

IN PURSUIT OF LOVE
A Spec TV Series
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN KABUL - DAY

SERIES OF ANGLES

Two TOYOTA PICKUPS loaded with armed, bearded Taliban, wearing black turbans and carrying AK-47s, PK MACHINE-GUNS, and RPG ROCKETS, patrol the streets.

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

A few men and women, dressed in SHALWAR-KAMEES and BURQAS, walk along the pavement in front of a RESTAURANT.

A man from the Taliban's religious police calls out to the crowd through a MEGAPHONE.

THE MAN

(in Pashto, subtitled)

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Kabul, the once-thriving capital of Afghanistan. Half a century ago, this city boasted clean, spacious streets, electric buses, and efficient public transportation. It was a melting pot of diverse religious and ethnic communities, coexisting in peace and harmony. But today, the narrative has drastically changed. Decades of conflict, particularly under Taliban rule, have left a profound impact, making life increasingly challenging for minority groups. Among them, the Hindu and Sikh communities have a long history in Kabul and other Afghan cities, with many having already sought refuge elsewhere. However, some of the remaining families are still navigating the complexities of their ever-evolving surroundings.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A HOUSE - NIGHT

Two bearded men in their 30s, armed with AK-47s and wearing black turbans, approach the IRON GATE of a TWO-STORY HOUSE.

One of them presses the button of a DOOR BELL on the top right corner of the gate.

After a short pause, he presses the bell once again.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Who is it?

ONE OF THE ARMED MEN

We are the Taliban. Open the door.

A SMALL DOOR on the right side of the IRON GATE opens.

The two armed TALIBAN, concealing their faces with parts of their turbans, rush into the house's front yard.

INT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Talib 1 points his gun from a distance of about three meters at a tall, bearded man, 35, wearing Shalwar Kamees.

Talib 2 closes the gate and moves closer to the frightened man.

TALIB 2

Your name?

THE FRIGHTENED MAN

MADAN MALHOTRA.

TALIB 2

Mr. Malhotra, we're here to let you know that we've been hearing music and songs from your house for the last few days. Are you aware that the law of the Islamic Emirate considers singing and listening to music as sins?

MALHOTRA

Maybe my little son tuned in to the radio, sir. Please forgive him this time. I'll handle the situation personally to ensure he doesn't commit this sin again.

TALIB 2

No need to worry. We'll forgive him, but you need to make amends for it.

MALHOTRA

How?

TALIB 2

By paying a fine. Let's say \$10,000.00.

MALHOTRA
 (swallowing nervously)
 Ten thousand dollars!

TALIB 2
 Mr. Malhotra! You're a successful
 businessman, and you know that there is a
 price tag for everything. By the way,
 what's that Hindi maxim which says: *Kuch
 Pahne ke liyeh* -

The Talib pauses, signaling with his hand towards
 Malhotra to complete the remaining part of the Maxim.

MALHOTRA
 (in Hindi, subtitled)
Kuch kohna parta hai.

TALIB 2
 Yes. That's it. To gain something, you
 must lose something. Right?

MALHOTRA
 Absolutely.

TALIB 2
 You know, I really like this Hindi proverb
 since it reminds me of the past, the bygone
 days in this country. Those days when
 there was peace, no war. There was care
 and sympathy, no apathy. Love and sincerity
 took precedence over hatred and enmity.
 And in those peaceful times, we went to
 the cinema theater to watch Indian movies.

MALHOTRA
 You've got to be kidding, sir. Religious
 figures like you wouldn't go to the movies.

TALIB 2
 I'm serious. I was not that religious in
 the past. By the way, what great music
 those old Indian movies had! The lyrics
 of the songs were full of similes and
 metaphors. To display the beauty of the
 heroine, elegant INDIAN SARIES were used.
 But, Mr. Malhotra!

MALHOTRA
 Yes, Mawlawi Sahab.

TALIB 2
 It's said that today's Indian movies are
 full of naked body parts.

MALHOTRA

That's somewhat true, sir.

TALIB 2

(with a wide grin)

Anyway, it further testifies that we, humankind, do almost anything for money.

(beat)

By the way, why am I telling you all these things? We've come here to take a fine from you. Actually, not a fine, a charity since you've not helped the Taliban in any way despite living in this country. So, we're gonna come tomorrow night, and it's incumbent upon you to provide us with the said \$10,000.00.

MALHOTRA

OK, sir.

Both intruders walk towards the house gate, but before opening the door, the one who did all the talking with Malhotra looks back and says:

TALIB 2

Mr. Malhotra! I know that giving money, particularly American dollars, is very hard and unpleasant. But I also know that you love your wife and son and put their safety and health ahead of your wealth.

Momentarily, both men get out of Malhotra's house.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. SPACIOUS BEDROOM - MORNING

SHANTI, the 30-year-old beautiful wife of Malhotra, gently holds the arm of her husband, who is sleeping on their luxurious bed.

SHANTI
(slowly shaking her
husband's arm)
Aren't you taking Haron to school today?

MALHOTRA
(rubbing his eyes
with the back of his
thumbs)
Hold on, Shanti. From today, Haron won't
be going to school.

SHANTI
(concerned)
Why? Is there a problem?

MALHOTRA
You know, ever since the Taliban took
over, there's more preaching than teaching
at schools. So, a few days off shouldn't
be a big issue.

SHANTI
Alright, it's your decision. I'll head to
the kitchen to prepare your breakfast.

MALHOTRA
I don't have time now. I need to go to
the office and meet my business associate.
I think it's best for us to leave this
country as soon as possible. By the way,
Shanti, when Haron's music teacher comes,
pay him and let him know our son won't be
studying music anymore.

SHANTI
Sure, dear. I'll take care of it.

EXT. STREET IN DOWNTOWN KABUL - DAY

Malhotra drives a new white Toyota Corolla through the streets of downtown Kabul.

He parks the car in front of a DEALERSHIP, marked by a sign reading: "KHAN'S MOTORS" above the entrance.

INT. CAR SHOWROOM - MORNING

Malhotra enters the showroom, where the vibrant colors of new and used Toyota models catch the eye.

He approaches the reception counter, where JAMAL, a young bearded man of 23 with a black turban, is seated.

MALHOTRA
 (extending his hand
 to Jamal)
 Good morning, Jamal. Is Mr. Khan back
 from Kandahar?

JAMAL
 Yes, he's in his office.

Malhotra maneuvers through the showroom, weaving among a couple of cars to the right corner of the structure, reaching a door marked "ZALMAY KHAN, Sales Manager."

He knocks, and a man from inside responds.

THE MAN (O.S.)
 (in Pashto, subtitled)
 Raza.
 (*Come in.*)

Malhotra opens the door. As he enters, our view shifts to a man with black and white hair in his late 40s, wearing SHALWAR KAMEEZ, sitting on a revolving chair behind a large desk in the corner of a spacious and well-furnished office room.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MALHOTRA
 (walking towards the
 man)
 Good morning, ZALMAY KHAN.

ZALMAY KHAN
 (getting up from his
 chair)
 Morning, Mr. Malhotra. How is life treating
 you these days?

MALHOTRA
 This "walking shadow" has made me "a poor
 player" upon the world's stage.

Malhotra walks closer to Zalmay Khan and shakes hands with him. Then, he sits on a couch opposite him.

ZALMAY KHAN

You seem troubled. Tell me, how can I help?

MALHOTRA

I believe the only solution is to leave this country.

ZALMAY KHAN

You've got to be kidding.

MALHOTRA

No, I'm serious. Two men claiming to be Taliban showed up at my house last night, demanding ten thousand dollars. That's why I'm asking you to buy my house and my shares in the dealership so I can leave for Canada.

ZALMAY KHAN

Are you for real?

MALHOTRA

Yes. I want to sell everything and move to Canada. As you know, last year I went there on business with my family, and I bought new and used Corollas that were shipped here. This time, when I arrive, I'm gonna apply for asylum in Toronto.

ZALMAY KHAN

Listen, buddy, the real estate market in Kabul is on life support right now, but don't worry—it's not dead yet. Once this Taliban situation cools down, I'll sell your fancy house and transfer the money straight to your account. But whatever you do, don't talk about ending our partnership. I'll even throw in 20 million dollars. Go to Canada, start fresh. Those Canadian-made Toyota Corollas? Huge demand here in Afghanistan. Ship them over, and we'll expand the business together.

MALHOTRA

Sounds like a plan. But what about the issue with those unwelcome guests? My son and wife's lives are on the line here.

ZALMAY KHAN

No worries. I'm a Kandahar native, and I've got connections with high-ranking Taliban.

(MORE)

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)

When those fellas show up tonight, you give 'em the green light to take whatever they want. My crew and I will snatch them up on the street outside your crib.

MALHOTRA

Perfect! This way, my family stays safe and sound.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

Malhotra sits behind a desk in his study room, sifting through papers and files.

Illuminated by a lantern, his workspace is filled with various documents—property deeds, vital company records, and an array of bank statements.

As the "iron tongue" of an antique wall-mounted CLOCK in Malhotra's study strikes midnight, the doorbell rings, echoing through the house.

Malhotra retrieves a plastic bag from the drawer, stands up, and grabs the LANTERN. He exits the study room.

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malhotra descends the stairs, heading toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He crosses the living room, opens the exit door, and steps into the front yard.

EXT. MALHOTRA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The lantern in one hand and the plastic bag of dollars in the other, Malhotra walks through the dimly lit front yard, his steps echoing in the quiet night.

As he reaches the gate, he sets the lantern down, then unlocks the small door without a moment's hesitation.

Suddenly, the two Taliban, concealing their faces with parts of their black turbans, burst in.

Talib 1 stands guard, while the other approaches Malhotra.

TALIB 2

(in Pashto, subtitled)

It's good that the sky is cloudy, no moon and no power to illuminate. So, where's the money?

MALHOTRA

(sarcastically)

To reach the helm of power, you destroyed most of the power-generating equipment and blew up their towers across the country. So, tonight is your luckiest night; even that Farsi proverb, 'Maa keh duzd misheim, shab mahtaab maybaraya,' doesn't seem to apply to you.

TALIB 2

(looking at his friend)

Did you see Akhtar? Tonight, this damn Hindu is impolite. Shall I put a bullet in his mouth and end his living delight?

AKHTAR

Leave him. Firing a bullet might expose us. He seems like a miser who is ready to give his life, but not his money. The Farsi proverb that says: "Adam-e- gushna raa, naanasha begee, Jaanasha, ney," applies to him.

TALIB 2

(snatching the money bag from Malhotra's hand and examining a few bundles of the \$100 notes)

Akhtar, I got the money. So let's get out of here.

The two Taliban exit Malhotra's villa.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE MALHOTRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As soon as the two Taliban exit Malhotra's villa, the voice of a man ordering them to stop is heard.

THE MAN (O.S.)

(in Pashto, subtitled)

Hands up and drop your weapons.

Three armed men emerge from their positions. They disarm the Taliban.

Zalmay Khan and Jamal approach from the other side of the street. They search the captured men and retrieve Malhotra's money from the pocket of one of them.

TALIB 2

(in Pashto/ subtitled)

This Hindu's money is HALAL for us.

ZALMAY KHAN

Shut up, you swine. Due to the bad deeds of Muslims like you, our good religion has been defamed. No religion prescribes breaking into other people's houses and taking their money or any belongings by force.

TALIB 2

You're a Muslim, but taking sides with a Hindu.

ZALMAY KHAN

Yes. I take sides with this Hindu because he worships his own deity truly from the core of his heart. But Muslims like you do not worship Allah; instead, they prostrate for money.

Zalmay Khan uncovers the Talib's face by taking off his turban.

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)

Do you guys pray?

TALIB #2

Yes, we pray five times a day.

ZALMAY KHAN

Any prayer that does not restrain from shameful and unjust deeds is not the right prayer. When the heart and intentions are corrupt, even prayer gives nothing.

(beat)

Why do you steal even though you call yourselves Taliban?

TALIB #2

We weren't stealing, we just fined him for not abiding by the Islamic Emirate's laws.

ZALMAY KHAN

Who the hell are you to apply the law?

(MORE)

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)

The law and order are maintained and applied by the police and the court... Anyway, who is your commander?

TALIB #1

Our commander is not here. He has gone to Pakistan.

ZALMAY KHAN

(to his men)

Keep an eye on them until I come back, returning Malhotra's money. We will decide what to do with them later.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - 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 - DAY

The hum of the engines continues as Malhotra, Shanti, and their 13-year-old son, HARON, gather their belongings from the overhead compartment. The cabin is alive with the sound of passengers preparing to disembark.

HARON

(glancing out the window)

I can't believe we're out of Afghanistan.

SHANTI

(smiling)

It's just the first step, Haron. A new beginning.

CUT TO:

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.

HARON

(smiling)

This is it! Our new home for a fresh start.

The family exchanges excited, hopeful glances as the plane descends and lands on the runway.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE HOUSE WITH VAST FRONT AND BACKYARDS - DAY

A sprawling HOUSE features a manicured front yard and a winding driveway with two luxury cars parked at the entrance.

The backyard offers lush greenery, a sparkling pool, and a cozy patio, with the serene countryside stretching beyond.

SUPER: "RICHMOND HILL, TORONTO, 13 YEARS LATER"

Malhotra, now sporting gray hair, dons an upscale gray suit with a multicolored tie. He sits at a lavish dining table, perusing the front page of THE DAILY MAIL.

The table is adorned with an assortment of fruits, teacups, bread, boiled eggs, and omelets.

Shanti, adorned in an elegant Indian SARI, her appearance bearing the subtle marks of the years since her time in Afghanistan, gracefully emerges from the kitchen.

In her hands, she carries two cups of freshly squeezed orange juice. With a warm smile, she places one cup in front of Malhotra.

SHANTI

This is for you.

She positions the other cup on the opposite end of the dining table.

SHANTI (CONT'D)

And this one is for Haron.

Malhotra sets the newspaper to his left, directing his attention to Shanti.

MALHOTRA

Where's your pampered son?

SHANTI

He's probably still asleep in his room.
I'll go wake him.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECREATIONAL PARK - DAY

A tall, handsome, athletic young man, about 26, takes a leisurely stroll along the trail of a spacious recreational park filled with vibrant flowers, lush trees, and various types of vegetation.

Suddenly, he collides with a woman. The camera reveals a beautiful Indian girl with long black hair, looking to be in the spring of her twenty-fifth year.

THE GIRL

Sorry, my mistake. No hard feelings.

The girl continues walking, passing the young man who is captivated by her beauty.

THE YOUNG MAN

(turning towards the
girl)

My pleasure, young lady. It was a pretty mistake. I hope you make this mistake again whenever I come to this park.

THE GIRL
(looking back with a
wide grin, showing
her pearly whites)

Keep your fingers crossed for another
encounter.

THE YOUNG MAN
I'll do that, but please, give me a name
and an address.

THE GIRL
"What's in a name?" It's irrelevant to
the affection, passion, or even infatuation
between faithful lovers.

THE YOUNG MAN
Names are at least a means of recognition.
They help us identify and distinguish
each other, which is crucial for
communication and social interaction. So
without a name and an address, how can I
find you?

THE GIRL
True lovers will find each other one way
or another. Often, it's fate that brings
them together.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A king-size bed, draped in exotic paintings and pictures of Hollywood and Bollywood celebrities. A young man sleeps peacefully, face hidden under a white bedsheet.

Shanti arrives at the side of the bed and calls out.

SHANTI

Haron! O Haron! Come on, get up. It's half-past eight. Don't you want to go to the dealership today?

Before long, the bedsheet is removed, revealing the face of HARON MALHOTRA, the same person who accidentally collided with the beautiful girl in the park.

HARON

(raising his hands
overhead and
stretching each sinew)

O mother! You spoiled my romantic dream.
What a nice and sweet dream I was having.

SHANTI

Come on, son. Forget about dreams, face realities.

HARON

No, mother. This was a dream of real and true love in which a pretty girl collided with me accidentally. But you awakened me before I could get her name or address.

SHANTI

Fantastic. At last, you acknowledged that you're in love. So tell me, who is she? How does she look?

HARON

A very beautiful Indian girl had come to my dream. Her long hair was parted in the middle, hanging down to her shoulders, giving off the fragrance of flowers. Her teeth were pearly white and perfectly even. The combination of her face and body was a masterpiece of our creative Creator.

SHANTI

Come on, Haron! Stop reciting poems.
(MORE)

SHANTI (CONT'D)

Your Dad also doesn't like poetry but wants you to be a businessman like him.

HARON

No, mother. I like poetry and music. Living happily is good, but giving happiness to others is even better. That's why I've been studying music and earning a Ph.D. in English literature.

SHANTI

OK. You do whatever you like. But get up now and get ready because your father is waiting for you. He wants you to go to the dealership.

HARON

No, mother. I can't go to the dealership with Dad today since I've to practice and rehearse my new song for our graduation party.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wearing JEANS, a BLUE SHIRT, and NIKE sport shoes, and carrying a GOOD LIFE brand HANDBAG on his right shoulder, and a GUITAR on his left, Haron appears at the entrance of the dining room.

HARON

(smiling and heading
to the dinning table)

Hi Dad. Good morning, Mom.

SHANTI

Morning, son. I'm glad you got ready and came down without wasting much time.

HARON

Time is money, and it shouldn't be wasted, mother! At least, I've...

MALHOTRA

(interrupting his son)

Whatever you're doing now is both a waste of time and money.

HARON

Dad! Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. So I'm pursuing a career based on my interest and enthusiasm. Nothing else.

MALHOTRA

What do you get from studying music or literature? Besides, this new style of singing in which some singers talk during their songs is totally rubbish.

HARON

That's called 'RAP'.

MALHOTRA

That's not rap, but on the face of music, it's a slap. And for the lyric, rhythm, and rhyming of a song, that's a trap.

HARON

Come on, Dad! This attitude of yours is an example of 'generation gap'.

MALHOTRA

My dear son, if you didn't want to follow in my footsteps as a businessman, that's fine. But you could have pursued a career in medicine and become a doctor.

HARON

(taking a sip from
his juice)

Dad! I've already become a doctor, but not an M.D.

MALHOTRA

I hope your major is not music.

HARON

I've gotten my Ph.D. in English Literature from U. of T., and tonight we're having our graduation party in which I'm gonna sing a song.

Haron searches his Good Life Handbag and gets an INVITATION CARD out. He holds the card in both hands and extends it to his father.

HARON (CONT'D)

Here you are, Dad. This is your and Mom's invitation card.

MALHOTRA

I'm sorry to say that I have a very important business meeting tonight. So, I cannot attend your graduation party. But I congratulate you on this great achievement.

HARON

Thank you, Dad.

Munching on some omelet and bread, Haron washes it down with the remnants of his orange juice, and stands up.

SHANTI

(looking at her son)

Please sit down and finish your breakfast.

HARON

No, Mom. I've got to go now; my friends are waiting for me. We have some rehearsals.

SHANTI

Are you coming for lunch?

HARON

No. I'll grab lunch at the university, and then I'm headed to my AIKIDO class in the afternoon. After that, I'll come back and get ready for the graduation party.

Taking his guitar and Good Life Handbag, Haron walks toward the main door of the house, opens it, and steps out.

START 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 in Hindi)

Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil main hain. Ke mere zindagi mushkil main hain. Bhaag jaati woh mere yaadon se. Phir bhi dil koshish-e-baatil 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.

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. The camera captures his concentration and the disciplined environment of the class.

MONTAGE ENDS

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The banquet hall is adorned with twinkling lights and a festive atmosphere. It's packed with young girls, boys, men, and women from the Indian community in Toronto sitting around tables adorned with white napkins.

The event hall is alive with activity. People chatter, laughter echoes, and the atmosphere is festive. On the stage, musical instruments are set up, but there are no visible musicians.

A recorded song plays loudly, filling the air with rhythm and melody.

RECORDED SONG (V.O.)

*Congratulations, on graduation day,
Oh, my darling, love lights our way. I'll
make you mine, in this moment divine,
One day we'll shine, love's brilliant
sign. I keep flying on wishes, my dove,
A celebration of dreams, soaring above.*

Amidst the bustling crowd, a young girl in HINDI SARI engage in a conversation with her companion near the stage.

THE GIRL

Simran, Hey Simran! Where's that good-looking singer friend of yours?

SIMRAN

He should be here by now.

Simran glances toward the entrance door, and as she looks, Haron walks in.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)

Here he is.

Simran rises and heads toward Haron. Upon reaching him, she greets him warmly.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)

Hi Haron. You're late.

HARON

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

SIMRAN

(taking Haron's right
hand & pulling him
toward the stage)

Come on. You promised to sing a song at
our graduation party.

HARON

(while the song still
plays in the
background)

OK, OK. I'm ready to put my promise into
effect.

RECORDED SONG (V.O.)

*"You're my soul, you're my heart",
Come close to me, let the journey start.
Life is fleeting, so come with speed,
In this dance of time, fulfill the need.*

As the recorded song fills the hall, Simran takes the stage. With a smile, she turns off the recorder and steps up to the MICROPHONE.

SIMRAN

Good evening, everyone! Wasn't that a
beautiful song to set the mood? But now,
get ready for a live performance by none
other than our talented Haron Malhotra,
singing in Hindi!

Simran announces, and the crowd cheers anticipating the live performance as musicians and Haron take the stage.

HAROON

(standing behind a
mic guitar in hand)

Ladies and gentlemen.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

This Hindi song is based on a Farsi composition of AHMAD ZAHIR, the late famous Afghan singer.

Haron starts playing the guitar, and other musicians join in.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil main hai. Ke mere zendagee mushkil main hai. Bahg jatee woh mere yadon/nazro se. Phir bhi dil koshish-e batil main hai.

Haron dances to the music. Girls and boys clap along from their seats scattered around the hall. Haron picks up the beat and resumes his song.

HARON

Bakht agar mujse jafa karta hai. Tum ko yeh mujse juda karta hai. Aye sanam tum to wafa kardo zara. Warna Aashiq yeh tera marta hai. Apne hoton se pelau aab-e-hayaat. Pyaar ke fasl bhi hasel main hai. Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil main hai. Ke mere zendagi mushkel main hai.

Simran gets up from her seat and dances gracefully in front of the stage as the music plays in full swing.

HAROON

(singing)

Door hai pyaar ke manzil mera. Pur khatar aman ke sahil mera. Sarferoshi ke tamanna a'b tak. Yeh mera rooh mera dil main hai. Dehkna hai mujhe ketna power. Woh tera bazo-ye qatel main hai. Kaisa ye pyaar mera del main hai. Ke mere zedagee mushkel main hai.

Widen to reveal some girls and boys in the middle of the hall dance to the music.

HARON

(singing)

Pyaar jab had se guzar jata hai. Ar-taraf noor nazar hata hai. Aau ek bar weda karkey jau. Jab mera waqt-e-safar hata hai. Mera aassoun ke musaafer deyko. A'b rawaana soy-e- manzel main hai. Keysa yeh pyaar mera del main hai. Ke mere zendagee mushkil main hai. Bahg jatee to merey nazro se. Phir bhi dil koshish-e batel main hai.

Haron concludes the song, and the audience stands up, clapping enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAST CAR PARKING - NIGHT

Haron strides toward his BMW, the sound of a man's groans echoing in the distance.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Help, Help, Ouch!

He rushes a few steps forward and witnesses a couple of men assaulting a man in his early 30s, wearing a 'DASTAR', the Sikh's turban.

Quickly reaching for his cell phone, Haron attempts to dial 911, but pauses when he notices one of the assailants, also wearing a Sikh turban, wielding a hockey stick poised to strike the victim, who is being held by two cohorts.

With a swift jump, Haron throws himself into the midst and forcefully pushes the assailant aside.

Using his Aikido skills, Haron disarms another attacker and defends himself against his colleague who tries to attack him from behind.

HARON

So, Indians fighting amongst themselves. What's going on? Why are you attacking this guy?

ONE OF THE MEN

Mind your own business. He owes me \$3000 and refuses to pay up.

HARON

Alright, he owes you money. But that doesn't justify violence. There are peaceful ways to resolve disputes.

THE MAN WITH THE HOCKEY STICK

He's been dodging us for three months.

HARON

Are you guys all students?

THE MAN WITH THE HOCKEY STICK

(pointing to the victim)

He is, but not me.

HARON

As a student, he must be going through hard times. Give him a few more days, or even a month.

THE MAN WITH THE HOCKEY STICK

He's graduating in a month or two and maybe going back to India. Then who pays my money?

HARON

If that's the case, I'll vouch for him. I'll pay you back within a week. Let's stop this fighting.

Haron retrieves a business card from his pocket and tosses it towards the attackers.

HARON (CONT'D)

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

THE MAN WITH THE HOCKEY STICK

(stepping forward to
take the business
card)

Alright. It's a deal. Why use a sledgehammer to crack a nut?

HARON

So, let's get out of here before the cops show up.

The assailants disappear into the night. Haron approaches the beaten man and helps him up.

HARON (CONT'D)

(extending his hand)

Hi, I'm Haron Malhotra, a U of T alumni.

THE MAN

Thanks for saving my life. I'm SOORAJ SINGHANIA, a Ph.D. student at the University of Toronto Law School.

Haron pulls Sooraj towards himself but notices a small wound on his hand.

HARON

Oh my God! You've been wounded. Should I call 911?

SOORAJ

No sir. I don't want to get involved with the police because I've got to work on my thesis. I don't have a lot of time. Plus my medical insurance is expired.

HARON

Then, can I give you a lift?

SOORAJ

Thanks a lot. I live at 225 Kipling Ave.

HARON

(Starting his BMW
with the remote
control)

Get in the car.

Sooraj sits on the front seat of the BMW next to Haron. Starting a conversation, they hit the road.

HARON (CONT'D)

Do you really owe those guys \$3000.00?

SOORAJ

Yes, I do. Actually, two of those guys were my friends. We sometimes went to the casinos. A few months ago, my father, who borrowed money on interest to pay for my education, passed away from a heart attack in India. The bank sold our modest house, which was put up as collateral, leaving us with serious economic problems.

HARON

(navigating through a
green light at an
intersection)

And?

SOORAJ

My income from working part-time wasn't enough to cover my last term's tuition, accommodation, and other charges. So, one night, I, who had never gambled in life, went to a casino with friends; and all of a sudden, started playing with a machine. I lost CA\$100.00 on one machine. Then I went to play on another. Losing the CA\$1500.00 that I had in my debit card, I went back to my room.

HARON

(interrupting Sooraj)

And with the false notion of winning, you went to gamble on other nights too.

SOORAJ

That's right. I started to borrow money from friends, telling them that my family would send me money from India in a week, and I'd pay them back.

HARON

(stopping the car
behind a red light)

How did you manage to pay for your last term's tuition?

SOORAJ

(taking a deep breath)

Selling her jewelry, my mother sent the amount required for my tuition. But I wasn't able to pay back the \$3000.00 borrowed from those guys.

HARON

I don't know how an educated man like you has fallen for the tricks of these casinos since you're playing against computerized machines, and your chances of winning are very slim.

The car pulls into Sooraj's residence driveway and comes to a stop in front of the building's main entrance.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, 225 KIPLING AVE - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj opens the BMW door and steps out.

SOORAJ

(closing the vehicle's
door)

Thank you, Mr. Haron. I can't thank you enough for your help.

HARON

(taking a business
card from the glove
compartment of his
car and handing it
to Sooraj)

No problem at all. Here, take this and come to my office at Mississauga Toyota on Monday.

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

Bring a copy of your credentials. I'll offer you a part-time job at my father's dealership. But remember, I'm completely against gambling and excessive drinking.

SOORAJ

I've quit drinking and gambling, and I haven't set foot in a casino for the last three months.

HARON

That's great to hear. See you on Monday at 10:00 AM. Bye for now.

SOORAJ

Bye.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP - DAY

Sooraj stands before the information desk inside the dealership. A young woman, attractive and friendly, sits behind the counter.

Various Toyota models, including the Highlander, Sienna, Avalon, Camry, Corolla, and Matrix, are showcased in the showroom.

SOORAJ

(to the receptionist)

Good morning. I'm Sooraj Singhania.
I have an appointment with Mr. Haron at
10:00 a.m. today.

RECEPTIONIST

(with a smile)

Just a moment, sir. I'll let Mr. Haron
know you're here.

The receptionist presses a few buttons on the dealership's intercom system. Haron's voice responds.

HARON (O.S.)

Yes, Ms. Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Mr. Sooraj has arrived for his 10:00 a.m.
appointment.

HARON

Please send him in.

Crystal sets down the receiver, rises from her seat, and flashes another smile at Sooraj.

CRYSTAL

Please, follow me.

She leads Sooraj down a short corridor.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(turning the handle
of a door beneath a
sign that reads:
Deputy Manager)

Mr. Sooraj, please come in.

SOORAJ
(holding the handle
of the slightly open
door)

Thank you Ms. Crystal.

INT. HARON'S LUXURY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SOORAJ
(knocking & walking
in)

Good morning, Sir.

HARON
(standing up from his
chair)

Good morning. How are you today?

SOORAJ
I'm doing well, thank you, Sir.

The two men shake hands.

HARON
(pointing to a chair)
Please, have a seat.

Sooraj sits to the right of Haron's desk. Haron returns to his revolving chair.

HARON (CONT'D)
(taking a file from
his desk drawer and
placing it in front
of Sooraj)
Here it is, Mr. Sooraj. Your employment
contract. Take a look, and if you are
satisfied with the terms and conditions,
then sign it. You'll be working as a part-
time Legal Advisor for our dealership.

Sooraj opens the file and scans the contract.

HARON (CONT'D)
Are you satisfied with the salary and
benefits outlined for you?

SOORAJ
(Looking at the line
which reads:\$3000.00)
It's more than I expected. I must say
you're very generous, Sir.

HARON

This isn't about generosity. I'm compensating you for the service you'll provide me. Additionally, I have a plan for which I'll need to go to India with a friend. Perhaps you could assist me with that.

SOORAJ

Certainly. It would be an honor, Sir.

HARON

When do you anticipate completing your Ph.D.?

SOORAJ

At the most, two more months. In fact, I've completed my thesis. Now, I just need to make the suggested modifications.

HARON

Excellent! Toronto summers can't compare to winters in India. By the way, this weekend we're headed to our farmhouse near Niagara Falls. We'll be enjoying some clay target shooting. Would you care to join us?

SOORAJ

I'd love to, but I need to focus on my research.

Sooraj signs the contract and hands it to Haron.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Here you go, Sir.

Haron signs the paper and places it on his desk.

HARON

You can pick up a copy of the contract from my secretary tomorrow when you begin your new position. So, I'll see you tomorrow at 9:00 AM.

SOORAJ

(standing from his
chair)

Thank you very much, Sir. I'll see you then.

EXT. FARMHOUSE NEAR NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Haron stands confidently, shotgun in hand, alongside his father, Malhotra, and a group of friends, both young and middle-aged, Indian and Canadian.

They gather around a shooting range equipped with a machine called "Traps" that launches clay targets into the air.

A clay target is launched into the air. Haron swiftly tracks its trajectory, takes aim, and fires. The target shatters into pieces.

He fires a second bullet hitting the bulls eyes.

YOUNG MAN

(clapping)

Nice shot, Haron!

Haron beams with pride as he reloads his shotgun.

MALHOTRA

(proudly)

Impressive, son. You're getting better with each shot.

Haron hands the shotgun to his father.

HARON

Give it a try, Dad.

Malhotra nods, accepting the challenge. He takes aim and fires, hitting the first target flawlessly. However, his second and third shots miss their mark.

MALHOTRA

(disappointed)

Ah, age catches up with us all.

He hands the shotgun back to Haron.

MALHOTRA (CONT'D)

This is the inevitable truth. Time takes its toll, robbing us of our youth and vitality.

Haron nods understandingly, patting his father on the back.

HARON

You still got it, Dad. Let's enjoy the time we have together.

The group continues their shooting session, laughter filling the air amidst the sound of gunfire.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALHOTRA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

Haron and his parents sit around an exotic dining table, enjoying DINNER. Champa, a 35-year-old Indian maid, serves them.

MALHOTRA

(to the maid)

Madam Champa, can I have some more Biryani and Chicken Karahi?

Champa nods, taking a clean plate and filling it with the requested rice and chicken before handing it to Malhotra.

CHAMPA

Here you are, sir.

Haron and his mother, Shanti, are also busy eating with their forks and spoons.

MALHOTRA

(turning to his wife)

So, when is our son going to tie the knot?

SHANTI

As far as I know, he won't be getting married here in Canada. He wants to go to India and find his dream girl.

MALHOTRA

(glancing at Haron)

Is that true, son?

HARON

Absolutely, Dad. I plan to marry a simple, modest, and traditional Indian girl. I'm leaving for Bombay in two days.

MALHOTRA

That won't be easy. You don't know anyone there.

HARON

Our former Legal Advisor, Sooraj, is now an established lawyer in Bombay.

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

He's agreed to help me. Also, he's getting hitched this coming Sunday and has invited me to his wedding reception.

MALHOTRA

Why not consider LATA, my millionaire business associate's daughter? She's intelligent and beautiful.

HARON

No, Dad. I want to marry for love, not for business or wealth. Plus, she's born and raised here in Canada, not knowing much about our culture. I don't think she would give you and Mom the love and respect you deserve as parents- in-laws.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - DAY

Haron sits comfortably in a first-class seat aboard an Air India Airbus 380 as it smoothly touches down on the runway.

The voice of a flight attendant comes through the aircraft's speakers.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to Chhatrapati Shivaji International Airport. On behalf of Air India's flight 907 and the entire crew, I'd like to express our gratitude for choosing to fly with us. We hope to have the pleasure of welcoming you on board again soon. Enjoy your stay in Mumbai.

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS HALL - DAY

Sooraj awaits Haron in the bustling arrival lobby of the airport. Spotting him, Sooraj swiftly approaches to greet Haron and take the luggage trolley from his hand.

SOORAJ

Welcome to India sir!

HARON

I'm not your boss anymore. We're friends now. So, from now on, don't call me "Sir."

SOORAJ
 (jokingly)
 Got it, Sir.

INT. INSIDE A TOYOTA AVALON - DAY

Haron and Sooraj sit comfortably in the back seat of a brand new TOYOTA AVALON.

HARON
 (to Sooraj)
 Masha Allah, a brand new car.

SOORAJ
 (smiling)
 I usually drive a Honda Civic. Couldn't quite afford a BMW, but I rented this one for you because you're a Toyota guy.

HARON
 Thanks, but don't spoil me here in India. Let me face life's challenges and deal with difficulties. By the way, where are we headed?

SOORAJ
 We're going to my house.

HARON
 No, not now. Let's head straight to the Taj Mahal Palace Hotel. I've got a five-day booking there.

SOORAJ
 Why go to a hotel when my modest guest house is at your service?

HARON
 I need to stay in a hotel to kick off the first phase of my plan, the reason for my visit to India.

SOORAJ
 (to his driver)
 Shamlal! Please take us to the Taj Hotel.

SHAMLAL
 (changing lanes)
 Right away, sir.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF TAJ MAHAL PALACE HOTEL - DAY

The car pulls up to the gate of the Taj Hotel. A valet in a red uniform approaches and opens the car door.

Haron and Sooraj step out, and another hotel employee unloads Haron's luggage from the trunk and places it on a trolley.

Haron and Sooraj make their way to the reception counter.

INT. RECEPTION COUNTER, TAJ HOTEL - DAY

Haron hands his passport to the receptionist, a 26-year-old beautiful Indian woman in the distinctive Taj Hotel uniform.

HARON

Good morning, Ma'am! I'm Haron Malhotra from Canada, and I have a reservation at your hotel starting today.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Just a moment, sir.

She takes Haron's passport and enters his information into the computer. Soon after, she hands him a card with a smile.

THE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Here you go, sir! Your room number is 305 on the 3rd floor. One of our staff will bring your luggage up shortly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Haron and Sooraj sit on the plush couches of the luxury hotel room, gazing out at the Indian Ocean.

HARON

(opening his shoe laces)

Hey, Sooraj! Could you place an ad in one or two Indian newspapers? We need to announce that the son of a wealthy Afghan landlord is in Bombay for a medical check-up. His Hindi and English skills are lacking, so we're looking for a proficient interpreter who can be paid up to \$100.00 per day. Also, let's mention that candidates with knowledge of Farsi are preferred.

SOORAJ

Don't worry, brother. I'll place the ad in the "Times of India" right away. I have a good friend who works there.

Sooraj retrieves his cell phone from his coat pocket and hands it to Haron.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Here you go, brother. You'll need this. I have another one at home.

HARON

I have my own unlocked iPhone. I just need your SIM card, so you can take your phone back.

Haron retrieves his iPhone 10 from his pocket, swaps the SIM card, and returns Sooraj's Samsung Galaxy.

SOORAJ

(putting the phone in his pocket)

Alright then. I need to head to my office and have my secretary place the ad in the Times of India.

HARON

Thank you so much.

SOORAJ

(rising from the couch)

Bye for now. See you later.

HARON

Goodbye, take care.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj sits at his desk, engrossed in work, when his office secretary, SHEETAL (24), approaches with a copy of the Times of India.

SHEETAL

Good morning, sir. Your requested ad for a medical interpreter has been published.

SOORAJ

Thank you, Ms. Sheetal.

SUPER: TWO HOURS LATER

Sooraj's phone begins to ring incessantly, breaking the quiet of the office. He answers the call eagerly.

MALE VOICE

Good morning, I'm AARASH, a medical interpreter...

SOORAJ

(interrupting politely)

Sorry to inform you, sir, we've already found a suitable interpreter.

SUPER: 4 HOURS LATER

Another call comes in. Sooraj presses the green Phone Icon on the Cell's screen.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

(moving the phone
near his mouth)

Hello.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Good afternoon, sir. This is Roya, inquiring about your need for a medical interpreter for Mr. Haroon.

SOORAJ

(with enthusiasm)

Yes, Ms. Roya. Please come to the Taj Hotel tomorrow at 9:00 AM for an interview.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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.

A girl (26), whose back is only visible to us, snatches the newspaper in objection.

THE GIRL

(loudly)

What are you doing, NAZANEEN? We're here to discuss our preparation for Dr. Suniti's wedding, but you seem lost in your own world of fertile valleys and green hills.

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 wasn't reading a love poem; I was just looking for a part-time job in the classifieds.

MARYAM

Looking for a job? But soon, we'll be working after our residency.

NAZANEEN

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

Another girl sitting next to Nazaneen starts scanning through the pages of the newspaper that's now on the table.

THE GIRL

(interrupting their conversation)

Hey, girls! Listen to this, quote and quote. "Medical Interpreter Escapes with Client's Money. An Afghan interpreter tricks his illiterate client, taking him up and down in the luxury elevator of a private hospital and charging him the fee of an MRI."

All the girls burst into laughter. But after a short grin, Nazaneen grabs the newspaper again.

NAZANEEN
 (flipping through a
 couple of pages)
 I need to get the phone number of the
 person who placed an ad for a Farsi-
 speaking medical interpreter.

Nazaneen circles an ad with a pen, then retrieves her mobile from her handbag and dials a number. As the cafeteria buzzes with noise, Nazaneen walks out.

EXT. UNDER A TREE, HOSPITAL CAMPUS - DAY

Nazaneen's phone rings a couple of times before a man answers.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (over the phone)
 Good afternoon. This is Sooraj Singhanian.
 How can I assist you?

NAZANEEN
 Good afternoon! My name is Nazaneen Roy,
 and I'm calling about your need for a
 medical interpreter. I speak Hindi,
 English, and Farsi, and I'm sure you'll
 find my services and company enjoyable.

SOORAJ (V.O.)
 (over the phone)
 Great! Your interview will be at the Taj
 Mahal Palace Hotel tomorrow at 10:00 a.m.
 Please inform the reception desk that
 you're meeting Mr. Haron, room 305.

NAZANEEN
 Thank you, sir. See you tomorrow.

Nazaneen disconnects the call and heads back to the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Nazaneen retrieves her handbag from the table, tucks her phone inside, and bids farewell.

NAZANEEN
 Hey, guys. I have to head home to help my
 brother with his studies.

DR. MARYAM

But we need to discuss Dr. Sunitee's wedding preparation.

NAZANEEN

I don't have time now. Let's meet tomorrow afternoon to discuss it. See you later.

Nazaneen exits the cafeteria.

INT. A MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE'S VERANDA - AFTERNOON

Nazaneen sits on a chair on the veranda of her house, engrossed in a book.

The door of the house swings open, and RAWUL, a handsome young boy of around 17, enters with a book bag on his back, clad in his school uniform.

RAWUL

(closing the metal door behind him)

Good afternoon.

NAZANEEN

(putting her book down)

Good afternoon, dear brother.

Nazaneen rises from her seat and approaches Rawul, assisting him in removing his book bag.

RAWUL

I don't see Mom around. Where is she?

NAZANEEN

Mom wasn't feeling well, so I had to take her to the hospital. Nothing serious, though. She'll be discharged soon after receiving treatment. Don't worry about it; just focus on your studies.

RAWUL

(nodding his head from side to side in the typical Indian gesture)

Okay, sis.

CUT TO:

INT. TAJ HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

In a corner of the hotel lobby, Nazaneen sits on a couch across from Haron. She wears a blue Sari while Haron is disguised in traditional Afghan clothing, SHALWAR KAMEES.

Sooraj, seated beside Haron in jeans and a white shirt, begins to introduce them.

SOORAJ

Good morning. I'm Sooraj Sengania, and this is my friend, Haron Khan. Mr. Khan is here from Kabul for a medical check-up. Given his limited knowledge of English and Hindi, Mr. Khan requires a proficient interpreter to assist him with medical forms and understanding the doctors.

NAZANEEN

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

HARON

(in broken English)

You talk Farsi?

NAZANEEN

Yes. My father served as a diplomat in Afghanistan and Iran, which exposed me to Farsi during my education. I was in Kabul when my father was killed in the terror attack on the Indian Consulate General, after which we returned to India.

SOORAJ

O sorry for reminding you of your loss.

NAZANEEN

It's okay. What can't be cured must be endured.

Haron looks at Sooraj and nods in acknowledgement

SOORAJ

I have no question as long as you can assist my friend.

HARON

(deliberately mixing
ungrammatical English
and Hindi)

You OK. This job yours. You kaam 8 ganta, get \$100.

NAZANEEN

Thank you, sir.

HARON

(scribbling his cell
number on the back
of a hotel card and
handing it to Nazaneen)

Here my phone. Tomorrow, Bombay hospital,
2:00 PM. No absences. Me strict. No work,
no pay.

NAZANEEN

Don't worry, sir. I'm a proficient medical
interpreter.

Haron stands up and forms his hands in the Namaste
gesture. Nazaneen reciprocates before heading towards
the exit door.

SOORAJ

(gently pulling Haron's
hand)

Why did you schedule the meeting for 2:00
PM instead of earlier in the morning?

HARON

At 12:00 or 1:00 PM, we'll go to the
hospital for registration. If we go with
Nazaneen earlier, the hospital clerk might
ask for my ID, and I don't want to reveal
my Canadian passport in front of her. You
know I have to maintain my disguise.

CUT TO:

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL, INFORMATION DESK - DAY

Haron and Sooraj stand in front of the Registration
desk. The hospital clerk, finished with her work, prints
a card and hands it to Haron along with his passport.

THE HOSPITAL CLERK

Here you go, sir. Your passport and card.

HARON

(taking the hospital
card and his passport)

Thank you.

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL LOBBY, WAITING AREA - DAY

Sooraj and Haron occupy chairs across from the
registration desk, awaiting Nazaneen's arrival.

Nazaneen enters through the main door, pausing to survey the Information Desk and the waiting area.

Spotting her, Sooraj rises and waves. Nazaneen approaches them.

NAZANEEN
(coming near Haron
and Sooraj)
Good afternoon. Let's get started with
the paperwork.

SOORAJ
We've already handled registration and
obtained the hospital card.

NAZANEEN
(smiling)
That's great.

SOORAJ
(handing a paper file
to Nazaneen)
Here's a summary of the employment contract
in two copies. Please review them
carefully. If everything looks good, both
you and Haron will sign, and each of you
will retain a copy.

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

She takes a pen from her bag, signs the specified places, and hands the file to Sooraj, who signals Haron to come close and sign the documents.

Haron pretends to struggle, writing his name with difficulty as his signature. He places one copy of the signed contract in front of Nazaneen.

HARON
(speaking broken
English)
You.

Taking the remaining copy in his hand.

HARON (CONT'D)
(smiling towards
Nazaneen)
Me.

NAZANEEN

(standing and placing
the contract in her
bag)

Now, let's go and begin the check up.

HARON

(holding his head in
pain)

Headache. Bad mood. Now, check-up no. Me
take Bombay beach.

NAZANEEN

(in a serious tone)

I'm an interpreter, not your tour guide.
Taking you to Bombay beach is not part of
my job.

HAROON

(in broken Hindi mixed
with English to hide
his true identity)

Aapne contract sign ke 8 ghante humare
saath kaam. Contract mein no specify ke
aapka kaam sirf interpreter. Aap work
from 09:00 AM to 05:00 PM. A hundred US
dollars, big money, you know...

NAZANEEN

(a bit upset)

This feels like cheating.

SOORAJ

Not cheating, but a courtesy.

NAZANEEN

(taking a deep breath)

Alright, let's go to the beach.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHOWPATTY BEACH, BOMBAY - AFTERNOON

Haron, Sooraj, and Nazaneen stroll along the beach.
Haron is still clad in his Afghan attire with a coat.

As they walk along the sandy shore by the ocean, Haron
notices a group of young men playing volleyball.

He strides towards them, with Sooraj and Nazaneen
following closely behind.

NAZANEEN

(to Sooraj,
sarcastically)

Where is your eccentric friend off to now?

SOORAJ

Outwardly, he may seem eccentric, but deep down, he's quite intelligent.

Sooraj and Nazaneen catch up to Haron, who is observing the men playing volleyball.

One of the players, sporting long hair and a mustache, begins making disparaging remarks about Nazaneen.

THE MAN WITH LONG HAIR

(calling to his friend
and gesturing towards
Haron and Nazaneen)

Hey, Rocky! Take a look over there. A beauty queen with a sidekick.

ROCKY

You're spot on.

The volleyball game continues. The man with long hair sends the ball high over the net to Rocky. Rocky leaps and hits the ball towards Haron, who is standing on the sidelines watching.

Haron swiftly retrieves the ball, shedding his coat and rolling up his sleeves as he steps onto the court.

Haron maneuvers under the net with the finesse of a professional player, deftly raising the ball to himself.

With calculated precision, he leaps into the air, delivering a powerful strike aimed at Rocky's face.

The impact sends sand particles scattering across Rocky's nose and forehead.

Enraged, Rocky charges towards Haron, head down, attempting to strike him in the stomach. But Haron swiftly sidesteps, causing Rocky to collide headfirst with a steel post, the resounding clang echoing through the air.

As Rocky's friends join the fray, fists and kicks fly in all directions. Despite receiving a couple of blows himself, Haron adeptly handles the assailants.

Sooraj and Nazaneen, among the onlookers, observe the altercation with concern.

NAZANEEN

(tugging on Sooraj's
shoulder)

I don't understand. Your friend is outnumbered and attacked, yet you remain composed.

SOORAJ

I've seen him handle five strong men alone.

Amidst the scuffle, a somewhat handsome 23-year-old constable emerges from the crowd, recording the incident on his cell phone.

After capturing the altercation, he intervenes, grasping Haron's hand.

CONSTABLE

(in Hindi, subtitled)

Who are you, and why are you disturbing the peace of this beach in the presence of constable Sahil Khan? Come with me to the police station.

As the other men disperse upon seeing the police, Sooraj approaches Sahil Khan.

SOORAJ

(in English with
respect)

Hello, sir. I'm Advocate Sooraj Singhania. This man you're taking is my friend coming from Afghanistan for a medical check-up.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

(in good English)

If you think I don't know English, you're mistaken, my friend. I was about to complete my Bachelor's Degree, but due to some economic issues, I could not continue and had to seek employment. Anyway, who started the altercation?

HARON

(in broken English)

Me not.

SOORAJ

(interrupting Haron)

He's right. The altercation was initiated by those men. My friend is innocent.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

Very well. I'll release him. But remind your friend that this is India, not Afghanistan.

The police constable releases Haron, who with Sooraj and Nazaneen, continues walking along the beach.

Meanwhile, Nazaneen's phone rings, and she retrieves it from her handbag to answer.

NAZANEEN

(touching the green receiver icon)

Hello?

A woman's voice is heard on the other end.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Is this Miss. Nazaneen?

NAZANEEN

Yes. How can I help you?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(over the phone)

I'm calling from P.D. Hinduja Hospital. Dr. Raj needs to speak with you regarding your mother's condition. Can you come to the hospital in an hour?

NAZANEEN

Of course. I'll be there shortly.

Haron, noticing Nazaneen's expression, detects her unease.

HARON

(in Farsi/ subtitled)

Pareshaan ma'loom meshee. Magar yaadet baasha keh agar ba khaater-e-gham haay-e-duniya tamaam-e-darya haa raa gerya kuni, baaz ham kam Hast. *(You look perturbed. But remember, if you cry all the seas for the sorrows of the world, it still won't be enough.)*

NAZANEEN

(in Farsi/ subtitled)

Maadaram dar beemaranistan a'st. Man baayad berawam. *(My mother is in the hospital. I need to go.)*

HARON

(placing a \$100 note
in Nazaneen's hand)

Begeer. Ein muzd-e- imroz-e- tust. Ba
maadarat rasidagee kun, baraay-e- einka
dar duniyaa dou maujood az hama geraami-
tar Ast. Yakee, Maihan-o- deegarash Maadar
Ast. *(Take this. It's your wage for today.
Attend to your Mom, for two things are
the most sacred in this world: one is
mother, and the other is homeland.)*

Nazaneen accepts the money and bids farewell.

NAZANEEN

Bye for now.

Haron reciprocates with a simple raise of his right
hand.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Nazaneen sits beside her sleeping mother, a middle-aged woman wearing a hospital gown and an oxygen mask.

A doctor enters, dressed in a white coat with a stethoscope hanging around his neck. Nazaneen stands up to greet him.

NAZANEEN

Good evening, Dr. Raj. How's my mom?

DR. RAJ

The cancer has progressed. We need to perform surgery to remove your mother's left breast to prevent further spread. More chemotherapy would risk damaging her heart.

NAZANEEN

How much will it cost, doctor?

DR. RAJ

At least 70,000. 00 Rupees.

NAZANEEN

Alright. When is the surgery scheduled?

DR. RAJ

Day after tomorrow.

NAZANEEN

Okay, sir. I need to head home now. My younger brother is waiting for me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nazaneen stands at the kitchen counter, cracking two eggs into a bowl. In the background, the commentary of a cricket match fills the room with the occasional roar of spectators.

She heats a small FRYING PAN with oil and fries tomatoes before adding the beaten eggs.

Retrieving a bottle of sauce and a sack of Chapati from the fridge, she arranges them on the dining table nearby.

With the oven turned off, Nazaneen approaches the kitchen door, calling out to her brother.

NAZANEEN

(raising her voice)

Hey Rawul! Dinner's ready. I made eggs
with tomatoes, one of your favorites.

Nazaneen, not getting a response, walks into the living
room and turns off the TV.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(glancing back at her
brother)

You've been watching too much TV and
neglecting your studies. Your performance
at school isn't great. You need to focus
on your education instead of wasting time
in front of the TV. Anyway, come to the
kitchen now; dinner's ready.

RAWUL

Please, sister, let me watch the match.
India is playing against Pakistan, our
archrival.

NAZANEEN

No, it's a test match, which takes some
time. You can catch the highlights over
the weekend. I'm exhausted, and after
dinner, I'm heading straight to bed since
I have to go to my interpreting job
tomorrow.

RAWUL

What about your last month of residency
and your practicals for your Neurology
specialization?

NAZANEEN

I've taken a few days off to concentrate
on gathering the funds needed for Mom's
surgery.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nazaneen is speaking with Dr. Raj in her mother's
hospital room.

DR. RAJ

You've already delayed the surgery for
almost a month and haven't paid the
hospital expenses for the past five days.

(MORE)

DR. RAJ (CONT'D)

Further delay could seriously jeopardize your mother's health. If anything goes wrong, I won't be held responsible.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nazaneen abruptly awakens from her nightmare, sitting upright on her bed. Startled, she checks the clock—it's 12:40 AM.

NAZANEEN

(whispering to herself)

Oh God! How am I going to come up with Rs.70,000.00 for my mother's surgery and medical bills?

She ponders. FLASHBACK

INT. COLLEGE CAFETERIA - DAY

Nazaneen and a couple of her college friends are seated around a table in the college cafeteria when one of the girls, glancing at a newspaper, interrupts their conversation by reading aloud.

THE GIRL

Hey, girls! Listen to this, I quote, "Medical Interpreter Escapes with Client's Money. An Afghan interpreter tricks his illiterate client, taking him up and down in the luxury elevator of a private hospital and charging him the fee of an MRI."

All the girls burst into laughter.

CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nazaneen retrieves her cell phone from under the nightstand and composes a message.

"Hi, please bring \$1000.00 for MRI and other medical tests tomorrow."

She locates Haron's number in her contacts and sends the message.

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Nazaneen and Haron stroll through the hospital corridor. She leads Haron to the door of the elevator technician's room.

NAZANEEN
(in Farsi, subtitled)
You wait here. I'll be right back.

HARON
(in Farsi, subtitled)
Got it.

Nazaneen knocks on the door and enters.

INT. ELEVATOR TECHNICIAN ROOM - DAY

Nazaneen is conversing with a middle-aged man in a blue uniform.

NAZANEEN
You want to make Rs.5000.00 in 7 to 10 minutes?

TECHNICIAN
Yeah, I do. But how?

NAZANEEN
I need exclusive use of an elevator for that period. I have a special client undergoing a medical checkup. I'll pay you for your assistance.

ELEVATOR TECHNICIAN
If the hospital management finds out, I could lose my job.

NAZANEEN
No one will know. You'll accompany me in the elevator. Put it in Service Mode so we can stop at any floor we need. Making Rs.5000.00 in a few minutes takes courage.

TECHNICIAN
Alright. I'll activate the one in the corner, exclusive to the VIPs and pretend to do a safety check.

Nazaneen hands him a couple of Rs.1000 notes.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, Ma'am. You have 7 minutes.

NAZANEEN

Great. My client is waiting outside. Let's go.

Before long, Nazaneen and the technician step out of the room, walking in the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nazaneen signals for Haron to follow. They head to an elevator on top of which a signboard reads: "VIPs".

Nazaneen introduces the technician to Haron.

NAZANEEN

(in Farsi, subtitled)

This is Dr. PATEL, MRI Specialist.

ELEVATOR TECHNICIAN

(to Nazaneen)

What language do you speak with your client?

NAZANEEN

This is Farsi. I told him you're an MRI specialist. So, just stay quiet.

The technician activates the elevator, and they enter. He puts it in Service Mode.

Nazaneen guides Haron to the center of the elevator.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(in Farsi, subtitled)

Stand here and don't move, or your MRI will go wrong.

ELEVATOR TECHNICIAN

Ready to roll?

NAZANEEN

Yes, take us to different floors stopping for 10 or 20 seconds. Then repeat the cycle.

The elevator ascends, stopping on the fourth floor.

THE TECHNICIAN

Hey Miss. Are you sure your client doesn't know anything about MRI?

NAZANEEN

Don't worry sir.

(MORE)

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

I'm sure he has never seen an elevator in his country let alone the MRI.

The lift stops on the ninth floor.

HARON

(in Farsi, trying to keep his composure)

I don't know what kind of MRI this is? My father had an MRI in Kabul. He said he had to lie down inside a tube-like instrument that made some noise too.

NAZANEEN

Those are the old systems. Indian hospitals use the latest technology.

The elevator continues its cycle of ascending, descending, and stopping on various floors.

Haron fights to suppress his laughter, striving to keep a straight face.

SUPER: 8 MINUTES LATER

The technician gestures to Nazaneen, pointing at his wristwatch.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(to the technician)

Done, Dr. Patel?

TECHNICIAN

Yep, all finished.

NAZANEEN

Then let's head to the lobby.

The Technician presses the Lobby Button. After a brief moment, the lift descends from the ninth floor and stops at the lobby.

They exit the elevator.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(smiling at the technician)

Thank you, Doc.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nazaneen and Haron sit facing each other at a table, sipping coffee.

NAZANEEN
(in Farsi, subtitled)
Did you bring the money?

HARON
Money for what?

NAZANEEN
For the MRI.

HARON
(struggling to contain
his laughter)
Was it a real MRI?

NAZANEEN
(raising her voice
and switching to
English)
You ignorant man! You don't even know
what MRI stands for? It's Magnetic
Resonance Imaging.

HARON
(using broken English
and gestures)
Yeah, yeah. Small room. Goes high, goes
down.

NAZANEEN
Yes.

HARON
Okay, okay.

Haron digs through his pockets and pulls out a bundle of \$100 bills. He counts out ten and places them on the table.

HARON (CONT'D)
(using broken English)
"Here, you take."

Nazaneen collects the dollar bills and puts them into her handbag.

NAZANEEN

(reverting back to
Farsi, subtitled)

*Thank you. I'll give the money to the
hospital. Now, I have to go because my
mother is having surgery in the evening.
Khuda Hafiz.*

HARON

(Haron stands up and
reciprocates Nazaneen
in Farsi)

Khuda Hafiz.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAJ HOTEL, HARON'S ROOM - MORNING

Haron sits in his hotel room, holding his cell phone.
He scrolls through his contacts, selects Nazaneen's
name, and presses the call button.

The phone rings, but a Voice Over message is heard from
the speaker, with a hint of an Indian accent.

VOICE (V.O.)

"The number you've dialed is either no
longer in service or out of the coverage
area."

Haron dials Sooraj's number.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj sits at his desk, sorting through a client's
file. When he sees Haron's name on the phone screen, he
picks up the handset and answers, putting it on speaker.

SOORAJ

Hey Haron, what's going on? How's things
with the girl?

BACK TO HARON'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL

HARON

(chuckling)

Our Indian beauty is off the grid. She's
made off with \$1000.

BACK TO SOORAJ'S OFFICE

SOORAJ

Why did you give her the money?

HARON'S VOICE (V.O.)

I figured she needed it urgently, maybe for her mom's medical bills.

SOORAJ

We'll deal with that later. Right now, I've got wedding plans to finalize. Remember, you're the star of the show at my reception in two days. No backup singers needed. And do you have any tunes suited for the occasion?

HARON'S VOICE (V.O.)

No worries, mate. I've got a fresh track for your wedding and another one about my adventures in India.

SOORAJ

Perfect. See you Sunday night. Take care for now.

HARON'S VOICE (V.O.)

Catch you later. Bye.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. A STREET LINED WITH MODERN HOUSES - NIGHT

A white Mercedes adorned with flowers cruises down the asphalt road, accompanied by a lively procession of revelers and the wedding 'BAHARATIES'.

The crowd consists of jubilant Indians and musicians. Trumpets blare and drums beat rhythmically as a couple of young men dance ahead of the Mercedes.

INT. WHITE MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. ENTRANCE GATE TO A MODERN MANSION - NIGHT

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 known as "dolha," step out of the car. Haron looks dashing in his sleek black suit imported from Canada.

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 lively 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 - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj, accompanied by his mother, and Haron, is escorted by his in-laws Dr. SHARMA (50) his wife SIMRAN (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.

HARON

(whispering to Sooraj)

You can sit now, my friend. It's safe. But I have to ask, who's footing the bill for this extravagant reception? Did you rent this mansion?

SOORAJ

This mansion belongs to my father-in-law, Dr. SHARMA. He's quite wealthy, owning several hotels, pharmacies, and private hospitals. I've been his attorney for a few months now, and soon I'll be his son-in-law.

HARON

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

SOORAJ

I wanted to surprise you. Oh, and by the way, my wife is a medical doctor. She just completed her residency.

Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of a distinguished man dressed in dark blue.

THE MAN

Hello, Mr. Sooraj. *Shadi mubarak*.

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

SOORAJ

(To Haron)

Meet my role model, Professor Dr. Karan Singh, one of the top legal experts in India, teaching at Bombay University's Faculty of Law.

Haron stands and greets Professor Karan as Sooraj continues the introduction.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Professor, this is Mr. Haron Malhotra, my best friend who helped me tremendously in Canada while I pursued my Ph.D. at the University of Toronto.

PROF. KARAN

Nice to meet you, young man.

HARON

Likewise, Professor.

PROF. KARAN

(To Sooraj)

The venue, the ambiance, the guests, everything is top-notch. But where's the singer?

SOORAJ

Sir, as Shakespeare once wrote, "Sheath thy impatience." Just give it a couple more minutes until the bride arrives. Then, I'll introduce a new singer.

PROF. KARAN

Who's this new singer? Have we seen him before?

SOORAJ

No, sir. He's flown in all the way from Canada to perform at my wedding. The talent you'll witness tonight is worthy of every music award.

Sooraj and his Professor's conversation is interrupted by booming music. The sound shifts attention to—

EXT. MANSION MAIN DOOR - CONTINUOUS

A group of women and young girls, followed by men and children in elegant Indian attire, escort the bride down the stairs towards the wedding venue set up in the vast garden for the marriage rituals.

As they approach, Haron notices one of the girls walking beside the bride in perfect harmony. It's Nazaneen, his interpreter.

Haron moves to leave, but Sooraj grabs his hand.

SOORAJ

Where are you off to?

HARON

I need to keep a low profile because my interpreter is here with your bride. Can't risk her spotting me now.

SOORAJ

Understood. She must be a friend of my bride, given they're both doctors. But don't wander too far. I'll need you to come up on stage and perform later.

HARON

You got it, boss.

Haron heads towards the center of the garden, disappearing among the guests.

The bride is escorted by her entourage to sit beside Sooraj in the—

EXT. GROOM'S SEATING AREA

A few girls, including Nazaneen, dance to the music in front of the groom and bride.

Moments after sitting on the long, bench-like sofa, Sooraj leans toward his bride.

SOORAJ

Hey, honey! Just give me a couple of minutes to get on stage and invite my friend to sing.

Sooraj makes his way to the stage, prepared for the musicians and singer.

EXT. STAGE IN THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

He grabs one of the microphones and addresses the crowd.

SOORAJ

Ladies and gentlemen! Can I have your attention, please? I'm the groom, Sooraj Singhania. I want to extend a heartfelt thank you for gracing my wedding party with your presence and adding so much joy to the celebration.

The guests cheer and applaud, causing Sooraj to pause momentarily. Waving his hand, he continues.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Now, let's move on to the highlight of the evening. Allow me to introduce my best friend, Dr. Haron Malhotra, who's flown in all the way from Canada to join us tonight. He holds a Ph.D. in English Language and Literature from the University of Toronto. In addition to being a businessman, philanthropist, lyricist, and talented singer and composer, he's truly an extraordinary individual.

The applause and cheers from the guests reach a crescendo.

Sooraj, brimming with excitement, takes a deep breath and continues.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Dr. Haron is adept at both Western and Eastern music. His voice, his lyrics, and his compositions are truly remarkable. He's also a skilled guitarist. I encourage you all to listen to his music and judge for yourselves. Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, I present to you Mr. Haron. Let's give him a big round of applause.

Amidst the cheers and applause from the guests and audience, Haron steps forward and takes the stage.

He pulls out a couple of pages of music notations from his coat pocket and hands them to the musicians.

Then, he positions himself behind the microphone and signals to the band to start. The musicians begin to play, and everyone's attention is captivated.

From her position beside the bride, Nazaneen recognizes Haron on stage. She attempts to leave, but the bride stops her, holding her hand.

BRIDE

(while music plays in
the background)

Where are you going, Nazaneen? You promised to be by my side during the reception.

Our attention returns to the stage where Haron, with a GUITAR in hand, begins to play and sing:

HARON

(singing in Hindi)

*Aye dost tomahari yeh hasseen raht Mubarak,
Sar pey terey yeh khosheyoun ka barsaht mubarak,
Aye jan-e- tamanna, tomain mery taraf sey -
Yeh jashen, yeh shadi, yeh baharat mubarak.*

Haron dances while playing the guitar on stage, seamlessly transitioning back to the microphone for singing.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing and dancing)

*Mehboob ke moun sey jo nekaltee hey wo awaz,
Jo payaar se kehte hai, woh har baht mubarak.
Sar pey terey yeh khosheyoun ka barsat mubarak.*

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

Aye dost tomahari yeh hasseen raaht Mubarak. Sar pey terey yeh khosheyoun ka barsaht mubarak.

Some girls, boys, men, and women dance together and separately in front of the stage, enjoying the music and their time.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Bahbi woh tere shadi ka jora, woh kangan. Mehndhi jo lagaya, tere u's ha't mubarak. Taqdeer deya phir bhi teri saaht mubarak. Aye dost tomahari yeh hasseen raht Mubarak. Sar pey terey yeh khosheyoun ka barsaht mubarak.

Haron Finishes his song and the guests who have been dumfounded by his performance keep on clapping. Most of the audience request Haron to sing one more song.

THE AUDIENCE

(in unison)

We want another song. We want another song.

Haron gets down from the stage and comes towards Sooraj.

Nazaneen tries to hide from Haron, but her friend, Dr. Maryam holds her hand.

MARYAM

Hey Nazaneen, let's go and ask the young man to sing another song. He's so good.

Haron, who is close to them, overhears what Maryam says.

HARON

You're right, young lady. If this lovely friend of yours requests another song, I'll gladly sing one more for her.

Nazanin seems as quiet as a mouse.

MARYAM

(jokingly)

Silence of a girl means yes in our culture.

Haron returns to the stage and takes the microphone.

HARON

Ladies and gentlemen, since I've unexpectedly reunited with a dear and beloved friend tonight at this wedding

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

party, I'm going to sing one more song
for you.

Haron takes a guitar from one of the guitarists on stage
and begins to play and sing.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Sarey duniya chor kar, Hindosetan main agaya,
Hidnosetan main aagaya. Eik bulbul ke tara,
iss gulsetan main aagaya, iss gulsetan main
agaya.*

Music and dance continues in the venue while we have
different shots of dancing from among the audience.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Too agar mera na-hota, ham ye khod sey poochthey.
istara behooda keyoun main iss jahan main agaya?
Main iss jahan main agaya. Sare duneya chor
kar, hindosetan main agaya, Hindosetan main
agaya- eik bulbul ke tara, iss gulsetan main
agaya. Iss gulsetan main agaya.*

While the music plays, Haron returns the guitar to the
guitarist and takes a cordless microphone.

Stepping down from the stage, he approaches Nazaneen
and Maryam, who are dancing in front of the bride and
groom.

Haron bows before Nazaneen, asking for her hand to dance,
but another man tries to intervene. Haron gently pulls
him aside, takes Nazaneen's hand, and resumes singing.

HARON (CONT'D)

*Serf main marta houn iss naaz-o- ada main aye
sanam. Dosria aashiq kahan se dar miyaan main
agaya. Ho dar mainan main agaya. Sarey duniya
chodh kar, Hindosetan main agaya, Hidnosetan
main agaya. Eik bulbul ke tara, iss gulsetan
main agaya. Iss gulsetan main agaya.*

Haron releases Nazaneen's hand and joins the dancing
crowd in the beautifully decorated garden, cordless
microphone in hand.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Husn ko tareef karna, yeh kabhi momken nahi.
Phir bhi yeh gustakh dil lafzo bayan main agaya.*

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

*lafzo bayan main agaya. Sarey dunya chodh kar,
Hindosetan main agaya. Hidnosetan main agaya.
Eik bulbul ke tara, iss gulsetan main agaya.
Iss gulsetan main agaya.*

Haron returns to the stage, playing the guitar and dancing to the music.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Hum nahey samjey, barey mehfel main merey
dostoun. Keyse unka naam, yeh merey zuban main
agaya. Mere zuban main agaya. Sarey dunya chor
kar Hindosetan main agaya. Hidnosetan main agaya.
Eik bulbul ke tara, iss gulsetan main agaya,
iss gulsetan main agaya.*

Making a bow for the audience, Haron finishes the song and steps down from the stage, heading towards Sooraj.

SOORAJ

(standing and embracing
Haron))

Thank you so much, buddy. You've made our night unforgettable. Oh, let me introduce you to my life partner. Darling, meet Haron Malhotra, my best friend who helped me immensely during my Ph.D. days in Canada. And Haron, this is Dr. SUNITEE, my bride and a close friend of your beloved Nazaneen. Perhaps she could assist you in winning the heart of your dream girl.

Haron raises his hand in a traditional Indian Namaste greeting towards the bride.

HARON

Nice to meet you, Bahbi, and heartfelt congratulations.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOMBAY UNIVERSITY, FACULTY OF MEDICINE - DAY

Haron stands outside the main building of the Faculty of Medicine at Bombay University. When Nazaneen emerges, he approaches her.

HARON

Hey Nazaneen, can we talk for a minute?

NAZANEEN

I already know what you're going to say. You're going to bring up how I took \$1000 from you and disappeared. I admit it, I did that. But you also misled me for your own reasons. Everything I did was to save my mother's life. I'm working on getting the money back. I'll take out a loan against my house if I have to. Or you can call the police. I'm willing to face the consequences.

HARON

(cutting in)

Yes, I wasn't entirely truthful either. But I did it for love and marriage, which are noble causes. They say "all's fair in love and war."

NAZANEEN

What do you really know about me? Falling for someone you barely know can lead to trouble.

HARON

I'm not concerned about that. Your dedication to your mom speaks volumes about who you are. I don't need to know more. A woman who sacrifices for her family, taking grave risks to save her mother's life, can make a great wife.

Nazaneen quickens her pace, exiting the university grounds and heading to the bus stop. Haron follows.

HARON (CONT'D)

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

NAZANEEN

Please, Mr. Haron. Let me be. I have things to do, goals to achieve. I need to get to the hospital to see my mother.

The bus arrives, and Nazaneen boards, leaving Haron behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARON'S ROOM, TAJ HOTEL - NIGHT

Haron is watching the CNN News Channel when his cell phone rings. Sooraj's name appears on the screen.

HARON

(answering the phone)

Hi Sooraj, I'm glad you called. Can you do me a favor? Please get Nazaneen's home address for me. I'm sure your spouse knows it, since she is her best friend.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sooraj is leaning against a cushion on his bed, with his wife, Dr. Sunitee, clad in a sleeping gown, beside him.

SOORAJ

(putting the phone on speaker mode)

What do you want with Nazaneen's home address?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HARON

I want to rent a flat near her house. I want to live there. Please come to the hotel tomorrow night with Bahbi. I'm inviting you for dinner on the occasion of your marriage. Then, I'll tell you everything.

SOORAJ

OK, bye for now.

HARON

Goodbye. See you tomorrow night.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Haron, Sooraj, and Dr. Sunitee sit at a table, enjoying their food and conversation.

HARON

Sooraj, did you manage to get what I asked for on the phone the other day?

SOORAJ

Yes, indeed. A two-bedroom furnished flat, just a block away from Nazaneen's place, has been reserved for you. The building owner is a business associate of mine. There are other vacant apartments on the second floor as well.

HARON

How's the area in terms of security?

SOORAJ

It's not the safest for business; there are some unsavory characters and extortionists around.

HARON

Doesn't matter. I'm prepared to face any challenges for love.

SOORAJ

I'll take you there tomorrow.

HARON

Alright. I'll pack tonight and check out from the hotel in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. FURNISHED APARTMENT - DAY

Sooraj and Haron inspect the rooms and amenities of a clean furnished apartment.

HARON

I like it. How much is the rent?

SOORAJ

Don't worry about the rent. I've already taken care of it. You helped me out a lot in Canada with a good job, so now it's my turn to return the favor.

HARON

Alright then. Let me go grab my luggage from your car.

SOORAJ

My driver will bring it up. You just relax on the couch over there.

Sooraj calls his driver using his cell phone.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Shamlal, please bring Mr. Haron's luggage to apartment 15 on the 3rd floor.

SHAMLAL (O.S.)

Sure, sir.

Shamlal, dressed in a white uniform, enters the flat carrying two pieces of luggage.

SHAMLAL (CONT'D)

Where should I put these cases, sir?

HARON

Put them in the bedroom on your right.

SOORAJ

Alright, I'm off to my office. Do you need anything else?

HARON

Yes, I forgot to mention that I need one or two more apartments.

SOORAJ

What do you need another apartment for?

HARON

I'm planning to set up an English course so that middle-class and low-income individuals can afford to learn English. You need a good reason to live close to your beloved, or else the neighbors might not take kindly to it.

SOORAJ

That's a good idea. You can rent as many apartments as you need on the second floor.

HARON

Great! You'll need to place an ad in a few newspapers about the launch of my English course.

SOORAJ

(sarcastically)

So, if I handle everything, what will you be doing?

HARON

I'll oversee, fund, and teach. Since I don't have a printer, you can ask your secretary to write on an A4 paper: 'LEARN ENGLISH FROM A NATIVE SPEAKER' as the title, followed by 'Affordable English Classes from Beginner to Advanced, covering Poetry and Literary Articles focusing on various topics including Romance' in smaller letters.

SOORAJ

Alright, I'll take care of it.

HARON

I'm not finished yet. We'll also need chairs, whiteboards, and markers.

SOORAJ

Are you done now?

HARON

Not quite. We'll also need around 1000
copies of the ad to distribute in the
neighborhoods.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL, MAIN GATE - DAY

Haroon stands at the main gate of Bombay Hospital. As Nazaneen emerges, he steps in front of her.

HAROON

Hey Nazaneen, I need to talk to you.

NAZANEEN

I know what you're gonna say. It's probably the same old story about how you love me and want to marry me.

HAROON

That's right. But I'm serious. I really do love you. Look, I'm not in a rush to get married. I can wait until you finish your residency and become an MD.

NAZANEEN

There's a big gap between us, especially when it comes to wealth. Most rich people are pretty fickle.

HAROON

It's not my fault that I was born into a wealthy family. I'm willing to live with you in a simple cottage.

NAZANEEN

Mr. Haroon, I have a lot on my plate right now. I'm just focused on my practical studies and finishing my residency, which will be done in a month. I'm not thinking about love or marriage.

Nazaneen heads toward the bus stop, and Haroon follows her. She notices a police constable approaching the university and goes to him.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Constable. I need to file a complaint.

THE CONSTABLE

(Greeting Nazaneen)

Hello, madam interpreter. Constable Sahil Khan at your service.

NAZANEEN

There's a guy following me. Please arrest him.

SAHIL KHAN

Who's the troublemaker? Show me.

Haroon steps forward from behind Nazaneen.

HAROON

Hello, Mr. Khan. I'm Haroon. I think we've met before at the beach.

SAHIL KHAN

I remember. So, what's going on?

NAZANEEN

This is the guy who's been following and bothering me. Now, according to my complaint, you should arrest him.

HAROON

(jumping between
Nazaneen and the
constable)

You've heard her complaint, sir, but you haven't heard my side of the story. The truth is, this is all about love. I love this girl, but she's pushing me away.

SAHIL KHAN

(facing Nazaneen)

Sorry, ma'am. When it comes to matters of love, I can't intervene. I myself am a true lover who has never been able to confess his love to his beloved. I'm off. I have to join the night classes at the university.

NAZANEEN

But Constable, what about my complaint?

The constable walks away, ignoring Nazaneen's question.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

(singing and running
behind the constable)

*Shekayat meree, shekyat mainree,
Hawaldar zara suno na.*

HAROON

(singing)

*Hekayat mera, hekayat mera,
Oh hawaldar zara suno na.*

Haroon dances with the music and people in the area are watching him.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (pointing with right
 hand towards Nazaneen)
*Ye ladhki mera dil, chori keya hai
 Ooper sey, seena zoori bhi keya hai
 Magar main es haqeeqat jan gaya houn
 Ke majboor esko majboori keya hai
 Hekayat mera, hekayat mera,
 hawaladar zara suno na.*

Sahil Khan imagines that he has taken Haroon and Nazaneen to the Police Station while the music plays.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The song continues to play as Sahil Khan prepares to document Nazaneen's complaint with a pen and FIR book in hand.

Meanwhile, Haroon is making a telephone call.

SAHIL KHAN
 (to Nazaneen)
 Alright, what's your complaint?

Nazaneen dances and sings, pointing to Haroon.

NAZANEEN
*Yeh ladka mainre sa't dohka keya hai,
 Mujhi rastey main phir, rokha keya hai
 Yeh sachcha hai ke jota keysey janou
 Jo kehta hai woh sab main keyse manou
 Shekayat merey, shekayat merey,
 Hawaladar zara suno na.*

Haroon, disheveled and untidy, sings, addressing Sahil Khan, who now daydreams that he is an inspector in the police station.

HAROON
 (singing and pointing
 to himself)
*Yeh halat mera. O Yeh halat mera,
 O Tahnedar, zara deyko na.*

NAZANEEN
*Shekayat merey, shekayat merey
 O Tahnedar zara lekko no.*

While the music is in full swing, Sooraj enters the police station, presenting the bail papers to Sahil Khan to secure Haroon's release.

HAROON
 (singing and dancing)
 Zamanat mera, Zamanat mera,
 O Tahanedar zara leylo na.

As Sahil Khan's daydream ends, he finds himself back in his constable uniform at the entrance of the University

EXT. BOMBAY UNIVERSITY, MAIN GATE - DAY

NAZANEEN
 (singing and dancing)
 Shekayat merey, shekayat merey,
 Hawaldar zara sonno na.

HAROON
 (singing and holding
 Nazaneen's hand)
 Mohabbat mera, yeh chahat mera,
 O Mera yar, zara samjo na.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH COURSE OFFICE - DAY

Haron sits confidently behind his desk in the newly established English Course Office, surrounded by posters and images promoting English learning classes and his philanthropic endeavors.

Two burly men in their thirties barge into the room, one of them addressing Haron with a gruff tone.

THE MAN
 Who's running the show here?

HARON
 That would be me.

THE MAN
 Where did you get the license to operate this English Center?

HARON
 From the Government of India.

THE MAN
 You aware that in this area, all work permits come through YOUSUF KHAN's Office?

HARON
 And who might Yousuf Khan be?

THE MAN

He's the big boss overseeing all businesses in this district. Now that you're up and running, you owe Mr. Khan's commission and protection fee, 25,000 Rupees per month.

HARON

(with a smirk)

And what if I refuse to play along and stand up to you instead?

THE MAN

(with a menacing growl)

Then you and your center will vanish.

HARON

(acting intimidated)

My apologies, sir. Who am I to challenge you? Just kidding. I'll get you the funds promptly. Wait downstairs, and I'll bring the 25,000 Rupees in a few moments.

The two men exit the building, and Haron swiftly closes the office door, calling for the cleaner.

HARON (CONT'D)

Ramoo Kaka, O Ramoo Kaka.

A slim man in his late 50s emerges from the kitchen.

RAMOO

Yes, sir?

HARON

Secure all entrances and keep everyone out.

RAMOO

Got it, sir.

CUT TO:

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

Haron steps out from the main gate of the building and spots the two men on the sidewalk. With determination, he walks towards them. One of the men confronts Haron.

THE MAN

Where's the money?

HARON

Sorry, fellas, I'm short on cash. All I've got is this ATM card.

THE MAN

There's a bank across the road. Use the ATM machine there.

HARON

Nah, not my style. If you want the 10 thousand rupees, you'll have to come and take the card from my hand.

Haron retrieves an ATM card from his pocket, holding it aloft in his right hand.

HARON (CONT'D)

(flashing the card)

But don't think it's gonna be easy. You'll have to work for it. Nothing's free in this world.

The two men try to snatch the ATM card from Haron's hand, but he deftly switches it between his hands, taunting them.

Growing angrier, the men attempt to attack Haron, but he skillfully defends himself, using the card to scratch their faces. Despite their efforts, they're no match for Haron, who leaves them exhausted and defeated.

A crowd gathers to witness the scuffle. As the men retreat, one of them issues a warning to Haron.

THE MAN

You might not fear us, but you should fear Yousuf Khan. He won't let you off the hook.

HARON

Forget it. I'm not scared of your boss. Tell Yousuf Khan that Haron, an Afghan-Indo-Canadian, won't be paying his protection money.

The men slink away through the crowd.

BACK TO:

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haron sits behind his desk, his expression focused as he retrieves his cell phone and dials Sooraj's number. He waits as the phone rings, then we CUT TO:

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj is in the midst of a conversation with a client when he notices Haron's name flashing on his phone screen.

SOORAJ
(to the client,
apologetically)
Excuse me, sir. This is an important call.
May I take it?

THE CLIENT
Go ahead, sir.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Sooraj swiftly answers the call.

SOORAJ
Hi, Haron. Is everything alright?

HARON
Do you have any information about Yousuf
Khan in this area?

SOORAJ
Yes, I've heard of him. He used to work
as a computer programmer until he got
entangled in some trouble with his employer
at a major IT company. Ever since then,
he's been rumored to be involved in less-
than-legal activities.

HARON
Interesting. Why would someone with his
background turn to crime?

SOORAJ
That's a question worth exploring. Anyway,
I've got to jump off now because a client
is waiting for me. But you be careful.
Bye.

HARON
Goodbye, bro.

Haron hangs up the call and places his phone back on his desk. He then focuses on his laptop, pulling it closer and entering a series of letters and numbers into the password box.

Clicking on the GOOGLE ICON, he types "Yousuf Khan Bombay, India" into the search bar.

As the search results populate the screen, Haron clicks on a link featuring a picture of a rugged, somewhat handsome man in his prime.

Engrossed in reading the information, he is interrupted by a knock on his door.

Haron looks up to see a man in his early forties wearing a thin white hat, accompanied by a teenage boy, standing at the threshold.

THE MAN

May I come in, sir?

HARON

Yes, please, come in. You're most welcome.

THE MAN

Good morning, sir. I'm SALIM, and this is my son, EMRAN. I want to enroll him in your English Course.

HARON

Great! Bring him here for a Placement Test on Monday at 10:00 AM. After that, we'll determine the appropriate level and class for him.

SALIM

How much will it cost?

HARON

What do you do for a living?

SALIM

I'm a car mechanic, and I own my own body shop.

HARON

For individuals with their own businesses, we charge 500 Rupees per month.

Salim takes out a 500 Rupee note from his pocket and places it on Haron's desk.

Haron writes a receipt and hands it to Salim.

HARON (CONT'D)

Here's your receipt, sir. See you on Sunday morning.

Salim accepts the receipt and places it in his wallet.

SALIM

Thank you, Mr...

HARON

Haron Malhotra.

HARON

By the way, Mr. Salim, could you give me your business card? I'm interested in visiting your body shop. Perhaps we could explore potential investment opportunities and expand the business through a partnership.

Salim retrieves a business card from his wallet and hands it to Haron.

SALIM

Here you are, sir. I look forward to the prospect of doing business with you.

HARON

Great! I'll be in touch soon. Oh, and before you go, do you happen to know anything about Yousuf Khan, who extorts protection money from people in this area?

SALIM

Yes, sir. I'm familiar with him. Two years ago, he was a respected figure in the neighborhood, a well-educated software engineer and computer programmer.

HARON

And then?

SALIM

One day, he was arrested by the police on charges of treason and funneling funds to a Kashmiri insurgent group. Many believe that the owner of the company, whose daughter was romantically involved with Yousuf Khan, fabricated the charges to eliminate him.

HARON

How did he transition from prison to a criminal?

SALIM

It's said that Mr. Malik, a corrupt Member of Parliament, used his influence and wealth to hire skilled lawyers who

(MORE)

SALIM (CONT'D)

successfully dropped the charges and secured Khan's release. Since then, Khan and his associates have been working for them. With widespread unemployment, they recruit young men easily, merely by providing basic sustenance and a meager income.

HARON

Thank you, Mr. Salim. I'm eager to explore business opportunities with you. Khuda Hafiz.

SALIM

(Responding with the Urdu farewell)

Khuda Hafiz.

Salim and his son, Emran, exit Haron's office.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT YARD OF A MEDIEVAL HOUSE - DAY

The front yard of the medieval two-story house, overlooked by a large veranda, exudes a timeless ambiance.

YOUSUF KHAN, a man in his early thirties with a modest beard, sits on a sturdy wooden chair positioned at the yard's center, surrounded by vintage wooden furniture.

A cup of steaming tea in hand, Khan sits regally on his sturdy wooden chair, his gaze sweeping over the front yard.

The yard, adorned with vibrant roses, blooming flowers, and towering trees, serves as a picturesque backdrop to Khan's commanding presence, exuding an aura of authority and control.

Around him, his loyal associates are engaged in various activities. Some play cards while others gather around a chessboard, observing the game with keen interest.

YOUSUF KHAN

Ranjeet!

RANJEET, a burly man with a wheatish complexion, rises from his seat, a chess piece in hand.

RANJEET
(placing the chess
piece back on the
board)

Yes, Khan bahi?

YOUSUF KHAN
Gather Osman and Kabir. Bring Haron here,
but approach him peacefully. Violence is
not our first resort. Inform him that
Khan wishes to converse with him. Should
he decline, you have my permission to use
force, but aim for non-lethal injury.

Ranjeet solemnly nods, signaling for Osman and Kabir to
join him. Together, they stride purposefully toward the
gate.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
(raising his voice)
Ranjeet, ensure you return unscathed. We
cannot afford any tarnish on our reputation
within the neighborhood.

RANJEET
(glancing back from
the threshold)
Worry not, Khan bahi. I shall not falter.
Either I'll bring Haron, or you'll find
my lifeless body.

Ranjeet and his companions exit the house.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - LATER

Haron is engrossed in reading on the screen of his computer when he hears a knock on his office door.

Glancing up, he sees three imposing figures standing at the entrance. Among them is Ranjeet, whom Haron had confronted previously.

HARON

(eyeing them warily)

I assume you're Yousuf Khan's men.

RANJEET

Yes, we are. But we're not here for protection money. We've come to take you to Mr. Khan's home. He wants to meet you in person.

HARON

And if I refuse?

KABIR

(pulling a revolver
from his pocket and
pointing it at Haron)

Then we'll take you, one way or another.

HARON

(smiling)

There's no need for violence. I'll go with you. In fact, I want to speak with your boss.

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE HARON'S ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haron walks briskly across the street, flanked by his captors.

Osman leads the way, striding purposefully across the empty area, while Ranjeet and Kabir follow closely behind, urging Haron forward with the barrel of the gun.

They approach Khan's house situated opposite Haron's English Center, about 150 meters away.

EXT. GATE OF KHAN'S MEDIEVAL HOUSE - DAY

Haron and his captors reach the gate of Khan's house, where a guard opens a small iron door within the main gate.

KABIR
(pressing the gun
against Haron's back)
Get inside.

Haron complies.

INT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Entering the front yard of Khan's house, Haron swiftly twists Kabir's arm, pinning it between the door frame and the door itself, leaving Kabir trapped and immobilized.

With precise maneuvering, he disarms Kabir, taking hold of the gun.

Khan's men quickly rush to aid their comrade.

Surrounded by adversaries, Haron fights fiercely, using his AIKIDO and martial arts skills to fend off Yousuf Khan's men.

With precise strikes, he incapacitates some, focusing on disarming others. He targets the right hand of a gunman who wanted to fire at him, causing the man to drop his weapon.

The scene widens to reveal Yousuf Khan emerging on the veranda to investigate.

YOUSUF KHAN
(shouting to his men)
Who's firing in the house?

HARON
(holding the revolver)
I've fired a couple of defensive shots.
By the way, I'm Haron Malhotra.

YOUSUF KHAN
So you're Mr. Haron. The son of a Hindu-Canadian business tycoon. Born in Afghanistan, educated in Canada, now a social worker in India, chasing after your dream girl.

HARON
Impressive. You've done your homework.
But how did you know about my love life?

YOUSUF KHAN

We always conduct thorough research on friends and foes. As a computer engineer, I'm skilled at online investigations. I found information about your profession and education on LinkedIn.

HARON

And my love life?

YOUSUF KHAN

I was present at the wedding where you sang. Your condition to sing again if Ms. Nazaneen asked made it clear that you had feelings for her.

HARON

But you overlooked my proficiency in shooting and AIKIDO, which clearly tipped the scales in my favor.

YOUSUF KHAN

If you're so skilled, how did my men manage to bring you here?

HARON

Looks like you put a lot of faith in your guys, Mr. Khan. Last time around, they couldn't get the protection money. But now, I'm here on my own terms to have a chat with you. Can we agree to let me run my English Language Center without any hassles?

YOUSUF KHAN

So, you're a lone wolf?

HARON

This language course is for the underprivileged. It's part of my community development efforts. Mr. Khan, as an educated Muslim, I don't understand why you're involved in these illegal activities. Islam condemns such actions.

YOUSUF KHAN

I've tried to be a good citizen, but the world has betrayed me. Every time I sought honesty, I faced treachery.

HARON

Is that so?

YOUSUF KHAN

Yes, indeed. I was once in a similar position, with a promising job and aspirations for a bright future. However, I was falsely accused of a crime I didn't commit, and the father of the girl I loved smeared my reputation, rendering me unable to secure employment.

HARON

I'm sorry to hear about your past, but remember, the winning side isn't always the right one. As your holy book says, "Despair not of the Mercy of Allah, verily, Allah forgives all sins."

YOUSUF KHAN

You're quite the preacher, Mr. Haron.

HARON

Well, us non-Muslims sometimes find ourselves in that role. So, let's put the past behind us and work together for the welfare and prosperity of our community. Besides the English Center, we can establish a computer course.

YOUSUF KHAN

What role would I play in your computer course?

HARON

You'd be an instructor, helping others learn computer operation, programming, repair, and more. We can even teach your men English alongside and hire them as staff.

YOUSUF KHAN

It's not that simple, Mr. Haron. You don't understand how dangerous the people I work for can be. They might come after your Center and its equipment. Are you prepared to face that?

HARON

Yes, I am. Together, we'll confront any dangers and challenges. Once we win over the hearts and minds of our community, the bad guys won't stand a chance.

YOUSUF KHAN

I admire your confidence and determination.
(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Just give me one day to think and consult my men. I'll let you know my final decision.

HARON

Fair enough. I'll await your decision. Here, take your pistol. I won't be needing it anymore.

Haron tosses the revolver to Yousuf Khan, who catches it effortlessly.

YOUSUF KHAN

See you soon, my friend.

HARON

(with a smile)

Until next time. Goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. A MODERN HALL ROOM - DAY

JAGATPAL, a politician and a high ranking member of Mumbai's organized crime empire, a man in his late 50s adorned in a pristine white suit, commands attention as he sits atop an opulent revolving chair, encircled by several well-dressed associates.

JAGATPAL

(addressing a portly man to his right)

Mr. Mator, any updates on our operations in Delhi?

MATOR

We're thriving, sir. Profits in Delhi have surged by 10% over the last three months.

JAGATPAL

Splendid. However, we must proceed with caution. The new Home Minister is a fervent patriot, known for his aversion to illegal activities. It's rumored he's incorruptible.

Before Mator can reply, Jagatpal's phone rings, interrupting the discussion.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(answering the call)

Yes, number 5. What's the report?

MAN'S VOICE

Sir, it concerns Yousuf Khan. He's failing to procure our protection money and appears to be colluding with someone named Haron, a do-gooder running an English Course in our vicinity.

JAGATPAL

Worry not, we'll handle Khan and his associates. Keep them under surveillance and notify us of any developments.

MAN'S VOICE

Understood, sir. Signing off.

Jagatpal ends the call and shifts his gaze to KAMAL MALIK,48, dressed in politician's attire, seated across from him.

JAGATPAL

Mr. Malik, I hear your parrot has taken flight and is reveling in newfound freedom.

MALIK

You're referring to Yousuf Khan, I presume?

JAGATPAL

So, you're aware of the situation.

MALIK

Yes, sir. I intended to discuss this matter privately.

JAGATPAL

Very well, Mr. Malik. Close off all routes leading to Yousuf Khan. If he strays from our path, our revenue streams and influence will be at risk.

MALIK

He's been instrumental in our cyber operations, hacking our rivals' websites and conducting surveillance. Nevertheless, I'll handle it personally, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nazaneen strides into the living room of her home, finding Rawul, her teenage brother, engrossed in a cricket match on the television.

NAZANEEN

(displeased)

What are you doing, Rawul? You've been glued to the TV too often lately despite promising to study hard. When do you plan to hit the books? Your English teacher isn't impressed with your performance in her class.

RAWUL

(defensive)

I'm barely scraping by. Isn't that enough?

NAZANEEN

In today's competitive world, simply passing won't cut it. You need to buckle down and aim for a scholarship. I can't afford to cover your tuition and other expenses at a private college or university. Our only income is our late father's pension, half of which goes towards our mother's treatment. We have to manage our finances wisely.

RAWUL

You have a point, sister. I'll devise a study schedule. I'll limit TV time to just a few hours on weekends.

NAZANEEN

That's commendable. I've decided to enroll you in the new English course across the street.

Widening our view, we see Nazaneen's mother, dressed in typical white widowed Indian attire, emerging at the door of her room.

MOTHER

(concerned)

What's going on here? Why are you arguing with each other?

NAZANEEN

(Smiling towards her mother)

I was just advising him not to watch too much TV and to focus on his studies because his grades aren't good. I also wanted to register him in this new English Course, which is affordable and would help him improve.

MOTHER

(Kindly)

Hey Rawul. Your sister is right. You've got to take your studies seriously. Wasting time on TV and cricket won't take you anywhere.

RAWUL

Okay, Mom. I promise I will study hard.

MOTHER

That's like a good boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

Ranjeet, Osman, Kabir, and other Khan's men are seated on chairs, having breakfast in the front yard of the house when Yousuf Khan emerges onto the VERANDA.

YOUSUF KHAN

(loudly)

KARIM!

A new face among the men, seeming to be in his late 20s, stands up.

KARIM

Yes, Bahi Jan.

YOUSUF KHAN

Did you bring the house title deed?

KARIM

Yes, Bahi Jan. I put its file in your desk drawer.

YOUSUF KHAN

(loud and resolute)

Now, listen carefully, everyone. I want to leave this illegal business and walk the right path. Just as you've supported me in doing wrong, I ask for your support in doing right. Otherwise, sooner or later, you'll end up being prey to police bullets or rival gangs.

All of Khan's men join hands, shouting:

THE MEN

(in Hindi, subtitled)

Yousuf Khan zenda bad. Yousuf Khan zenda bad.

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haron sits across from Salim, the owner of a nearby Body Shop, engaged in a discussion.

He reaches into his coat's inside pocket, retrieving a checkbook, and starts jotting down an amount on the first page.

Suddenly, Yousuf Khan enters the office, with Osman positioned behind him.

Salim looks visibly uneasy, but Haron rises to warmly welcome Yousuf Khan.

HARON
(using the Farsi
welcome phrase, with
subtitles)
Khosh Aamadeid, khosh aamadeid.

YOUSUF KHAN
Brother Haron, I've decided to join you
in the fight between Vice and Virtue.

HARON
(embracing Khan)
That's great. Please, have a seat so we
can discuss our future plans.

Khan sits on a couch in the corner of the room.

HARON (CONT'D)
(pointing to Salim)
This is Mr. Salim, with whom I'll be doing
business as of today.

YOUSUF KHAN
I know him well. He's a skilled mechanic
with his own Body Shop. He's been servicing
our vehicles for years. I owe him for his
work and intend to compensate him
accordingly.

HARON
I've decided to invest \$25,000 in his
Body Shop to purchase and install new
machines and modern equipment. He'll also
hire some of your men. Additionally, I'll
recruit a few as guards and security
personnel for my English Language Center.

YOUSUF KHAN

That's excellent news. I was concerned about the future of my men. With stable jobs and income, they'll remain loyal and dependable.

HARON

In addition to the computer course, I'm also considering opening a restaurant in this area, offering healthy food options.

YOUSUF KHAN

That's a fantastic initiative, brother. It'll help integrate these people back into society. By the way, I have a small, modest house in Andheri West inherited from my father. I plan to sell it and contribute the funds to our new projects. My cousin, Karim, has just brought the property's title deed, and soon I'll be meeting with property dealers to sell it.

HARON

Thank you. We may use that money to purchase a suitable location for our restaurant. Um...

Haron is interrupted by a gentle knock at the door. He looks over and sees Nazaneen accompanied by a young boy.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

FADE IN:

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Nazaneen knocks on the right panel of Haron's office door, we shift our view to her standing on the threshold with her teenage brother, Rawul.

NAZANEEN

Good afternoon, sir. I'd like to enroll my brother in the English Course.

HARON

(taking a form from a paper basket on the right corner of his desk)

Please come in and fill out this form. Meanwhile, he'll need to take a placement test.

Nazaneen takes the form from Haron and starts filling it out.

YOUSUF KHAN

(getting up from his seat)

Alright, Mr. Haron, I need to go find a property dealer to sell the house.

HARON

(smiling)

No problem, Mr. Khan. Sorry, I can't even offer you a cup of tea.

YOUSUF KHAN

Don't worry, brother. God willing, we'll be drinking a lot of tea in the future. So see you later.

HARON

(with a wave)

Goodbye. See you.

CUT TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits across from a mustached and bearded man (35), wearing a Sikh turban.

Karim, sits beside him, maintaining a watchful presence.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (handling a plastic
 file folder to the
 mustached man)

Sir, these are the documents for my house.
 I want to sell it. The property is located
 in Andheri West. Along with the papers,
 there are also pictures of the property.

THE REAL ESTATE AGENT
 The location of the house is good. I'm
 sure it will fetch a good price. I'll
 need a copy of these documents.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 I've brought color copies for you. The
 original is with me.

THE REAL ESTATE AGENT
 Alright, Mr. Khan. I'll give you a call
 within five days. If we don't find a
 suitable buyer, I'll take it upon myself.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 (rising)
 Okay. Thank you, sir. We'll meet again.

Khan exits the real estate agent's office, followed by
 Karim.

EXT. PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A JEEP pulls up in front of the real estate office in
 the parking area.

Karim opens the back door of the car. Just as Yousuf
 Khan gets into the jeep, a GUNSHOT rings out.

Khan dives into the vehicle, clutching his arm. Osman,
 behind the wheel, accelerates and drives away.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Khan's jeep navigates through traffic on a two-way
 asphalted road.

INT. CAR BACK SEAT - DAY

Karim removes his shirt and uses it to tie around Khan's
 bleeding arm.

YUSUF KHAN
 Osman! Let's head home. The wound isn't
 deep. We'll do the treatment there.

OSMAN

Alright, Khan bahi.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Haron moves through Salim Khan's Body Shop, surveying the space and conversing with him.

HARON

I'm pleased to see there's enough room for expansion. I'm thinking we could set up a Car Wash over there in the corner and install equipment for Tire Alignment.

SALIM

You're absolutely right, sir.

Haron's cell phone rings, and he retrieves it from his coat pocket.

HARON

(answering the call)

Yes?

A man's voice comes from the other end.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(from the phone)

Mr. Haron, I'm Karim Khan, Yousuf Khan's cousin.

HARON

Yes, Mr. Khan. What's the matter?

KARIM'S VOICE

(from the phone)

I just wanted to inform you that there was an attempt on Yousuf Khan's life. He was shot in the arm, but thankfully, he's safe. Just be cautious; you could be the next target.

HARON

Don't worry about me. I'm coming to see you guys.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan lies on a bed in a spacious room, his left hand bandaged. Karim, his cousin, assists him in drinking some juice.

Suddenly, Haron appears at the door.

HARON

(entering the room)

Hey, buddy! I didn't realize that being friends with me would come at such a cost.

YOUSUF KHAN

It's alright. It's been part of my life for the last five years.

HARON

I suspect there's an informant among your men who relays information about your movements to your enemies. Now, tell me, where and when did this happen?

YOUSUF KHAN

I went to see a property dealer to sell my house.

HARON

And then?

YOUSUF KHAN

As I was leaving his office and getting into my car, someone shot at me.

HARON

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

YOUSUF KHAN

What do you suggest?

HARON

We'll obtain licenses for a couple of guns. Sooraj, my lawyer friend, can help with that.

YOUSUF KHAN

What else?

HARON

We'll also acquire some sturdy sticks and cricket bats. We'll practice AIKIDO and teach our friends martial arts. Additionally, we'll buy a couple of bulletproof vests and helmets. Whenever we go out, we'll wear them.

YOUSUF KHAN

Great! I can't wait to learn AIKIDO.

HARON

I need a couple of men to protect the English Center, and about 8 or 10 more for our Auto Repair Shop. Your men will serve as mechanics and guards at the shop. They'll receive salaries and gradually integrate into society.

YOUSUF KHAN

Perfect.

HARON

Now, I need to call Sooraj, my lawyer friend.

Haron searches his phone and finds Sooraj's number. Then he calls him.

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj is immersed in reading a file when his cell phone suddenly rings. He picks it up from the right side of his desk and checks the caller ID, seeing Haron's name displayed. Sooraj answers the call.

SOORAJ

Hello, Haron. What's up?

HARON

Hey, Sooraj. I was wondering if you've completed the partnership papers for the Body Shop?

SOORAJ

They're nearly finished. You can expect them on your desk tomorrow afternoon.

HARON

Excellent! One more thing, buddy.

SOORAJ

What's it?

HARON

We need to acquire a couple of guns along with their licenses for our security. I'm confident you can handle it. You can argue before the court that your client, a businessman investing here, requires armed protection due to safety concerns.

SOORAJ

Got it. That process will take around 3 to 4 days.

HARON

Thank you, Sooraj. I'll see you then.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD WITH A POOL - DAY

Malik, the Muslim MP, dressed in shorts, lounges on a POOLSIDE CHAIR in the backyard of a modern villa. A somewhat pretty woman (28) massages him.

Parwiz, Malik's personal secretary, approaches with a bottle of whisky and a cup on a tray, placing it on a table near Malik.

PARWIZ

Here's your drink, sir. Should I pour it into the glass?

MALIK

Not yet, Parwiz. Before that, call Yousuf Khan.

PARWIZ

Alright, sir.

Parwiz retrieves his cell phone from his waistcoat pocket and makes the phone call.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan's iPhone on a small table under a nightstand continues to ring.

Khan, lying on his bed, picks up the phone. Seeing Parwiz's name on the mobile screen, Khan answers the call.

YOUSUF KHAN

(bringing the phone
closer to his mouth)

Give the phone to your boss, you lackey.
You're not my counterpart.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

PARWIZ

(giving the phone to
Malik)

Here you go, Malik Sahab.

MALIK

(lying on his back on
the chair)

Greetings, Khan Sahab! I've heard a bullet grazed your hand. It seems the shooter deliberately aimed at your hand, otherwise, the bullet could've hit your head as well.

YOUSUF KHAN

I bought my shroud when I started working with despicable people like you. You should prepare yours too because you won't last long.

MALIK'S VOICE

I will last. But you and your Canadian friend won't last long. You underestimate our power.

YOUSUF KHAN

Mr. Malik! You're underestimating the power of a common man. You know, I have evidence of all your dirty deeds. Even if I die, that evidence will reach the media and police, and your fate will be doomed to annihilation.

Yousuf Khan disconnects the phone.

EXT. BACKYARD WITH A POOL - DAY

MALIK

(giving the cell phone
to Parwiz)

Tell the driver to bring the car. We need to see the boss.

PARWIZ

Alright, sir.

MALIK

(getting up from the
chair and kissing
his massage girl's
lips)

Parwiz, you take the whiskey. Today, the liquor from Miss Shabnam's lips is enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A PALATIAL HOUSE - DAY

A BMW smoothly comes to a halt in front of a spacious, modern, luxurious white house, its magnificence safeguarded by a couple of armed men.

Parwiz steps out from the front seat and opens the rear door, allowing Malik to exit the vehicle.

INT. LUXURY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jagatpal is seated on a plush couch across from a middle-aged man with a receding hairline, dressed in black, in a spacious and lavishly furnished room.

As the camera widens, Malik enters the scene.

MALIK

Namaste, Jagatpal Sahab. How are you today?

JAGATPAL

(standing from his seat and extending his hand to his well-dressed visitor)

Mr. MEHRA. Your tasks will be completed by tomorrow. You will receive the contract without fail. But please, keep in mind our commission.

MEHRA

Don't worry, Jagatpal Sahab. Forget about the commission. If you want a partnership, I can split the profits of this project 50-50.

JAGATPAL

No, Mr. Mehra. Our business is quite large. Just deposit the commission in the bank.

MEHRA

Alright, sir. Whatever you say. Good day, sir.

Mehra exits.

JAGATPAL

(turning his head towards Malik)

Malik Sahab, you were inquiring about my well-being. Let me tell you, if you fail to resolve Khan's case on time, my condition will deteriorate further.

MALIK

I have already given him a strong warning not to mess around with us.

JAGATPAL

What kind of warning?

MALIK

He's been shot in the hand.

JAGATPAL

Why not in the head?

MALIK

He's a man of few words, so I've given him another chance.

JAGATPAL

Are you sure you haven't let the lion go with just a wound?

MALIK

I don't mind if you want to permanently close Yousuf Khan's case, sir, but he threatened me, claiming he possesses audio and video recordings of my illegal activities that could be exposed on social media or handed over to the police.

JAGATPAL

(upset)

This is a result of your negligence, Mr. Malik. You must find a solution to this problem ensuring he remains unaware of my involvement. By the way, is this Yousuf Khan the real deal?

MALIK

Sir, Khan has recently befriended a man named Haroon. He's a businessman and a social worker. I believe Haroon is more dangerous than Khan because he's a persuasive speaker and has convinced Khan to abandon a life of crime and unlawful activities.

JAGATPAL

Ah, yes, this Haroon is an Afghan-Canadian, our informer had mentioned his name. Anyway, by giving me this news, you have worsened my mood. Before this wound turns into a scar, we need to address it promptly.

MALIK
(heading toward the
door)
Understood, sir. I'll take care of it.

JAGATPAL
(raising his right
hand)
Goodbye, Mr. Malik. And keep me updated.

MALIK
(exiting the room)
Of course, sir. Goodbye.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan sits with a couple of his men, enjoying their dinner.

His cell phone buzzes on the table, and he picks it up, seeing Haroon's name on the screen. Khan presses the OK button.

YOUSUF KHAN
(swallowing the last
bite of food)
Hello, Mr. Haroon. How are you doing?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HAROON
Good, good, thank you. Are you busy tomorrow morning?

YOUSUF KHAN
How can we be busy when you've shut down all our operations?

HAROON
Alright, then bring ten of your smartest men to my residence tomorrow morning at 9:00 a.m. I have something for you. Afterward, we'll head to our new garage and body shop opening. Your men will be offered positions there.

YOUSUF KHAN
(sarcastically)
Then some capitalist must have taken over a poor man's business.

HAROON
I didn't take over a poor man's business. Instead, I invested in Salim's old body shop and modernized it. Come over, and we'll discuss the details.

YOUSUF KHAN
Alright, God willing, I'll see you tomorrow at 9:00 a.m. Bye.

Yousuf Khan disconnects the phone and places it back on his dining table.

RANJEET

Khan bhai, it's not safe for you to go out. Your life is in danger.

YOUSUF KHAN

Should I spend my whole life hiding underground, afraid of corrupt politicians?

Khan wipes his hands with a tissue paper and turns to his cousin.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Karim!

KARIM

Yes, bhai Jan?

YOUSUF KHAN

Arrange for the poorest and neediest among our associates to be ready for tomorrow. Ranjeet will also join us.

KARIM

Understood.

RANJEET

Khan bhai, if there's nothing else, I'll go home and spend the night with my wife and kid. I'll be back around 9 a.m. tomorrow.

YOUSUF KHAN

That's fine. Go spend the night with your family.

RANJEET

(rising from his chair)

Thank you, Khan bhai.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, HARON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Yousuf Khan, Karim and Osman sit in the living room of Haron's apartment, occupying chairs and couches.

Haron emerges from his bedroom, carrying a large box.

HAROON

(while searching inside the box)

I ordered these online.

Haron retrieves a couple of VESTS, HELMETS, and CAPS from the box and places them on a large coffee table in the center of the room.

YOUSUF KHAN

What are you going to do with these?

HAROON

We're going to use them. These aren't ordinary items. The vests and helmets are bulletproof. Our lives are in danger, and we have to protect ourselves.

Haron hands one vest to Yousuf Khan, another to Osman, and a third to Karim.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Please put them on. I'll wear one, and the fourth is for my friend Sooraj.

Everyone dons the vests under Haroon's watchful eye.

HAROON (CONT'D)

They're a bit heavy, but you'll get used to it. It shouldn't be too unbearable in this December weather.

Haron dons one of the vests and a helmet, then adds a cap on top of the helmet to disguise it. He also places another helmet on Yousuf Khan's head.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(to Karim & Osman)

Brothers, put on a helmet and a cap like me.

They follow Haroon's lead.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Now we're ready to go anywhere in India. So where are the rest of your men?

YOUSUF KHAN

I left them outside to guard our vehicles.

HAROON

Let's get going then.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF BODY SHOP - DAY

A Jeep filled with men, followed by a white Honda Civic, pulls up beside the road in front of a newly-painted structure.

A signboard reading 'Salim & Malhotra's Garage' in both Hindi and English hangs prominently above the entrance.

The entrance is festooned with Indian-style paper flowers and other colorful decorations.

Osman, Ranjeet, and several members of Khan's entourage step out of the Jeep first, dispersing in and around the area.

Karim, emerging from the driver's seat of the Honda Civic, opens the back door for Haron and Khan.

They exit the vehicle and stride confidently towards the entrance.

Inside, a multitude of people are seated on chairs, their attention focused on a small stage arranged before them.

As they make their way towards the front row, Yousuf Khan leans in towards Haron and whispers.

YOUSUF KHAN

(whispering)

So, you've renamed Salim's body shop to 'Salim and Malhotra's Garage'?

HARON

(nodding in affirmation)

Yes, it's now a 50-50 partnership.

Salim guides Haron and Khan to the front row seats designated for VIPs.

SALIM

(indicating two plush
couches amidst the
chairs)

Welcome, gentlemen. Please, have a seat.

They take their seats, facing a gathering of about 40 community members, including both men and women seated neatly in rows. A small stage is set up before the audience in an open area.

Salim strides confidently onto the stage, poised to start the proceedings and introduce the speaker.

SALIM (CONT'D)

Dear brothers and sisters, it is my honor to introduce to you a man of remarkable vision and compassion.

(MORE)

SALIM (CONT'D)

He is not only my esteemed business partner but also a dedicated social worker whose actions speak volumes about his commitment to our community. Please join me in welcoming Haron to the stage.

Amidst the crowd's cheers and applause, Haron steps forward, adjusting the microphone to his height as he approaches the podium.

HARON

Ladies and gentlemen, it is with immense pride that I address you today. Investing in this Mechanic's Garage goes beyond a mere business venture for me; it's a pledge to foster the growth and prosperity of our community. In addition, I have established an English Language Center and am preparing to launch a computer course right here in our neighborhood. These endeavors signify more than just education; they symbolize empowerment. By providing these courses at affordable rates, we are equipping our community members with the necessary tools to thrive in an increasingly competitive world. However, I cannot accomplish this alone. I implore your support. Together, let us transform this community into a beacon of learning and opportunity for all.

The crowd hangs onto Haron's every word, but SUDDENLY, the venue is pierced by the sharp CRACK of gunfire. Haron's eyes widen in shock as he instinctively stumbles backward, almost losing his balance on the wooden podium.

The CAMERA WIDENS to reveal YOUSUF KHAN seated on a plush VIP couch facing the audience.

After a few seconds, another SHOT rings out, and Khan is thrown BACKWARD, his body slamming into the couch with force.

Panic ENGULFS the crowd as people SCRAMBLE for cover, the once celebratory atmosphere now filled with fear and confusion.

Salim glances towards the direction from which the bullets were fired. Along with some of his workers, he spots a sniper hastily vacating the rooftop of a building approximately 700 meters away from his GARAGE.

HARON rushes towards Yousuf Khan, his expression filled with urgency.

HARON (CONT'D)

Take him into the Manager's Room.

Karim springs into action, lifting Khan as if he were a wounded comrade on a battlefield.

They rush towards a room with a large glass window in the corner of the GARAGE, seeking safety amidst the chaos.

END OF ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

INT. MANAGER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haron gently shakes Khan and calls out to him, hoping for a response. Suddenly, Khan's eyes snap open, and he sits up abruptly.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hello, brothers! I'm alive and kicking. I was just acting, pretending to be shot dead to mislead the shooter into thinking his first shot had done the job. I felt the harsh impact of the bullet on my forehead, though.

Khan removes his cap and helmet. Haron checks it and finds a dent from the bullet impact

HARON

(smiling)

Thank God, my safety plan worked well. I also took a bullet in my belly, but the vest protected me.

Haron searches inside the vest, and before long, he retrieves the lead bullet between his two fingers. He shows the bullet to everyone in the room.

As Haron displays the bullet, the sound of screeching brakes grabs our attention, and our view shifts to the entrance of the Mechanic's Garage, where a Police Jeep and a Satellite TV Van come to a halt.

Stepping out of each vehicle are a Police Inspector and an anchorwoman, accompanied by a cameraman.

Salim steps out of the Manager's room as the inspector strides into the garage.

THE INSPECTOR

(addressing Salim)

Who's in charge here?

SALIM

That would be me, sir.

THE INSPECTOR

Can you brief me on what happened?

SALIM
 (pointing towards the
 rooftop of the
 building where he
 spotted the two gunmen)

Sir, I spotted two gunmen on the rooftop
 of that building right after they fired
 shots at our chief guest and his friend.

THE INSPECTOR
 And where are the victims now?

SALIM
 (pointing to the
 manager's room behind)
 They're in that room over there.

The inspector heads towards the room. Knocking on the
 glass door, he enters.

THE INSPECTOR
 Good morning. I'm Inspector PANDEY. I've
 got a few questions for you.

HARON
 Sure thing, sir.

INSPECTOR PANDEY
 (holding a pen and
 small notebook)
 I know Mr. Khan, so I'll talk to him later.
 But could you tell me about yourself?

HARON
 My name is Haron Malhotra. I'm a Canadian
 social worker and businessman.

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

HARON
 I'm not certain. I don't think I have
 enemies, but maybe I was targeted because
 of my connection with Khan, who's changing
 his life.

INSPECTOR PANDEY
 Alright, Mr. Haron. Please remain in Mumbai
 until we've completed our investigation.

HARON
 Understood, inspector.

As Inspector Pandey exits the manager's room, we see a TV reporter holding the Z NEWS CHANNEL'S MICROPHONE, broadcasting live.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Malik, the corrupt MP, reclines comfortably on a couch, clad in shorts and bare-chested, engrossed in watching the Z NEWS CHANNEL with an air of anticipation.

A masseuse, attired in a revealing outfit, administers a gentle massage to his neck and shoulders.

As the words 'BREAKING NEWS' flash across the TV screen, a smug grin spreads across Malik's face.

THE NEWSCASTER

THE NEWSCASTER

There has been a failed assassination attempt during the grand opening of a new Auto Repair Shop in Pant Nagar. According to police reports, Haron Malhotra, a Canadian business magnate, and his friend, Yousuf Khan, were the intended targets. Now, let's go live to KOMAL SHARMA at the scene of the incident.

A young typical Indian Anchorwoman holding the Z NEWS CHANNEL'S MIC appears on the TV Screen.

ANCHORWOMAN

We are reporting live from Mall Road, Pant Nagar, Bombay, where a shooting incident has occurred during the inauguration ceremony of a new Auto Repair Shop. Salim Khan, the manager of the Shop, has stated that his business partner, Haron Malhotra, and his friend Yousuf Khan were both targeted. Fortunately, they narrowly escaped. Let's go and see if we can speak to them.

The anchorwoman and her cameraman head towards the garage's office, attempting to locate Haron and Khan.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

(addressing Haron
while her cameraman
films a close-up))

Sir, can you answer a few questions?

HARON

I have already answered the police officer's inquiries. You may wish to speak with the authorities to complete your story.

ANCHORWOMAN

(turning to Yousuf Khan)

Mr. Khan, who do you believe might be behind this assassination attempt?

YOUSUF KHAN

I believe those involved in drug dealing, extortion, and other illegal activities within this community are responsible. They are opposed to the empowerment and prosperity of the underprivileged.

Infuriated, Malik switches off the TV and hurls the REMOTE CONTROL at the screen in a fit of rage.

The remote shatters upon impact, creating a small crack on the TV screen and startling the masseuse.

Malik's cell phone, resting on a nearby coffee table, begins to ring. He answers the call.

MALIK

Yes?

A man's voice emanates clearly from the phone.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)

Rajeshwar speaking, sir. The task has been completed. One has been kissed on the forehead, and the other adorned with a medal on his chest.

MALIK

(furious)

Shut up, you idiot! Don't say a word until you've confirmed the news.

RAJESHWAR'S VOICE

(over the phone)

The targets have been precisely hit, sir.

MALIK

(snarling)

Shut your mouth, you worthless cur! Don't speak another word about this over the phone.

(MORE)

111.

MALIK (CONT'D)
You're all incompetent fools.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT ELEVEN

ACT TWELVE

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Malhotra and his wife, Shanti, are having dinner in their luxurious dining room while the CBC News Channel plays in the background.

Suddenly, a breaking news headline flashes on the TV screen.

SUPER: MALHOTRA'S HOUSE, RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO

THE NEWSCASTER

There was a failed attempt of assassination on the Canadian social worker and business tycoon, Haron Malhotra in Mumbai.

Haron's picture appears on the TV screen as the newscaster continues:

THE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

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

Watching the TV, Malhotra and his wife become visibly concerned about their son.

SHANTI

(passing the phone to
her husband)

Please, see if our son is safe. If anything has happened to Haron, I'll be devastated.

MALHOTRA

Shanti, my love. The news on TV mentioned that it was an unsuccessful attempt, and our son is completely safe. But to ease your mind, I'll call Haron right away.

Malhotra scrolls down to find Haron's name on the phone and presses the call button.

INT. VERANDA, YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Haron and Yousuf Khan engage in conversation with Karim also present on the veranda.

YOUSUF KHAN

I believe there's a mole among my crew.

HARON

I agree.

Haron is about to continue, but his cell phone starts ringing, and he immediately answers upon seeing his father's name on the screen of his iPhone.

HARON (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad! How are things?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MALHOTRA

I'm good, son! But it seems like you're in a tough situation. We're worried about you. Listen, Haron! Book a ticket for Canada on the next flight. It's not safe where you are.

HARON

No worries, Dad. I'll be fine. Once I wrap up my business, I'll head home. Hey, Dad, can you put Mom on the line?

MALHOTRA

(passing the phone to
his wife)

Shanti, speak to your boy.

SHANTI

Hey, Haron! Thank God you're safe. We're both worried about you and want you back home soon.

HARON

Mom, don't worry. If my time is up, I'll meet my end even in Canada, through some accident. Otherwise, no one can harm me anywhere in this world.

SHANTI

Don't talk like that, son. I want you to live, get married, and have children.

HARON

That's why I'm here, Mom. The good news is that I've found a very beautiful, well-educated bride for you. She's a medical doctor. She's a bit stubborn, but I've studied the 'Taming of the Shrew'. I promise I'll bring her to you soon after we're married.

SHANTI

Alright, dear. Take care of yourself. My prayers are with you, son.

HARON

Thank you, Mom.

Malhotra takes the phone from his wife.

MALHOTRA

So you're not coming back, son. In that case, I'll have a bulletproof Toyota Land Cruiser sent your way within three to four days. Stay put until the car arrives.

HARON

Sounds good, Dad. Take care.

MALHOTRA

Goodbye, champ.

HARON

Goodbye, Dad.

BACK TO:

HARON AND KHAN'S CONVERSATION SCENE ON THE VERANDA

HARON (CONT'D)

(hanging up the phone)

Sorry, guys, that was my mom and dad. They got worried after hearing some unsettling news. So, we were discussing the presence of a mole among us. Now, who could this informant be, Mr. Khan?

YOUSUF KHAN

Could it be one of Salim's men?

HARON

I don't think so because you were targeted before the event in the Mechanic's Garage.

KARIM

(looking at Haron)

Sir, I suspect Ranjeet. He was aware of the inaugural ceremony at Salim's Garage, and he went home the night before to see his family.

YOUSUF KHAN

I think Karim has a point. Ranjeet knew about my visit to the property dealer.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

I'll need to track his phone calls and messages as well as his bank account.

HARON

(whispering)

Hey Karim! Don't mention anything about Ranjeet until we figure out what to do.

KARIM

Sure thing, sir.

YOUSUF KHAN

(to Haron)

Come with me, please.

HARON

(standing up)

Where to?

YOUSUF KHAN

Just follow me.

Khan, followed by Haron, exits the veranda, entering a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Walking towards the end of the corridor, Khan stops behind a door. He reaches into his coat's right pocket and retrieves a bunch of keys, meticulously selecting one.

Inserting it into the door lock, he twists the key to the right, unlocking the door. Gripping the nickel handle firmly, Khan turns it downward, swinging the door open and stepping into a small library room.

INT. SMALL LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan strides into the small library, with Haron close behind.

A single laptop sits on the desk, surrounded by shelves stacked with various books, predominantly related to computer programming applications and software development.

Khan moves towards the right corner of the bookcase behind the desk. He pushes the bookcase revealing a hidden doorway to a secret, dimly lit computer room beyond.

INT. SECRET COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera pans out, revealing a dimly lit space housing two large server desktop computers, their blinking lights casting eerie shadows on the walls.

A faint hum fills the room, emanating from the machines' ultra-fast modems.

Khan and Haron enter the room. Khan settles behind one of the desktops, his fingers hovering over the keyboard. With a tap of the space bar, a password prompt instantly appears on the screen.

Khan swiftly inputs a series of characters and digits before hitting the enter key.

On the desktop, he double-clicks on a folder named "Numbers." Several additional folders appear, and he navigates to a folder labeled "Ran." Suddenly, several messages populate the screen.

Haron watches intently as Yousuf Khan selects the most recent message, which reads: *"Sir, Khan and Haron will go to Salim's Body Shop tomorrow at 10:00 am."*

Khan quickly jots down the phone numbers to which the message had been sent, then logs off.

HARON
(glancing at Khan)
Incredible, unbelievable.

YOUSUF KHAN
(smiling)
Technology is a double-edged sword; it
can be both a friend and a foe.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A White Mercedes glides gracefully along the asphalted road, its sleek exterior illuminated by the glow of the streetlights. The camera zeroes in on the vehicle, focusing on Jagatpal seated in the back right corner.

MOHAN, his personal secretary, late 30s, occupies the front passenger seat, while the driver, dressed in a crisp white uniform, steers the car with precision through the dimly lit streets.

JAGATPAL
Mohan!

MOHAN
 (from the front seat)
 Yes, sir?

JAGATPAL
 Call Mr. Malik. I need to speak with him.

MOHAN
 (unlocking the screen
 of his iPhone)
 Right away, sir.

As the iPhone begins to ring, we transition to a
 LUXURIOUS BEDROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malik lies entwined with a woman on a lavish king-size bed, their bodies pressed together in a passionate embrace. They kiss fervently, lost in the moment of intimacy.

Suddenly, Malik's cell phone vibrates on the nightstand beside him, interrupting their ardor. Reluctantly, he breaks away from the kiss and reaches for the phone.

Seeing Mohan's name flashing on the screen, Malik's expression darkens with irritation.

MALIK (grumbling)
 No, not again. This Jagatpal's Personal Secretary is a nuisance. He always calls me at the wrong time. I'm sure Mr. Jagatpal wants to talk to me.

The woman in bed, her half-naked form partially covered by the bedsheet, watches Malik with a mixture of curiosity and disappointment.

THE WOMAN IN BED
 Just ignore it.

Ignoring the woman's suggestion, Malik sighs and reluctantly presses the green phone icon on the screen.

MALIK
 Hello, sirjee. How are you?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JAGATPAL

(impatiently)

Mr. Malik! You must be very busy since you're not answering the phone right away. So, what are you up to?

MALIK

(apologetic)

You know my 'strongest weakness,' sir.

JAGATPAL

(sarcastically)

You fool. Woman is not your only strongest weakness. You have many other weaknesses too. Chief among them is that you cannot accomplish the tasks you undertake.

MALIK

(defensive)

No, sir, the operation was perfect and flawless. But I don't know how the subjects remained safe and sound. They must have had protective measures, sir.

JAGATPAL

(sighs)

Anyway, I'm inviting Haron to a big party this weekend. It'll be at my farmhouse, with ministers, celebrities, and high-ranking politicians attending. You're also invited, so don't forget to arrive at 6:00 PM.

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Ranjeet sits with a couple of Khan's men, engaged in a game of chess with Kabir. Two other members of Khan's entourage observe the match.

KABIR

Come on, make a move. You're overthinking, Ranjeet.

RANJEET

Just a moment. Chess is all about strategic thinking and making the right move; otherwise, you'll lose.

Suddenly, an iPhone placed on the corner of the table beside the chessboard rings. Ranjeet notices Khan's name on the screen and picks up the phone with a hint of frustration.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Not again. Khan bahi always interrupts my chess games.

Ranjeet answers the call, bringing the phone close to his mouth and ear.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Yes, bahi jan.

YOUSUF KHAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hey, Ranjeet. Please come to my bedroom. I have an assignment for you.

Ranjeet rises from his seat.

RANJEET

Alright, I'm on my way, sir.

INT. KHAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Yousuf Khan sits on the edge of his bed, holding a pistol, while Haroon relaxes on a luxurious sofa.

Ranjeet, clutching his cell phone, enters through an open door, visibly startled by the sight of the gun.

RANJEET

Yes, bahi jan.

YOUSUF KHAN

Give me your phone.

Ranjeet approaches Khan, handing over his iPhone.

RANJEET

Here you are, sir.

YOUSUF KHAN

What's the password?

RANJEET

1352.

Khan presses the side button and inputs 1352. The phone screen unlocks. Khan navigates to the messages folder and notices the latest message deleted.

YOUSUF KHAN

(looking at Ranjeet)

You deleted your most recent text messages. Now I know the number of Malik to whom you send messages.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Who is the other person with the diamond number beginning with 999-888-777?

RANJEET

(frightened)

Which number are you talking about, sir?

YOUSUF KHAN

You bastard, don't play games with me. Just tell me who you're spying for.

Khan moves closer to Ranjeet, placing the barrel of his gun into Ranjeet's mouth.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

I'll count to three. One, two, and...

RANJEET

(beseeching and asking for mercy)

No, no, Khan bahi. I'll tell you everything, but they are very dangerous and powerful people. If they find out I betrayed them, they'll kill me.

YOUSUF KHAN

If you don't cooperate, I'll kill you right here. But if you tell me the truth, I may forgive you.

RANJEET

I'm willing to cooperate, but I have one condition. If anything happens to me, you must promise to take care of my wife and children.

HAROON

(jumping into the conversation)

Consider it done. We'll make sure they're looked after.

RANJEET

Good. Besides keeping Malik in the loop, I've also kept Mr. Jagatpal informed about your movements.

YOUSUF KHAN

Who is this Jagatpal? Could he be that influential business tycoon or politician?

RANJEET

Indeed, he's the same individual who operates his illicit dealings under Malik's protection and prefers to stay out of the limelight.

YOUSUF KHAN

(sitting back on the edge of his bed)

Thank you, Ranjeet. From now on, you'll be working for me, and I'll compensate you with an additional fifty thousand Indian Rupees each month.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Haroon stands before a half-filled classroom, facing a blackboard. Male and female students are seated, attentive.

HAROON

(scanning the class)

I don't see Manjeet. Where is he? Does anyone know his whereabouts?

RAWUL

Sir! I know where he is. I'll inform you at the end of the class.

HAROON

Excellent. Let's commence today's lesson.

Haroon wipes the WHITEBOARD clean with an eraser.

HAROON (CONT'D)

In today's Linguistics class, we will delve into phonemes and allophones in the English Language.

Haroon writes the word 'Phoneme' on the left corner of the board with a red marker.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(turning back to face the class)

A phoneme is the smallest distinctive unit of sound in a language that can change the meaning of a word. Phonemes are abstract units of sound and can vary in pronunciation depending on factors like accent, dialect, and context.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Examples of English phonemes are [t],
[d], [g], [m], [p], and so forth.

Haroon writes [t], [d], [g], [m], [p] on the whiteboard beside the word PHONEME written previously and writes ALLOPHONE with a red marker under PHONEME.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(turning back to face
the students)

Allophones are different variants of a phoneme. While a phoneme represents a distinct sound in a language that can change the meaning of a word, allophones are the specific ways that phonemes can be pronounced in different contexts without changing the meaning of a word. So, let's examine the three allophones of the phoneme [p] when they occur in initial, medial, and final positions in the words 'prepare' and 'stop.'

Haroon writes the words 'prepare' and 'stop' on the right corner of the board and then looks back at the students.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Now, in the word 'prepare,' the phoneme [p] has two allophones: an aspirated allophone in the initial position and an unaspirated allophone in the medial position.

One of the students interrupts Haroon.

THE STUDENT

What do you mean by aspirated and unaspirated, sir?

HAROON

Good question. In words like 'pat' or 'pot,' the initial [p] sound is pronounced with a puff of air, making it aspirated. When you say these words and hold your hand in front of your mouth, you can feel a slight burst of air. In words like 'spin' or 'pot,' the [p] sound is pronounced without a puff of air, making it unaspirated.

Haroon illustrates the symbol of an aspirated allophone on the board, with a raised diacritic mark (h) positioned to the right of the phoneme.

HAROON (CONT'D)
(turning back to the
class)

Finally, an unreleased allophone typically occurs at the end of a word. For example, in the word 'stop,' the [p] sound at the end of the word is often unreleased. When pronouncing 'stop,' the lips come together to produce the [p], but the airflow is not fully released. Any other questions?

The students silently take notes.

HAROON (CONT'D)
That's all for today. Study at home and bring your questions for the next class. See you tomorrow.

While Haroon is organizing his papers in a file folder, Rawul approaches him.

HAROON (CONT'D)
Yes, Rawul, you wanted to tell me something about Manjeet?

Rawul leans in, whispering.

RAWUL
Sir, Manjeet is currently struggling with a gambling addiction. He frequents a casino named 'The Rose' and risks whatever he receives from his single mother.

HAROON
(tapping Rawul's
shoulder)
Thank you, Rawul. I'll do something about it.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWELVE

ACT THIRTEEN

INT. CASINO - DAY

A distinguished elderly gentleman, in his late 60s, impeccably dressed with a grand hat perched atop his head and a sleek black cane in hand, strides into a bustling club.

Here, a diverse array of individuals, spanning various ages and genders, gather around tables engaged in intense card games.

In the center stage of the casino, a pretty woman, 25, dressed in a striking red gown, exudes grace as she dances to the melodious tunes performed by a group of talented musicians.

Behind them, the name 'CASINO ROSE' flickers in red light intermittently on an electronic big signboard.

We widen to discover the elderly gentleman positioned amidst the lively atmosphere of the casino, standing behind a youthful figure, MANJEET, 19, characterized by his dark hair and piercing eyes, with a lean physique.

CLOSE ON Manjeet, who is deeply engrossed in a game with a cohort of seasoned players, all in their forties and fifties.

Adjacent to the table, a young lady, 22, draped in a vibrant Indian sari paired with a revealing blouse, sits beside a man, donned in a sophisticated gray suit.

Manjeet adeptly deals the cards, his stack of CHIPS growing steadily before him. With each move, the stakes escalate - one player folds, another doubles, and the pot now stands at a staggering Rs. 5000.

The next player in line hesitates, then reluctantly discards his card onto the table.

Manjeet surveys his hand - two 'ACES' and one 'KING.' Placing five casino chips on the mounting pile of currency, he confidently declares:

MANJEET

Here you go, five thousand.

A sharply dressed elderly man in black, scrutinizing his cards, confidently tosses 5 chips onto the table.

THE MAN IN BLACK

And this is mine.

The third player, with a slim, beautiful girl standing behind him and adorned with a heavy golden necklace around his neck, examines his hand, revealing two aces and a queen.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE
(affectionately pulling
his girl towards him)

Hey, my queen! How about a kiss? For this
might just be our lucky day.

With a loving gesture, he plants a kiss on her cheek before confidently adding 5 chips to the pot.

As tension mounts, the man in the black suit disdainfully discards his cards onto the table, lamenting:

THE MAN IN BLACK
(drops his cards on
the table, revealing
two 10s and one 9)

Investing more on these cards is not a
wise move.

MANJEET
(adding more chips to
the pile)

Here you go, another five thousand.

Now, Manjeet and the man with the golden necklace are the only ones left. They exchange Rs.5000 worth of chips several times, and a heap of casino chips accumulates on the table.

After six or seven exchanges, the man places 5 more chips on the table, asking Manjeet to reveal his cards.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE
Let's see your hand.

Manjeet reveals his cards—two ACES and a KING. As he collects the CHIPS from the table putting them in his pockets, he remarks:

MANJEET
Looks like Lady Luck's favoring me today
in this club.

HARON'S VOICE (V.O.)
That luck is mine.

Caught off guard, Manjeet suddenly recognizes the voice. He turns around to find his teacher, Haron, in disguise.

MANJEET

Sir, is that you?

HAROON

Let's go. This should be your last day here.

Manjeet starts to leave with Haroon, but the man with the golden necklace insists on playing more.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE

You can't just walk away.

MANJEET

And who are you to stop me?

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE

(giving Manjeet a
slap)

I'm your father.

Enraged, Manjeet retaliates by throwing an ashtray at the man's face. A scuffle ensues.

Haroon attempts to intervene, but the man with the golden necklace also attacks him.

Haroon defends himself by using his black cane as an AIKIDO sword, pushing the man away, causing him to fall to the ground.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE (CONT'D)

(getting up and calling
out)

KALIA, SURIA, SUNEEL! Come on, help me.

We widen to show two men dancing upon the stage, and another drinking at the bar counter, coming to help their wealthy friend.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN NECKLACE (CONT'D)

(trying to kick Haroon)

You don't know who you're messing with.

Haroon moves to the side. One man takes on Manjeet, and the other two start fighting with Haroon, who takes a defensive position.

Haroon finds Manjeet too weak to fight his opponent, so he jumps in the middle to help. He strikes Manjeet's rival with a sidekick, pushing him a couple of meters away, but the men regroup, closing in on Haroon and Manjeet in the middle of the casino.

HAROON
 (holding his cane
 defensively in front)
 Gentlemen! We didn't start the fight, so
 let's settle this peacefully.

But the men don't stop. Haroon finds himself encircled.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 Hey guys, I suggest we stop fighting and
 solve the problem peacefully.

Nobody listens to Haroon. One of the adversaries grabs
 a wooden table from the club and smashes it on Haroon's
 head from behind.

Pieces of broken wood scatter all over the ground. Haroon
 takes off his hat, revealing a helmet fitted inside the
 chapeau.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (smiling towards his
 opponent)
 You see, I'm fully prepared.

Haroon puts on his helmet and uses his steel cane as an
 AIKIDO sword, striking the adversaries.

Now, Haroon and Manjeet have the upper hand. Some tables,
 chairs, bottles, plates, and glasses in the club shatter
 as the fight intensifies.

Finally, there is a lull in the fighting as the attackers
 seem tired and demoralized.

BASHIR KHAN the club manager, a man in his early 50s
 with a short beard sporting eyeglasses, arrives and
 pushes Haroon by the shoulder.

CLUB MANAGER
 Who are you? Look! What have you done to
 my club?

HARON
 Take it easy, I'll sort it out. Just need
 a moment, okay?

Haroon strides onto the stage, grabs a guitar from one
 of the musicians, and begins to play. As he strums the
 chords, he sings out:

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Main kya hoon, main koun hoon? Main tan houn, Keh jan houn? Yeh kohi najaney, keh main keya bala houn. Agar kohi poochai keh main houn kahan sey. Bata houn keh main aagaya Canada sey. Agar cheh, mein Kabul main paida howa houn. Magar mera khoun hai, iss Hindo-setan se. Main keya houn, main kohn houn? Main tan houn, keh jan houn? Yeh kohai najaney keh main keya bala houn.

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

Sometimes during Haroon's performance, one or two bad guys come back to fight. But Haroon fights, dances and plays the guitar taking care of everything.

While the music fills the air, some customers who were about to leave decide to stay, returning to their seats.

The manager and the staff work diligently to reorganize the venue.

HAROON

(playing the guitar
and singing)

Kahai den main apney shahr sey juda houn. Kahai raht-o- main apney gar sey juda houn. Meh houn shame tareek, sahar sey juda houn. Qena'at keh sahil mein jabtak rahounga. Hamisha main mouj-okhatar sey juda houn. Main keya houn, main kohn houn? Main tan houn, keh jan houn? Yeh kohi najaney keh main keya bala houn.

Music and dance is in progress upon the Casino's stage and among some audience.

CLOSE ON the Casino dancer in revealing dress joining Haron in a few seconds of dance.

HARON

(singing)

Jo pahtar ko torta hai, sheeshey sey yaroun. Bahot teez houn, apne peyshey mein yaroun. Main bahga howa houn kahee den sey gahr sey. Mohabat hawa hai mujhe, iss safar sey. Main kya jano yaroun, qaza-o- qadar sey. Keh shayad melon main, kesi hamsafar sey.

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

Meh keya houn, main kohn houn? Main tan houn, keh jan houn? Yeh kohi najaney kehmain keya bala houn.

Haron finishes his song, gracefully bowing to the audience, who erupt into a standing ovation.

As he descends from the stage, Bashir Khan, the club manager, emerges before him like a specter.

BASHIR KHAN

Wow! What a voice, what music, what dance. Exceptional performance, young man.

HAROON

(smiling)

Thank you, sir.

BASHIR KHAN

By the way, I'm Bashir Khan, the manager and owner of this club. And you, sir?

HAROON

I don't entirely agree with Shakespeare's "What's in a name?" My name is Haroon. Profession, business and social work. Hobbies, singing, songwriting, composing, and dancing.

BASHIR KHAN

Mr. Haroon, you possess a captivating voice, and your talent as a dancer and guitarist is undeniable. Thanks to your flawless performance, I won't press you to compensate for the damages to my property. However, I do have a proposition for you, sir. I hope you'll consider it.

HAROON

Please, go ahead. I'm all ears.

BASHIR KHAN

I kindly request you to grace my club with your presence and performances during the weekends. I assure you, you'll be compensated generously.

HAROON

Unfortunately, I cannot align myself with establishments that perpetuate poverty, disparity, and mental distress among people.

BASHIR KHAN

How can you make such a claim?

HAROON

My stance is grounded in the understanding that establishments like yours exploit people's health and wealth, ultimately corroding the very fabric of a society. Moreover, considering your name is Bashir Khan, a Muslim name, and the principles of Islam condemn gambling and drinking, I find it contradictory that you profit from such activities. How do you reconcile this with your beliefs?

BASHIR KHAN

(Contemplative)

You're right, sir. I appreciate your insight. As a Muslim, I must reflect on my actions. Thank you for reminding me of my duty. Now, it's my turn to share a quote from Shakespeare, Mr. Haroon.

HARON

Yes, Mr. Khan. Please, proceed.

BASHIR KHAN

"I am constant as the northern star." If you accept my proposal to perform on this stage, I'll transform this club into a restaurant effective tomorrow. You have my word.

HARON

(handing a business
card to Bashir Khan)

In that case, you have my word as well. Once your restaurant is ready, I'll be delighted to perform there every weekend. Feel free to contact me using this card a day or two in advance.

BASHIR KHAN

(extending his right
hand to Haroon)

It's a deal.

HAROON

(shaking hands with
Bashir Khan)

Agreed.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIK'S OFFICE - DAY

Malik sits at his desk, his attention focused on the laptop screen as he scrutinizes his bank account.

In the background, the TV airs the latest news.

Malik briefly glances at the TV, but his focus is quickly drawn back to his laptop. Suddenly, his expression changes from one of calm to shock as he observes a sudden movement on the screen.

Suddenly, the cursor begins to move erratically, and unauthorized transactions start appearing on the screen.

Malik's eyes widen in disbelief as he watches two million rupees being transferred from his account to a charity fund for building a new Hindu temple.

Before he can react, a message pops up on his screen: "Transaction completed."

MALIK

(panicking)

What the fuck...?!

At that moment, the cursor begins to move on its own, navigating through various windows and applications.

Malik frantically attempts to regain control of his computer, but his efforts are in vain.

In a fit of rage, he slams his laptop against the wall behind him, shattering it into pieces.

Malik reaches for his phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S SECRET COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits behind a desktop with a flat monitor, engrossed in his work, when his phone rings.

Glancing at the iPhone screen and seeing Malik's name, he answers the call, his calm demeanor unchanged.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hey, old partner. What's up?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MALIK

(angrily)

Yousuf, you've hacked into my computer and stolen two million rupees from my account!

YOUSUF KHAN

(laughing)

Malik, my friend, you're being paranoid. I would never stoop to such levels.

MALIK

Don't play dumb with me, Khan! You've been trying to sabotage me.

YOUSUF KHAN

(chuckling)

And what proof do you have of these baseless accusations? If I were to accuse you of masterminding the attempted assassination of me and Haroon, would anyone believe it without evidence?

MALIK

(furious)

You're playing with fire, Khan! I'll destroy you.

The line goes dead as Malik seethes with rage, realizing he's been outmaneuvered once again.

As Malik vents his frustration, his personal secretary, Parwiz, enters the room, oblivious to the tension in the air.

PARWIZ

(in euphoria)

Wow, Malik sir! That's incredibly generous of you. A Muslim MP donating two million rupees to a Hindu temple construction. It's admirable.

Malik's eyes narrow with rage, his voice shaking as he responds.

MALIK

(yelling)

Shut up, you idiot! Don't rub salt in my wounds.

PARWIZ

I'm just relaying what I saw on the live fundraising report on Z NEWS Hindi channel, sir.

MALIK

One of my bank accounts got hacked, and the two million rupees were stolen. I'm sure it's Yousuf Khan.

PARWIZ

Doesn't matter, sir. After all, you've been embezzling public funds. At least this money went back for public welfare.

MALIK

(grabbing a stapler
from his desk and
throwing it at Parwiz)

You bastard, Parwiz! I'll get you fired.

Parwiz ducks to avoid the stapler and quickly leaves the room.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THIRTEEN

ACT FOURTEEN

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP, MUMBAI - DAY

Haroon stands before the information desk at a Toyota Dealership. When his turn arrives, he approaches the receptionist, a woman in her 30s with a welcoming smile.

HAROON

(handing over an A4
page)

Good morning. I'm Haroon Malhotra. My father, Madan Malhotra, ordered a Land Cruiser for me from Japan. According to the document I provided, the vehicle should have arrived by now.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh yes, Mr. Haroon. Your bulletproof car is here. It's been thoroughly inspected. You can take it now.

The receptionist calls someone over the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sir, Mr. Haroon Malhotra is here.

MAN'S VOICE(V.O)

(over the intercom)

Excellent! I'll be right there.

Moments later, a well-dressed senior man emerges holding a couple of keys and a file.

THE MAN

Good morning, Mr. Haroon. I'm RAJ ANAND, the manager of this dealership, and I'm delighted to see you here. Your car is parked outside. Please follow me.

Raj Anand leads Haroon toward the showroom exit. Out in the parking area, they stop beside a luxurious silver Land Cruiser.

RAJ ANAND

(handling over two
keys and a paper
file)

Mr. Haroon, here are your keys, and the ownership papers are in this file. We've also arranged the license plate as per your father's request. Enjoy the ride.

HAROON
 (taking the keys and
 file)

Thank you very much, sir. Have a great
 day.

RAJ ANAND

You too, sir.

Haroon settles into the Land Cruiser, starting the
 engine. He retrieves his cell phone to make a call.

EXT. WIDE ASPHALTED ROAD - DAY

Cars of various makes and models, along with rickshaws
 and motorcycles, come to a halt behind a red traffic
 light on a four-lane road.

The camera zooms in on the back seat of a new HONDA
 CIVIC, revealing Sooraj engaged in a phone call.

We hear Haroon's voice emanating from the speaker of
 Sooraj's phone.

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)

Please come to Bombay Hospital now.

SOORAJ

Why? What's the matter?

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)

Don't worry. I'm fine. But you need to
 come here. Bye.

SOORAJ

(to his driver)

Shamlal, head to Bombay Hospital, please.

SHAMLAL

(Signaling right)

Alright, sir.

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL, MENTAL HEALTH WARD - DAY

Haroon sits in a wheelchair, portraying the role of a
 mentally challenged patient in front of the reception
 desk.

SOORAJ

(addressing a man at
 the information desk)

Sir, this is my friend.

(MORE)

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

Due to some trauma, he's unresponsive, often lost in his own thoughts without making eye contact. I request admission for him under the care of Dr. Nazaneen.

THE MAN AT THE INFORMATION
DESK

(smiling)

Of course, sir.

SOORAJ

I'll deposit Rs.50000 in advance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A SPACIOUS ROOM, MENTAL HEALTH WARD - DAY

Haroon remains in character, surrounded by other patients displaying similar behavior.

Outside, the morning sun bathes Bombay in a gentle December warmth.

Upon Nazaneen's arrival, she immediately summons her assistant, Asha.

NAZANEEN

Asha! O Asha!

ASHA (O.S.)

Yes, madam.

NAZANEEN

It's a beautiful day. Gather your team and take the patients outside for some fresh air. I'll join you shortly. I've heard we have a new admission I'd like to assess in the garden.

ASHA

Understood, Mam.

EXT. A LUSH GARDEN FILLED WITH FLOWERS - MORNING

Several mentally challenged patients sit in wheelchairs amidst the colorful blooms.

One patient, in his early 40s, with disheveled curly hair, clumsily strums a guitar.

THE LUNATIC GUITARIST

I am the world's greatest guitarist.

Asha approaches Haroon, who gazes into the distance, avoiding eye contact.

ASHA
(calling to a colleague)
Sheital! O Sheital!

SHEITAL
(from a few meters
away)
What's up?

ASHA
Come here and observe this patient. He's quite handsome, and the praise he receives is well-deserved.

SHEITAL
Why are you so concerned about every patient? Focus on your work.

ASHA
I'll attend to both my work and the patients. But this patient is different. His file states that he went insane due to unrequited love for a disloyal lover.

Sheital is about to respond, but Nazaneen, who has arrived at the garden, interrupts her.

NAZANEEN
What's going on? What are you both discussing?

Hearing Nazaneen's voice, Haroon lowers his head onto his chest.

ASHA
We were talking about this new patient. You should take a closer look, madam.

Nazaneen approaches to examine the new patient. She gently lifts Haroon's head with her right hand, and upon seeing him, she's taken aback.

NAZANEEN
You're here!

HAROON
Yes, I'm here to see you.

ASHA
This patient is quite something. Madam, you have a magic touch!

NAZANEEN

I have no such magic touch. I know this man. Actually, he's perfectly fine. He's not insane.

HAROON

I am insane. Insane for your love.

NAZANEEN

I'm discharging you right now.

HAROON

You can't do that. I'm a good actor. Besides, I've paid Rs.50000 for this meeting, which is a significant amount. You don't know how precious you are to me.

NAZANEEN

(Attending to other patients and ignoring Haroon)

Stop talking nonsense.

HAROON

Listen, Nazaneen. In this hospital, I'm also your patient. So come and examine me. Look into my eyes. Feel my pulse, because I know there's love for me in your heart, but why do you deny it on your lips?

NAZANEEN

Anyone who loves a lunatic like you must be just as insane. Not me.

Haroon stands up from the wheelchair, approaches the lunatic guitarist, takes his guitar, and starts to sing.

HARON

(singing)

Teri baghair aye Nazaneen. Jeena mera dushwar hain. Iss hospital mein dekloun, ham bhi terey beemar hain. Dil mein terey iqrar hain. Hotoun pe keyoun inkar hain? Mujko bata aye jan-e- man. Akhir yeh keysa payaar hain?

Haroon dances while playing the guitar and a couple of nurses and hospital staff join him.

HAROON

(resumes singing)

*Aa'u mera saht deydo. Dosti ka ha't deydo.
Dosti ka ha't deydo. Mere chahat ke chaman
mein. Eik pal barsaat deydo. Terey baghair
eiy Nazaneen. Jeena mera dushwar hain.
Iss hospital mey dekloun. Hum bee terey
beemar hain. Dil main terey iqrar hain.
Hoton pe keyon inkar hain? Mujko bata aye
jan-e- man. Akhir yeh keysa payaar hain?*

Dance and music continue as more people from the hospital staff and visitors gather around the scene.

HARON

(singing)

*Dekho idhar, aye jan-e-man. Ay nazneen,
ay 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 muhje pyaar hain.
Dil mein tere iqraar hai, honton pe kyun
inkaar hai? Mujko batao, aye jaan-e-man,
aakhir yeh keysa pyaar hai?*

While the dance and music continue unabated, a large crowd of hospital staff and visitors gather to watch Haroon's performance in the hospital garden.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*"Keseey batahoun mey tumey, merey leyeh
tum kohn houn, mere leyeh tum kohn houn.
Tum dadkanoun ka geet houn, jeewan ka har
sangeet houn, Tum zendagee, tum bandagee,
tum roshani, tum tazagee, Tum har khoshi,
tum payaar houn". Teri baghair aye
Nazaneen. Jeena mera dushwar hain. Iss
hospital mein dekloun, ham bhi terey beemar
hain. Dil mein terey iqrar hain. Hotoun
pe keyoun inkar hain? Mujko bata aye jan-
e- man. Akhir yeh keysa payaar hain?*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

Yousuf Khan and some of his men are having breakfast in their house's front yard when Khan's cell phone receives a message.

Yousuf Khan reaches for the cell on the coffee table and, using his fingerprint ID, unlocks the screen.

He opens the message box and finds a new message from Haroon that reads: "Please come to my office ASAP. Regards."

YOUSUF KHAN
 (looking towards his
 men)
 Finish your breakfast because we're going
 out.

KARIM
 (taking an extra piece
 of Indian 'parata'
 from a plate)
 I'm ready whenever you want.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haroon is writing on his computer when Yousuf Khan, Karim, and Osman enter.

HAROON
 (getting up from his
 seat)
 Welcome, Khan bhai, Welcome. Please have
 a seat.

YOUSUF KHAN
 What are you writing?

HAROON
 It was a proposal I just finished. I'll
 send it to UNESCO, IRC, and USAID. Maybe
 one of them will support our Language
 Center.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Why did you ask us to come here instead
 of talking on the phone?

HAROON
 Because I don't want anyone to know our
 secrets. The truth is, Khan bhai, my Dad
 sent me a bulletproof car, and I need at
 least two men for its protection.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Why two? Take more.

HAROON

Two are enough, because two loyal and brave men are better than a hundred cowardly and disloyal ones." *Seyaahi-ye lashkar naya-yad ba kaar, du sad mard-e-jangee beh az sad hazaar.*" This quote is from Ferdowsi, the famous Persian poet, in his epic work, the 'Book of Kings.'

YOUSUF KHAN

Vow! You still remember those poems.

HAROON

Yes I do. Back in Afghanistan, I had a deep love for Persian poetry. In grade 5, I had memorized many of Khayyam's quatrains, known as the 'Rubaiyat.' Anyway, let's stay focused on the matter at hand.

YOUSUF KHAN

Alright then. Take Karim and Osman with you. They're brave, reliable, and good drivers too.

HAROON

Thank you Khan. I have to attend a party tonight, Jagatpal's. I've heard that politicians, businessmen, and celebrities will also be there. So Karim and Osman will accompany me.

YOUSUF KHAN

Is it wise to venture into the enemy's territory?

HAROON

"Cowards die many times before their death; the brave only die once." If I don't go, they'll think I'm scared. Don't worry, Khan. Even if the enemy is strong, the protector is stronger.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACIOUS LUXURY HALL - NIGHT

The hall exudes contemporary architectural brilliance, adorned with fountains and artificial waterfalls.

Waiters and waitresses gracefully serve a diverse array of guests, including politicians, businessmen, celebrities, and government officials at Jagatpal's lavish party.

As Haron steps into the hall, Jagatpal, engrossed in conversation with Malik and a few high-ranking officials and tycoons, excuses himself momentarily.

JAGATPAL

(to his guests)

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

Jagatpal makes his way towards the entrance where Haron has just entered.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(glancing at his
wristwatch)

Right on time, Mr. Haron. I'm delighted to see you here. I must admit, I had my doubts about whether you'd make it.

HARON

On the contrary, Mr. Jagatpal, I'm thrilled to be here and have the opportunity to meet such an esteemed politician and business magnate like yourself. After all, I too am a businessman.

Jagatpal proceeds to introduce Haron to the guests, businessmen, and MPs.

JAGATPAL

(to Haron, gesturing
towards a man in
simple Indian attire
with a white hat)

Mr. Haron, allow me to introduce Dr. Vejeh Sihna, the Minister of Transportation, currently attending a conference in Mumbai. And here we have Mr. Mohan Shrivastav, an MP from the BJP. Additionally, please meet Mr. Malik, my business partner, who is an MP and an active member of the Congress Party.

HARON

(bowing respectfully
with hands clasped)

Namastay, it's a pleasure to meet you, gentlemen.

JAGATPAL

(Pointing to Haron)

And this is Mr. Haron Malhotra, an Indo-Canadian businessman, social worker,

(MORE)

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

singer, and songwriter. He's deserving of all the praise.

HARON

Mr. Jagatpal, I'm just a humble individual.

MALIK

(interrupting)

You're more than just humble, Mr. Haron. You've made significant contributions since your arrival two months ago. Punt Nagar District and its surrounding areas have witnessed remarkable development. Incidents of crime and other offenses have notably decreased, and your name is on everyone's lips, particularly among the poorer and middle-class communities.

HARON

The credit doesn't solely belong to me. These changes are occurring because the people are weary of poor governance and political deceit.

MALIK

You've established your English Language Center, guided a lost soul onto the right path, and even persuaded a club owner to consider transforming his establishment from a gambling den and bar into a restaurant for legitimate earnings.

HARON

You seem to know a lot about me.

MALIK

We also know that you haven't been as successful in matters of the heart as you have been in business or social work.

JAGATPAL

(interrupting Malik)

Mr. Malik! The table is set. Let's continue our conversation over dinner.

The scene transitions to a LONG OPEN BUFFET where guests are serving themselves.

Jagatpal leads Haron and other esteemed guests to an exclusive dinner table, elegantly arranged with various dishes, desserts, and fruits.

Waiters and waitresses attend to the VIP guests, serving food.

After finishing dinner, Haron helps himself to some grapes and an orange.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(offering Haron a cup
of wine)

Here you go, Mr. Haron.

HARON

Thank you, Jagatpal Sahab. I don't drink alcohol.

JAGATPAL

(to Malik)

Malik Sahab, your information about Mr. Haron isn't entirely accurate. Seems you didn't know about his abstinence from alcohol.

HARON

There are some habits and traits of mine that Mr. Malik isn't still aware of. He'll find out in due time.

JAGATPAL

Haron Sahab, you just rejected the grapes. But why refuse wine? After all, wine comes from grapes too.

MALIK

(siding with Jagatpal)

You make a point, Jagatpal Sahab. In Persian poetry, wine is often referred to as "dukhtar-e-raz," meaning the daughter of the vine. Omar Khayyam has used this term in his verses many many times, suggesting a romantic association with wine.

HARON

People may sleep with their wives, but they don't sleep with their daughters. Similarly, I don't indulge in wine because when it undergoes chemical reactions, it ceases to be the same as grapes.

JAGATPAL

A fitting analogy.

HARON

Indeed, Jagatpal Sahab. I believe the biggest addiction is good health. But mentioning the 'daughter of the vine' made me recall a quatrain from Khayyam:
 "You know, my Friends, how long since in my House,
 For a new Marriage I did make Carouse,
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

JAGATPAL

Mr. Haron, you're not only a successful businessman and social worker but also a literature expert. However, business and social work are like parallel railway tracks—they never converge. So, why waste your precious time and money on these small projects? Join us and invest in ventures that generate millions overnight. Why squander your resources on petty endeavors?

HARON

Jagatpal Sahab! I work to strengthen the economy of the poor and the middle class. You and your partners, on the other hand, seem to be eradicating the middle class, making the rich richer and the poor poorer. That goes against my principles. In my view, business and social work go hand in hand to strengthen the economy of the country and its people.

Haron glances at his watch, then rises from his chair.

HARON (CONT'D)

(looking at Jagatpal)

Jagatpal Sahab, I must take my leave now. Thank you for the delightful dinner. Have a good night.

Haron strides towards the exit door and heads to Jagatpal's farmhouse parking lot, where Karim Khan and Osman await him in the car.

EXT. CAR PARKING - NIGHT

As Haron approaches his Land Cruiser, Osman opens the back door. Haron enters the car, and Karim starts the engine, driving away from Jagatpal's farmhouse.

INT. BACK SEAT OF LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

As Haron's car exits Jagatpal's farmhouse premises, his cell phone begins to ring. He retrieves it from his coat's right pocket and presses the answer button.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Haron. This is Bashir Khan, the manager of Rose Restaurant.

HARON

(loudly)

Hello, Bashir Khan. I'm glad you called me. How are things with you?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT CASH COUNTER - SAME TIME

BASHIR KHAN

Everything is going smoothly sir. I just called to remind you of your promise to perform at my restaurant this weekend.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HARON

Absolutely, sir. I remember our deal. Just make sure you find a talented young lady who can handle both acting and dancing.

BASHIR KHAN

No problem at all, my friend. I have a range of options among the ladies. And don't forget, my former casino dancer is still available.

HARON

Fantastic. Then, I'll see you on Saturday afternoon. Take care.

BASHIR KHAN

Goodbye. Have a wonderful evening, sir.

Haron disconnects the phone.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT FOURTEEN

ACT FIFTEEN

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haron is immersed in his computer work at the administrative desk of his English Center when Nazaneen knocks on the open door.

NAZANEEN

May I come in?

HARON

(standing to greet
her)

Of course, please do. Honestly, I didn't expect to see you here. How can I assist you, madam?

NAZANEEN

(pulling an envelope
from her handbag)

I've brought your money.

Nazaneen hands the envelope to Haron.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

Here you go, Mr. Haron. It's \$1000.00.

HARON

What's this for? I won't accept this money.

NAZANEEN

No, Mr. Haron. A loan is a loan. I promised to repay your money, so please take it. Thank you for giving me so much time.

HARON

Well then, consider this money a gift from my side for Rawul.

NAZANEEN

No. That won't happen.

Nazaneen stands up and takes a step towards the exit door.

HARON

Alright, madam. I'll accept my money back. But hold on a moment. I have something to tell you.

NAZANEEN

I know what you're going to say.

(MORE)

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

It's the same old story. "I love you, Nazaneen, and so on."

HARON

No, madam. This time it's not about love, but about work. We're opening a small clinic for the people in this community soon. And I want you to join us in serving these people. If you're willing to volunteer a few hours once or twice a week, that would be great. If not, we're prepared to pay you.

NAZANEEN

In that case, I'm willing to volunteer for a couple of hours. I'll check my schedule and let you know. Now, I've got to go.

Nazaneen walks through the exit door. Haron quickly grabs a couple of invitation cards from the drawer of his desk and follows her.

HARON

Excuse me, madam. I have one more request.

NAZANEEN

What is it?

HARON

(giving three
invitation cards to
Nazaneen)

I have a singing program at ROSE Restaurant on Saturday night. I've brought these VVIP cards for you. Don't forget to bring your brother and your friend, Dr. Maryam.

NAZANEEN

Alright, I'll try to come.

INT. ROSE RESTAURANT - EVENING

The spacious restaurant hums with conversation as patrons gather around tables draped in pristine white tablecloths.

Sooraj and his wife, Dr. Suniti, Nazaneen, Rawul, Dr. Maryam, and Yousuf Khan are comfortably seated in the VVIP section.

Karim, Osman, and their friends stand watch, alongside the restaurant's security personnel.

Bashir Khan, the restaurant manager, steps onto the stage.

BASHIR KHAN

(over the mic)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's my pleasure to welcome a distinguished artist to our restaurant. Among us is the exceptional talent, Mr. Haron Malhotra—a businessman, social activist, singer, and songwriter. Tonight, Mr. Haron will be gracing our stage with a live performance. Let's give him a warm round of applause.

The audience erupts into applause as the stage curtain is drawn back.

Haron and his ensemble, accompanied by a young woman in a college uniform carrying books, take center stage and begin their performance.

The lead girl moves toward a bus station, with Haron in pursuit.

HARON

(calling out to the girl)

Shirin! Oh, Shirin! Wait for me.

THE GIRL

Why are you following me?

HARON

Listen, Shirin. I love you and want to marry you.

THE GIRL

Look, Mr. Haron! I'm not the one for you. I said, leave me alone.

HARON

How can I leave you? I love you.

THE GIRL

(taking a deep breath)

This isn't love, it's madness.

HARON

It's not madness, it's true love. Look, Shirin, accept my love and make my world beautiful. So, give love, take love, because love is the essence of life.

THE GIRL

How can I believe that your love is true?

HARON

I swear my love is true.

THE GIRL

Oh, you crazy lover! Show some restraint. This public display of affection—what will people say?

HARON

Let them talk all they want. I firmly believe that "Love is life, life is love," and I implore you to embrace love, share love.

The girl remains unmoved as Haron starts playing the guitar and singing.

HARON (CONT'D)

Pyaar deydo payaar leylo, payaar acha hai. Main qasam katahon mera payaar sachai hai. Peyaar delon ka manzele maqsood hai, maqsood hai. Pyaar hamari khoon mein moujood hai, maujood hai. Pyaar zendagee, payaar bandagee. Payaar mey nahi sharmendagi. Pyaar zendagee, pyaar bandagee, pyaar mein nahi, sharmendagee.

The back up singers start to sing:

BACK UP SINGERS

(in unison)

Pyaar, payaar chahai yeh. Pyaar chahai yeh. Pyaar, pyaar chahai yeh. Pyaar chahi yeh.

Haron dances playing the guitar, others including the lead girl follow suit. Haron resumes singing.

HARON

Pyaar mein hargez sanam, dohka nahi kartey. Jab qadam agey bara, rokha nahi kartey. Jab commitment kardeya, socha nahi kartey.

The back up singers sing their parts.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Terey chahat mey sanam had se guzar jahon. Tom kaho to terey qadmou me bhi mar jahon.

(MORE)

HARON (CONT'D)

Iss tara main aye hasseen tom se bechar-jahon. Pyaar deydo payaar leylo, payaar acha hai. Main qasam katahon mera payaar sachha hai. Payaar dunya ka bare dastoor hai, dastor hai. Payaar hamarey holiya ka noor hai, ha noor hai. Payaar se iss zendagee eejad hai, eejad hai. Pyaar se sarey jahan aabad hai, aabad hai. Pyaar zendagee, payaar bandagee, payaar mein nahi, sharmendagee.

As the music and dance continue on stage, we widen our view to show some customers at the back of the restaurant also engaging in some light dancing. The infectious energy of the performance spreads throughout the venue, and people begin to sway to the rhythm of the music, adding to the lively atmosphere of the evening.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Pyaar karkey hamko apna gar basana hai.
Sarey rasmey, sarey qasmey ko nebana hai.
Pyaar mein khamoshaia be gungunata hai.
Pyaar mein tanhayeeya be mozkorata hai.
Pyaar hamko payaar karna bhi sekata hai.
Pyaar deydo payaar leylo, pyaar acha hai.
Main qasam katahon mera payaar sachha hai.
Pyaar delon ka manzele maqsood hai, maqsood hai.
Pyaar hamari khoon mey moujood hai, maujood hai.
Pyaar zendagee, payaar bandagee, payaar mein nahi, sharmendagee.
Pyaar zendagee, paaar bandagee, pyaar mey nahi, sharmendagee.*

Haron finishes the song and is given a huge round of applause by the audience.

INT. CHANGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Haron stands in the change room, donning his bulletproof vest and helmet. He covers the helmet with a large hat, concealing his identity, and then exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Haron's Land Cruiser navigates a two-way traffic road. The moon casts a faint glow overhead, illuminating the night sky.

INT. INSIDE HARON'S LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Haron occupies the back seat of his bulletproof car while Osman drives, with Karim seated beside him, clutching a gun tightly.

Haron retrieves a pistol from his coat's right pocket, checks its fully loaded magazine, and reinserts it into the gun.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A TAXI - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan sits in a taxi alongside Ranjeet, the driver, KAPIL (30) and another armed man.

He reaches for his phone and makes a call. As the phone starts to ring, we cut to a JEEP, parked on the roadside.

INT. JEEP - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

We zoom in on the vehicle to find it fully occupied by armed men, with Kabir engaged in a phone conversation.

KABIR

(speaking into the
phone)

We're all set in our car. Just tell us
what to do.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

YOUSUF KHAN

Great! Come towards Rose Restaurant and
keep an eye out for any suspicious vehicles
or activity. By the way did you leave
some men to guard Haron's place.

KABIR

Yes, brother. Our friends working with
Salim are there.

YOUSUF KHAN

Good. Call me if you need anything.

Yousuf Khan ends the call and instructs the young taxi
driver.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

KAPIL, Just follow Haron's car at a
distance of 500-600 meters.

KAPIL

Okay Khan bahi.

Momentarily Khan's iPhone rings. He retrieves it from his pocket and sees Haron's name on the screen, prompting him to answer the call.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hi, Haron! I'm glad you called because I was debating whether to inform you or not.

HARON'S VOICE (V.O.)

What's the matter?

YOUSUF KHAN

I'm tailing you. I've received intel about a potential ambush ahead, but I don't have exact details. Proceed with caution.

INT. BACK SEAT OF LAND CRUISER - SAME TIME

HARON

No need to worry, Khan. If it's my time to go, it'll be in a road accident. Otherwise, no one can touch me.

As the car enters a slum area, Haron's Land Cruiser suddenly comes to a halt.

HARON (CONT'D)

(from the back seat)

Why did you stop, Osman? What's the matter?

OSMAN

Sir, the road is blocked. There's a van in the middle. What should I do? Reverse?

HARON

No, speed up and hit that van. Our bulletproof Land Cruiser will push it aside and clear the way.

As Osman accelerates, four armed men suddenly emerge from the back of the van, opening fire on Haron's car.

Bullets strike the hood and windshield, ricocheting with deadly intent.

Osman crashes into the van's rear door, crushing one of the attackers beneath the Land Cruiser. The impact sends the van careening off to the side of the road.

Meanwhile, bullets continue to rain down on Haron's vehicle, pounding against the trunk with relentless force.

Yousuf Khan's taxi, its headlights on full beam, arrives from behind. They swiftly exit the vehicle and take cover behind their taxi.

Utilizing the illumination provided by their headlights, Khan, Ranjeet and their cohorts effortlessly target two of the assailants with a relentless barrage of bullets, while the third, severely wounded, seeks refuge behind the trunk of a nearby tree.

YOUSUF KHAN

(to his men)

Cover me boys.

RANJEET

(changing his pistol's magazine)

Khan bhai, you stay here. Let me handle it.

YOUSUF KHAN

Thanks, but I'm wearing a bulletproof vest, and you're not. Plus, you have a family to think about, unlike me. Just keep firing. Don't let up for a second.

Khan's men intensify their gunfire towards the remaining attacker behind the tree as Khan bravely marches forward, swiftly closing the distance.

The assailant, realizing his imminent capture, emerges from his hiding spot, raising his hands in surrender.

Yousuf Khan swiftly takes aim and shoots him squarely in the heart, causing him to collapse dead on the ground.

RANJEET

(jokingly)

Sir, you just eliminated a prisoner of war and committed a crime against humanity.

YOUSUF KHAN

I believe that was more of an animal than a human.

As Khan, Ranjeet, and Kapil, settle back into the taxi, Khan's phone rings, displaying Kabir's name on the screen. He promptly answers the call.

YUSUF KHAN
Everything OK with you?

KABIR'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Yes. We're en route, proceeding cautiously.

YOUSUF KHAN
Great. Head to Bharat Gas Station. Fill
the Jeep's tank to the brim and wait there.
We'll rendezvous and move forward from
there. Bye.

Khan ends the call with Kabir and selects Haron's name
from his recent calls. The phone begins to ring as we
CUT TO:

INT. BACK SEAT OF LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

HARON
(activating the
speakerphone)
I believe we've navigated through the
ambush unscathed.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. TAXI BACK SEAT - SAME TIME

YOUSUF KHAN
Yes, with God's grace, so far, so good.
Tell Osman to head to Bharat Gas Station.
We'll meet up with Kabir and proceed.

HARON
Got it, bro.

Haron places his iPhone into his pocket and shifts his
pistol from his left hand to his right.

HARON (CONT'D)
Osman, I'm sure you heard Khan. We're
heading to Bharat Gas Station.

OSMAN
Understood, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BHARAT GAS STATION - NIGHT

The gas station bustles with activity as vehicles of
all kinds fill up at the self-service pumps.

A jeep with Kabir seated beside the driver pulls up, and the driver steps out to refuel.

As Haron's Land Cruiser arrives, Khan's black-and-yellow taxi pulls up behind Kabir's jeep. Kabir exits the jeep and approaches the taxi.

KABIR

Salam, Khan bhai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Wa Alaikum Salaam. Any signs of trouble on the road?

KABIR

Nothing spotted, but we'll remain cautious.

YOUSUF KHAN

Excellent. Carry on. You lead the way as the scout vehicle.

Kabir returns to the jeep, which has moved away from the gas pumps and waits in front of the convenience store.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A wide shot reveals the three vehicles, with the jeep leading, followed by the Land Cruiser and the taxi, traveling along the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haron, Yousuf Khan and their men sit in the living room of the apartment.

YOUSUF KHAN

Thank God we were saved once again.

HARON

Yeah! It's been quite the eventful night—singing, dancing, fighting, and firing.

YOUSUF KHAN

Yeah but it was really tiring.

HARON

By the way, Khan bhai, how did you know they would attack me after leaving the Rose Restaurant at the end of my program?

YOUSUF KHAN

When I worked as a software developer, I created a program that could hack cell phones and intercept selected numbers' conversations. I still have that program.

HARON

(interrupting Yousuf Khan)

And when you obtained Jagatpal's phone number from Ranjeet, you used that same software to intercept his communications.

YOUSUF KHAN

Yes, indeed. I intercepted conversations between Jagatpal and someone named Mator, where Mator assured Jagatpal that this performance at the Rose Restaurant would be Haron's first and last.

HARON

How did you manage to secure those recorded conversations? They could be used against us in court.

YOUSUF KHAN

Don't worry. I have evidence of voice and video against Mr. Malik, and now I have something against Jagatpal, the big fish.

HARON

So, what's your next move?

YOUSUF KHAN

I need to eliminate Mator, and perhaps anyone who conspires against us.

HARON

You mean murder. Are you sure you're going to kill him?

YOUSUF KHAN

Yes. If we don't eliminate these bastards, they'll come after us.

HARON

This task won't be easy.

YOUSUF KHAN

Money makes every difficulty easier. With the illegal activities I've been involved in for years, I've earned enough illicitly. For dealing with scum like Mator, I'll use some of that dirty money.

HARON

Alright, you know best and it's your job. I need to get some sleep now. You should too. Tomorrow morning, we have our Aikido practice.

YOUSUF KHAN

You go to bed. I'll send a text message and then follow suit.

Haron heads to his bedroom while Yousuf Khan begins typing a text message, sending it to someone named Haider Khan.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT FIFTEEN

ACT SIXTEEN

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jagatpal and Malik sit with MATOR, a well-dressed man in his early 40s, in his opulent office.

Jagatpal's phone suddenly beeps, and he quickly checks the message. The screen reads: "**He is alive despite his car being riddled with bullets.**"

JAGATPAL

(sighing)

This bastard seems to have nine lives.

MATOR

(gloomy)

But sir, I hired the best of the best.

MALIK

What's our next move? Should I send some men to his apartment or English Course?

JAGATPAL

No, Mr. Malik. He has armed guardians. If we send our men to attack them in their home or office, it will cause collateral damage. The police will get involved. With the elections looming, I can't afford any legal entanglements. Let's remain calm for a few days.

MALIK

Okay, as you wish, sir.

CU TO:

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

Haron, Yousuf Khan, Karim, Osman, and several other men from Khan's circle engage in AIKIDO practice with wooden sticks as Sahil Khan, clad in a sub-inspector's uniform, strides in.

HAROON

(with a grin)

Congratulations, Khan Sahab! I see you've been promoted. So, what brings you here?

SAHIL KHAN

We received intel about a lethal attack on you last night, yet there's been no official report. Why haven't you filed an FIR so far?

HARON

And if I were to file one, what action would you take? Pursue suspects?

SAHIL KHAN

Certainly. Any suspicions on your end? We'll launch a thorough investigation and bring the culprit to justice.

HARON

I'm not suspicious; I have evidence. But I doubt your ability to act on it.

SAHIL KHAN

Give us the names. The law will back you up.

HARON

You've witnessed the positive changes in this neighborhood since our arrival. Vices have dwindled, thanks to our unwavering efforts.

SAHIL KHAN

(interrupting Haron)

Indeed, gambling and alcohol consumption have declined. Yousuf Khan and his men have chosen the righteous path. And English and computer courses are now accessible to the less fortunate.

HARON

Absolutely! Plus, we're gearing up to open a Health Center soon.

SAHIL KHAN

All commendable, but you've yet to disclose names.

HARON

We'll furnish the names later. For now, let's just say those with vested interests in illegal activities have become our adversaries.

SAHIL KHAN

(handing a card to Haron)

Here, take my card. It contains my private number. Should you require anything, feel free to call. Farewell.

HARON

Goodbye, Mr. Khan.

As the sub-inspector exits the house, Haron's phone rings. He answers, seeing Sooraj's name on the caller ID.

HARON (CONT'D)

Hi Sooraj. What's up?

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

SOORAJ

(sitting behind his
desk & talking over
the phone)

Hey, Haron. I've got some news for you.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HARON

Oh? What's going on?

SOORAJ

We managed to sell Yousuf Khan's small house in Andheri West. Got a decent price for it too.

HARON

That's fantastic news! And what about the health clinic in Pant Nagar?

SOORAJ

We're making progress there too. I've been working on securing all the necessary licenses and permits. We should be ready to open it soon.

HARON

(excitedly)

That's amazing! It's exactly what the area needs. Plus, Dr. Nazaneen has promised to volunteer a few hours at our health clinic.

SOORAJ

Oh, speaking of Nazaneen, I have some important news that slipped my mind earlier.

HARON

Go ahead, I'm all ears.

SOORAJ

Dr. Nazaneen and her colleagues are hosting a party this weekend on the beach.

(MORE)

SOORAJ (CONT'D)

My spouse, Dr. Suniti, is the chief guest. Everyone wants you to join and entertain them with your wonderful voice and music. I'm sure you wouldn't want to miss the chance to meet your beloved.

HAROON

(smiling)

That sounds like a fantastic opportunity. I could definitely use a break from all the teaching and office work.

SOORAJ

See you on Sunday, bro. Take care. Bye.

HARON

Bye.

Haron hangs up the phone, a smile spreading across his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBAY BEACH - MORNING

The soft morning glow blankets the shore as Nazaneen and her comrades gather for a barbecue party. It's a serene morning in January with a clear sky.

Amidst the group of 10 girls, a couple of young men meticulously erect a tent, while others extract barbecue essentials from a van's trunk.

Dr. Maryam bears a sizable bowl, piquing the interest of her companion, Dr. Sheila.

DR. SHEILA

What delectable treats have you brought, Maryam?

DR. MARYAM

I've prepared marinated fish, and Nazaneen has generously provided an abundance of chicken for our barbecue feast.

DR. SHEILA

Excellent! My BIRYANI is en route as well. We're in for a gastronomic delight.

INT. INSIDE A TENT - DAY

Young men and women find themselves scattered within the cozy confines of the tent.

Nazaneen sits alongside her friend, Dr. Maryam, savoring a sip of her tea.

NAZANEEN

Where might our esteemed guest of honor, Dr. Suniti, be at this moment?

DR. SHEILA

No doubt relishing in the bliss of her recent marriage, tucked away in the warmth of her bed. Given her delayed union post-graduation, she's surely making the most of every moment.

DR. MARYAM

Ah, true love knows no bounds. There's Suniti, basking in marital bliss, and then there's our mischievous Nazaneen, relentlessly teasing poor Haroon, unable to fully embrace his affections.

NAZANEEN

(chuckling)

What can I say? If you all insist, perhaps I'll surprise him with an impromptu Arabic dance amidst his banter.

DR. MARYAM

Absolutely! It'll be a riot. If I were in your shoes, I'd not only perform an Arabic dance but also throw in a breakdance routine, singing his praises all the while.

NAZANEEN

(teasingly)

I wager if a monkey appeared at your doorstep asking for a hat, you'd gladly oblige.

The group chuckles, the sound blending with the gentle breeze off the beach. After a beat, we hear the soft noise of car engines and brakes screeching.

DR. MARYAM

(rushing out of the tent)

Ah, they've arrived.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj's Mercedes, followed by Haron's Land Cruiser, comes to a stop a few meters behind a tent set up on Bombay Beach.

Nazaneen and the others emerge from the tent to greet their guests. As Nazaneen sees Haroon stepping out of the car, she quickly ducks behind Maryam.

DR. MARYAM

(cheerfully)

Good morning, everyone. We welcome you to our humble party. But first, let me introduce a few unfamiliar faces to you.

Maryam gestures with her right hand, introducing her friends to Haroon and Sooraj.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Ajeet, an orthopedic surgeon. Here's Dr. Ram, an ENT specialist, and this lovely lady is Dr. Sheila, specializing in internal medicine. And the gentleman over there is Dr. Arpeet Singh, a heart surgeon. Dr. Meera, pediatric doctor, and yours truly, a gynecologist and introduction specialist.

Laughter fills the air, but Dr. Maryam takes charge again like a good host.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

And last but not least, someone special. I'm sure you'll be delighted to meet her properly.

Dr. Maryam steps aside, allowing Haroon to come face to face with Nazaneen.

DR. MARYAM

And this is Dr. Nazaneen, our neurologist extraordinaire. She's the mastermind behind all things brainy.

HAROON

(interjecting with a grin)

Ah, there she is. But you know, sometimes she's so absorbed in deciphering brain waves that she forgets her patients have hearts too.

Nazaneen blushes, and everyone chuckles.

HAROON

Sorry, folks, just couldn't resist a bit of teasing. But truly, I'm delighted to be among such wonderful, educated people.

DR. SHEILA

Alright, enough with the introductions.
Let's gather around the barbecue fire.
We've got chairs, beverages, and plenty
to cook and discuss.

The group, including Haroon, Sooraj, and Suniti, settle
around the barbecue fire where a HARMONIUM, a GUITAR,
and TABLAS sit on a used carpet nearby.

SUNITI

(bringing the guitar
to Haron)

Brother, take this guitar and grace us
with a song. A party without music is
dull.

HAROON

(taking the guitar)

An Urdu poet once wrote: "Bade dilchasp
ghaflat hogahi hai. Achanak unse ulfat
hogahi hai." Now, I assert that Bade
dilchasp ghaflat kargaya dil, Mohabbat se
mohabbat kargaya dil.

SOME OF THE GIRLS AND BOYS

Wah, wah, Haroon Sahab! Wah wah!

HARON

The heart and eyes work in tandem. What
the eyes behold, the heart retains. They
render us lovers, bring forth laughter,
evoke tears, sometimes bestow sorrow, and
other times, joy. Hence, the true essence
of the human heart remains elusive to
many. This sentiment was eloquently
expressed by Jalaluddin Rumi, a renowned
Persian poet, who famously said, "A pen
was writing. When it attempted to inscribe
love, it shattered." And now, the song
I'm about to perform aligns with this
very sentiment.

Haroon strums the GUITAR melody, while Sooraj initiates
the HARMONIUM, and a male doctor plays the TABLA.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Aye dil ay dil, dil-e-deewana. Kabhi apna,
kabhi begana. Badi mushkil tumhi samjana
Aye dil, aye dil. aye dil, aye dil, aye
dil, dil-e-deewana.*

Music accompanies the clapping of the audience.

HARON (CONT'D)

(resumes singing)

Nahi sunta yeh dil faryad mera. Nahi deta kabhi yeh saath mera. Mujhe ruswaye-aalam kar diya hai. Yeh hai qaatil, yeh hai sayyad mera. Aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-deewana Kabhi shamma, kabhi parwana. Bade qaatil tera nazrana. Aye dil, aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-deewana.

DR. Maryam pulls Nazaneen's hand for a dance and they dance beautifully.

HARON (CONT'D)

(playing the guitar and singing)

Mera dil ko na jaane kya hua hai. Keh mera jeena yeh mushkil kya hai. Magar mere tarah yeh dil bhi yaaro. Kesi Mehroo ko apna dil diya hai. Aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-deewana. Bade dilkash tera paimana. Bade dilchasp tera afsaana, aye dil, aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-deewana.

Music and dance continues...

HAROON

(singing)

"Bare dilchasp ghaflat" kargaya dil. Tah-e-dil sey mohabbat kargaya dil. Hamarey jism ki iss sarzameen par. Yeh deiko phir baghawat kargaya dil. Aye dil ay dil, dil-e-deewana. Kabhi apna, kabhi begana. Badi mushkil tumhi samjana Aye dil, aye dil. aye dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e-deewana.

Haron concludes the song amidst a big round of applause from everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. HARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yousuf Khan, Haron, Osman, and Karim are gathered in the cozy living room of the apartment.

Haron is engrossed in his laptop while Yousuf Khan flips through a book. Suddenly, the sound of a message alert chimes from one of their cell phones.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (glancing at his phone)
 Ah, it's a message from HAIDER KHAN. He's
 on his way to meet me here.

HARON
 (curiously)
 Haider Khan? Who's he?

YOUSUF KHAN
 He's an old friend of mine. I've been
 meaning to catch up with him.

HARON
 (rising from the couch
 and heading to his
 bedroom)
 Alright, you two catch up. I'll go get
 some rest.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (smiling)
 Good idea. You go and take a nap. I'll go
 about my own business.

Shortly after Haron closes the door of his bedroom, the
 doorbell interrupts them.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 (heading towards the
 door)
 That must be Haider. Let's see.

With a gun in hand, Yousuf Khan peers through the
 peephole to see a bearded man with hazel eyes waiting
 outside.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 (opening the door)
 Hey, Haider Khan!

HAIDER KHAN
 (walking in with a
 teenage boy)
 Hey there! It's been too long. Life keeps
 us all busy, doesn't it? By the way, this
 is Danish, my youngest son. I brought him
 along to show everyone that my only purpose
 here is to enroll him in the English
 Course. Nothing else.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Smart move.

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

I'll make sure his name is added to the new student list. Anyway, it's great to see you after so long.

HAIDER KHAN

You know, I came across a Farsi poem yesterday that really struck a chord. It goes something like this: "You, too, marvel at your reflection in the mirror, in a world where everyone is enchanted by themselves." It's so true. We're all so wrapped up in our own lives that we hardly ever get the chance to catch up.

YOUSUF KHAN

(closing the flat
door)

Impressive! You've become quite the philosopher. Have a seat.

HAIDER KHAN

(sitting on a sofa)

After you helped me pay off my loans, I quit all monkey business and opened a bookstore selling poems and literary books in Hindi, Urdu, English, and Farsi. So, when there are no customers, I just dive into a book. By the way, why did you call me here?

YOUSUF KHAN

I need your help dealing with a devil.

HAIDER KHAN

(concerned)

What's going on?

YOUSUF KHAN

We're dealing with Mator, Jagatpal's ruthless hitman. I need to track him down. Any leads?

HAIDER KHAN

It's risky, but you helped me when I was in trouble. I'm in.

YOUSUF KHAN

(handling a small bag
to Haider)

Here's five hundred thousand rupees as an advance. More will come once the job's done.

HAIDER KHAN
 (taking the money)
 This is more than enough. I'll start right
 away.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (shaking Haider's
 hand)
 Be careful. Take care of yourself. Goodbye.

Yousuf Khan opens the door as Haider heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. HARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haron sits at his desk, flipping through some papers
 when Sooraj enters the room with a briefcase in hand.

SOORAJ
 Hey, Haron. I've got something for you.

HARON
 (looking up)
 Oh, hey, Sooraj. What's up?

SOORAJ
 (handling the file to
 Haron)
 Here you are, my friend. All permits and
 necessary documents for your health clinic.
 From now on, you can open the facility.

Haron's eyes light up as he takes the file from Sooraj's
 hand, flipping through the pages with a sense of
 excitement.

HARON
 Thank you so much, Sooraj. This means a
 lot to me.

SOORAJ
 (chuckling)
 No problem, buddy. You've worked hard for
 this. It's time to see your dream come to
 life.

Haron nods appreciatively, a grateful smile spreading
 across his face.

HARON
 Absolutely. I couldn't have done it without
 your support.

SOORAJ
(putting a hand on
Haron's shoulder)
Well, you know I've got your back. Let me
know if you need anything else.

HARON
Sure thing, thanks. And hey, I owe you
one. Let me treat you to lunch sometime.

SOORAJ
(smiling)
Sounds like a plan. But for now, think of
a new song for my birthday party at my
place tomorrow night. Don't miss it because
your beloved Nazaneen is coming.

Sooraj raises his hand near his temple in a farewell
gesture.

SOORAJ (CONT'D)
Alright then, see you tomorrow night.
Goodbye and take care.

HARON
Thanks, buddy. Can't wait to see Nazaneen.
Bye and many happy returns of the day.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT SIXTEEN

ACT SEVENTEEN

EXT. SOORAJ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is bathed in a mesmerizing cascade of colorful lights, casting an enchanting glow over the surroundings.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The front yard exudes an air of celebration, adorned with tasteful decorations. Tables and chairs are elegantly arranged beneath a banner proudly declaring "HAPPY 31ST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY."

In one corner of the yard, a stage awaits, adorned with musical instruments poised to provide entertainment for the evening.

Guests, including Haron, Nazaneen, her brother Rawal, Dr. Maryam, Yousuf Khan, and many others from the community, mingle and share in the festive atmosphere.

Sooraj's face lights up as he engages with Haron, Khan, and their friends, basking in the warmth of their camaraderie. Soon, Sooraj takes center stage, capturing the attention of the gathered guests.

SOORAJ

(into the microphone)

Ladies and gentlemen, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to each and every one of you for gracing my humble birthday celebration with your presence. To add a touch of magic to this gathering, I would like to invite my dear friend Mr. Haron to serenade us with a song tonight. Let's give him a warm round of applause!

Encouraged by the enthusiastic response, Haron nods eagerly and strides confidently to the stage. He picks up a guitar and begins to strum gently, setting the mood for his performance.

HARON

(singing)

*Woh sadhi fasaane ko suna ney ke liye aa.
Uljan mey mujhi phir sey pasaane ke liye
aa. Uljan mey mujhi phir sey pasaane ke
liye aa.*

The music fills the air, captivating the attendees who begin to sway and dance to the rhythm.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*I LOVE na kaha tuney mujhe sadhi omar mey.
Han sadhi omar main. I HATE YOU yeh, I HATE
YOU yeh bath bataney ke liye aa. Nafrat
hain mujhi tumse bataney ke liye aa.*

Dr. Maryam leads the way onto the dance floor, her graceful movements inspiring others to join in the festivities.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Main aa na saka, sharm-e- zamaney sey
teri paas. Tu rasm-e-zamaney ko nebhaney
ke liye aa. Ruswayee ka gaane hai meri
sab ki zuban par. Tum bhi kabhi iss geet
ko gaaney ke liye aa.*

Dr. Maryam extends her hand to Nazaneen, encouraging her to join the dance. Initially hesitant, Nazaneen soon finds herself caught up in the joyous atmosphere, twirling and spinning alongside her friend.

HARON (CONT'D)

(singing and dancing)

*Wada ta tera mujko jo ek lamha ke aaghosh.
Iss karz ko eik raht, chokhane ke liye
aa. Kal sham hai ushshaq ke mehfil meri
gahr mein. Ek bar zara khod ko dekhaane
ke liye aa. Mat chod adora tu kabhi pyyar
ke baazi. Aana hey tu phir mujko harhaney
ke liye aa.*

Haron wraps up his song, eliciting thunderous applause from the delighted crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S SECRET SERVER ROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits behind a desk, engrossed in listening to a digital recording of a phone conversation between Malik and Jagatpal.

His attention is interrupted by the chime of his cell phone on the desk to his right, indicating a new message.

Khan quickly grabs his phone, unlocks it with a swipe, and opens a message from an unknown sender. Inside is a picture attached to a message that reads: "Meet M. often

spotted swimming at the Oberoi Hotel on weekends with his girlfriend, a cabaret dancer."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

Mator sits across from NEELAM, a pretty woman in her early 30s. The restaurant is bustling with Indian and foreign couples enjoying their meals.

Amidst the crowd, a green-eyed, bearded young man sits two tables away, discreetly observing Mator and Neelam.

ANGLE ON MATOR -

who casually takes a bite of his steak.

MATOR

(chewing)

Hey, Neelam, darling.

NEELAM

Yes, honey?

MATOR

I wanted to invite you to my farmhouse next weekend.

NEELAM

You didn't tell me you had a farmhouse too.

MATOR

This is my way of life. I rarely disclose my private matters to friends, or even relatives.

NEELAM

It's okay. I love you for your manhood, not your property or wealth. Now tell me, when are we getting married?

MATOR

(grinning)

Soon, darling. As soon as this election is over, we'll tie the knot. Tomorrow I have to accompany my boss to Delhi for the final stages of his political campaign. Then I'll take a one-month leave for the wedding and honeymoon.

NEELAM

(concerned)

Yes, please do something about our marriage because I cannot wait any longer. I'm pregnant!

MATOR

(taking Neelam's hand
and kissing it)

You needn't worry, honey. I'll take care of everything. Now if you are done with your food, let's head to our room for a nap, and then we'll go swimming.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE UPON:

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL, MUMBAI - DAY

The camera zooms in on the SIGNBOARD of the Oberoi Hotel's towering high-rise building.

As we descend to ground level, the opulent swimming pool comes into view, where guests are either swimming leisurely or relaxing on benches and floating mattresses.

At the center of attention, Mator lounges on a floating mattress while Neelam gracefully swims towards him. As she approaches, her bikini subtly slips, revealing a glimpse of her curves.

With a smirk, Mator sits up, pours a glass of whisky, and offers it to Neelam.

MATOR

Join me, darling. Whiskey for the soul, though I must say, women's warmth always outshines men's.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two gloved hands meticulously work on the large glass window of a hotel room, equipped with specialized tools to execute a precise circular cut.

With steady precision, a ten-centimeter hole is carved into the glass.

As the task unfolds, we widen the frame to reveal the bearded, green-eyed man, previously seen observing Mator at the hotel's restaurant.

He leans to his left and retrieves a large guitar case from the floor. Upon opening it, he carefully extracts what appears to be a guitar.

With practiced fingers, he runs them over the familiar contours, but then, with a sudden twist, he disassembles it.

Instead of strings and wood, meticulously wrapped components of a telescopic gun are revealed, nestled within layers of rubber and plastic, cleverly disguised for covert transport.

The man deftly assembles the parts, transforming them into a fully operational SNIPER GUN.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Mator reclines on a floating mattress while Neelam holds onto its edge, the golden sun casting a warm glow over the scene. They clink their glasses of whiskey.

MATOR

(toasting)

To the success of our journey together.

They sip their drinks, savoring their romantic moment.

INTERCUT - THE ROOM AND THE POOL

The bearded man, his green eyes intense, steadies his rifle through a hole in the window glass, his focus locked on Mator.

Through the scope, he aligns the shot, his breath steady as he squeezes the trigger. The rifle recoils, and the bullet finds its mark, piercing Mator's forehead and the mattress beneath.

Mator slumps back, his expression peaceful as life slips away. Blood sprays, staining Neelam's face and body. She screams and dives into the water for refuge.

The mattress deflates, dragging Mator's body into the pool depths.

A security guard rushes to the scene, scanning for the attacker. His suspicion falls on the hotel roof, but the assailant remains undetected.

The green-eyed man leaves his rifle and belongings, taking only a newspaper.

Exiting, he hangs a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, cleans the handle with gloved hands, and tucks the gloves into his coat pocket before leaving.

INT. CORRIDOR -

Without a hint of urgency, he strides towards the elevator, pressing the button with the back of his Index Finger.

As the elevator arrives, a blond foreign woman already inside moves to the side to make room. The man enters, engrossed in reading the newspaper, maintaining an aura of composure and detachment.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator smoothly descends to the ground floor.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of the elevator, the man walks through the lobby and exits the hotel.

EXT. PAVEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

On the pavement outside, he strolls casually, newspaper in hand, without a trace of haste.

He crosses the street and approaches a waiting taxi, behind whose wheel sits a man wearing a SIKH'S TURBAN, evidently awaiting his arrival.

THE MAN
(getting into the
taxi)

Let's go.

INT. INSIDE TAXI - CONTINUOUS

TAXI DRIVER
(driving and merging
into traffic)

How was the hunt?

As the green-eyed man speaks, we hear the voice of Yousuf Khan.

YOUSUF KHAN
(putting stick-on sun
screens on the side
windows)

Perfect, brother. I've come as a lion,
not a jackal.

The driver bursts into laughter, followed by Yousuf Khan.

YOUSUF KHAN
(controlling his
laughter)

Hey, brother Haider, without your support, I couldn't have done it. Anyway, you know what to do with this taxi?

HAIDER KHAN
Absolutely. This cab will go back to work after its fake license plate is changed in an undisclosed area.

The taxi comes to a halt behind a RED LIGHT.

As soon as the TRAFFIC SIGNAL turns green and the taxi moves, Yousuf Khan retrieves an eye drop and a small disinfectant liquid from his coat pocket.

Sanitizing his hands, he uses the eye drop to moisturize his eyes. With care and precision, Khan removes the green contact lenses from his eyes.

He then takes off the fake beard from his chin, wrapping it in the newspaper in his hand.

YOUSUF KHAN
I've regained my true identity, but you should maintain your disguise until you reach home.

The taxi comes to a stop before the gate of Yousuf Khan's house.

YOUSUF KHAN
(stepping out of the
cab)

See you later, brother. Khuda Hafiz.

HAIDER KHAN
(raising his hand)
From now on, we're strangers. Farewell.

Yousuf Khan turns and walks towards the door of his house. He enters and we CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is a scene of controlled chaos as police officers move about, snapping photos, examining evidence, and collecting items from the scene.

A telescopic gun lays on the bed, surrounded by shattered remnants of a guitar.

Two constables carefully bag evidence while Assistant Commissioner of Police, ACP Patel, seeming in his late 40s, reviews security camera footage with a hotel staff member behind a bank of monitors.

ACP PATEL
(leaning in closer to
the screen)
Pause right there!

The video freezes, capturing the image of a bearded green-eyed man amidst the footage.

ACP PATEL (CONT'D)
(quickly snapping a
photo with his cell
phone)
Hold on a moment.

He turns to his colleague, Inspector Arjun, who approaches.

ACP PATEL (CONT'D)
(with authority)
Inspector Arjun, I need a detailed
background check on this individual. Find
out everything you can.

INSPECTOR ARJUN
(nodding)
Understood, sir. I'll retrieve the
information immediately.

Inspector Arjun promptly exits the room to fulfill his task.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT SEVENTEEN

ACT EIGHTEEN

INT. FRONT YARD, KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits comfortably in the front yard of his house enjoying his breakfast with a couple of his men seated around him.

Suddenly, Inspector Pandey steps into Khan's house, his presence disrupting the peaceful scene.

YOUSUF KHAN

(with a hint of
curiosity)

Yes, Inspector! What brings you here to my humble abode?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

(approaching Khan,
shifting his night
stick from one hand
to another)

I need to ask you a few questions.

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

Ah, the irony. Back when I was knee-deep in the underworld, extorting money and shedding blood, you never bothered to question me. But now that I've turned away from that life, suddenly you come knocking. Very well, Inspector, fire away.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

So, where were you yesterday afternoon?

YOUSUF KHAN

(setting down his
utensils)

Right here, in my own damn house. What's on your mind, Inspector? Spit it out.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

You're playing your cards well. Seems like you're trying to distance yourself from Mator's murder.

YOUSUF KHAN

And who the hell is Mator?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Cut the act, Khan.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR PANDEY (CONT'D)

Mator was Jagatpal's right-hand man, found floating in a pool of his own blood at the Oberoi Hotel's swimming pool yesterday.

YOUSUF KHAN

(scoffing)

What's that got to do with me? People meet their ends in various ways every day in this country. Some due to pollution, some due to poverty and destitution, and some in the lap of luxury in their accommodations. So why am I being dragged into it?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Khan, I know you're connected to this murder. AARPEET TALWAR, the assassin who booked room 905 in Oberoi Hotel to carry out the hit on Mator, matches your description. But I won't rush to judgment. I'll be back, and next time, I'll have more than just suspicion.

YOUSUF KHAN

Very well, Inspector. But when you return, make sure you bring a warrant and some concrete evidence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARON'S ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Haron stands confidently at the front of the classroom, a stack of POETRY BOOKS neatly arranged on his desk beside a LAPTOP.

With a few clicks, he activates the SLIDESHOW, displaying the titles of two poems, "Tiger Tiger" by William Blake and "Aunt Jennifer's Tigers" by Adrienne Rich, along with excerpts from each on the large TV screen arranged in TWO COLUMNS to the right of the WHITEBOARD.

HARON

(excitedly)

Good morning, everyone! Today, we're delving into the realm of English poetry, and I'm thrilled to kick things off with these two magnificent pieces about tigers. Thanks to our tech setup, we can now explore literature in a whole new way.

Haron's begins to recite the lines of William Blake's "Tiger Tiger," his voice capturing the intensity and rhythm of the words.

HARON (CONT'D)

"Tiger Tiger burning bright, in the forests of the night..."

The students listen intently, their eyes glued to the screen and the words displayed on it.

HARON (CONT'D)

And now, let's shift our focus to Adrienne Rich's "Aunt Jennifer's Tigers."

He places the cursor on the right column of the slide, illuminating the lines onto the screen for the class to see clearly.

HARON (CONT'D)

"Aunt Jennifer's Tigers prance upon a screen, Bright topaz denizens of the world of green." Now, let's delve deeper. How do these two poems depict the majestic tiger differently? I'm eager to hear your insights.

Several hands shoot up in the air, eager to participate in the discussion.

HARON (CONT'D)

(pointing to Manjeet)

Let's start with Manjeet. What's your take on the symbolism of the tiger in these poems?

MANJEET

Well, in William Blake's poem, the tiger symbolizes power, ferocity, and beauty, while in Adrienne Rich's poem, it represents freedom and defiance against oppression.

HARON

Exactly, Manjeet. Great analysis. Now, let's hear from Meera.

MEERA, a somewhat pretty girl of 18, stops taking notes and looks up, her eyes bright with insight.

MEERA

Aunt Jennifer's tigers symbolize her yearning for independence and strength,
(MORE)

MEERA (CONT'D)

and they also represent the quest for women's emancipation. This stands in stark contrast to the majestic yet fearsome portrayal in Blake's poem, where the might of God is praised for creating such awe-inspiring creatures, from powerful and fearsome animals like the tiger to gentle and lovable creatures like the lamb, which one wouldn't hesitate to hug and play with.

HARON

Well said, Meera. You've captured the essence of both poems beautifully. The contrast between Blake's awe-inspiring depiction of the tiger and Rich's portrayal of liberation through the embroidered tigers is truly fascinating.

As the bell rings, signaling the end of the period, the students gather their belongings and we CUT TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Yousuf Khan sits solemnly on the edge of his bed, deep in contemplation. The door creaks softly, and Ranjeet enters cautiously.

RANJEET

Good evening, Khan Sahab. You called for me, so here I am, at your service.

YOUSUF KHAN

Thank you for coming, Ranjeet. Do you have any important plans for tonight?

RANJEET

I need to meet Jagatpal Sahab. He phoned me a few minutes ago, and judging by his tone, he seems quite agitated.

YOUSUF KHAN

Understandably so. It's about his right-hand man, Mator, who met his end recently.

RANJEET

Is that true, Bhaijan?

YOUSUF KHAN

Indeed. Inspector Pahndey visited me this morning, inquiring about Mator's demise.

RANJEET

Now Jagatpal won't spare me.

YOUSUF KHAN

Fear not. I'll ensure your safety and reward you generously.

RANJEET

How? I'm ready to stand by your side, Bhaijan.

YOUSUF KHAN

Listen closely. If Jagatpal questions you about Mator's murder, suggest that Bhim Singh might be involved. Tell him you saw Bhim Singh in a meeting with Khan.

RANJEET

If this proves wrong, Jagatpal will surely kill me.

YOUSUF KHAN

Rest assured, it's accurate.

Yousuf Khan reaches for his iPhone, sending a video footage to Ranjeet, whose phone chimes upon receiving it.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(turning to Ranjeet)

Ranjeet. Watch the video I just sent you.

Ranjeet unlocks his iPhone, navigating to the Gallery and selecting the latest video. As he watches, disbelief crosses his face.

RANJEET

(looking at Khan)

Unbelievable, sir. How did you manage to meet Bhim Singh, who is very close to Mr. Malik?

YOUSUF KHAN

No questions for now. Show this video to Jagatpal and assert that you were present at the meeting, capturing the footage.

RANJEET

And then?

YOUSUF KHAN
(pointing to the green
Rambo jacket on the
bed)

I'm giving you this jacket. It has special upper pockets equipped with small WiFi security cameras with night vision capabilities. They provide clear footage even in low-light conditions.

RANJEET
What do I do with the camera?

YOUSUF KHAN
Activate the camera's WiFi when you meet Jagatpal at his mansion. Position yourself opposite him to record his actions. Now, give me your phone, and I'll connect it to the WiFi camera.

RANJEET
(giving his iPhone to
Khan)
How long does the camera battery last?

YOUSUF KHAN
At least two hours, and it's fully charged. If you record anything incriminating Jagatpal, I'll reward you with three hundred thousand rupees.

RANJEET
This task seems perilous.

YOUSUF KHAN
Every endeavor carries risk. I've stored recordings of Malik's activities, which will prove invaluable. Now, take action to safeguard yourself.

RANJEET
I'm prepared, not just for the reward, but for the greater good of our country and its people.

YOUSUF KHAN
(handing the jacket
to Ranjeet)
Here's the jacket. Put it on now.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jagatpal sits across from Malik, his expression stern as he checks the time on his phone. Malik notices Jagatpal's agitation.

MALIK

(concerned)

Is everything alright, Jagatpal? You seem tense.

JAGATPAL

(grimacing)

Ranjeet, that incompetent fool, promised to be here before dusk, but he's nowhere to be found.

Malik reaches for his phone, glancing at Jagatpal.

MALIK

Do you want me to call him again?

Jagatpal nods, his frustration evident. Malik quickly dials Ranjeet's number, and as he waits for him to pick up, our scene shifts to:

INT. KHAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ranjeet answers the phone, putting it on speaker.

RANJEET

Hello, Malik Sahab. If this is urgent, I regret to inform you that I'm currently en route to meet Jagatpal, sir.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MALIK

(over the phone)

Ranjeet, I'm here with Jagatpal, sir. He wants to speak with you.

Malik passes the phone to Jagatpal.

JAGATPAL

(gruffly)

Ranjeet, where the hell are you? You said you'd be here by now.

RANJEET

I apologize for the delay sir. I've been occupied with gathering information and evidence regarding Mator's death. But I'm on my way.

JAGATPAL

What have you found?

RANJEET

Sir, I believe the culprits responsible for Mator's demise are Bhim Singh and Yousuf Khan.

JAGATPAL

Do you have any evidence to support this claim?

RANJEET

Yes, I have a video of Mator meeting with Yousuf Khan.

JAGATPAL

Why didn't you inform me about this earlier?

RANJEET

Sir, things have been pretty dicey lately. Khan's goons have been on my tail like hounds, and I've been feeling like I'm under a microscope. But tonight, I managed to give them the slip and slip away.

JAGATPAL

Bring that evidence over to my place pronto.

Jagatpal hangs up the phone, looking visibly frustrated. He paces around the room, lost in thought.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Malik Sahab, get that scoundrel Bhim Singh on the line and tell him to get his butt over here right now.

MALIK

(scrolling through
his phone contacts)

You got it, Jagatpal Sahab.

Before long, the phone starts ringing, and Malik puts it on speakerphone. After a few rings, a male voice comes through the phone's speaker.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(over the phone)

Well, well, if it isn't Malik Sahab. It's been a while since we last caught up.

MALIK

We never forget our favorites, special occasions, or special jobs. But this time, it's Jagatpal Sahab who needs to see you ASAP. So, swing by his office pronto.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

What kind of special mission are we looking at this time? Your network seems to be far-reaching.

MALIK

When a lion's caught in a trap, even a mouse can come in handy for the rescue, right?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Alright. I'll make my way there as fast as possible.

Malik ends the call and slips his phone back into his pocket.

BACK TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Yousuf Khan retrieves a golden locket chain with two identical oval pendants from the lower pocket of the Rambo coat, and an iPhone with a thin wire attached to its protective cover from the right upper pocket of the green coat.

YOUSUF KHAN

(looking at Ranjeet)

Come closer and take a look at these two pendants. Both can be fitted into this locket chain. The pendant currently attached to the locket lacks a WiFi spy camera. The one I'll tape to the iPhone possesses a camera activated by pressing a small button at the back.

RANJEET

And in Jagatpal's office, I'm to swap the pendant, activate it connecting to the iPhone's WiFi Internet, correct?

YOUSUF KHAN

(giggling)

Precisely, Ranjeet bahi. I must admit, I initially underestimated your intelligence.

Khan tapes the spy camera pendant to the back of the phone and secures its thin wire around his waist atop his Shalwar Kameez. He demonstrates to Ranjeet how to discreetly conceal it between his thighs under his testicles.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(handling the phone
to Ranjeet)

Now, head to the washroom and conceal the phone as I showed you.

RANJEET

(taking the iPhone
and heading to the
washroom)

Okay.

INT. WASHROOM -

Ranjeet carefully threads the phone's wire through his buttocks' cleavage, securing it between his thighs for concealment.

INT. BEDROOM -

Ranjeet, now wearing a green Johan Rambo coat and stashing his personal cell phone in its pocket, prepares to leave.

RANJEET

(stashing his personal
cell phone in the
green coat's pocket)

Goodbye, bahijan.

YOUSUF KHAN

(embracing Ranjeet)

Bye, brother. Go and take a taxi.

RANJEET

(exiting the room)

I'll do that.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT EIGHTEEN

ACT NINETEEN

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jagatpal paces restlessly, checking his wristwatch in his expansive office.

MALIK

(taking a sip from
his drink)

So, what's the plan when Ranjeet and Bhim Singh show up?

JAGATPAL

After sorting out Bhim Singh, we'll reach out to our partners. Our attempts to take out Haron and Khan have failed twice. There's a chance the cops might come sniffing around for a third go.

MALIK

Thinking about tapping into foreign help to deal with them?

JAGATPAL

(shaking his head)

Nah, not going foreign. We'll look into other Indian states and gang connections. Heard Haron and Khan are geared up with bulletproof vests and an armored Land Cruiser.

MALIK

They've been dodging bullets like pros.

The door swings open, revealing Mohan, Jagatpal's personal secretary, holding a Walki-Talki.

MOHAN

Sir! Ranjeet's at the gate, wants to bring his cell phone in.

JAGATPAL

Oh, right. Let him through. He's got something important on his phone he wants to show me.

Without a word, Mohan exits.

EXT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Ranjeet stands at the main gate, holding his cell phone, while a SECURITY GUARD conducts a search.

Mohan's voice crackles over the Walki-Talki.

MOHAN (V.O.)
 (over the Walki-Talki)
 Agni 2, Agni 2, Boss says, let Ranjeet
 come with his phone.

SECURITY GUARD 1 brings the Walki-Talki close to his
 mouth.

SECURITY GUARD 1
 (over the Walki-Talki)
 Got it. Over.

He looks to his colleague, who is searching Ranjeet.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 Sanjay! Let him go. Must be someone special
 to Sir Jagatpal.

Sanjay stops his search before reaching Ranjeet's lower
 body part and opens the gate. Ranjeet enters the palatial
 office building.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ranjeet trails behind Mohan in the expansive corridor
 until they reach a brown FORMICA DOOR. Mohan pauses,
 knocks on it, then steps inside, leaving Ranjeet standing
 in the corridor.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mohan holds the door partially open with one hand.

MOHAN
 (clearing his throat)
 Sir, Ranjeet is outside. Should I bring
 him in?

JAGATPAL
 Yes, let him come in. We've been expecting
 him.

Mohan signals to Ranjeet with his right hand, motioning
 for him to enter. Ranjeet walks into the office room.

RANJEET
 Greetings, Jagatpal sir. You remembered
 me, and I didn't come empty-handed.

JAGATPAL
 Come here and show me what you've got.

RANJEET
(heading toward
Jagatpal with his
phone in hand)

Right away, sir.

Reaching Jagatpal, Ranjeet opens the phone's Gallery. He selects the latest video that Yousuf Khan had sent him.

With a tap of his finger, Ranjeet shows Jagatpal the video of Khan giving two bundles of money to Bhim Singh, a somewhat obese, bald man in his early 40s.

As Jagatpal becomes increasingly upset, he snatches the iPhone from Ranjeet's hand and watches for a moment, but can't control his anger.

JAGATPAL
(shouting)

I'll tear that bastard Bhim Singh apart!

He throws the iPhone at the nearest wall to his right. The device hits the wall first, then lands on the carpeted floor, its cover detaching.

Ranjeet rushes towards his cell phone, collecting it from the floor.

Ranjeet gathers the scattered parts of his phone from various spots in the room. Upon examining the screen, he finds that the protective cover has done its job well—the iPhone's screen remains intact.

He tries to fit the battery back in place, but the phone's back cover is broken and doesn't fit snugly.

Ranjeet replaces the protective plastic cover of the phone and attempts to turn it on. Although the iPhone starts functioning normally while he holds it, he pretends as if his phone is no longer functional.

RANJEET
(complaining)
Sir, you've wrecked my iPhone!

JAGATPAL
(glancing at his
expensive wristwatch)
That's alright. I'll compensate you for a
new one.

RANJEET
 (placing his hand on
 his stomach)
 My stomach doesn't feel right. I need to
 use the restroom sir. Seems like something
 I ate outside didn't agree with me.

Ranjeet pauses, rubbing his stomach.

RANJEET (CONT'D)
 (to Jagatpal)
 May I use the restroom, sir?

JAGATPAL
 (pointing to the door
 in the left corner
 of his office room)
 That door over there leads to my private
 washroom. You can use it today. Hurry up,
 or the atmosphere in our magnificent office
 might turn sour.

Ranjeet rushes to the washroom, keeping his hands on
 his stomach. He opens the door and switches on the lights
 as he enters.

INT. SPACIOUS WASHROOM - NIGHT

Ranjeet locks the door, ensuring privacy. He unbuckles
 his belt, lowers his pants, and retrieves an iPhone and
 a discreet WiFi spy camera concealed between his thighs.

Carefully, he swaps the WiFi camera for a pendant on
 his gold chain, seamlessly disguising it, then activates
 the recording function.

Next, he turns on video recording on the iPhone provided
 by Yousuf Khan, slipping it into his coat's upper left
 pocket, using the buttonhole for discreet filming.

After confirming both devices are operational, Ranjeet
 attends to his needs, flushes, and washes his hands.

BACK TO:

JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office door swings open, admitting Mohan and Bhim
 Singh.

MOHAN
 (wearing a warm smile)
 Sir, Bhim Singh is here at your service.
 (MORE)

MOHAN (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me, it's my son's engagement party, and my family awaits.

JAGATPAL

Of course, Mohan. Go and celebrate your son's special occasion. We'll mark our own special moment with Mr. Singh.

As Mohan departs with a respectful nod, the scene widens to reveal Ranjeet emerging from the washroom, the active locket spy internet WiFi camera secured on his chest...

Ranjeet makes his way towards Jagatpal's desk. He positions himself strategically to Jagatpal's left, next to Malik, ensuring he has the perfect angle to capture the unfolding scene.

Jagatpal's stern gaze bores into Bhim Singh, who sits stiffly in a chair, his expression a mix of defiance and apprehension. Jagatpal's voice cuts through the tense atmosphere.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Bhim Singh, you stand accused of involvement in Mator's death. The evidence against you is compelling.

BHIM SINGH

(frightened)

I don't know what you're talking about, sir. I haven't seen Mr. Khan in the last two months.

JAGATPAL

(rising from his chair,
closing in on Bhim
Singh, and delivering
a sharp slap)

Admit and confess, and you may be spared. Otherwise, you'll be destroyed. Now, tell me, how much did you receive from Yousuf Khan for providing him with information about Mator?

BHIM SINGH

(holding the side of
his face that was
slapped)

I already told you, I haven't seen Khan since he stopped working for you.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S SECRET SERVER ROOM - SAME TIME

Yousuf Khan sits in his secret server room, illuminated by the glow of monitors. He stares intently at a screen displaying the live feed from Jagatpal's office.

BACK TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ranjeet walks towards Singh retrieving his damaged iPhone from his pocket.

RANJEET

If you haven't met Khan, then who was seen taking money from him last week? I have footage of you.

(Beat)

(playing the footage,
showing to Singh)

Look, I've recorded this by myself.

BHIM SINGH

(swallowing hard)

This video is fake. I'm being framed.

RANJEET

(turning to Jagatpal,
showing him the video
footage again)

Sir, please take a look at the recording date automatically inserted by the iPhone.

As Jagatpal watches the incriminating footage once more, his anger boils over. He retrieves a pistol from his coat's inside pocket and fires at Bhim Singh's chest and forehead.

Blood spurts as Bhim Singh collapses on the floor, staining Jagatpal's white suit.

Ranjeet approaches Singh's body, allowing his locket camera to capture a close-up shot.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

(addressing Jagatpal)

Sir, he's no more.

MALIK

(looking at Ranjeet)

"Dead men tell no tales." As we say in Hindi, "Mordey bola nahi kartey."

Jagatpal strides purposefully towards a bookshelf tucked in the corner of his office. Retrieving a book, he reveals hidden switches behind it. Pressing one of the switches twice, a section of the wall slides aside, unveiling an elevator door.

Jagatpal presses the elevator button. Within moments, two armed guards dressed in specialized uniforms emerge, summoned to his side.

JAGATPAL

(to the guards)

Take that body, wrap it in the carpet,
and dispose of it in the farmhouse.

The guards approach Beam Singh's lifeless form, lying in a pool of blood on the blue carpet. They wrap the body in the carpet and transport it into the elevator.

As the lift descends, carrying its grim cargo, everything fades from view, and the bookshelf seamlessly returns to its original state.

CUT TO:

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - MORNING

Yousuf Khan enjoys breakfast in the FRONT YARD of his house, accompanied by Kabir and a couple of his men. Ranjeet enters.

RANJEET

(smiling)

Good morning Khan bhai!

YOUSUF KHAN

Good morning, brother. Congratulations on the success of your mission.

RANJEET

(retrieving Khan's

locket and

iPhone from his pocket)

Thank you, sir. But how did you find out about the mission's success?

YOUSUF KHAN

(savoring a bite of

omelet)

I was watching and recording everything that unfolded in Jagatpal's office.

RANJEET

(in disbelief)

You must be joking, sir. That sounds impossible.

YOUSUF KHAN

(taking a sip of tea)

It's entirely possible, Ranjeet. Thanks to technology, we can now monitor and record activities discreetly. Anyway, hand over the locket and iPhone I gave you.

RANJEET

(handing over the items)

Here you go, Khan bhai. But don't forget about my gift.

YOUSUF KHAN

(taking the locket and the phone from Ranjeet)

Ranjeet! You've accomplished the impossible. I'll upload the video footage on social media. Now, justice will prevail, and Jagatpal will face the consequences.

RANJEET

If you post that video now, it could put my family in danger.

YOUSUF KHAN

You're right. That's why you should bring your wife and children here immediately. We have some vacant rooms available. From today, your wife will be my sister.

RANJEET

Certainly, Khan bahi. I'll make arrangements right away. Now tell me, when and where did you meet Bhim Singh?

YOUSUF KHAN

(chuckling)

That was just Photoshop. I met someone else, but I used Photoshop to put Bhim Singh's head on that man's body.

RANJEET

(in disbelief)

I can't believe it sir.

YOUSUF KHAN
(taking a sip of his
milk tea)

I'm telling the truth. Digital technology has come a long way these days. And you know I was a computer programmer. Anyway, forget about that. Bhim Singh and Mator were both Jagatpal's hitmen. If I hadn't killed them, they would have killed us.

RANJEET
That's what you call two birds with one stone!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Three eggs simmer in a small pot. Nazaneen turns off the stove, opens the refrigerator, and pulls out butter and a jar of jam. She sets them on a small dining table beside a plate of CHAPATTI in the corner of the kitchen.

NAZANEEN
(calling out)
Rawul! Hey, Rawul! Breakfast is ready!

The camera widens to reveal Rawul, dressed in a school uniform and carrying a backpack, entering the kitchen.

RAWUL
I'm ready!

NAZANEEN
You can tart without me. I'll go check on Mom.

Nazaneen exits the kitchen, but the ringing of her phone on the dining table draws her back. She quickly returns, grabs the phone, and answers the call.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)
Hello!

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - MORNING

HAROON
Good morning, Nazaneen!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NAZANEEN
How did you get my new mobile number?

HAROON

Your brother, who is in my class, provided it as an emergency contact.

NAZANEEN

I see. What made you call me this early?

HAROON

This isn't a call to confess love; it's about work. We're inaugurating our small health clinic in the neighborhood next Sunday. I want you to join us in the celebration.

NAZANEEN

What if I decide not to come?

HAROON

Nothing much. Your presence would brighten the occasion, and without you, it'll just add to the sorrow of a lovesick heart.

NAZANEEN

I'm not coming.

HAROON

Alright, skip the opening ceremony, but you have to come to volunteer.

NAZANEEN

Fine, I'll participate in both. But don't think this means I've fallen for you.

HAROON

No worries; that will happen someday. I have complete faith in my love. One day, you'll come and take my hand.

NAZANEEN

I appreciate your confidence. You always keep the flame of hope alive. By the way, where's the venue for this ceremony?

HAROON

Right here, at Yousuf Khan's place. He donated the first floor of his property for our clinic.

NAZANEEN

Wow! That's a true friend. Alright, see you on Sunday. Bye!

HAROON

Bye, my Nazaneen.

END INTERCUT

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nazaneen opens a door in the hallway, revealing her mother in a white sari, resting on a used queen-size bed.

NAZANEEN

Mom, should I bring breakfast to your room, or will you join us?

MOTHER

(getting up from the bed)

No, dear. I'll come to the kitchen; I'm feeling better now.

NAZANEEN

(smiling)

That's even better. A little walk will do you good.

MOTHER

Alright, dear. But tell me, who were you talking to on the phone?

NAZANEEN

Did you overhear my conversation?

MOTHER

Not everything, but most of it reached my ears.

NAZANEEN

It was Haroon, Rawul's English teacher.

MOTHER

How long have you known him?

NAZANEEN

Not too long, just two or three months.

MOTHER

If he's a good man, invite him over for tea. Before I die, I want to see your wedding.

NAZANEEN

(blushing)

Alright, Mom. If you insist, I'll invite him over.

(MORE)

200.

NAZANEEN (CONT'D)

He's been pursuing me for a while now.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT NINETEEN

ACT TWENTY

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jagatpal presides over a gathering of about 15 well-dressed men, aged between their early 40s and late 50s, all seated around an oval table. At Jagatpal's right-hand side sits Malik, his trusted lieutenant.

JAGATPAL

(initiating the meeting)

I extend my gratitude to each of you for promptly gathering here, some from as far as Delhi, on such short notice. Allow me to apprise you that our business endeavors have encountered turbulent waters in recent days. Confronting this storm requires cooperation and mutual assistance. Indeed, in the past few months, a Canadian social worker named Haroon has commenced community development projects in Mumbai. He has succeeded in halting extortion in a couple of neighborhoods, converted gambling dens into restaurants, set up auto repair garages, and provided employment opportunities to unemployed youth.

A man in a BROWN SUIT, raises his right hand.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. MEHRA, would you like to speak?

MEHRA

Yes, sir. Simply provide me with his name, picture, and address, and we'll handle the situation.

JAGATPAL

We've already attempted to resolve the issue, even resorting to failed assassination attempts, but he has managed to evade every predicament. Anyway, so far, he's established an English Language Center and a computer course to the underprivileged. And this Sunday, he and his cohorts are launching a medical clinic in Pant Nagar to provide free healthcare to the poor.

Jagatpal pauses, but Malik interjects smoothly.

MALIK

If this medical clinic flourishes, it could spell disaster for us, as it will cater to alcoholics and addicts, all for free. If addicts receive treatment, our sales of marijuana, hashish, alcohol, and drugs will plummet. Gentlemen, this model can be replicated in other cities. Therefore, I propose that we must do everything in our power to impede Haroon and his allies.

Another participant, wearing glasses, raises his hand.

JAGATPAL

Yes, Mr. BANWARI?

BANWARI

Why don't we all contribute to form a formidable force to close the chapter on Haroon's influence and disrupt their clinic's inauguration?

JAGATPAL

That's not a bad idea.

BANWARI

To ensure the success of this plan, we'll need to keep the police at bay.

MALIK

Leave that to me. I know an Inspector who does anything for money.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sub-inspector Sahil Khan stands in front of a mirror in his small but tidy LIVING ROOM. He adjusts the last touches on his uniform, ensuring everything is perfectly in place.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

Sahil glances towards the door, slightly startled by the sound. He takes a final look in the mirror, nods to himself, and walks to the door. He opens it to find a POSTMAN standing there with a small parcel in his hands.

POSTMAN

You have a courier, sir.

The postman hands the parcel to Sahil.

SAHIL KHAN

What is this?

POSTMAN

I have no idea, sir. It's your parcel sent by courier. However, from the good smell, I can say there might be a perfume inside.

Sahil signs the log sheet, takes the parcel, and closes the door behind him. He examines the package curiously and then carefully opens it. Inside, he finds a bottle of AZZARO PERFUME and a small pen drive taped to the bottle. There is also a sticky yellow note attached.

CLOSE UP ON THE NOTE:

"A substantial proof for a crime. Please take action before I upload the video footage on social media."

Sahil's eyes widen in surprise. He quickly separates the pen drive from the perfume and heads to a desk in the right corner of his living room, where his laptop sits. He opens the laptop, turns it on, and connects the pen drive to it.

Sahil clicks on the video file and watches the footage intently.

ON THE SCREEN:

The video shows Beam Singh's murder by Jagatpal. It also captures Jagatpal taking a book from his office bookshelf, revealing a secret elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOMBAY POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sahil Khan sits across from COMMISSIONER JAN DESUZA, a seasoned officer with a no-nonsense demeanor, behind a tidy desk. Sahil Khan, serious and focused, plays footage on his laptop.

SAHIL KHAN

Sir! You need to see this.

Khan clicks play.

ON THE SCREEN:

With a final, brutal blow, Jagatpal murders Beam Singh. He stands up, wiping the blood from his hands with a handkerchief.

Jagatpal then walks to his office shelf, carefully selecting a book. He pulls it slightly, revealing a concealed button behind. He presses the button, and a section of the bookshelf slides open, revealing a secret elevator.

COMMISSIONER DESUZA

(silently)

Where did you get this, Sahil?

SAHIL KHAN

An anonymous delivery to my home, sir. It implicates Jagatpal in the murder.

COMMISSIONER DESUZA

(leaning forward,
expression serious)

We must act swiftly. Assemble your team, Sahil. We cannot arrest him until the authenticity of this video is proven. But we can search his office and investigate that secret elevator.

SAHIL KHAN

(closing his laptop)

Right away, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULTI-LANE STREET - DAY

Two Jeeps and a van, packed with policemen, race down a bustling and crowded multi-lane street, sirens blaring. Sahil Khan sits in the front seat of the lead jeep.

EXT. PARKING AREA OPPOSITE JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

The convoy grinds to a halt in the parking area in front of Jagatpal's office building.

Sahil Khan, accompanied by a group of CONSTABLES, marches towards the imposing GATE of the building.

EXT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING GATE - DAY

A tall, athletic security guard stands before the gate, attempting to stop Sahil Khan and his team.

SECURITY GUARD

(holding out his hand)

Stop right there! Mr. Jagatpal has gone to Delhi. You can't enter.

SAHIL KHAN
(with authority,
showing a search
warrant)

We have a search warrant. Stand aside or I'll have you arrested for obstructing a police investigation.

Sahil's commanding presence brooks no argument. The guard reluctantly steps aside, allowing the sub-inspector and his team to pass through the gate and rush towards the building.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S VAST OFFICE - DAY

Sahil Khan strides purposefully towards the bookshelf, retrieving the exact book seen in Beam Singh's murder video. He presses the elevator button.

Moments later, the elevator arrives and its doors slide open, revealing an armed guard inside.

Startled by the presence of the police, the guard reaches for his weapon, but Sahil Khan reacts swiftly, neutralizing him with a precise shot.

The team enters the elevator. Sahil positions the dead guard's body in front of the doors, using it as a shield for added protection.

The elevator descends, catching the occupants of the underground structure off guard.

INT. LARGE UNDERGROUND STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

A skirmish ensues as the criminals attempt to resist, but Sahil Khan shoots two armed men of Jagatpal's gang who try to use their guns, injuring them critically.

The Police apprehend everyone in Jagatpal's expansive basement.

In a distant corner, constables discover numerous wooden and cardboard boxes containing drugs, gold, and firearms.

Sahil Khan records a video of the illicit goods and weapons using his cell phone.

SAHIL KHAN
(to his men)
Confiscate all illegal goods.

Sahil Khan contacts the police commissioner.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

(into cell phone)

Sir! We need additional personnel to secure the firearms, drugs, and gold bars.

BACK TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA IN FRONT OF JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

A SATELLITE TV VAN arrives on the scene, capturing footage of the police and reinforcements swarming the area.

ANCHORWOMAN

(to camera)

We are here at the scene where police have just stormed the office of Mr. Jagatpal, Mumbai's business tycoon and the leader of the opposition party in Maharashtra State.

As Sahil Khan and his constables emerge with boxes of drugs, gold biscuits, and guns, the Anchorwoman approaches him, her camera focusing on the illicit materials.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Sahil Khan)

Sir, could you tell us where these illegal goods were found?

SAHIL KHAN

We discovered all these items in the basement of Mr. Jagatpal's office. There are more boxes yet to be recovered, and our operation is ongoing.

ANCHORWOMAN

Do you believe these items belong to Mr. Jagatpal?

SAHIL KHAN

These items were found on his property, but their ownership will be determined by the courts.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, HARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haron, Yousuf Khan, and Salim are sitting in the living room of Haron's Apartment.

HARON

You all know that our medical clinic's opening ceremony is on Sunday, and we need to be fully prepared. I'm sure, our enemies have made all arrangements to sabotage our program.

YOUSUF KHAN

What should we do to counter the enemy?

HARON

We will position our loyal members at strategic points, arming them with hockey sticks, daggers, and small arms. Salim, equips his workers with tools from the garage and mingle them with the crowd. Hammers, screwdrivers, wrenches, and tire irons can be used as weapons. We also have a few bulletproof vests and three or four licensed guns.

SALIM

Sir! After seeing your bulletproof vest, I made some in the garage from iron panels. By Sunday, I'll have a few more ready and purchase some motorcycle helmets.

HARON

Awesome. We have a lot to do tomorrow, so let's get some sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN AREA OPPOSITE YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Haron, Sooraj, Yousuf Khan, Nazaneen, and a couple of other doctors are preparing for the clinic's opening.

Osman, Kabir, and his friends stand guard, keeping an eye on everyone's movements.

Many poor and middle-class people from the community sit on light chairs arranged in the open area, ready for the clinic's inauguration.

Attached to the wall of Khan's house, a makeshift stage with a MICROPHONE in the middle has been erected.

Haron approaches Yousuf Khan, who is checking the sound system of the loudspeakers.

HARON

Is everything set up?

YOUSUF KHAN

Yes, everything's ready. You can start speaking whenever you're ready.

HARON

I need to ask you for another favor.

YOUSUF KHAN

Of course, what do you need?

HARON

I know you're a good shot. Could you take a gun and some ammunition and position yourself on your mansion's roof? If things go south, you could easily cover us from there.

YOUSUF KHAN

Got it. I'll grab my gun and head up there right now.

HARON

And I'll go to my apartment to get my bulletproof vest and helmet.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

With a gun in hand and bullets in a backpack, Yousuf Khan climbs to the roof of his house.

He moves towards the water tank to find cover, but the sound and impact of a bullet hitting the tank forces him to stay low.

Yousuf Khan carefully raises his head and looks towards the street in front of his house, where the first floor has been donated for the Health Clinic.

Several vans and trucks loaded with men carrying swords, sticks, and guns are entering the area.

Chaos prevails as most people gathered in the area for the health clinic's opening start fleeing.

The armed men quickly disembark and spread out.

Taking position behind the water tank, Khan targets one of the attackers trying to fire a gun from inside a

van. The attacker collapses, blood blossoming on his chest.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE CLINIC - DAY

Nazaneen exits the newly established 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, let's get
 inside the clinic.

Doctors and guests in the first and second rows near the podium get up and run behind Nazaneen.

CUT TO:

INT. HARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Haron is putting on his BULLETPROOF VEST when his cell phone rings. Seeing Khan's name on the screen, he answers.

HARON
 Hello, Khan.

YOUSUF KHAN (O.S.)
 You need to come quickly. A lot of thugs
 have taken over our area.

HARON
 (putting on his shirt
 over the vest and a
 hat on the helmet on
 his head)
 No problem. Don't leave your position.
 I'm coming out now. You can start taking
 them down.

INT. CORRIDOR, CLINIC - DAY

Sooraj, his wife Dr. Sunitee, and Nazaneen are guiding and distributing their guests into different rooms in the clinic.

SUNITEE
 (to Sooraj)
 Hey honey! You take care of the guests. I
 need a minute to call my Dad.

SOORAJ

I suggest not calling Dad because he will panic.

SUNITEE

(cell phone in hand)

No, darling. Dad is a close friend of the Police Commissioner. We can seek help that way.

CLOSE ON Sunitee's cell phone as she scrolls down and presses the call button on the name 'DAD'.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunitee's Dad, Dr. SHARMA, is sitting on a couch in his spacious living room, reading a newspaper. A latest model iPhone is on his right on a coffee table.

As soon as the phone rings and he sees his daughter's name on the screen, Warma picks up the phone, touching the green PHONE ICON with his finger.

DR. SHARMA

(bringing the phone
near his ear)

Yes, my sweetest daughter.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SUNITEE

Sorry, Dad, but we're in big trouble. That's why I had to call you.

MR. WARMA

What's the matter?

SUNITEE

Sooraj, some friends, and I came to Pant Nagar for a new clinic's opening, but many thugs have taken over the whole neighborhood. Our lives are in danger.

DR. SHARMA

Did you call the police?

SUNITEE

I did, but Inspector Pandey said it was a gang war, and the police wouldn't interfere. Could you please call Uncle Desauza and ask him to send the police force to protect us here?

DR. SHARMA

Okay, dear. I'll call the Mumbai Police Commissioner right now. Take care of yourself.

SUNITEE

I love you, Dad. Bye.

END INTERCUT.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sub-inspector Sahil Khan is sitting in his office, looking through a file when the phone on his desk rings.

SAHIL KHAN

(picking up the receiver)

Sub-inspector Sahil Khan speaking.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

This is Police Commissioner, Jan Desuza. Where is Inspector Pandey?

SAHIL KHAN

(standing up)

Sir, Inspector Pandey was here this morning but left quickly. He mentioned he was going to the ACP's house. Is there anything you need, sir?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Mr. Khan, take your police force to Yousuf Khan's house where a new health clinic is being launched. We've received reports of thugs causing trouble there. Your duty is to protect the people and public property. Do not fire unless absolutely necessary.

SAHIL KHAN

Understood, sir!

Sahil Khan hangs up the phone, grabs his hat from the desk, and puts it on. Taking his stick, he walks out of his office, calling for one of the constables.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

(loud and commanding)

Kundan! Sound the alarm and alert everyone. The commissioner just gave us an assignment to protect innocent lives in Pant Nagar.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY

KUNDAN, a constable in his late 40s, rushes to the wall and presses a large 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. The station is a hive of activity as they rush 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 and precision. They load into two jeeps and a large mini-van, their faces set with determination.

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

Let's move out!

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.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWENTY

ACT TWENTY-ONE

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

Haron 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 stands outside the MAIN GATE of his residential building.

He sees intense clashes between thugs and his friends. Haron quickly runs down the stairs, heading toward the pavement and street.

As he crosses the street, 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

Dr. Nazaneen, holding a pair of scissors, uses them to defend against a thug who has just broken through the clinic's main gate. She swiftly cuts at his arm, causing him to retreat.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Haron enters the open area. Continues forward, elbowing another thug in the ribs and delivering a swift punch to his jaw, knocking him out.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

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.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Khan 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)

You idiot! If you don't know how to drive,
why are you behind the wheel?

DRIVER 2

(getting out of his
car, grabbing Driver
1 by the collar)

I'll pay for your damages, but you owe me
for the damage you caused to my face.

Driver 2 punches Driver 1 in the face. The two men start kicking and punching each other.

SAHIL KHAN

(stepping in, loud
and commanding)

Stop this now and move your cars off the
road, or I'll have both of you arrested!

Driver 1, defiant and aggressive, stands his ground,
refusing to comply.

DRIVER 1

I'm not moving until a traffic officer comes and writes a report proving I'm not at fault. The other guy hit me from behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Four thugs forcefully push open the MAIN GATE of the clinic, breaking through the resistance of Dr. Nazaneen, Dr. Sunitee, and their friends. The thugs 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 takes position on the edge of the roof, targeting two of the bad guys armed with swords and neutralizing their threats. But one of the remaining thugs holding a KITCHEN KNIFE, dashes towards the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR -

In the corridor, the Thug armed with the kitchen knife kicks open a door with a sign reading 'OPERATING ROOM'.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Maryam, wearing gloves and a mask, is dressing and suturing Dr. Amrita's hand.

The thug enters, slamming the door shut behind him and rushes toward Dr. Maryam, brandishing his knife. As he grabs her, she pretends to comply, masking her fear.

DR. MARYAM

(changing her tone)

You stink. Your breath is awful. If you want to make love to me, you need to wash your hands with disinfectant and clean your mouth and face.

THUG

Agreed. But if you try anything funny,
I'll blow your head off right here.

Dr. Amrita, sitting on the operating table, grabs a
SCALPEL and shouts at Dr. Maryam.

DR. AMRITA

(brandishing the
scalpel)

You coward! How could you do this? If
this piece of dirt tries to hug me, I'll
either kill him or myself before his filthy
hands reach me.

DR. MARYAM

If there's life, there's everything. I
don't want to die. I've a family to take
care of.

Dr. Maryam walks towards a shelf in the corner of the
room, the thug following her, gripping her neck with
his left hand and pointing his gun at her right temple.

Dr. Maryam grabs a bunch of gauze and a bandage from
the shelf, folding the gauze into the bandage. She then
reaches for a bottle of DESFLURANE, inhaling anesthetic.

Dr. Maryam pours a large amount of the anesthetic onto
the gauze and bandage. She gently turns toward the thug,
giving him a pleasant smile and kissing him on the cheek.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

Oh no, your face is sweaty, and your mouth
smells terrible. Let me clean you up before
we go anywhere.

She rubs the thug's nose, lips, cheeks, and chin with
the gauze for a few seconds while remaining in his
embrace.

DR. MARYAM (CONT'D)

(passing the soaked
gauze and bandage to
the thug)

Here. Keep cleaning your face with this
while I take off my mask, gloves, and
clothes.

As the thug takes the bandage and starts cleaning his
face and nose, Dr. Maryam gently releases herself from
his grip.

THUG

Wow! This stuff smells good.

The anesthetic takes effect, causing the thug to feel drowsy, and he soon collapses, unconscious.

Dr. Maryam takes the knife and ties the thug's hands behind his back with intravenous saline tubes.

BACK TO:

EXT. OPEN AREA - DAY

The open area is a battleground with multiple fights happening simultaneously.

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. One thug charges, and Sooraj ducks, delivering a powerful uppercut.

Salim Khan faces off against a group of thugs in the center of the open area. Wielding a long TIRE MOUNT AND DEMOUNT IRON, he skillfully blocks and parries their aggressive attacks.

Osman swiftly knocks a thug out with a strike to the head.

Haron fends off a thug with a swift strike of his steel cane, then grabs another by the collar and headbutts him. Without missing a beat, he hurls the dazed attacker into a third thug charging toward him.

Panting but resolute, Haron finally reaches the center of the open area, determination burning in his eyes.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

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 - DAY

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

Everyone outside is risking their lives fighting against those thugs. Even those lady doctors are out there in the courtyard. How can you just sit here with your wife and child?

RANJEET

Khan told me to stay inside. He said my testimony against Jagatpal is crucial.

CHAMPA

(turning to face him,
determined)

If those thugs succeed, they won't spare us either. You need to go out there and stand with Haron and Khan.

RANJEET

(kissing his wife)

I'm proud of you for understanding the importance of standing up for our community, even if it puts us at risk.

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. Beside the stage, a couple of thugs are battling Kabir and Osman, keeping them under intense pressure.

With resolve, Ranjeet jumps into the throng, landing amidst the fight. He swings his hockey stick, striking the thugs with precision and strength.

KABIR

(struggling against a
thug, noticing Ranjeet)

Ranjeet! Glad you could join us!

RANJEET

(grinning, striking
another thug)

Couldn't let you have all the fun!

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)

No one enters this building or touches that signboard!

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, two 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.

Reinforcements arrive, tipping the balance in favor of the thugs. People retreat, some rushing back into their homes.

KALIYA, (30) a muscular thug with a dark complexion, emerges from his vehicle. He punches and throws locals, lifting a skinny man and hurling him into a group fleeing toward their homes.

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWENTY-ONE

ACT TWENTY-TWO

Haron kicks one thug and strikes another in the neck with his steel cane. He then rushes to the stage and takes position behind the microphone.

HARON

(through the microphone)

Dear brothers and sisters! This is your last chance to stand up for the freedom, justice, and prosperity of your community and children. If you flee now, these thugs will return to drag you from your homes and punish you in front of your loved ones. Fight them now or risk losing your businesses and belongings. They will turn you into their slaves, bringing brothels, bars, casinos, drugs, and crime to your area. Stand firm and fight for what is right.

Beat.

HARON (CONT'D)

(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.

While music plays, two bad guys attack Haron with their swords. Haron skillfully defends himself, using the microphone stand as an AIKIDO sword, beating the attackers.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE -

Nazaneen exits the clinic gate and strides towards the stage, standing beside Haron.

HARON

(resuming his song)

Jaan dey deyngey iss watan kehleyeh. Pool layengey iss chaman kehelyeh. Ham jo sathi hai jen ko woh dayem. Kam kartey rahey aman kehleyeh. Eik roh eik sans jeysa ham. zendagi deingey har badan keyleyeh.

NAZANEEN

(singing and putting
her hands on Haron's)

*To akeyla nahi merey saathi. Ham bhi aahey
iss anjuman kehleyeh. Kab tak eik dosrey
se bagengey, eisey jagengey, eisey
jangengey. Aaney waley nasal ko ham eisa,
keya seka deyngey, Keya seka deyngey.*

HARON

(singing and dancing)

*Hamsafar dangerous hai yeh waadi. Uss
taraf reh gaya hain abadi. Kohl do yeh
rasee ghulami kaa. Per Chaloun soy-e-
jashn-e- azadi. Kab tak eik dosrey sey
bagengey, eisey jagengey. Eisey bahenge.
Aaney waley nasal ko ham eisa, keya seka
dengey. keya seka dengey?*

Hearing Haron and Nazaneen's voices and witnessing their courage, some people who had fled and closed the doors of their homes emerge with sticks and kitchen knives, showing their readiness to fight back against the attackers.

PEOPLE

(singing in unison)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil
mein hai Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-
qaatil mein hai." Hamwatan age bado har
zulum sey darna nahi. Eik den martey hey
ham, har den hamey marna nahi. Na karengey
kam jo hargez hamey karna nahi.*

While music plays, we CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan takes aim at a thug's hand, who is about to fire at Haron.

Khan pulls the trigger, and the camera pans to the open area where the bullet impacts the thug's hand, forcing him to drop the gun and clutch his bleeding wound.

BACK TO:

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Haron, alongside Sooraj, moves forward to defend the podium set up for the clinic opening from the attacking thugs.

Haron kicks one thug, sending him crashing to the ground. Sooraj defends against another thug's stick attack by ducking and retaliating with his hockey stick, striking the thug's legs and causing him to fall.

Haron hits a second thug with his steel cane in the face, stopping his assault.

HARON

(singing)

Desh hamara khod eik jannat hain. Dil mein esko bohat mohabbat hain. Ham salamat rahenge duniya mein. Jab tak iss desh bhi salamat hain.

SOORAJ

(singing)

Desh ka pyaar khod ebadat hain. Ketney oonchey hamarey chahat hain. Mulk mein aman aam otahey. Korney korney 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

NAZANEEN, SUNITEE/MARYAM & THEIR GUESTS

"Sarfaroshi 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 hai ham, har den hamey marna nahi. Na karenge kaam jo hargez hamey karna nahi.

The clash of music and the sounds of combat fill the area, continuing unabated.

HAROON

(singing)

Gar cheh yeh kam hey bohat mushkel. Har samandar mey hai kahi sahil. Samney wo hamarey manzel hai. Ham sabhi qatelon ki qaatil hai. Kab tak eik dosrey sey bagengey, eisey jagengey, eisey jagengey. Aane wala naseel ko ham eisa, kya seka deynge, kya seka dengey?

HARON/NAZANEEN/SOORAJ & THEIR SUPPORTERS

(singing in chorus)

"Sarfaroshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil mein hai Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-qaatil mein hai."

(MORE)

HARON/NAZANEEN/SOORAJ & THEIR
SUPPORTERS (CONT'D)

*Hamwatan aage bado har zulm sey darna-
nahi. Eik den martey hey ham, har den
hameymarna nahi. Na karengay 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

(standing by the side
of his jeep, through
a megaphone)

The police have surrounded you from all sides. Additional forces are also on their way with more policemen! For everyone's safety, it is best to cease the fighting immediately. This is your final warning. If the violence doesn't stop, I will be compelled to order the use of force.

Hearing Sahil Khan's announcement, many thugs flee in panic. The police swiftly arrest a few, while others are subdued 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! When you received the call that hooligans were causing trouble in Pant Nagar, why didn't you take action?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Sir! I did not intervene because the troublemakers were feared gangsters, like Yousuf Khan, who is already a well-known criminal.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

But you'd a sacred duty to defend the people and the public property. So for now, you are suspended until further notice.

The Commissioner takes a sip from a glass of water on his desk.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Mr. Khan!

SAHIL KHAN

Sir!

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Take charge and find out who is behind the attack on the clinic in Pant Nagar.

SAHIL KHAN

Sir! I have information and evidence about this. If you permit, I can show it to you.

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

An informant sent it to me. Sir! There is also an eyewitness to this murder. But for now, I need a search warrant to raid Jagatpal's office.

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

Get out of my way because I never leave enemies of the country's peace and security unpunished.

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 cardboard 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)
Confiscate all illegal goods.

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! What's the status of the raid?

SAHIL KHAN
(into the phone)
Sir! We need more men to confiscate the guns, drugs, and gold biscuits.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - DELHI

Jagatpal is on the phone in his luxurious hotel room, looking perturbed.

JAGATPAL
(worried)
Listen Malik! You know I've come to Delhi for the party's annual meeting regarding the elections. Have my chief security guard take the blame for these accusations. In front of the media, he should confess that all the illegal goods are his, and I have no involvement in this. I am ready to give him whatever he demands. I will handle the rest when I come to Mumbai tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malik sits on the edge of a bed while his mistress, dressed in a revealing nightgown, hands him a drink.

MALIK
(in to the phone)
Okay, sir. I will talk to him. You don't need to worry.

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.

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, SAHIL 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

A sub-inspector daring to arrest a prominent politician? You might not realize it, but one phone call from Mr. Jagatpal to the Home Minister could have you suspended or shipped off to some remote village in Rajasthan, near Pakistan.

JAGATPAL

(maintaining his
composure)

Let it be, Mohan. He is a responsible officer of the law in our country. He must have an order for my arrest. The elections are near, and I don't want the media here asking me questions. Mohan, I must go with Mr. Khan. You go quickly to our lawyer and arrange for bail.

MOHAN

(nodding)

Understood, Sir.

Jagatpal looks at Sahil Khan, calm and collected, as he steps toward the police jeep.

JAGATPAL
 (stepping into the
 jeep)
 Let's go, 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 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)
 Do you remember? You promised to testify in court against Jagatpal for Beam Singh's murder.

Ranjeet looks down, then nods slowly, as if gathering courage.

RANJEET
 Yes, Khan Bhai, I will definitely keep my promise.

Yousuf Khan watches him for a moment, then reaches for his phone. His fingers tap quickly across the screen, sending a message to Sub-Inspector Sahil Khan.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

"Witness is ready to testify against Jagatpal in court."

Yousuf Khan presses send, his face showing a mix of relief and determination. He leans back, exchanging a brief glance with Ranjeet.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (quietly)
 Let's see how long Jagatpal can stay out of trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jagatpal and Malik are seated among a crowd of reporters from TV, radio, and newspapers. Microphones from various Indian TV channels are placed on the desk before Jagatpal, and several reporters are holding microphones and tape recorders.

ONE OF THE REPORTERS

(introducing herself)

I'm Seema from The Times of India. Sir, the court has acquitted you of the drug and gun smuggling charges, but what do you have to say about the murder of Beam Singh?

JAGATPAL

(into the microphones
of various TV channels)

This murder is yet another conspiracy against me by Haroon and Yousuf Khan. Yousuf Khan is a cunning computer engineer and software developer, previously jailed for illegal activities and fraud. In today's world, with tools like Photoshop and computer programming, you can fabricate anything. But the law isn't blind. You need evidence and witnesses to prove a crime.

A journalist in his mid-40s stands up, holding a mic.

THE JOURNALIST

(introducing himself
looking directly at
Jagatpal)

I'm Shakeel Ahmad from Urdu Times.

The room falls silent as everyone focuses on the exchange.

SHAKEEL AHMAD

Sir! Yousuf Khan and Haroon are helping people. In Pant Nagar, for example, they run computer and English courses, investing their own time and money for the country's progress. You've always claimed that your goal as a politician is to develop the nation and improve people's lives. So why do they have a personal vendetta against you, to the point of framing you for murder?

The tension builds as Jagatpal listens carefully.

Shakeel lowers his mic, and the room fills with murmurs as all eyes turn to Jagatpal, awaiting his response.

JAGATPAL

I have no personal enmity with Haroon or Yousuf Khan, but Yousuf Khan holds a grudge against me. A few years ago, he worked for my IT company. We discovered that he was selling sensitive company information to other firms. On top of that, he was a skilled hacker involved in small-scale fraud with people's credit cards and accounts, and he even committed identity theft. So, my company director had him jailed. Now, he's seeking revenge.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE 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)

We need to find Ranjeet because he's the only eyewitness to Beam Singh's murder.

MALIK

He's settled at Yousuf Khan's house with his wife and children.

JAGATPAL

That means we can't touch him until the day of the court hearing.

MALIK

Then we'll make sure he's dead before he even reaches the courthouse that day.

JAGATPAL

Gentlemen, this is our last chance. If we lose this, we'll spend the rest of our lives in prison.

MALIK

I'll place our men at every intersection and road leading to the courthouse.

JAGATPAL

Malik, you supervise this operation personally. Because if I go to jail, you won't be spared either.

231.

MALIK

I'll do my best. There'll be no escape,
sir.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWENTY-TWO

ACT TWENTY-THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - HAROON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yousuf Khan, Haroon, and Salim are seated on chairs, discussing their next move.

YOUSUF KHAN

Haroon, is your bulletproof Land Cruiser ready to take Ranjeet to court?

HAROON

The car's ready, but my plan is to take Ranjeet in a different vehicle, not the Land Cruiser.

YOUSUF KHAN

What kind of plan is this? I don't understand.

HAROON

The enemy knows we have this bulletproof car, so they'll use all their strength and force to destroy it.

SALIM

We've built another bulletproof car in our garage. I mean, it's made in India.

HAROON

Is your "Made in India" safe?

SALIM

Sir, don't worry. The car we've built in our garage is an armored carrier.

YOUSUF KHAN

Then it's settled. We'll take Ranjeet to court in Salim's car.

HAROON

Brother Khan, you also arrange for a bulldozer. If the enemy tries to block our way, we'll use the bulldozer to break through the barricades.

YOUSUF KHAN

Good idea, brother. By tomorrow morning, I'll have the bulldozer ready. Now let's go check out Salim's bulletproof vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIM AND MALHOTRA'S GARAGE - DAY

Haroon, Salim, and Yousuf Khan are standing beside a mini-van, mostly covered with a gray cloth.

SALIM
(taking off the cover
from the vehicle)
Here it is, my dear brothers! A bulletproof
Volkswagen mini-van with a Tata engine.

Salim opens one of the doors of the vehicle and gets in followed by Haroon and Khan.

INT. OLD VOLKSWAGEN MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

As they step into the van, the interior reveals metal panels welded across every side of the vehicle's body, with four computer monitors mounted inside, adding a high-tech edge to the armored setup.

SALIM
(opens the sunroof)
Aside from the sunroof, this vehicle is
also equipped with closed-circuit cameras,
allowing us to monitor all four sides.

HAROON
You've easily covered the rear windshield
with metal panels, but making the front
windshield bulletproof is a bit tricky.
So, tell me, how did you manage that?

SALIM
For that, I installed metal panels on the
hood, leaving a rectangular slit for the
driver to see and smaller holes for
shooting.

Salim exits the van, with Haroon and Khan following close behind.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

They go to the front of the van. Salim opens a large rectangular iron panel welded on the vehicle's hood. He pulls the metal panel up, covering the windshield.

SALIM
Take a look, Mr. Haroon.

YOUSUF KHAN
Wow, Salim bhai! You should be in the
defense ministry.

HAROON

What other features does this vehicle have?

SALIM

I've installed the AC system from a Japanese Coaster bus into this van, so we can use it even in Mumbai's heat.

YOUSUF KHAN

Do you have guns?

SALIM

We have five guns, which my men took from the thugs during the battle at the clinic's opening.

YOUSUF KHAN

Insha'Allah, we'll safely get Ranjeet to the court to testify in this vehicle.

HAROON

We still need to be cautious, as we have very limited guns and bullets.

YOUSUF KHAN

Leave the guns and bullets to me. Jagatpal's court hearing is tomorrow at 11:00 AM, and tonight we'll prepare at my house. We'll head to the court at 7:00 in the morning.

INT. BASEMENT, YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Yousuf Khan, Salim, and a few 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)

This is Malik's ammunition depot, which he had stored with me. A couple of months ago, we used these weapons on Malik's orders to cause unrest in the country. But today, we will use them of our own will to save the country.

SALIM

(amazed)

Mashallah, Khan bhai! This is incredible.
Along with our faith, we now have the
weapons and equipment for battle.

Khan takes the guns and ammunition from the closet and
passes them to Salim and his men.

YOUSUF KHAN

Now Jagatpal and his men won't escape the
law.

Salim and his men, now heavily armed, 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

So early in the morning, where's Ranjeet's
wife off to?

HAROON

That's not Ranjeet's wife—it's Mr. Ranjeet
himself.

RANJEET

(removing his burqa
and niqab)

Haroon is telling the truth. I'm not a
wife, I'm a husband. I've secretly sent
my wife and child to her mother's house.

Everyone bursts into laughter.

HAROON

(to Yousuf Khan)

Where's the bulldozer?

YOUSUF KHAN

Karim Khan is bringing it. Just be patient.
(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

Alright, let's go. We need to get the witness to court as early as possible.

YOUSUF KHAN

Inspector Sahil Khan is also waiting for our call. I've messaged him, and everything is ready. If the enemy's firepower puts pressure on us, we'll call on Khan and his police force for help.

HAROON

Great! I'll go with Karim Khan in the bulldozer. Osman, Kabir, and his friends will take my Land Cruiser. You, bring Ranjeet in Salim's van. If we get attacked, Salim and his men take the right side. Osman and Kabir will handle the left. Whoever comes in front, Karim and I will crush them with the bulldozer.

YOUSUF KHAN

Alright. You and Karim take the bulldozer.

HAROON

So, let's move out. We've got guns, hand grenades, and ammunition. We'll stay in touch via our cell phones, and most of us are equipped with helmets and bulletproof vests. So don't forget to grab your water and snacks.

The boys get to work, loading bottled water, snacks, and boxes of ammunition into their assigned vehicles. Karim fires up the bulldozer, leading the convoy, with the others following close behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ASPHALTED ROAD - 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 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, following the Land Cruiser.

A TAXI passes from the opposite direction on the street.

Yousuf Khan checks the monitors displaying 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 pull alongside 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.

Yousuf Khan quickly moves toward one of the van's rectangular firing slots, positioning his AK-47 and shooting at the pickup. The thug with the machine gun is killed instantly, but the second thug prepares to fire the RPG.

Kabir, already standing up through the sunroof, opens fire with his machine gun, but the speed and movement of the vehicles make it difficult to aim accurately.

Frustrated by the missed shots, Kabir quickly pulls the safety pin from 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.

The pickup driver slows down, attempting to block Salim's van, but Kabir fires a burst of bullets, hitting the pickup's rear tire, causing it to veer out of control and crash into a tree beside the road.

Ranjeet, sitting in the back of the van with an AK-47, spots two armed thugs on motorcycles through a small firing window.

RANJEET
(aiming through the
firing window)
I'll take care of these scumbags.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ranjeet's bullets hit one of the motorcyclists, causing him to lose control and crash into a cart coming from the opposite direction.

BACK TO:

INT. SALIM'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Salim glances at the monitor above his switchboard and spots the remaining motorcyclist thug approaching fast.

SALIM
(putting his foot on
the brake pedal)
Everybody, hold on!

He slams the brake, drastically reducing the van's speed.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The motorcyclist can't react in time. He loses control and crashes into the back of Salim's mini-van, collapsing lifelessly on the right side of the road.

CUT TO:

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 phone rings, showing Haroon's name on the screen. Khan answers the phone.

YOUSUF KHAN
Yes, Haroon?

HAROON (O.S.)
Where's the firing coming from? Everything okay?

YOUSUF KHAN
Three enemies and a pickup have been taken care of.

INT. BULLDOZER CONTROL CABIN -

From the control cabin of the bulldozer, Haroon spots a truck that has capsized, its load of gravel blocking the road.

HAROON

(into cell phone)

A truck loaded with gravel is blocking the road. We'll clear it, but be prepared for a potentially dangerous situation.

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)

We're ready.

Karim Khan drives the bulldozer toward the truck, lowering its blade. As the bulldozer pushes the truck aside and clears the gravel from the road, gunfire erupts, with bullets ricocheting off the bulldozer's blade.

EXT. BEHIND A HALF-DESTROYED WALL IN A SLUM

A man fires a MACHINE GUN at the bulldozer from behind a half-destroyed wall in the slum.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER CABIN

Haroon returns fire but misses the shooter, who remains hidden. He exits the bulldozer.

HAROON

(to Karim)

Cover me until I get close to that wall!

Karim moves the bulldozer slowly toward the half-destroyed wall while continuously firing at the enemy position with his AK47.

Haroon advances, taking cover behind the bulldozer's blade. As he nears the wall, he retrieves a hand grenade from his TACTICAL VEST, pulls the safety pin, and throws it toward the shooter. The grenade explodes, neutralizing the attacker. Silence follows from that position.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Gunfire continues between Salim's van, the outlaws, and the Land Cruiser on the road. An RPG grenade explodes a few meters away from Salim's van, sending dust and smoke into the sky.

INT. SALIM'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

YOUSUF KHAN

(into cell phone)

Inspector Khan! We're under attack from both sides of the street. Be careful not to fire on our vehicles. We've got a bulldozer, a Land Cruiser, and an old van.

INT./EXT. POLICE JEEP PARKED ON PAVEMENT UNDER A TREE

SAHIL KHAN

(into cell phone)

We'll be there soon.

Sahil Khan hangs up and turns to the constable driving the jeep.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

(to the constable)

Deepak! Head towards the slum on the way to Pant Nagar.

Deepak starts the jeep and pulls onto the road. A second jeep and a van full of police officers follow, their sirens blaring.

EXT. ROAD CROSSING THROUGH THE SLUM - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Haroon's bulldozer and two bulletproof vehicles are pelted with bullets from behind walls and windows of a few rugged houses occupied by outlaws.

Karim Khan drives the bulldozer toward a house from which several armed men are firing.

HAROON

Hey buddy! Be careful, there are innocent civilians in that building.

KARIM

Right now, there are more villains than civilians in that building. Our safety is first and foremost.

The bulldozer crashes through the house's wall, killing two outlaws with its blade. Three more outlaws attempt to flee into a room, but Haroon targets them with his AK-47.

Karim Khan uses the bulldozer blade to demolish the second floor of an old house, crushing the two men firing from there.

Haroon and Karim Khan open fire on the remaining thugs, killing and injuring them.

Haroon is hit by a bullet, but his bulletproof vest protects him.

An RPG-7 operator appears on a neighboring house's roof, targeting the bulldozer. Haroon spots him.

HAROON
(holding his AK-47)

Jump!

The RPG fires, hitting and igniting the bulldozer. But Haroon and Karim have already leaped to safety.

Haroon shoots at the RPG operator as he tries to reload. Haroon's bullets hit the RPG ammunition, causing it to explode and kill the operator.

Haroon crawls to the rubble of a nearby house. As he tries to stand and look over the debris, a bullet strikes his helmet, forcing him to stay down.

HAROON (CONT'D)
(staying down)
Hey bro! Just stay low and don't even think about getting up.

Haroon removes his helmet, places it on the barrel of his gun, and slowly raises it. Another bullet dents the helmet. Haroon reaches for his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE SALIM'S VAN - DAY

Yousuf Khan sits in the bulletproof van, monitoring outside video feeds, directing Kabir and Ranjeet to shoot at specific targets with priority.

YOUSUF KHAN
(loud)
Kabir! Take out that bastard firing at us from behind the tree on the right side of the road.

Kabir grabs a hand grenade, climbs out through the sunroof, removes the safety pin, and throws it toward the man firing from behind the small tree.

The grenade explodes, and fragments likely injure the thug's face as he drops his gun, moaning and clutching his face with both hands.

Yousuf Khan's phone rings.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(answering)

Speak, Haroon!

HAROON

Our bulldozer is destroyed. We're trapped in a demolished house.

YOUSUF KHAN

Don't worry. We'll be there soon to relieve you. Besides, I'll contact Sahil Khan and ask him to come for you.

INT./EXT. HAROON'S LAND CRUISER - DAY

Osman, behind the wheel of the bulletproof Cruiser, drives over a thug who charges at him with a machine gun, attempting to shoot through the front windshield.

EXT. SALIM'S VAN ON THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bullets hit the van, ricocheting.

BACK TO:

EXT. ON THE RUBBLE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Haroon and Karim remain on their chests. Haroon's phone rings amid the wailing sirens of police vehicles. He answers it, seeing Sahil Khan's name.

HAROON

Hello, Inspector. How did you get my number?

SAHIL KHAN

Yousuf Khan texted me your number. Anyway, we've arrived in the old settlement. Where are you?

HAROON

We're near a destroyed bulldozer, on the side of the road.

Police car sirens are heard in the background.

HAROON (CONT'D)

I can hear your sirens. You must be close.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD CROSSING THROUGH THE SLUM - DAY

Armed policemen emerge from their vehicles in two groups, taking cover behind their cars on either side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. BEHIND THE BROKEN WINDOW OF A ROOM - LATER

Two armed men, one with an RPG and the other with an AK-47, cower behind a broken window.

The first is young and clean-shaven, the second is in his 30s with an unkempt beard and hair. They crouch low, exchanging nervous glances as they prepare for the next move.

As the man with the RPG raises his head to look outside, he sees police vehicles parked on the side of the road, with many policemen spreading throughout the area.

CLEAN-SHAVEN MAN

(swallowing his saliva)

Samir bhai, a lot of police have arrived. What do we do now? I only have one RPG grenade left. I won't fire at the police because I'm done with this MP, Malik. That scoundrel uses us for his own purposes. I quit—I'm submitting myself to the police. I advise you to do the same. The road we're on only leads to perdition.

The man removes the GRENADE from his RPG, throws it out of the window, raises his hands, and jumps down from the window, walking toward the police Jeeps parked on the road.

His cohort, seeing him, follows suit, dropping his gun and walking behind him. As they reach the police, Kundan kindly leads them to the back seats of his jeep.

Sahil Khan's jeep arrives slowly near the bulldozer in front of the destroyed house where Haroon and Karim Khan are trapped.

A thug with a pistol tries to fire at Sahil Khan's jeep, but the sub-inspector shoots him first. Sahil Khan reaches for his phone and makes a call.

SAHIL KHAN

(into the phone)

Mr. Haroon! I think the area is safe now.
You can come out of your hideout.

EXT. ON THE RUBBLE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HAROON

(standing up)

OK. There are two of us behind the
destroyed bulldozer. Please tell your men
not to shoot at us.

SAHIL KHAN

(into a megaphone)

Two men are coming out from behind the
destroyed bulldozer. No one will fire at
them. They're with us.

Haroon and Karim Khan emerge from behind the destroyed
bulldozer and approach Sahil Khan. As they get closer,
Haroon shakes hands with the police officer.

HAROON

(introducing Karim)

This is Karim, Yousuf Khan's brother.
He's helped me a lot with my social work
here.

SAHIL KHAN

(shaking hands with
Karim Khan)

Hello brother! I'm glad you've chosen to
leave the path of destruction.

KARIM KHAN

In this regard, I'm thankful to God.

As Sahil Khan and Karim talk, Haroon calls Yousuf Khan.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE SALIM'S VAN - DAY

YOUSUF KHAN

(into phone)

Everything is fine here. How's your
situation?

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)

(from Khan's cell
phone)

We're good. Sahil Khan is here.

(MORE)

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most of the enemy has been killed or injured, and the rest were forced to flee. I think we're safe now, at least in this area.

YOUSUF KHAN

If that's the case, we need to head to court because Jagatpal's trial starts in 50 minutes.

HAROON'S VOICE (V.O.)

I and Karim will go in Sahil Khan's jeep. Let's move as fast as we can. Bye.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWENTY-THREE

ACT TWENTY-FOUR

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Malik, Mohan, Jagatpal's Secretary, Vikram Rathod (Jagatpal's lawyer), Sooraj, and several others, including journalists and lawyers, sit in the large courtroom. A video showing Beam Singh's murder plays on a large TV screen.

Jagatpal stands in the defendant's box. The Judge, seated at his bench, watches as the Public Prosecutor, a man in his late 50s, steps forward, remote in hand.

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

(holding a remote)

Your Honor, as we've seen in the video, Mr. Jagatpal murdered Beam Singh in cold blood. Of course, this is not Jagatpal's first offense. He has been accused of drug, gun, and gold smuggling in the past. Yet, each time, he has escaped the law by using his power and wealth. If he walks free today, it will shatter the people's faith in justice. That's all, my Lord.

The courtroom reacts with murmurs.

JUDGE

(hammering the gavel)

Order, order! Does the defense lawyer have anything to say about this video?

Vikram Rathod, Jagatpal's defense lawyer, rises and begins his rebuttal.

VIKRAM RATHOD

Thank you, My Lord. I am Vikram Rathod, representing Mr. Jagatpal. My client is a respected businessman and politician, who is the victim of a conspiracy. Possibly, the opposition parties are behind this. As you know my Lord, Mr. Jagatpal has been acquitted of false charges related to drugs and arms smuggling in the past, and this video is just another digital trick to tarnish his reputation. Most importantly, Your Honor, two experts have examined the video—one certified its authenticity, but the other two rejected it.

Mr. Rathod retrieves a few pages from a folder and walks toward the court clerk, handing over the documents.

VIKRAM RATHOD (CONT'D)

Here, Your Honor, are the expert reports on the authenticity of the video footage presented in court.

The Judge briefly scans the papers placed on his desk by the court clerk before addressing the Public Prosecutor.

JUDGE

(studying the evidence
for a few seconds)

The court would like to know if the prosecution has any eyewitnesses to support this video evidence?

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Yes, Your Honor, we do have a witness. However, they are still on their way, and there has already been an attempt on their life.

JUDGE

If your witness does not arrive within the next 15 minutes, I will dismiss this case.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO BOMBAY COURT - DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep speeds down the street, with Haroon and Karim Khan in the back seat.

Two police vehicles follow, sirens blaring, along with Haroon's Land Cruiser and Salim's van, all flanked by another police vehicle filled with armed constables.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VIKRAM RATHOD

My Lord, in today's digital world, manipulating a video is easy. Someone like Yousuf Khan, a skilled hacker and software developer, could easily create such footage. Therefore, if there is no eyewitness to Beam Singh's murder, I request this court to acquit my client. That's all, Your Honor.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BOMBAY COURT - DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep, followed by other vehicles, pulls into the court parking lot. Haroon's Land Cruiser stops beside Sahil's jeep.

WIDE SHOT: Two young men, dressed as lawyers, step out of a Honda sedan's back seat.

CLOSE-UP: The driver, a skinny man in his early 30s, gets out and opens 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 opens fire on Haroon's Land Cruiser, while his partner takes aim with the RPG.

Haroon, surveying the area from Sahil Khan's jeep, reacts swiftly. He draws his pistol and fires, killing the man with the AK-47. But before Haroon can stop him, the thug with the RPG fires. The bulletproof Land Cruiser is hit and bursts into flames.

INT./EXT. HAROON'S LAND CRUISER - DAY

Osman throws himself from the driver's seat, barely escaping the explosion. Another Yousuf Khan's man emerges from the back seat, badly burned and blackened by the blast. He collapses to the ground.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BOMBAY COURT - CONTINUOUS

Sahil Khan and Haroon return fire, seriously wounding the RPG attacker, who takes cover behind the Honda's trunk.

The driver of the Honda attempts to flee, but Haroon shoots him in the temple, killing him instantly.

Salim's van and additional police vehicles arrive, and armed officers spread out, securing the area.

Yousuf Khan, Salim, and their men exit the van, forming a protective ring around Ranjeet, who has now removed the burqa. They hurry toward the courtroom.

Sahil Khan rushes to the injured man who fired the RPG.

SAHIL KHAN

(lifting the man)

What's your name?

INJURED MAN

Jabbar.

SAHIL KHAN

Listen, Jabbar. You're dying. If you want to do something good before you die, help me.

JABBAR

What do you mean?

SAHIL KHAN

Tell the court who ordered you to fire the RPG at Haroon's Land Cruiser. And don't worry, Ranjeet, the key witness to Beam Singh's murder, wasn't in that vehicle.

JABBAR

(moaning in pain)

What's the point now?

SAHIL KHAN

Your name suggests you're a Muslim. Maybe, by telling the truth, God will lighten the weight of your sins.

JABBAR

You're right, Inspector. Take me to the court quickly. I'll testify.

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

(to the public
prosecutor)

Your witness has not appeared in court. Therefore, I will have to pass my judgment.

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! The witness is here. Jagatpal and Malik's men tried very hard to stop us. That's why we had to fight them. They even fired RPGs at our car in the court parking, which resulted in some of our companions getting injured and killed.

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)

I will speak only the truth.

Ranjeet faces the judge, meeting his gaze with confidence.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Your Honor, I am Ranjeet, who used to work for Jagatpal. But after seeing Haroon and Yousuf Khan's integrity, I chose the path of truth. Jagatpal killed Beam Singh in front of me, and I recorded the video with my iPhone at that time.

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. I have brought another witness. This is Jabbar, who has just killed two innocent people in the court parking area with an RPG. I kindly request that he be allowed to testify in this case.

JUDGE

Permission granted.

Sahil helps Jabbar into the witness box. Jabbar, struggling to breathe, begins speaking with difficulty.

JABBAR

(in a raspy voice)

Your honor! I am dying. But before I die, I want to testify that I blew up a silver Land Cruiser in front of the court building on Mr. Malik's orders with an RPG.

Jabbar coughs, pausing before raising a trembling finger, pointing directly at MALIK.

JABBAR (CONT'D)

My Lord! This man—Malik—paid me to kill Ranjeet. He also said that Haroon's Land Cruiser was bulletproof, and I should blow it up with an RPG. And Malik himself supplied me with the RPG.

The courtroom erupts into shocked murmurs and gasps.

YOUSUF KHAN

(shouting from the corner)

Your Honor! Please also order my arrest. I worked with Malik three months ago. And I have evidence against him.

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! Considering the evidence and witness statements, this court finds Mr. Jagatpal guilty of Beam Singh's murder. Under Section 302 of the Indian Penal Code, Mr. Jagatpal is sentenced to death—hanged until death. Mr. Malik is sentenced to 20 years of rigorous imprisonment. Yousuf Khan, who has assisted the law by exposing such criminals and traitors like Malik and Jagatpal, has his sentence reduced. Therefore, Mr. Khan is sentenced to only six months in jail. 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 Jagatpal, 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 concealed beneath a large Arabic SHEMAGH and shows it to Jagatpal.

HAROON

I'm human, not a cat. A species that uses its brain and wisdom to trap a rat like you.

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 embrace Yousuf one by one.

HAROON

(playfully introducing
Dr. Maryam)

Brother Khan! Meet Dr. Maryam, a very close friend of Dr. Nazaneen, and Dr. Sunitee, Sooraj's wife. I married Nazaneen, and Sooraj tied the knot with Dr. Sunitee. You should marry Dr. Maryam—it'll make us three friends married to three female friends!

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

I'd love to, provided you guys go and ask her dad and mom for her hand on my behalf.

HAROON

(reciting a Farsi
poem)

As Hafiz Shirazi says: "*Har ga ke dil ba ishq dehi khush damey buwad. Dar Kar-e-Khair hajat-e-heij istekhara neist.*" It means, "Whenever you give your heart to love, it is a blessed moment. In good deeds, there is no need for hesitation or delay." Which is the same as the Hindi saying: "Nek kaam me deri kyon?"

YOUSUF KHAN

Awesome. I can't wait to end this bachelor life and start living with a wife.

HAROON

(giggling)

Then, we'll go visit her parents tonight.

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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