meloun. Yeh hai Dr. Maryam,
tumharey bhabhi ke sahily. Main to
Nazaneen sey shadi keya jo Sooraj ke
biwi ke sahiley tee. Tum issi sey
shadi karon jo donoun ke sahiley hai.

Dr. Maryam blushes as laughter erupts from the group.

Haroon leads Yousuf to a Land Cruiser parked nearby. They pile in and drive off into the bustling Mumbai streets, leaving the prison behind.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.

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