

NOTE:

1. ENGLISH DIALOGUE IS PURELY INDICATIVE.
2. SOME SCENES WILL BE REVISED BASED ON LOCATION LOGISTICS, AXN DIRECTOR INPUTS AND OTHER VARIABLES.
3. THIS IS A LOCKED SCRIPT FROM PRODUCTION POV. CHANGES, IF ANY WILL BE TO REDUCE LENGTH or REVISE SCENES DUE TO LOGISTICS ONLY.

CONFIDENTIAL

AGENT VINOD

WE DON'T FADE IN.....WE PLUNGE IN: KANDAHAR. AFGHANISTAN.

SC 1. INT. OPIUM FACTORY. NIGHT. ¹

An Afghan war cry and grunting as three big men pummel a man.

Taliban 1: (swearing) who are you...

Taliban 2: Colonel Saab said don't kill him...

And now we see the victim is Vinod. He's struggling, bleeding and more.

His phone flashes.

One of the pathans grabs it. "Hello"

SC 2. EXT. OPIUM FACTORY. NIGHT.

Desolate street. Some parked taxis. In one of them.....we see a man with a phone. He hangs up. This is RAJAN. Mid 30s.

Rajan stares at the building in the distance. DISSOLVE TO:

¹ Note: The last part of this sequence needs to be more flamboyant in a Bond sense. Pls refer attachment #1.

SC 3. EXT. OPIUM FACTORY/ STREET. DAY.

We see a street coming to life.

An Afghan Teashop.

A dozen laborers in uniform dipping *nankhatais* in tea.

Among the laborers is Rajan.

Rajan's POV: The opium factory in the distance. We now see it better.

Barbed wires. Guards at the gate.

The guards snap to attention.....as a black SUV drives up to the gate.

A thin wheezing man in uniform enters. He looks like a gentle wind can blow him away....but his eyes are pure Cruella De Ville.

This is COL. HUZefa LOKHA, ISI officer in charge of the area.

SC 4. INT. OPIUM FACTORY. DAY.

The Colonel enters a room.....we see a badly damaged Vinod at an unnatural angle....tied on a chair that has toppled.

His face is caked in dry blood. A lip is torn. We know he's the hero, but for a second we wonder whether he's dead.

Col Huzefa: (snarling) I told you, don't kill him. Get some water, quick.²

CUT TO:

A glass of cold water placed in front of Vinod.

Col Huzefa: Please drink....

And now we see that Vinod's hands are tied behind his back.
The Colonel watches curiously.

Vinod bends forward.....and drinks the water like a dog.

² Maybe he kicks one of the goons in the butt.

The Colonel watches, mighty amused. The Taliban enjoy the rare entertainment.

Vinod clumsily drinking the water....the glass falls and smashes on the ground.

The Colonel picks up the sharp jagged bottom of the glass.

Colonel: You must be hungry?

The Taliban are hooked.

Vinod: I am willing to talk. Please untie my hands.

Cut to:

SC 5. EXT.INT.OPIUM FACTORY. DAY.

The laborers in uniform are being frisked, their passes checked...
Rajan being frisked. The guard 'feels something in his
trouser'.....Reacts. He shoves hand into Rajan's pocket....And pulls
out a

MOUTH ORGAN.

The guard blows into it and returns it. Smiles at Rajan.
Rajan enters.....the mouth organ in his hand. A click!
We realize the mouth organ is also a switchblade.

SC 6. INT. OPIUM FACTORY. DAY.

We see various sacks being carried. Some opium processing vats
and stuff.³

Vinod being taken by guards into another room...They've allowed him
a wash....???.Though his lip is still bleeding.

Vinod crosses the laborers. Notices Rajan. Vinod looks away as
Rajan gestures assuringly.

³ To be researched.

SC 7. INT. COL HUZEFA'S OFFICE. DAY.

A Functional office with desk, cupboards, mini fridge, TV and a large safe on the side.

Vinod in front of Colonel. His hands are free.

Vinod: Thank you Sir. I came here to identify the training camps....where you are training LET men.....they say you are in charge

Colonel: How do you know about Op Khargosh?

Vinod: I'll spill everything...and then you will anyway kill me, right?

Huzefa: (cocks his gun) would you like a medal on your chest, Mr. Indian Agent?

Vinod: Give me a little money and safe passage....i'll tell you everything. For example....there's another Indian agent outside...Electrician with Pass No 26

SHARP CUT:

Rajan is shoved in brutally.

Rajan: I'm Najeeb Khan...from Quetta Saabji.

Vinod: Sunder Rajan, IPS Chennai Cadre. Take off his shirt...and you'll find three bullet marks.

Rajan's shirt is ripped. We see three bullet wounds. Rajan STARES AT VINOD WHO JUST LOOKS AWAY....

The guards empty Rajan's pockets....as suddenly Rajan tries to escape/ grab a gun....The guards gun butt him....Rajan is dragged away.

Col. Huzefa stares at Vinod who is looking ashen and guilty.

Vinod: There are three more Indian agents in this area. Can I get a drink Colonel Huzefa?

CUT TO:

Vinod drinks from the bottle.

Vinod: Syed Khartoum... Manager of Medina Travels....Razzak Ali... owner of your favorite Humayun Hotel.And the third....the guy who got me inside....is one of your guards.....He's the one who gave me info on Khargosh.

Huzefa: My guard? Who???

Vinod: Sanil Chandy...cover name...Abbas...Ali ...something...I forgot.

CUT TO:

Eight guards troop in. Do Aankhen Barah Haath type characters. Impassive brutes.

Huzefa: Which one is Chandy?

Vinod scrutinizing them... His eyes lock on one of them. A big tall brute.

Vinod: (whispers to Colonel) the 3rd on the left. (Louder) Sorry Chandy....

Cut to: The Guard is on the floor. Fiercely struggling and PROTESTING.

GUARD: (PROTESTING) Mother Fucker, who Chandy? Colonel Saab, he's lying!!!

Vinod: Take off his pants Sir...you'll find two medals he got in Colombo.

CUT TO:

The guard protesting. As other guards pin him down....and pull down his trouser violently ...his hairy ass is revealed.

Huzefa and the other guards peering intensely....at the convulsing Guard's bottom. AND SUDDENLY!

Huzefa's face...in A VERY CURIOUS CLOSE UP he reacts. To the feel of cold steel.

In a John Woo Cut...⁴ we see....

A rear guard falling....and hitting the floor. It's his gun Vinod has snatched!

Vinod: Guns on the floor...everyone move....

He points to an attached bathroom.

CUT TO:

A pile of guns....the last guard places his gun... and enters the tiny bathroom.

A guard enters with Soda...Vinod politely point to him to join the group.

Vinod: (holding the Col at gunpoint) would you please lock the bathroom and open the safe, Sir?

Vinod empties the safe contents into a rucksack....as Col Huzefa glares at him,angry and helpless.

CUT TO:

SC 8. EXT. CORRIDOR. SAME LOCATION. DAY.

The Colonel and Vinod walk out. Two guards outside zapped.

⁴ Combo of slo mo and speeded up action in same scene...

Vinod: (to guards) where is my partner?

CUT TO:

A door kicked open. We see Rajan strung on a beam. A guard in boxer shorts, poking him with his stick.

Col Huzefa suddenly springs on the guard's gun lying on the table....He grabs it and whirls

Vinod is quicker on the draw. Col Huzefa falls as, Vinod shoots the guard and Rajan's ropes....

Rajan: You bastard...

Vinod: Grab the fucking gun.

Cut to:

The toilet guards break the door and grab their guns.
As Vinod and Rajan run....shooting their way thru....
Colonel Huzefa....we see is still alive.
He rises.....

There are guards spilling out of rooms , nooks and so on.
The labourers huddled against the opium vats....or running out....
Col Huzefa....on a satellite phone....barking instructions.

FIERCE TENSE GUNBATTLE. Vinod and Rajan.... Like Burton and Eastwood in *WHERE EAGLES DARE*.

Rajan: *Saale mein teri jaan bachane aaya aur tu* (Fucker I came to save you)

Vinod: To Bacha na meri jaan...(So Save me...fucker)

Vinod SHOOTs SOMEONE WHO IS ABOUT TO SHOOT RAJAN

Rajan: What if they'd shot me, bastard?

Vinod: I'd have ensured you got a medal/ SOMETHING MORE
TONGUE IN CHEEK,

POV shot of a soldier with a Machine gun....moving towards the
shooting, falling over bodies....The shooting gets closer....and then
suddenly....
the soldier is shot.....

Vinod and Rajan.....look around. There is an eerie silence....
They walk thru a pile of corpses.....

And then we hear a SUDDEN THUD. Vinod whirls to shoot. And see:

In the dark....a wriggling sack.

Vinod grabs Rajan's switchblade and rips open the sack. A beautiful
girl in torn clothes springs out...lunging at Vinod

Girl: Bastards...

Vinod: Hey hey hey....Who the hell are you?

Girl: (looks at the dead baddies, realizes)...They...they
kidnapped me from the wedding.....

Rajan: (looking out) OH HELL!

THE GATE OPENS AND A TRUCK FULL OF SOLDIERS ENTERS.
Vinod frantically cuts the rope tied around her legs. A
GUNSHOT....and
THEY RUN.

Vinod, Rajan and the girl whose hands are still tied.
The soldiers are spilling out of the TRUCK.

Vinod grabs the girl and shoves her into the Colonel's SUV/ a pick up
truck...in the compound.

The only exit is blocked...

Vinod DRIVES THE SUV/ TRUCK IN REVERSE... THRU A MUD WALL.....the wall opens into a SCHOOLGROUND maybe a football match is on...

The kids and crowd agape as Vinod's truck ARCS AND SPEEDS thru the field ...

THE BAD GUYS SHOOT. The crowd disperses screaming as....

The CHASE BEGINS.

This can be on vehicles and/or horses.

Colonel Huzefa is leading the chase. A very angry man.

The chase should be brief and real and expose the rugged Afghan terrain.

Vinod speeds the SUV/ pickup truck onto a street. *Maybe we see a placid street, and suddenly the pick up truck bursts out of a shop façade....*

The SOLDIERS TRUCK follows. They are shooting.

And catching up on Vinod and co.

Vinod and co....racing....and running out of bullets.

Huzefa and co are almost on them.

A steep hairpin bend....and Vinod sees a TANKER APPROACHING.

VINOD SWERVES OFF THE ROAD...ONTO THE MOUNTAIN SIDE....

TOO LATE COL HUZEFA NOTICES THE TANKER.

A MASSIVE COLLISION....AS VINOD'S VEHICLE ZIGZAGS DOWN THE GRADIENT....

..... **KABOOM.**

The soldiers truck explodes.....On the burst of the flames, we have
ILLUMINATI FILMS PRESENT

CUT TO:

SC 9. EXT. AFGHANISTAN KHUDA GAWAH LANDSCAPE. DAY.

A Sign saying KANDAHAR 20 km. A Bus stop. Babel type shot. Men, women with kids and lambs....An old man is playing an exquisite tune on a FLUTE.

In the distance, approaching is a bus loaded with men and women.

The pick up truck enters in FG.

Vinod: (to girl) Ok to drop you here?

Girl: (her gypsy hair flying) Shukran Rehnuma..... My name is Farah Feqqesh. What's my savior's name?

THE FLUTE MUSIC SUDDENLY TRANSFORMS INTO TITLE SONG MUSIC....

SC 10 / PBS1 - TITLE SEQUENCE

Title sequence must be interesting, funky and imaginative. The credits should **NOT wannabe BOND**, but give the same high.

Song # 1⁵ Ref: EXTREME WAYS or SHAFT INTRO.

⁵ A song describing a world caught in turmoil of terror...maybe indicting governments as much as criminals and terrorists...and the need for all of us to discover the hero amongst us....or something like that. Maybe too filmi to sing the praises of our hero...so soon... Basically a song that says something.... zingy version though... not Mahendra Kapoor for sure. And should we show a girl dancing. I will get cut off. Not the time to be admiring curves.

**TITLES END ON A SUPER:
SOME MONTHS LATER.**

UKRAINE / SOME EXOTIC PLACE IN RUSSIA

The super is shot to smithereens.

SC 11. INT EXT. A RUSSIAN FARM HOUSE. IN THE SNOW. DAY.

The firing continues.....

Photo frames come crashing down.....one of them covers the frame.

A Handsome Man in Soviet Army Uniform, shaking hands with
MIKHAIL GORBACHEV.

WE SEE THE SAME MAN.....now much older....Kneeling..

His hands on his head...his lips trembling....Besides him his old
wife....and next to them *a bullet riddled body*.

Old man: (Angry -Russian) I don't know what the hell you are talking
about....

SUDDENLY....a plastic sheet is wrapped around the Old man's
face....He gasps as he tries to breathe.

And now we see the captors. A striking brunette and a stocky
Russian in his 50s.

This is Russian Oligarch **KLIMMER JOVANOVIH**....aka KJ. The
striking brunette is NINA.

They are flanked by tough Russian guards.
KJ continues suffocating the old man....his wife watching...and
suddenly she screams.

Old wife: (in Russian) Please stop....I will tell you where it is....

SC 12. EXT. FARMHOUSE. DAY/NIGHT.

Snow clad Sergio Leone landscape.

Super: ***KHOREZM, UZBEKISTAN. Day, month, year.***

An isolated farmhouse. Some cows grazing.
A BLACK HUMMER and an old red RUSSIAN LADA are parked outside. Somewhat incongruent together.

Violent sounds of rope and pulley...Two men are pulling in a hoisting mechanism at an old well.

The OLD Russian and wife holding each other..watching.... as a
WHITE GLISTENING PACKAGE EMERGES FROM THE WELL.....

....followed by a wet NINA in undergarments.

CUT TO:

Nina with whirring portable electric hair drier to her head. .

We see glistening bubble wrapped package wrapped in a square kilometer of moss and plastic.

Rip cut Rip Cut.

The object is a black, army suitcase. 50" by 32" inches. With NOYTA CCCP markings all over it.

KJ opens it. We don't see what's inside but we detect a faint smile on KJ's face..

Suddenly the old man has broken free....amazing alacrity he runs towards the suitcase... trying to snatch it away.....shouting like a man possessed.....

(in RUSSIAN) : NOOOO....*That SUITCASE HOLDS DEATH. You are not*

KJ shuts the suitcase in one hand and shoots.....once..twice....the Old Russian stops..then stumbles forward and falls **on the suitcase.....**
KJ pushes him aside..... wipes the blood off the suitcase. A dark smear stays.

KJ looks up.....the old woman standing alone under the farmhouse door.....shaking and mumbling...

KJ raises his gun.....And we **CUT TO:**

SC 13. SUSSEX COUNTY. ENGLAND. DAY. (Optional location: A Schloss in Europe. An Indian Wedding Engagement in progress)

GUNSHOT. A flock of birds rise in the air.
A Duck Hunt in progress.

We see some rich old men partaking in a very English duck hunt. The men are from different parts of the world. English, American, Chinese, and more....including an Indian NRI.

Sir Jagadeshwar Metla...

The common factor is they all exude power and wealth.

Over Barbeque and beer....the men are talking.

American: The reason I called the meeting....was this....(PULLS OUT A DVD...AND INSERTS IT IN A LAPTOP) These were built in the early 80s....Russian suitcase nukes.

We see a box....similar to the one we saw in earlier scene.

We see scratchy footage....with Russian markings....

The box placed on a glacier...in Siberian Tundra. Time lapse.

The box explodes....into a mushroom cloud.....

American: 40 Megaton....this can take out the core of any large city.
5-7 km radius...There's a buzz that such a bomb is for sale.

The other men stare at the mushroom cloud.

Man 2: Do you know what will happen if it gets into the wrong hands?

Man 3: IT will kill millions.

Sir Metla: Billions. I was thinking billions. CUT TO:

SC 14. EXT. MOSCOW TO ST PETERSBURG. LUXURY TRAIN.

A train going thru a picture postcard landscape. this is an aerial shot and we catch the motion of the train...

CUT TO

Inside the Train....a first class compartment door opens.....A HUGE, SWARTHY MAN emerges....dressed in Uzbek style....

Followed by three/four heavies.....

The huge man walks in style and we let them pass and catch them from behind as they swaggeringly walk through another compartment.....

NOT CARING A FuCK in the world... This is ABU.

We see people looking up.....suspicion and slight unease and disgust in their eyes....but YES Russia is like this...

A Train Conductor stands aside to let them go.....

They Walk by.... not even looking at him....

TILL

They reach the Restaurant Car / Bar.....

ABU pushes the door open of the car and stands at the door....

Only a few people...two couples....some others, a family.... are seated.....eating...chatting....

ABU CLAPS...he raises his voice and says

ABU: (in Russian) Taverish....good day to you.... (People look) though my faith forbids me...I ask you all to join me in a drink.... (He turns to the barman)... a round for everybody....

A silence follows this.....people turn to see Abu at the door... four heavies behind him....

The people rise..... And leave the car

they murmur as they pass by Abu....

People: Good day...thanks....etc

Abu nods.....

A little girl passes.....

ABU looks...very benign but slightly off look at her...puts hand in pocket... gives her a candy.....pats her cheek

Girl smiles but guarded by her MOTHER.....still young and pretty...who comes between ABU and the kid and tries to urge the girl on....

ABU looks at her.....then puts a hand across door....the LADY is stopped.....

ABU is staring at her...she is frightened...

ABU smiles...pats her cheek too.....takes out a candy... unwraps it himself.....pushes it into her mouth....

MOTHER gulps... accepts candy.....

ABU nods... she scurries away....

FATHER is behind her... pale...afraid... pushing family past ABU and heavies.....

HE stops.....ABU offering him a Candy too.....

He gulps....takes it... murmurs...Thanks....passes on....

Leaving it empty for Abu and his men.....

EXCEPT

A Man sits... back to them.....nursing a drink....

ABU nods.....the heavies go and lock both doors.....the barman gulps.....

ABU walks and stands in front of the man.....

With him...we look at the Man sitting....

A wiry pedantically dressed man...looks at Abu.....he is amused... not afraid in the least...

ABU sits...he is testing the man...

ABU: You wanted to meet in a public place....Abu can make public place private.....Nobody will know if i now shoot you and throw you out of the train

COLONEL sighs.....

COLONEL: I am impressed ... but maybe there's something somewhere you overlooked...

A sound....at ABU's back...and a toilet door has opened...

Two hands...we see a SCORPION tattoo in one....holding an ugly looking sub machine gun.

A beat. Abu laughs

ABU: Very good...my turn to be impressed

COLONEL: Now that we have impressed each other maybe we can talk business.

CUT TO

A tray is now set before Abu.....this is coffee OR wine and caviar...
The Barman looks at the two men talking...and the heavies playing
cards on the other table... We pass through the heavies....and THINK
we know the face of one....

The man touches a ear.....YES...ITS RAJAN...and he touches a ear
and we hear on VO

ABU: So it is India??

CUT TO

ABU: (excited) it will be bigger than World Trade Centre.....the
world will learn RESPECT.....YESSSS....

He thumps on the table.....heavies look ...ABU leans forward.

Abu: for this...I can give up my commission...but you know the cost
of running a gang....

COLONEL: (nods)...I'll give you 80 million dollars. You will send the
money to.....minus your commission.

SOME DISTURBANCE.....RAJAN is distracted.....he cannot hear...

Cut to:

Rajan adjusting earpiece. Playing cards. The words start getting
audible again.

Imran: 242....

Abu: Ah....very clever.....

A plate served to Abu....who grabs more chips and shovels into
mouth.

The Colonel watches Abu...

ABU: This item...242....

Colonel: (INTERRUPTING) Before we speak about 242, I want to ask you a question Abu Saab....do you know how many calories there are in a single potato chip?

Abu stares, stupefied by the question.

Colonel: (continues) 20 calories per chip....and do you know how many you have had....i couldn't help counting.... Sorry I am a bit of a health freak so.....*(AND NOW WE SEE....THE COLONEL HAS UNSCREWED THE SALT SHAKER....)*

IN CLOSE UP WE SEE.....a tiny bug in the mouth of the shaker. Abu stares.....and SHARPLY looks at his guards.... They are busy playing cards.

Abu: (from distance) Hey....Dimitri....get a bottle and get the gang....we need to celebrate a deal....

The Colonel casually covers the bug with a tissue....and pulls out his gun!!!!!!

The guards grab a bottle of champagne from the bar....walk towards Abu and the Colonel.
Five guards.....amongst them....RAJAN.

Colonel: (sizing them up) Ah...the five man army. Do you know, when I was a kid, there was this movie I saw....THE 5 MAN ARMY....your boss....he looks a bit like Bud Spencer. (laughs)

And SUDDENLY.....

The COLONEL smashes his gun....on the BUG.

TERRIBLE AMPLIFIED SCREECHING SOUND

RAJAN, in spite of years of training, WINCES.....

The Colonel is sharp.

COLONEL: That's the one....

He raises his gun as Rajan picks a bottle from another table and SMASHES it on the Colonel's hand....

Rajan grabs the nearest guard and throws him on the side.
Brief solid scuffle...as Rajan zaps the other guards....

And JUMPS THRU THE PANTRY KITCHEN....
As The COLONEL rises GUN IN HAND.

The Colonel SHOOTS Rajan....in the back....
As Rajan opens the compartment door.

The train hurtling thru fields....at ninety miles an hour....

Rajan jumps.

Hits ground as we cut to

Train hurtling.....

Rajan running thru field, with train in BG....
.....comes to a narrow road....
....waving his hand desperately....
A truck HORN AND SCREECH OF BRAKES OFFSCREEN....

CUT TO:

SC 16. EXT. INT. RAW HEAD OFFICE. NEW DELHI. NIGHT.

A Scorching Tyre Screech.
An Ambassador Car with Beacon pulls up outside the nondescript building.

A steel lift door opens.
The RAW CHIEF **HASAN NAWAZ** gets out.

Nawaz walking thru corridor. He is old but his walk is brisk. An aide is keeping pace with him.

Aide: Message from Falcon 77. Code Red.....

They enter a room. Nawaz sits at the computer.

Briskly types some code.

The Computer screen flashes.

MESSAGE FROM FALCON 77

AND NOW WE SEE:

INT. COUNTRY SIDE EATERY. DAY.

We see Rajan on the webcam. He is speaking...as he occasionally darts a glance at the door. There are a couple of people in the eatery..... A girl enters....goes to counter...

RAJAN: Falcon 77....SPEAKING SIR. this is an emergency. I have been exposed. Abu met some Colonel....They spoke of a huge hawala transaction. For an operation against India. Big strike in India. THEY MENTIONED A NUMBER 242...I don't know what

We see three men enter....Rajan turns back and is shot dead.

The webcam gets a spray of blood.

The SUDDENNESS ZAPS US.

THE Aide's eyes almost POP out.
Nawaz stares at the webcam image.

In his eyes we see the briefest flash of anger, sadness, a silent adieu to a colleague.

Nawaz regains composure. And turns grimly to aide.

Nawaz:***Where is Vinod?***

CUT TO:

SC 17. EXT. LONDON. ON A OPEN TOURIST BUS

A beautiful girl .. Mayuri gets on the bus.....looks around...

Vinod waves from the front seat....she goes and hugs him..a couple in love

Mayuri : Love you...

Vinod : (smiles) Just can't wait...you have brought what you said?

They sit...the girl looks at him.. takes out something and hands it over...

Vinod checks the thing..he whistles

Vinod : The treaty discussions...taped conversations...wow !!!

Mayuri : (excited) How much will it get us.....enough to get away?

Vinod : (nods) Enough to get away for 20 years to jail

The girl laughs.....

Mayuri : Ravi....You are so funny

Vinod sighs.....gets up....

Two persons rise too

Vinod : Sad to let it end this way dear.....Mayuri Varma...you are arrested for taping and passing confidential information to enemy agents....

The two guys hold the girl....who screams...

Mayuri : Ravi.....

Vinod : sorry to break your heart....

The mobile rings..he picks it up as the two hold the girl who breaks down crying...

Vinod : WHAT????

OR

SC 17. INT. RAW OFFICE. DAY. INT. NDA. DAY.

Four smart girls....have tied Vinod with ropes.

Vinod demonstrates how to untie it....using a flexible body move....

His phone rings.

CUT TO:

INT RAW OFFICE/ ANY OTHER SUITABLE LOCATION

Rajan's last message.

RAJAN: Falcon 77....SPEAKING SIR. this is an emergency.
I have been exposed. Abu met some
Colonel....They spoke of a huge hawala
transaction. For an operation against India. Big
strike in India. THEY MENTIONED A NUMBER
242...I don't know what

Vinod looks to Nawaz...

Nawaz : Abu Nazer....Money launderer....arms
procurer.....drug seller.....deals for LeT cell in

Moscow. Last 3 months, Rajan was working as Abu Nazer's gunman....

Vinod presses button....a few *PICS OF **ABU NAZER**...CROOKED LOOKING GUY WITH HAWK NOSE AND BIG MASTIFF.*

Vinod goes back watches the webcam image. He freezes at the point where a hand pulls Rajan...Vinod magnifies the image. More and more. The image goes soft and softer. Vinod presses buttons and makes it sharp.

And now we see....a SCORPION TATTOO on the hand that grabbed Rajan.

***Vinod remembers Rajan's some cutting line. He gets tears in eyes.
Nawaz says it's oddly satisfying... to see that you can still cry
Vinod.***

Vinod PAUSES at the scorpion tattoo.

VINOD: How's Revathi?

SC 20. EXT. DELHI AIRPORT. NIGHT.

The coffin is brought down from the plane. These are carried by department guys.....who put it down on ground...

Rajan's wife is crying.....falling on the coffin...

An old man is trying to stand erect on his cane...a teenage girl is holding him.

The girl looks around....sees Vinod and Nawaz.....comes running

She hold Vinod..then pulls back and screams almost...

Revathi : he lied.. he told me he is a botanist ...I thought my father is a professor.... you all lied.....why..why

Vinod hold her...looks to her eyes and

Vinod : Revathy.....your father was a brave man..and he died for the country....and I will see that your father's death is not in vain..

Revathy looks up.....

Revathy : (theres a strange hate in her eyes) you will kill them all??

Vinod looks at Nawaz.....looks far the old colonel is trying to salute his son.....as the coffin is lifted again.....Vinod nods

Vinod : I will kill them all

Revathy starts crying again..as Vinod holds her

SC 20A. Another Part of Airport

Somber mood. Nawaz watches as Vinod goes through seven passports. All with him in different looks/names.

Vinod rises...

Nawaz shakes hand

Nawaz: In Moscow, go to the Black Pussy Cat. Ask for Tanya.

As Vinod walks away Nawaz raises hand...Vinod does not look back

SC 23. EXT. INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT. DAY.

PLANE WHEELS TOUCHING GROUND.

Immigration Counter:

Officer: Mr Jugal Kishore Shastri....What brings you to Moscow?
Business or pleasure?

Vinod: Have to buy seeds....for Agricultural Ministry...but I heard there is a Black Pussycat Massage Parlour here....

Officer: (Smiles) Be careful of such places Mr Shastri.
Welcome to Moscow.

Vinod emerging out of Moscow airport.
On the sound of a Russian Awaara hoon....we cut to

SC 24. EXT. MOSCOW STREETS. INT. CAB. DAY.

The hustle of the city.... interesting and possibly edgy shots of Moscow

A taxi-cab stands...

Vinod enters frame carrying a small bouquets of flowers

INSIDE CAB. The driver adjusts his rear-view mirror.....
Vinod sits holding the tulips.....

The cab stops before BLACK PUSSY CAT.

VINOD OPENS THE DOOR.....WHICH opens with a Meeoow.
.....a customer leaves satisfied. Vinod enters.

SC. 25 INT. BLACK PUSSYCAT. DAY.

Inside....The colors are bright and the girls young!! They giggle to see Vinod...

Vinod goes to the girl at the counter....

VINOD: These flowers are for Tanya....

Three girls spring up.

Girl 1: I am Tanya....

Girl 2: I can be Tanya too...only hundred euros handsome.

Girl 3: You can call me Tanya. I know konjum konjum Hindi...

They start playfully taking off his jacket.

Vinod: Ah....looks like a Tanya factory here....

And suddenly....there is a gun to his head. A Russian heavy with gun.....

Russian: Move....

The girls turn away, as the big man shoves Vinod into a room.

Russian: Move....

AND Vinod MOVES LIKE A WHIPLASH.....

The heavy did not expect Vinod to move like this.....

Vinod takes the gun and pushes it to his head... AXN

VINOD: Now...where the fck is Tanya??

CUT TO:

A room door is kicked open and Boris flies inside.

Falls at the feet of a woman sitting coolly, (smoking a cigarette?)

Woman: I see RAW still train their men well....

VINOD looks.....

This is TANYA.....

VINOD: Tanya.....

TANYA: You can let Boris go.....

Vinod releases Boris.....He leaves

Tanya: (in deep sarcasm) these tulips...once I used to get these everyday... now he sends when he needs to use me again!! (Tanya drops the tulips on the ground and meshes them with her feet) Tell Mr. Nawaz this is what I think of his flowers.....

VINOD looks at her.....a wounded tigress.....

TANYA: Lets hear what you are here for....you can keep that gun....

CUT TO:

EXT. ABU'S PLUSH HOUSE. POOLSIDE. DAY.

ON AUDIO WE HEAR ABU'S VOICE.

ABU: 69A 814384 TAKE THE NOTE TO ROYAL JEWELLERS.....THEY'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY.

Abu is reading out the serial numbers as he scoops out a piece from a cake on a table.

A young beautiful girl breaks the surface of a swimming pool...she laughs and starts coming forward..

Close as she giggles and moves towards camera.

Abu pulls her up and crushes her with a bear hug.

Someone calls out to him....

Abu disengages himself.....and moves away as the girl

Picks up her drink and spreads herself by the pool.

A MAN stands waiting for ABU...

In a corner of the terrace.....a few distinct veteran Islamic fighter types huddle... looking at the semi-clad teen with deep disgust

The girl lazily picks up the ten dollar bill from the table....and proceeds to make a paper boat out of it.

Abu moves to her....she freezes

ABU is looking at her.....STERN visage.....he extends the hand....

ABU unfolds the boat...and smoothes the note.

ABU : Had anything happened to this note dear.....you would have swam with the fishes in the Muscova today.....with a stone round your neck... / agar is note ko kuch ho jaata, to mein tumhein bahut miss karta.

Abu rises....moves to a stud type guy in a suit.

ABU : He may be sleeping or in meeting or in toilet. You will give this note in his hand....Whose hand?

SUIT Man: Mr Kazan.....

Abu: Once more.....

Suit Man: Mr Kazan.....

The man nods.... Leaves....

Abu turns towards the fighters with an expansive gesture...which is grandiose and half-serious

ABU: Now Taverish...dearest comrades.....how was the opium season this year?

CUT TO

EXT. BLACK PUSSYCAT. DAY.

Vinod and Tanya are walking out....

TANYA: From drugs to Arms smuggling to money.. Abu is in everything... he is the front-piece of many Chechen Taliban

activities..... but he has a devil's deal....he keeps Moscow/St Petersburg free from attacks.....and police are fine if the troubles happen somewhere else.

VINOD: Where do we find Abu?

TANYA: You cant just go up to Abu and....what's your plan?

VINOD: (smiles) I'll ask him a few questions. Very sweetly. Don't worry. Tell me where to find Abu

CUT TO:

NIGHT. MOSCOW. POLAR BEAR SONG #2 ⁶

THIS FAB CHICK DANCING AND SINGING ON A STAGE.....
THE 5678s of KILL BILL all rolled into one, or what?

The POLAR BEAR....is pure Hedonia. A huge dance floor.....beautiful bodies....twined around older men.....The spotlight on the fab girl singing....and dancing....

Cut to:

Vinod frisked at the entrance.....

Tanya's bag thru Xray. She's clean.
The guard stares at Tanya and the Toy boy with her. Waves them thru.

They step in.

INSIDE POLAR BEAR. NIGHT

Vinod AND Tanya grab a drink at the bar.....

⁶ To source references for the Night Club Set. Should be a surreal set that suits both axn and music. Maybe the DJ is on an electric chair.

Move to the dance floor, Vinod is dancing. As his eyes dart over the place, casing the joint as they say.

Vinod: So how do you know Nawaz?

Tanya: He used to be a field agent once....

Vinod...looks at her....they definitely had something going...hmmmm.

It's fun and Thriller mood....

They dance...going over the place... counting guards... checking their weapons.....seeing a switchbox leading to the stage...(This recce should be used later in the axn)

BRIEF CUTS...OF SINGERS,
DANCERS....GUARDS...BOUNCERS....

And suddenly Tanya freezes.....

Her and Vinod POV:

Abu entering the club. The same young girl clinging to him. Only she's a bit dopey now. She's SVETLANA.

Along with them.....is a huge mastiff....

Abu climbs up to the mezzanine floor and sits...lording over the club.

Vinod watching: His pov....

Vinod: (whispering....to song rhythm) ...Mere upar jaane ke exactly do minute ke baad....

Tanya suddenly holds him..... (song rhythm)

Tanya: This is dangerous.

VINOD: That's why Nawaz sent me. (Gives THAT smile.)

VINOD walks to the stairs leading to the floor...

He wants to go up. Is stopped by the guard

TANYA WATCHING....AS SHE SWAYS.

VINOD writes something and gives it to the guard. Guard hesitates...Looks up

Abu WITH SVETLANA....like a python with a lamb....He looks at the guard who has dared disturbed him.

Guard gives Abu the note.

ABU OPENS IT.....

242

ABU STARES.....CUT TO: VINOD WAVING CHEEKILY.

ABU GESTURES AND VINOD CLIMBS UP STAIRS. OR LIFT.

TANYA WATCHING VINOD GO UP. SHE'S WORRIED AND WARY....she looks at her watch.....and opens her handbag. Pulls out two lipsticks.....

She twists one..... and chucks it in a corner.

She's swaying...and moves towards the live band...and chucks the second stick under the kettle drums.

Upstairs.

Abu: What the fuck is this?

Vinod: My name is Jugal kishore shastri.....I am from RAW..... Nice dog...Hello Rasputin!!!

Abu is zapped.....he reaches the phone...

Vinod: Murtaza.....real name Rajan....Before he died...he sent us a message.....so I am here....

Abu looks him over....

Abu: And...

Vinod: And (LONG PAUSE) if you give me some money.....i don't say anything... I will say what the police say....that it was a racist killing. 5 million dollars...?

Abu: (laughs) 5 million dollars... ??? You wont say anything.. because in 5 minutes you will be dead

Vinod : Then others will come.. they may not be as cooperative. What's your best offer?

Abu: (with sudden intensity or is it disgust) kill him

the guys catch him...the dopey Svetlana giggles...

Svetlana: Ohh...tie him to a weight and throw him in the pool.....I like to see them drown...

Abu pats her on the cheek...OR SLAPS HER.

Abu: I love your big mouth. Learn to keep it shut sometimes...ok?? (he snaps at others) what are you waiting for..... shoot him...

A man quickly screws in a silencer...comes near...Vinod. And suddenly...

The first detonator goes off.....people scream....

The next moment...with a huge boom the kettle drum blows up and bursts into flame....

The goons are surprised...looks... The dog reacts.

AND VINOD HAS THROWN THE TABLE TOP ON ABU'S FACE.....

Turns and snatches the sub m/c and shoots the other guard down....

Now its pandemonium.....crowd shouting ...rushing everywhere....
THE SONG STOPS.

The guards are swamped as assorted couples rush down the stairs or lift.

VINOD fires the magazine out.... two more guards fall...Vinod has shot their knees...

Abu is trying to crawl away...Vinod drops subm/c picks up the silenced revolver goes and clamps it to Abu's head....

VINOD: The money...where it's going.....what is 242....

In the same instance....three goons with guns come BURSTING in. Vinod shoots them....AND MOVES THRU THE DOOR....TO A BACK EXIT.
Shuts it.

A WINDING FLIGHT OF STAIRS. (OR ANY NOVEL TORTURE METHOD)⁷

Vinod grabs Abu.....And pushes him down the stairs...backwards.

Vinod: What is 242?

Abu: (gasps...totters....gains balance...) fuck you....

Vinod PUSHES HIM again.

Abu falls.

Vinod picks him up. There is a cold anger in Vinod's eyes which we have not seen so far.

Vinod Asks again...and pushes him again.

Continues pushing Abu down the stairs....

Abu hollers...../.Svetlana screams...

⁷ Refs: Taken/ other refs needed. No copying pls.

Vinod: What is 242....

Somebody calls out

Goon: HEY

VINOD looks.....

Tanya at the end of stairs... two goons with guns at her head....

Tanya: Sorry.....

Its a Mexican standoff...Vinod has gun on the don....Abu covering him.....the goons guns are on Tanya

G00N1 : drop the gun...let the chief go.. or this bitch dies

Vinod stares at her. She screams as Vinod drops the gun....

Abu rises.....he slaps Vinod...

Abu: (Russian expletive.....)

Then he turns to the goons.....asking them to shoot Tanya when....

VINOD grabs him from back and drops on the floor...picks up gun and shoots goon 1 beside Tanya....

The other turns in reflex and shoots....bullets thumping into Abu's body....

Tanya kicks the gun up and kicks the guy on the balls.....he drops...she rushes to the dropped gun...

VINOD looks at Abu....

Svetlana behind him crawls to a dropped sub...

ABU croaks...

Abu: I am shot...doctor.. Please... Call the hospital.. Call the police....

Vinod picks up the gun.. places it on a bullet hole....

Vinod : Where is the money going? What is 242..what is the plan??

Abu: please...hospital..doctor..I ..I am shot...

Vinod : (cocks the gun) answer....you live....or...you die now...

Svetlana cocks the gun.....rises

Abu : The money. Freddie Khambatta...taking ...by emirates tonight.....to morocco....to Kazan..., please... doctor...water

Svetlana: (screaming) DIE.....

Vinod turns head.....

Svetlana has finger on trigger.. the automatic pointed at Vinod.....there's no escape....

Gunshots.....SVETLANA tumbles as holes bloom...she is firing..(ref millers crossing)...as she steps back....VINOD ducks....another shot.. she hits the rail and tumbles over and falls to the floor below

VINOD looks....

TANYA.....intent sad look on her face.....shooting from the stairs...

VINOD : thanks...

TANYA : He makes these babies into monsters.. this place..this place is hell.....

She drops the gun and walks off....

If we follow her...she will walk to the dead girl...close her eyes...and wander off to various corner....

VINOD turns to ABU....

Vinod: what is the plan? What is 242??

ABU is dead!!!

VINOD is exasperated...he rises.....

Vinod opens the gas.....Tanya stares at him....

VINOD walks to the oven below the counter....takes a nice looking bottle.....has a swig.....pushes it in...

Vinod: Let's go

EXT. POLAR BEAR. MOSCOW. NIGHT.

As the police sirens are heard... they run out of the back lane....
Suddenly Vinod rushes back.

The countdown in close up.
Tanya...wondering what Vinod is upto?
And Vinod returns.

With the dog.

Tanya stops...looks at him...smiles..

TANYA: If only you had been a bit younger....we could have had some fun.

Vinod does a double take....

Vinod:. I still have time before the flight...maybe we catch a drink...

Behind them the goons enter the area....
They sniff the gas. Close up of the bottle in the oven.
Russians: FFFFFUUUK.....

CUT TO

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

Hey...was this the same building....?
This looked like a castle....And
CLINT EASTWOOD walks out.
And we realize,
.....it's an explosion from ***WHERE EAGLES DARE.***

On the TV screen.

on a plane.

SC 36. INT. AIRCRAFT. NIGHT.

Vinod sitting in Business Class.

CU: A DRINK POURED....

Vinod: Thank you.....Freddie Khambatta.

And we see it's the same stud guy we saw at Abu's place. He is gay.

Vinod: Love your perfume....This movie is too violent...Think I prefer to watch Dostana, Why don't you give me company?

Freddie: (SIGHS) would love to Sir... Maybe later. You want Blanket?

Cut to:

SC 38. EXT. KAZAN'S VILLA . DAY.

A small crowd gathered outside the bungalow. The mood is somber.

An elderly man walks out....and mumbles something to a bald imposing man.....with a salt and pepper goatee...This is **KAZAN**.

Other man: The pressure is not holding.....I am sorry...its only a matter of hours....

With a sudden burst of anger, raw passion and immense strength KAZAN has launched himself from the seat and has grabbed the collar of the doctor...

KAZAN: (IN HINDI) SAALA I GOT YOU FROM INDIA...YOU SPEND ALL THIS MONEY....AND YOU SAY YOU CANT SAVE HER.....KILL THE BASTARD. Damn you....I fly you all the way from Cairo....pay you what you want....and that's all you have to say??? .. Fuck you.... (Looks at cronies) Shoot the bastard....

He walks away....the doctor gulps. One crony gestures to him to run away quickly...which he promptly does...running towards the gate/ car in the distance.

Kazan grabs a crony's gun. And walks towards a room...CLOSE UP OF GUN SNATCH....

CUT TO:

SC 39. INT. KAZAN's BUNGALOW

KAZAN walks in...He is calling

KAZAN: Zilleh...Zilleh...

He stands before a door...thrusts it open...goes in...

SC 40. INT. The HALL. KAZAN's BUNGALOW

KAZAN stands at the door...

KAZAN: Zilleh....!

We see a strange sight.....inside the big hall....on piled mattresses and rugs and cushions...lies a camel on its side...one leg in splints.....

The camel tries to raise its head...hearing the familiar voice... KAZAN goes and sits near.....he cradles the camel's head...

KAZAN: Zilleh....

The camel snorts.....KAZAN looks...he has made up his mind.....KAZAN whispers something to himself....

And raises the gun.

On the close up of the camel's head.....WE hear....

A LOUD GUNSHOT.....

SC 37. EXT. TANGIER AIRPORT.+ STREETS. DAY.

It's the sound of the wheels of a plane hitting the tarmac.⁸

VINOD AND FREDDIE WALK OUT OF AIRPORT holding hands.

VINOD HAILS CAB.

In the cab. Vinod casually puts his arm around Freddie. The cabbie notices. Somewhat disgusted. He ACCELERATES CAB...

Cabbie: Where to, Sir?

CUT TO:

SC 41. INT. KAZAN'S VILLA. DAY.

⁸ Every plane shot should be unique. Not look like purchased stock shots of same plane.

Kazan walking out of his villa.....Stops.

Kazan: Mr Freddie Khambatta?????

We SEE it's **VINOD**.

Vinod: ***(takes out \$10 bill)*** Sir...I was asked to give you this...

Kazan takes the bill....mutters something to his aide. The aide leaves with the note.

Kazan: Drink Mr.....Freddie?

INT. KAZAN'S BAR. DAY.

Kazan makes a drink and hands it.

Kazan: How is my friend Abu Nazer?

Vinod: He's fine (smiles) In seventh heaven. Good stuff.

Kazan: First time to Morocco?

Vinod: Yeah...

Kazan & Vinod clink glasses.

Kazan: Welcome to Morocco.

From behind Vinod, an aide SUDDENLY flips a Cushion over Vinod's head.

Kazan: (Arabic) Call the doctor!!!!

As Vinod struggles we cut to:

SC 43. INT. UNSPECIFIC ROOM. DAY.

A doctor's bag being opened. An injection being prepared. We see a beautiful doctor.....

Vinod has a cloth on his head. TWO GUARDS PIN VINOD.... as the girl quickly ties a tourniquet to his arm.

Vinod: (VOICE) Hey.....What the fuck are you injecting me with?????

Vinod struggles. She finds the vein...puts in the needle

AND INJECTS A FULL CC OF SODIUM PENTATHOL.

Kazan crudely jerks the cloth off... We see Vinod wild but helpless.

Kazan: Abu Nazer was killed yesterday...before he could finalize the arrangements....who are you????

VINOD: Abu is dead??? I met him yesterday. He was fine...

KAZAN: Increase the dose...

Vinod: Hey...what the hell...

Vinod's pov. Suddenly everything gets into a lazy haze. The girl and Kazan and the guards blur. The girl slaps his cheek gently.

Girl: What's your name? Who are you?

Vinod: I'm Freddie....look let me explain.

Kazan slaps Vinod.

Kazan: Who the fuck are you, mother fucker?

Girl: Not so hard....gently.

Kazan: (impatient) How can you slap gently?

Girl: (rubs Vinod's cheek and slaps gently) what's your name?
Who are you? Why are you here? What's your name?
Who are you?

Vinod: I'm Freddie.....I ...Abu told me.....the note....

Kazan: Increase the dose.

The needle in closeup.

Vinod's eyes.

A surreal shot of liquid in Vinod's bloodstream....

Iram: What's your name? What did your mother call you....???

Vinod: (slipping)**Vinod...**

Iram: (looks at Kazan) Vinod...is that your name?

Vinod: (*sensing he's slipping and fast!*) Vinod... Khanna...
Amar....Rishi Kapoor Akbar....Amitabh Bachchan
Anthony... (Rambling) I saw Amar Akbar Anthony with
my mother. Last movie with mother... My name is
Anthony Gonsalves....Mein duniya mein akela hoon.

Vinod's pov: The Amar Akbar Anthony title sequence.....FLASH CUT.

Kazan: Fucker is playing games. INCREASE THE DOSE. *Who killed Abu Nazer mother fucker?*

Vinod: (FOCUS. FOCUS....TALK SHIT BUT KEEP ALERT) **Abu**
Nazer I like his dog Rasputin. *Aah aah Rasputin...lover of the Russian queen. (Improvise)*

The doctor suddenly starts laughing.

Kazan: What's he blabbering? Give him more.

Girl: Shhh...Sir....he's loosening up...Dose is already high.
He'll go into coma.

Kazan: As long as he talks before that. INCREASE!

Vinod's POV: She increases the dose.

Girl: Don't get scared. What's your name? Why are you here?

Kazan: (tries the gentle approach too) who killed Abu Nazer?

Everything goes into total blur now. Just audio....of the Girl and Kazan as we see flashes of Vinod killing Abu Nazer and co.

Tarsem meets Salvador Dali visuals....A swirl of images...Rajan... Svetlana ...Abu....The girls soundless lips moving..."who are you? Who killed Abu Nazer????

AND FINALLY...!!! Vinod can't control it any longer.

Vinod: I Raw Agent. I killed Abu Nazer.

He passes out.

THE DOOR BANGS OPEN. The aide enters with a suitcase.

Aide: it's all there. XX million dollars.

On Kazan's expression as he looks at Vinod, we

CUT TO:

SC 44. EXT. POOL SIDE. DAY.

Placid pool at night. Vinod's face is pushed in... The eyes flutter.....he is dragged out and pushed in again.....

Now the eyes...OPEN.... A goon with gun aimed in general direction of him...

Kazan on the other side, the doctor near at head....watching.

Vinod tries to stand...two hands on table...water steaming down his face... through water....and haze of Pentothal...he sees...and grasps

the situation

Vinod: Did you get the money?

Kazan: You said you were a RAW agent...and YOU killed Abu?!?!?

Vinod: You guys on this drug or me?

Kazan: You said IT.....

Vinod: (IMPROVISING) ...I killed Abu Nazer yes. I killed him because *he had a RAW agent working for him*. Did you know that Abu's driver Murtaza Mahim... was a RAW AGENT....? Responsible for getting two sleeper cells in India busted. Abu was getting too relaxed.

Kazan: WHO ARE YOU?

Vinod: Call me Freddie....I was sent to check if you too were getting relaxed. I am impressed Mr. Kazan.

Kazan: Don't talk in riddles.....Who are you dammit?

Vinod: We work for the same people....I can't take names you know that... (To guard) Does this place have a fucking towel somewhere?

SC 45. INT. KAZAN'S PLACE. DINING HALL. NIGHT.

Kazan is on the phone by a window.

Vinod pours himself coffee...AS KAZAN enters.

Kazan: Why don't you stay here tonight?

Vinod: Is that an order or an invitation. (Kazan smiles) Who is that doctor?

Kazan: Hey...that's Ruby....my personal doctor.

Vinod: I have seen her somewhere....May I use the bathroom?

Kazan points it out. Watches Vinod open the door. And sprint out in a jiffy.

Vinod: Very sorry madam... (To Kazan) Hell you should have told me it's occupied.

Kazan: By whom? There's nobody here.

Vinod: There's an old lady...sitting on the WC.

KAZAN stares at Vinod....goes to check...Comes back.

KAZAN: there's nobody....

VINOD draws KAZAN by the hand....

VINOD: What...I just saw her.... let me show....

SC 46. INT. RESTROOM.

Door opens...Vinod and Kazan. Empty bathroom.

VINOD: Hell...she was here just now....Blue kaftan, a pearl necklace. And a mole on her chin the size of a grape.

KAZAN stares at him...gulps...

KAZAN: Pearl necklace....you... you saw??

SC 47. INT. KAZAN's STUDY

KAZAN is flustered...We see Vinod doing something with Kazan's mobile.

**MOBILE says....DOWNLOAD COMPLETE. RESTART TO
ACTIVATE.⁹**

KAZAN moves to a framed picture on the wall - a lady in maroon kaftan with pearl necklace. A distinct mole on chin. Next to her is a much younger Kazan.

Vinod: (pocketing his phone) that's her!

Kazan: That's my mother. She died 20 years back.

Vinod: What? What the fuck did you inject me with????

Kazan: (defensive) YOU need sleep. (To aide) show him to his room.

End on a CU of Kazan. Is he suspicious or is he thinking of his mom?

SC 48. INT. KAZAN'S VILLA. STAIRCASE. SAME NIGHT.

Vinod and aide cross Ruby. He smiles at her. She smiles back.
Quick Freeze on her Close Up...and unfreeze.

SC 49. INT. VINOD'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Vinod swiftly surveys room as he undresses. As he's taking off his jeans we move away from him and close in on a little camera cleverly hidden amongst the beads of a lamp.

Vinod removes his shirt and casually tosses it on a nail. It covers the spy cam.

We are not sure whether he knows about it or did it accidentally.
Viewers can take a guess.

Vinod opens his laptop....goes on You tube/ RAW secured site.

⁹ Now we realize that Vinod has 'cloned' Kazan's mobile.

Types London Bombings.

A series of articles and videos appear.

Vinod clicks.

EXT . LONDON MALL. DAY.

It's a set of CC camera images. Covering an exterior parking lot.
In a succession of images....From different camera povs, we see a girl....get off a car....look around....and come towards camera....and smile....She takes out her phone...and ***IN THE DISTANCE....HER CAR BLOWS UP.***

Chaos and pandemonium amongst the people around.

Vinod loops it on the brief area where we see the girl's face.

IT'S RUBY.

HER LOOK SHOULD BE REAL AND DIFFERENT.

Cut to:

More pics of the girl. Newspaper headlines.

29 DEAD IN ODEON BOMBING.
ODEON BOMBING. BOMBER ARRESTED.
IRAM BILLAL INNOCENT OR GUILTY.
IRAM ESCAPES.
IRAM FEARED DROWNED.

We see more pics of RUBY!!! **Looking completely different.**

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

SC 51. INT. VINOD'S ROOM. NIGHT.

It's RUBY. OR IS IT IRAM PARVEEL BILLAL.

Ruby: Hi... sorry... if you are feeling nausea, eat something....
take these pills.

Vinod: Am on liquid diet. Please come in. Would you like a
drink....?

Ruby: No thanks...

RUBY: What's the nonsense about Kazan's mother.....?

Vinod: I saw a ghost I think. You believe in ghosts?

Ruby: What nonsense...?

Vinod: They don't haunt you, Ruby? The innocents who died in
the Glasgow Odeon Bombing.

Ruby stares at him.....***What's in those eyes, we wonder.....***

Vinod: Hey....relax...I'm on your side...

Ruby: Good night Freddie....

As she leaves, she folds his shirt and hangs it properly...The camera
is visible again.

Vinod watches her go.

He locks the door. And starts freaky dancing....

SC 52. INT. KAZAN'S BEDROOM. (estb Safe!!!) NIGHT.

We see Kazan watching CC footage of Freddie. Dancing like a crazy
coon alone in the bedroom.

Iram walks in.....

Kazan: You think he knows about the camera???

Iram: He knows about me.....

Kazan's phone rings.

Kazan: Hello.....yes I got the money... (Moves away)

INTERCUT: (on CC camera)

Vinod in the bed...

INT. VINOD'S ROOM.

Vinod grabs the phone. Listens.

INT. KAZAN'S ROOM.

VOICE: You got the money.....

Kazan: Yes....but the courier....I think you should meet him.

VOICE: **Ok...A British Agent has boarded a flight for Morocco....**

Vinod Reacts.

CUT TO:

SC 53. MORNING SHOT OF THE CITY. EXT. KAZAN'S POOLSIDE. DAY.

Kazan and Iram are at breakfast....Vinod walks up to them...a spring in his stride...

Vinod: Hey Kazan, if you really want to keep an eye on me....why don't you send her with me.

He places the bug on Kazan's fried egg.
Kazan stares.

CUT TO:

SC 54. EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY

The touristy, crowded parts of the city. Bustling 5D images.

We see Vinod and Iram in longshot....

Vinod: so you escaped by boat and landed in Portugal....and Kazan met you there...You are tough. But you know what....?

She: What?)

Vinod: (pulling down her dark glasses) I don't think you planted the bomb??? You have killer eyes.....not the eyes of a killer.

Iram: I only wish you were the judge at the UK court.

She walks away.

Vinod catches up with her.

Iram: You know a lot about me....tell me about yourself?!

Vinod: Hey...I do the same things you do but I don't take it all very seriously. Why are we talking about work in a lovely place like Tangier.....If you weren't such a serious type person...I'd have asked you out for a dinner date....at my place. I'm a good cook...

Iram: What's on the menu?

Vinod: That MEANS YES. Wow. A Kodak moment. This calls for a picture....(accosts a chap lazing on a bench) Hey Sheriff....can you please take our picture?

Vinod gives him his cell phone to take pic.

We find the face familiar.

It's THAT AIRPORT CABBIE!!!

IN A JIFFY WE REALIZE THIS IS VINOD'S RAW CONTACT.

His name is ZAHIR.

Vinod: Excuse me....will you take a picture of us together?
How's Freddie?

ZAHIR: (drops voice) in a very bad mood. Who's this jhakaas?

Vinod: Iram Billal...Check on Google.... You found something?

Zahir: the Brit agent's name is Richard Maibaum. Head of
Middle East Section of MI6. HE checked into Hotel **RIF
AND SPA Room 403**

Iram watching Freddie explain how to take picture.

Zahir: Understood sir. I press this.

Vinod and Iram standing. Vinod puts his arm around her. Zahir clicks.

Zahir: One more....with kiss?

Iram: (snatching phone) Thank you... LET'S have
lunch....I know just the place. Hotel Rif and Spa.

Vinod reacts. CUT TO

SC 55. INT. HOTEL RIF AND SPA. DAY.

Some exotic dish being prepared.....in the kitchen.

Vinod looks around.....and spots a wiry elderly Britisher in the
distance.....Vinod checks....This is Richard Maibaum.

He looks away to see Iram is staring at him.

Vinod: Your eyes....there is something in them....(makes a flattering
comment)

Iram: ...And how many girls have you said that to?

Vinod: Including you???? 242!!!

Iram doesn't bat an eyelid..

From the corner of his eye, Vinod notices Richard with his camera. Is he taking a picture of Iram? Richard almost catches Vinod's eye. He abruptly rises...and heads for the elevator.

Iram: That's a lot of money you brought Freddie....you know what it's for, don't you?

Vinod: Kazan didn't tell you???

Iram: (rises) Excuse me....I'll just powder my nose....

She leaves....Vinod looks around and goes to the elevator.

SC 56. EXT. ROOM 403 HOTEL EXCELSIOR.

Vinod on the fourth floor corridor. He is about to step in and suddenly withdraws....

Iram is stepping out of Richard's room. She looks around swiftly and makes a dash to a side corridor.

Vinod walks to 403....

The door is open....he peeks in... There's blood on the floor...a tumbled centre table... The Englishman on the carpet....a bullet in his forehead. He's dead...

There are papers scattered on the floor...AND AN ORNATE CARD. .

Vinod picks it up. It's an invitation to ROYAL MARRAKESH AUCTION. paintings, antiques, posters....***A number, circled with a red pen. 242***

SC 57. INT. LOUNGE

Vinod comes out...IRAM is sitting at the table...***What's in those eyes....we wonder.***

VINOD comes and smiles...but his eyes are cold...he is trying to assess...

IRAM: I am not feeling well.....I have to get back.

VINOD: Oh...was hoping you'd accompany me for the auction.

HE PULLS OUT THE AUCTION INVITE.

IRAM reacts.

CUT TO:

SC 58. INT. AUCTION HALL. DAY/EVENING.

"GOING....GOING....GONE....!!! The Golconda Dagger...sold for 77 thousand dollars to Mr. Kazan....

Kazan jumps up clapping.

Auction MC: And that ends the auction of Sir Jagadeshwar Metla's private museum....Sir Metla would like to say a few words.

Sir Metla.... rises.

Sir Metla: I am happy that you have contributed a generous purse. As promised I intend to put in an equal sum...and build a set of free hospitals.....

We see Vinod and Iram enter the hall.

Kazan stares at them suspiciously. Iram spots Kazan and goes to him as Vinod looks around.

Kazan: Why did you bring him here?

Iram: I didn't. He brought me here.

Vinod sees them confer as he joins them....

Vinod: Hello Kazan... You didn't think I came all the way to Morocco to give you a ten dollar bill, did you?

Vinod looks around.

His POV: we see classy rich folk...collectors, pretty women with plunging necklines. ***And we see KJ and NINA.....though Vinod doesn't know them. THEY ARE BIDDING FOR SOMETHING LIKE A CARPET. AND WIN IT TOO.***

The tables are all occupied, except one. It says RESERVED. Vinod coolly picks the RESERVED slate and puts it in a waiter's tray as he takes a drink.

He opens a catalogue and ***casually checks Lot 242.***
It's an old edition of ***THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. With hand painted illustrations by Tagliani.***

Sir Jagadeshwar Metla comes to the table. Vinod realizes this is his table.

Metla: It's alright. I've only got bodyguards for company so would be terrific if the lovely lady and you share my table. Hello I'm Jagadeshwar....

Iram: Ruby

Vinod: Freddie Khambatta.

The drinks come. Metla picks ice from bucket with fingers.

In the background...Kazan is bidding for an ornate Chess Board.....
Someone else gets it. Kazan shrugs.

Vinod casually looks around..., trying to figure out what the hell is happening... His eyes stop at KJ...and Nina....briefly...and move on...And ***suddenly freezes on a man with a nasty scar at the bar. The man turns....***

*AND VINOD DUCKS BEHIND A NEWS PAPER.
The man approaches Vinod and passes him. And moves towards the Restrooms.*

Vinod: Excuse me.....

Vinod rises....and moves towards Scarface....Iram watches him go.

SC 59 PT1. INT. LOO.

Vinod enters. Looks around. The man with the Scar looks up from basin. And REACTS!!!

Vinod: Hello Prince.

The guy lunges at Vinod who is prepared. Vinod dashes him into a toilet door. As we cut to:

SC 59 PT2. INT. CHENNAI BROTHEL . NIGHT.

The door bursts open....And we see a man and woman in bed. The man leaps and we see he's the same guy....ONLY WITHOUT THE SCAR. Quite a handsome bloke.....

Vinod: Hello Prince...

Vinod obviously looks a bit different too.

The guy whips out a nasty knife and lunges at Vinod as WE CUT TO:

SC 59 PT3. INT. AUCTION HALL LOO.

Prince: You bastard....(lunges at Vinod)

CUT TO:

SC 59 PT4. INT. EXT. BROTHEL. NIGHT.

A MATCH CUT.

Vinod: Where is Singham? Who put the landmine....?

CUT BACK TO:

SC 59 PT5. AUCTION HALL LOO.

Vinod: I thought the Black Tigers were extinct. What are you here for?

Scarface: (groaning) 242.....

SC 59 PT6 / 7. INTERCUT: WITH TAMIL WHOREHOUSE.

Vinod AND Prince without a scar....burst on the passage....Girls in petticoats run astray screaming.

Vinod and Prince dash into a room. Crash into a cupboard with a mirror.

Prince grabs a shard of glass. Vinod grabs one too.

The Glass Shard tango intercut with Vinod and Scarface fighting in the toilet cubicle.

Basically we INTERCUT the action....between Tamil Whorehouse and Loo in Morocco...AND REALIZE AT END OF IT THAT PRINCE GOT HIS SCAR FROM VINOD....

CUT TO:

SC 59 PT8. LOO IN MOROCCO.

Vinod: Since when did you get interested in poetry, Prince ?
 What is it? Arms? Drugs???

Prince reaches out for a fallen cyanide capsule and bites it. Vinod watches him....in horror.

Vinod: What is 242 ...what did you die for....you bastard?

CUT TO:

We cut to outside. A man enters to take a pee. He hears grotesque sounds from a cubicle. The man pats his own stomach with relief and leaves.

Inside the cubicle.

Something falls out of Prince's pocket. IT's a PHOTO.
OF A SUITCASE. OPEN.

Vinod stares at it....

It's the SUITCASE WE SAW IN THE BEGINNING. THE SERIAL
NUMBER **SAYS KXD45343E-242**

SC 60. THE MOROCCO AUCTION:

Auction Man: And now for Lot 242.... The Rubaiyat of Omar
 Khayyam...hand painted by Tagliani. The only
 surviving copy. It was a present to the last Tsar as a
 wedding present.....

Kazan and Several other men start bidding. Including an Arab and a Chinese lady.

Kazan: 4 million.

Vinod enters. Looks at the various bidders. It's heating up....

Vinod sits with Iram and Sir Metla. She notices a cut on his wrist/ ON HIS LIP....

Iram: What happened?

Vinod: Bumped into an old friend.

Auction Man: 5 million....the gentleman in the bowler hat.

Kazan: Six.

Chinese Lady: Seven.

Arab: Eight...

Kazan: Ten million.

Auction man: Ten Million one....ten million two....

Arab/ Bowler hat: eleven.

Metla: They are paying way too much for that piece.

Vinod: *You never know the value of something just by looking at it.*

Metla laughs....

Metla : Oh yes....my wife says she should have left me when I moved into that bigger shop she expects me to come home at 6.....says she never guessed by looking at me that it will be so bad....(laughs aloud)

Auction Man: 14 million one....14 million two and 14 million THREE....sold to Mr. Kazan.

Kazan jumping with joy.

Vinod congratulates Kazan....

Kazan: Thank You Freddie. I would very much like to invite you for my party tonight.

Some commotion in the background. Scarface's body has been discovered in the restroom.

SC 61. NEW DELHI. PCO. NIGHT. NEW DELHI. (OR CAN BE A FUNCTION/ OFFICIAL DINNER AT RASHTRAPATI BHAVAN)

Hasan Nawaz is on the phone. (THIS IS A PHONE CUT...BUT WE SHOULD GRANDSTAND IT.....JUST TO GIVE IT IMPORTANCE)

SC 62. EXT. CHAGAI DESERT . PAKISTAN.

Wind howls across a desolate sky.

Two jeeps...a few men huddling in cold...its a rough stony desert. There are armed men in team. Shadows of automatic weapons.

Two men are out in front.....One is pointing around....Some Geological talk.

A beep.....a satellite phone comes on....

Somebody takes the phone and shouts...

Somebody: Iftikhar swab...your phone...
We see IFTIKHAR AHMED looking at the phone surprised. He's a burly man in his 50s. ***He is the head of the ISI.***

IFTEKAAR: Delhi??? Yes...

NAWAZ: give me a CLEAN number ...

IFTEKAAR: Who is this?

NAWAZ: *Mian*... When you look into the mirror...you see me...

IFTEKAAR is stunned for a moment...then he looks at the soldier who brought the phone...

IFTEKAAR: you have a phone? What is the number???

The soldier whips out his phone, somewhat pleased that the Saab is using his phone.

Iftikhar walks some distance as WE NOW SEE another officer WALK ACROSS THE SAND TO REACH THEM.

THIS IS **BRIGADIAR RASOOL**

Something about his face....we register him as **BAD MAN**.

He notices the sat-phone....in the soldier's hand.

Soldier: Iftikhar Saab is using my phone.....

Rasool looks....He is frowning.

SC 62 (CONTD). EXT. IFTEKKAR ON PHONE

IFTEKAAR: Hasan Nawaz.....rare pleasure...saalam alekum..

NAWAZ: alekum assalam..peace be upon us General....you are in an open place.,...the wind is blowing free ...sound like desert....Chagai???

IFTEKAAR laughs...

IFTEKAAR: Yes sir...You have sharp ears for your age Mr. Nawaz.

NAWAZ: Sharp ears...yes. They also heard that D Kazan has just bought a nuclear bomb in Morocco....

IFTEKAAR: what????

NAWAZ: Whatever your problems mian...this cannot be the solution.

IFTEKAAR: My God ...how sure are you ??

NAWAZ: as sure as i stand talking here..... You know
Something....? I know that you have spent your life for Paksitan...and
you will not die, destroying it!

IFTEKAAR: Hasan..we need to talk....we need to meet.....

In BG, RASOOL is watching.

CUT TO:

SC 63. EXT. DUNE RESORT. NIGHT. MOROCCO.

Music....in the background as we see Kazan supervising the
kitchen....maybe tasting some tagine.

Kazan....like Papa in Munich is an affable good host.

Two girls are singing. A French/ Arabic song.....

Vinod, flanked by two guys...is taking it all in. The guys aren't holding
him but we sense that Vinod is under watch.

A waiter offers the guards a drink. We see it's Zaheer.

Vinod takes a drink and exchanges....a telling glance or maybe a chit.

We see a fire swallower do his process. Swallowing petrol....and
spitting out huge tongues of fire.

Other such National Geographic local colour.

**Vinod's pov: He sees Iram emerge from a tent/room...and go
towards Kazan.**

In distance. Vinod sees Iram and Kazan talking.

In CLOSE: we cut to and hear them talk. They glance in his direction.

Kazan: My sixth sense says he's iffy. He saw my mother. Find Out.
Find out about him....

Kazan thrusts a small gun with a silencer in her hand. Or maybe she's got it in her bag.

Iram: (opens her bag to reveal a little GUN with a silencer) I will.

Iram walks to Vinod...smiling.

Iram: We're off to Australia tomorrow..I'm going to miss you Freddie....

Vinod: (cocks his fingers into a gun) I wont....

Iram: Not often I get to meet someone interesting here...

Vinod: You think I'm interesting...wow. Thanks. It's not just the looks right?

Iram: (smiles)

Vinod: Ah....a real smile....thanks again. What are those two singing? It's beautiful...

Iram: they are saying....

AND SHE SINGS.....SONG #3.

A SEDUCTION SONG THAT IS POETIC, NOT TYPICAL ITEM....

The Arabs and the two singers enjoy her interruption.
The music gets faster....

Iram: Want to dance...

Vinod: I must admit there are certain areas where I'm not the best.
But I do know a couple of steps that you may not.

Iram pulls Vinod to the dance....

Vinod watches her.

Vinod: Is this Iram or Ruby? Iram is hardcore. Ruby is fun.

Iram: Is it so easy to separate yourself?

They dance....their eyes locked in each other.

Vinod: This is a night I'm going to remember.

Iram: And it's not even begun.....

ABRUPT CUT TO:

Int Tent.

Vinod and Iram walk in.

She makes him sit on the couch.

Vinod: Maybe I'm drunk but you are trying to seduce me aren't you?
It's very flattering, I love it.

She has her back to him.....she's making two drinks.

She offers him one.

He pauses....goes for the other one...and then...reverts to the one she gave him.

She: Cheers....you don't trust me, do you?

Vinod: No....i'm wondering why a girl who wants to seduce me is carrying a gun with a silencer?

He pulls out THE LITTLE GUN...that we last saw IN HER HANDBAG.
She's zapped.

Iram: When did you....?

VINOD: The pickpocket dance....I told you there are many dances I know that you don't... Is this the gun that killed Richard Maibaum MI6?

Her face flushes darkly. She GOES FOR HER GUN and Vinod grabs her....and PINS her on the carpet.

It's a sensual yet violent image. Maybe a poster shot.

Vinod: So how do we make this a night to remember?

Iram is hurting but doesn't show it.

Kazan enters: Hey....heck....sorry to disturb...hey...heck....are you guys fighting or making out? (chuckles like only PREM CHOPRA can) Meet my friend.....my partner.....**the Colonel.**

THE TENT FLAP OPENS.....AND WE SEE IMRAN. *(this is the Nazi re-intro in RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK so we got to get that vibe)*

The COLONEL smiles.

.....KISSES IRAM'S HAND AND WHISPERS A SWEET NOTHING.
HE TURNS TO FREDDIE.....

IMRAN: I've heard so much about you Freddie. A privilege... to meet a fellow pilgrim.....We need to have a drink together.

Vinod: Sure.....

They leave.....as Kazan turns to Iram....

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNE RESORT. NIGHT.

IMRAN pulls VINOD to a distance....the festivities are happening in the distance.

A servant comes with a bottle of wine...and maybe some kebabs on a skewer....

IMRAN : (raises his glass) To our endeavour...we are at the halfway mark.... Freddie.

VINOD : When you climb a mountain the halfway mark is the peak.....the rest is going down ...

IMRAN looks and laughs again....

IMRAN : (nods..) yeaaah... and by the way...great work done...that Moscow...wonder who gave you the orders...Freddie

VINOD : Of course, you don't expect me to give you names.

IMRAN : Its funny thing..you know....Sodium Pentathal....they gave it to me once....Sudan...I took three before I sang...like you....a warm soft oozy feeling....you are letting go....and I sang an African song...(he sings two lines..) mamaku mamasa mamaku mamasa .. mama mama tsa/ mamaku mamasa mamaku mamasa .. mama mama tsa.....(people stop to look?...he gives up and smiles sadly)..but at the end..i told them the truth....the absolute truth....thats the way it is....with Sodium Pentathal

VINOD : The truth didn't seem to do you much harm...

IMRAN : Nah....some people is a glutton for lies..so I built a lie out of the truth....(laughs) you see..I Raw Agent Kill Abu..you said..and they believed you killed Abu because there was a Raw agent....(he laughs)..you know what I think?

VINOD : Does it matter what you think....???

IMRAN : you know I WAS THERE when Rajan Sinha got killed. I shot him too...And I think....I think you are a RAW agent too....who killed Abu...

VINOD : If you think I am an agent....why am I still alive?

IMRAN : (laughs) Who said you are???

AND SUDDENLY....WE SEE THREE BEDOUIN TYPE MEN...WITH SWORDS ENTER THE TENT.

VINOD looks at them....the swords glisten. The men look dangerous.

Vinod: It's a bit unfair.....

Imran: I agree with you there.....but is life always fair...?

Vinod: I mean.....for them.....

AND HE GRABS THE NEAREST OBJECT HE CAN LAY HIS HANDS ON....MAYBE THE SEEKH....MAYBE A LAMP....OR MAYBE A SCARF THAT HE DESIGNS INTO A WEAPON.

A brief, fight. Zorro in a bad mood. How Vinod grabs the sword from one Bedouin....and uses it to jack the other two.

Within seconds....the three men are on the floor....injured, not dead.

Vinod has the sword pointed at the Colonel's throat.

Vinod: We're both here to do a job Colonel...so might as well be friends.

Colonel: I don't like secrets Freddie.

Someone from the shadows coshes Vinod on the head.

Vinod falls. We see Kazan with the cosh.

IMRAN : (his voice now has a snap to it) He shouldn't have gone to the auction....check all his numbers and see his body is never found.

(he quickly strides away)

Kazan: And if you meet my mother tell her hello.

Very expertly, we see two men roll the carpet with Vinod in it and take it out.

In the distance Iram exits.....and looks around for Vinod.

Iram: Where is Freddie?

Kazan: Oh he had a flight to catch. He's left....

Imran: Hello.....Iram.... The UK job was fantastic....but this time, we aim bigger.

She laughs.....AS WE **CUT TO:**

EXT. RESORT. NIGHT.

A swanky car stops...and we see KJ and Nina getting out. With them is an elderly man with Asian, middle eastern features. This is Dr Shapoor Rana....

SC 66. INT. TENT. NIGHT.

We see the working of the suitcase bomb. We will show this GRAPHICALLY. IN A CAPSULE DOCUMENTARY like Spielberg does.

Dr Shapoor : This is a uranium bomb working on gun theory.....on detonation a small uranium sphere moves like a bullet and enters the bigger sphere.....the critical mass obtained and BOOM.....20megaton....i will not like to be within 10km radius ...

KJ, Nina and Imran.....Kj claps

KJ: Fantastic work done.....now gentlemen...10 times the cost of the Rubaiyat...half now. Half on delivery....delivery only on Baltic....in ports controlled by brothers

Imran: How does the detonator work?

Dr Shapoor Rana smiles...and moves to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Dr Shapoor: ..THIS RUBAIYAT IS THE DETONATOR.

He shows the process GRAPHICALLY. The book has to be inserted into a slot in the Bomb....

Cut to Iram entering with champagne and glasses.

Shapoor : These bombs checked with a Russian satellite before detonation...we have broken that code to bypass the check and built it in the book.....don't lose this.

The champagne is popped as we cut to:

The DUNE RESORT. LATE NIGHT. EXT.

Zahir LOOKING AROUND FOR VINOD. At parking lot...we see two men LOADING a carpet into a truck.

Zaheer does not give much importance. He's looking around. Checks phone. And gets into his car.

As car is leaving....we see Iram watching him. Noting car number.

SC 68. PAKISTAN. CHAGAI. EXT. LANDSCAPE WITH BRIDGE. DAWN.

Two shepherd lads running up a shrubby slope...It seems like they are playing.....as they carry a long box....

They open the box....and we see a rocket launcher.

In the distance...we see a Tichka esque landscape. Overwhelming mountains and roads.

Three vehicles moving in the far distance.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE.

A GRIM FACED COL. IFTIKHAR'S CONVOY IS MOVING ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE...

Iftikhar on a catnap.... He suddenly wakes up....

Looks around.

Cut BACK to the Shepherd boys....

Hell. They are behind a rock....and following the vehicles...

The innocence on their faces has suddenly vanished.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE.

Iftikhar staring out of the window....His eyes crinkle...

His POV: In the FAR distance we see a BRIGHT FLASH.

On which we cut to:

A ROCKET LAUNCHER POV.....HIZZSSSSSSING
WHOOOSH....TOWARDS THE VEHICLES.

A close up of Iftikhar's face.....

AND **KABOOM!!!!!!**

Iftikhar's vehicle explodes.

A sudden flare in long shot....as the armored van explodes.....¹⁰

SC 67. EXT. SEA. DAWN.

The ball of fire become a swirl of water.....

We are in a fishing boat. We see the Tangier coastline in the distance...

We establish the boat captain He's singing a BAWDY Arabic joke.

We estb his assistant and three other men drinking beer.

The boat is moving....suddenly the captain says....

Captain: This spot is as good as any....

THE THREE MEN GO INSIDE...

Maybe the captain has stopped his joke before the punch line...and the assistant asks.

Captain: Let the others come too.....

INSIDE THE BOAT. OTHER SIDE....

The three men....drag out a rolled carpet.

Vinod....unconscious.

The men are attaching some weight to his leg.

His eyes open.

We cut to:

¹⁰ We can go with sheep blocking convoy on a bridge with bombs around the animals ...But of course, no animal can be hurt in the sequence..

The boat Captain...checking Vinod's jacket and wallet....Some currency flies out....heck....?

WE HEAR A LOUD SPLASH.

Captain: (continues checking stuff, starts the engine) Hey OMAR....get some more beer.....

No reply. The captain shouts again. He is puzzled.

The captain moving towards coastline.

Captain: Hey Abdul.....ABDUL.....Where the fuck are you guys....?

No reply. Now he's worried.

The captain clambers and goes behind....shouting...Hey Abdul...Omar...what the fuck are you guys doing... Silence.

The captain now senses something. He returns to boat and picks up a rod.

The boat moving on autopilot.

The captain comes to the other side. We see the carpet...it's open. And four men all knocked out. There is no sign of Vinod.

Captain looks around puzzled and SUDDENLY....we see Vinod.

Brief...brutal fight on boat on high seas.

Vinod grabs the captain and hauls him into the water.

CUT TO:

SC 69. MOROCCO...ZAHIR'S HOUSE. DAY.

Vinod is talking to Nawaz on the phone..

Vinod: (hangs up) Breaking news.....ISI chief Iftikhar Ahmed assassinated.

Zaheer: You think there's a connection?

Vinod: You bet there is....

Zaheer: After you disappeared...this guy came to the party.

Vinod: This is KJ. Russian Mafia. Serious bad news.

They ***are on a terrace.....in the older part of the city.***

We move AWAY FROM VINOD AND pan across the city....And ZOOM ***DOWN INTO THE BUSTLING STREET BELOW....***

FULL OF TOURISTS AND LOCALS....Amongst them we see....a woman in local attire. **It's Iram.**

CUT TO:

BUSTLING LANE.

Iram pulls her veil and hurries into the building.

CUT TO:

Iram walking up stairs. Local women doing their business....
Iram, in local language, asks something. A woman points upstairs.

Iram goes up....and sees a door that is locked. Or just bolted from outside.

She pulls out a gun...and walks up a rickety staircase...and sees
.....Vinod and Zahir still on terrace.

She comes to the door. She fiddles with the lock. After a brief tussle, it clicks open. She opens the door and enters.

To see FREDDIE, tied and gagged on the ground.

He notices her and goes into disco convulsions.

She rushes to him. And pulls out the gag.

Yuck. It's a wet boxer shorts.

Freddie gasps for breath...

Iram: Who are you?

Freddie: Freddie Khambatta.

Iram: WHAT? And who's the guy on the terrace?

Freddie: Indian Agent....

AND THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN..... Vinod grabs her as Zahir kicks Freddie and starts shoving the boxer shorts back into his mouth.

CUT TO:

SC 70. ANOTHER ROOM. IN SAME LOCATION.

Iram is in a corner. Vinod is sitting on a chair still in his shorts.

IRAM: (outburst) so what you said yesterday was true. You are a RAW agent.

VINOD: Where is the bomb?

Iram: I don't know....

Vinod: I'd hate to bruise your face but I won't hesitate to do it. Where is the suke....

Iram: I am also trying to find out that. I am working for the **MI6...**

VINOD stares at her.

Zahir: What? You killed that Brit agent....

Iram: No....He was my handler....i went to meet him.

Zahir: Alistair Maclean story boss....

IRAM: Believe me.... Yes....i parked the car that killed all those people but I was trapped....They expected me to die too. It was just luck that I survived. But the cops didn't believe me....I was in jail for a year before Iftikhar saab came and met me. He was convinced I was innocent. He convinced MI6 officer Richard They said they can rehabilitate me if I agree to work for them....I've been put here as Kazan's doc but I was reporting on Kazan to Iftikhar Saab.....

Zahir: You are an ISI agent?

IRAM: No...I mean yes.... How do I explain....? I intercepted a call from Moscow....from Abu Nazer about Freddie Khambatta coming. with 50 million. I knew something big was afoot. *I asked Richard to come here....) I thought you were a terrorist. That's why I tried to befriend you. That bug in your room....i had put it....*

Iram: My country and yours don't get along but we also have a common enemy. They have bought a nuclear bomb. The Rubaiyat is the detonator. It's in Kazan's safe right now. We must get it. Let me go...I can get it. We have to be on the same side on this.

VINOD: you can prove anything you say???

IRAM: Iftikhar saab is on his way to Morocco...to meet your boss.

Iram: I know you wont trust me....but please listen...The RUBAIYAT is in Kazan's safe. KAZAN IS LEAVING ON HOLIDAY by afternoon flight. If we don't get it...it's gone. Let me go....I can get it.....

Zahir: you are not believing her Vinod, are you?

Vinod: There is one way to find out.

He drags her to the inside room. And gives her the loaded gun.

Vinod: Ok...this guy is from the other side. If you are working for the good guys....SHOOT HIM. He knows who you are now.

Come on....shoot him.

Iram: I'm not a killer. I cant do it. I wont do it. If you believe me, let me go...and if not...YOU GO.....but for God's sake get the detonator.

Vinod stares at her. Either she's a damn good actor or she is telling the truth.

Vinod: Let's go.

They leave.

We hold on Freddie. HIS ROPES ARE LOOSE.

CUT TO:

SC 71. EXT. STREETS. DAY.

Vinod and Zahir....get off at a corner.

Vinod: You get twenty minutes...or else we come in.

Iram driving. Do we detect a slight smile on her face?

She enters Kazan's villa.

SC 72. INT. KAZAN'S VILLA. DAY.

Iram hurries inside....and suddenly stops.

Her POV: Kazan's safe is open. His guard lies dead near it, gun in hand. There is cash lying all over. Maybe couple of packets with white powder.

Across the room is another guard...Dead. He also has a gun in his hand.

And sprawled on the sofa is Kazan...A bullet hole in his forehead.

Iram hears a sound. She turns.

Imran enters. She stares at him stunned.

Imran: Horrible tragedy. Kazan caught a guard rifling his safe...Kazan shot the guy but the guy shot Kazan and his other guard as he died. The only thing that'll baffle the cops is...***who killed you?***

Iram turns to see a MAN WITH A GUN pointed at her. Iram backs off and moves towards the window.

Imran: (To killer) NO BULLETS. Throw her down the stairs. Let the cops figure out.

The killer grabs her. And she says WAIT.

Iram: FREDDIE KHAMBATTA.... is NOT Freddie Khambatta. He's a RAW agent.

Imran: I know. He's dead.

Iram: So you think. I just met him. He knows about the suke. He caught me. I escaped by promising to help him get more info...He's waiting for my call before he informs the authorities.

Imran: STARES AT HER.....

Imran: Where is he?

CUT TO:
EXTREME CLOSE UP OF VINOD.

VINOD: Tell me....

SC 74. INT. KAZAN'S VILLA.

Iram: (acting excited, whispers) I got the Rubaiyat. Kazan and Imran are in the other room... I know where the suke is. Am getting out by back entrance...Meet me at Golden Farah restaurant...same place we went yesterday..... In 20 min?

She hangs up.

EXT. SAME SCENE 71 STREET. DAY.

Vinod hangs up....Zaheer starts the car.

SC 75. EXT. GOLDEN FARAH. DAY.

A cab stops and we see The ASSASSIN exit with a carpet. He looks around.....sees the Golden Farah Bistro.....he looks around....

And enters a cinema hall.

As we cut to:

Zaheer drops Vinod at the Golden Farah.

SC 76. INT. THIRD FLOOR OF BUILDING. DAY.

The cinema hall. Projection room. An Egyptian film is on....a girl and a red telephone on the screen. The projectionist is zapped when someone enters.

It's the assassin.

He kills the projectionist and opens a little window....In the distance....we see The Golden Farah. It's really in the distance....until we see it from the pov of the assassin.... thru his telescopic rifle.

SC 77. EXT. GOLDEN FARAH RESTAURANT. DAY.

Vinod having tea. As he sits at table at Golden Farah. An old man at another table notices an Indian....and starts humming *Dost Dost na raha....DAA didida na raha*.

SC 78. INT. CINEMA PROJECTION ROOM. DAY.

The ASSASSIN at the window... peers thru the telescopic rifle. He is about to shoot....but there are people intermittently blocking the view....The assassin patiently waits....and then...

SC 79. INT. THIRD FLOOR OF BUILDING. DAY.

The ASSASSIN has Vinod clearly on his sights. He is about to press the trigger when a blob of yellow blocks his view.

He sees. It's a yellow schoolbus. With kids.

SC 80. EXT. GOLDEN FARAH RESTAURANT. DAY.

Vinod looking at his watch. In the background are kids....exiting a bus.

They cross the road....and then....the last kid and teacher exit. The bus leaves.....

In foreground, we see Vinod with a glass of mint tea.
In background we see the lovely plaza ...and in the distant background....we see the Cinema Rif.

And now.....we hold. The viewer, hopefully becoming the assassin....Waiting...for the right moment....the one shot.

Vinod sips tea, looks at his watch....and looks around.
His phone rings. He reaches for it....

AND..... A BULLET WHIZZES PAST HIM AND HITS A GLASS ON A WAITER'S TRAY... SHATTERING IT TO SMITHEREENS...

COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS REACT...WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED....BUT

VINOD INSTANTLY SENSES...SOMETHING IS WRONG.

He spins around And GRABS HIS GUN....AS HE'S HIT ON THE SHOULDER.....NOW THE CROWD FREAKS OUT....SEEING A MAN WITH A GUN...

Vinod turns in the assassin's direction as another bullet hits him in the back. Vinod arches backwards and a third bullet wings him.

In the chaos, in the distance, we see Zaheer rushing towards Vinod....who's bleeding and writhing on the cobbled pavement of the Tangier Socco.

The Egyptian film reel is coming to an end on the projector. We see the wheel morph into

SC 81. EXT. AIRPORT. DAY.

The wheel of a plane.....that is taking off....

An airhostess with a tray. (nazea?) Imran picks two champagne glasses...hands one to Iram at the window seat.

She smiles. *What's in those eyes, we wonder...*

On the plane in the sky.....we have the trail of cloud and vapour....forming

INTERVAL

POST INTERVAL

Stock shots of Stockholm City.....

EXT. KYRKO GATA GARDENS. STOCKHOLM . DAY.

Early morning. A couple of girls jogging.
In the distance behind them.....a somewhat flabby male jogger.

Watching this is a young man.....sitting on a park bench. Tall, fair and handsome.
This is JIMMY. We don't know it yet....and nothing about him reveals it....but Jimmy is a fidayeen.

Jimmy's eyes follow the male jogger who looks Indian.

CUT TO

We stay on the man....Jogging, deep breathing...and jogging.

JIMMY now joins in....

Jimmy, jogging and smiling at the man.

Jimmy: Indian??

The Middle class Jogger nods....smiles....

Jogger: I'm Suresh Krishna....

JIMMY looks surprised.....

JIMMY: Wow....Isn't that funny?? My name is Suresh Krishna too.....

The Jogger, Dr Krishna is zapped.....he stares as he runs....

Krishna: What?? How strange

JIMMY: Yes.....I work for the United Nations....Trying to move health

aid in Europe for Africa??

Krishna stops....or slows....he is very irritated....

Krishna: Hey....is this a joke?? *I am the Health deputy commissioner for Africa.....*

He stares.....JIMMY is looking at him.....

Its a nice face.....BUT the eyes are still....and then JIMMY smiles....

Dr Krishna freezes for a moment....

Then he turns and starts running.....

We see him ***run....almost frantically***.....and then we see.....
....blood oozing from his chest.....

Dr Krishna stumbles and falls.
And now we see a screwdriver impaled in his back.

Jimmy enters....and rifles his pockets.

Looks around....and drops Dr Krishna in the canal. The body
sinks....the ducks scatter...Jimmy breaks into a jog....and moves
on...

CUT TO

EXT. MOROCCO HOSPITAL. DAY.

A man wearing a doctor's uniform enters a hospital...on a two
wheeler. We see it's the assassin.

SC 82. EXT. INT. ICU MOROCCAN HOSPITAL. DAY.

PRIVATE WARD. Vinod sitting on a wheelchair, attached to tubes
and drips. He looks down but not out.

Around him are an INDIAN IN A SUIT, Mr. KARTHIKEYAN (embassy type) some Moroccan cops and a pleasantly plump Caucasian lady in a business suit.

Mr. Kartikheyan: This is Ms Barbara Fonda from MI6.

Barbara: Hello Veenod. We'd like you to debrief you.... How're you feeling?

Vinod: Very hungry ma'am. (In Hindi) I want to speak to Mr Nawaz?

Mr. Kartikheyan: I will tell you everything in the embassy.

Vinod: (rising...sharp wince of pain perhaps) ...Let's go....

Two Moroccan cops are talking in Arabic...

Cop: We must record statement now...

A DOCTOR ENTERS.

Doctor: (...half Arabic, half English) this is outrageous. The patient needs rest. I have to take him for some tests. Please excuse....

The doctor wheels Vinod out of the room. And we see his face for the first time. **It's the ASSASSIN.**

CUT TO:

SC 83.INT. HOSPITAL LIFT/ CORRIDOR ETC. X-RAY ROOM. DAY.

The Assassin doctor wheels Vinod into a lift. The door shuts..

Doctor: Three bullets and you survived. Do you believe in luck, Mr. Vinod?

Vinod: If I believed in luck doctor, I'd have been dead a long time ago.

Doctor smiles and pulls out a syringe.

We KNOW THIS DOC IS ABOUT TO KILL VINOD. AND WE WONDER HOW VINOD IS GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS SITUATION. (Any guesses???)

Vinod watches as the doctor swabs his wrist and suddenly he sees... on the doctor's wrist... ***A scorpion tattoo.***

The same tattoo we saw in the beginning of the film....***Rajan's Killer.***

Vinod: Nice tattoo!!???

Doctor: Oh we were kids. Saw some Hindi movie about Scorpion gang. We decided to form own gang. Made this tattoo. Damn thing is now stuck for good. (prepares to inject)

Vinod: You got kids, doctor?

Doctor: No....?

Vinod: Thank God.....

AND in a SPLIT SECOND....

HE KICKS THE DOOR INFRONT...PUSHING BACK THE WHEELCHAIR IN FORCE...DISLODGING THE DOC'S BALANCE AND PUSHING HIM BACK TOO WITH MOMENTUM AND PINNING HIM AGAINST THE BACK WALL.... OR HE TOPPLES AND FALLS AS THE WHEELCHAIR GOES OVER HIM.....¹¹

Vinod: Rajan has a daughter. Class IX Kendriya Vidyalaya.. She's a good painter and the prettiest kid on this planet.

The Doctor stares bewildered.

Vinod: Moscow...cybercafé....my colleague...Remember....f*cker?

¹¹ Or any good substitute.

Vinod throttling the guy. The assassin's eyes bulge like KN Singh of yore

Vinod: Come on....any last words????

CUT TO:

Vinod stepping out of the lift in his scrubs...A nurse enters lift....SCREAMS....as the local cops come rushing. TWO ENERGY SHOTS...AND WE CUT TO:

Vinod slips out of a corridor.....

EXT ROAD OUTSIDE MOROCCO HOSPITAL. DAY.

Vinod dashes out in doctor's housecoat. Gets into Zaheer's cab. Any idea where they went....

Flash Cut to:

INT. LIFT. DAY.

Vinod throttling the assassin as he screams RIGAAAAAAAAAAAA

CUT TO:

SUPER: RIGA LATVIA.....

Edgy documentary shots of the city....capturing ambience
.....ending with THE NATIONAL OPERA...

INT. BALLET/OPERA THEATRE. NIGHT.

The SWAN LAKE ballet....in the architectural splendour of the Royal Opera house....

On stage.....an exquisite dance, set to Tchaikowsky's composition.

*Princess Odette feeling doomed.....The swans surround her....
The Prince....feeling terribly sorry.....throws himself into the lake with
her....*

AND

The crowd applauds....

IN THE CROWD....IN THE BOX SEATS....WE SEE IMRAN....AND
IRAM.....she's close to tears....

I VIEWER SHOULD BE THINKING....THE BITCH...CAN CRY???

We hold.

The Imran's eyes sweep from the stage....to the front seats. And
focus on....

..... a FAT MAN seated in the audience....next to two pretty girls.

The box seats.....The door opens and a pair of gorgeous feet
enter.....

A beautiful girl sits next to the Imran.

Split second....and we realize it's NINA. Wearing her Diamond Key
pendant.

She greets Imran and Iram....and opens her laptop.

We intercut....the ballet....with Imran doing a wire transfer of XX
million dollars.

Nina makes a call.....and hands over an envelope to Imran. She
leaves.

The contralto rises

CUT TO

Iram: SO that's why we came here.....

Imran: (pointing to the fat man below in the front seats) We came here because of him.....

We see the fat man....making a pass at the pretty girl next to him. She rises in disgust and moves to another seat.

The fat man....rises....and moves out....

EXT. INT. THE VOODOO CASINO. NIGHT.

IMRAN : His name is Anton Brega...he is chief of airport security here... three broken marriages....complaints of beating up wives, compulsive flirting...

She looks at the IMRAN...who points with his eyes.....IRAM looks round.....

The FAT MAN.... is at one corner table.....serious drinking....

IRAM : interesting character....

IMRAN : He carries his airport security pass card in his left hand inner pocket.....your job will be to swap that card and keep him out of office tomorrow.....think you can do that?...we have other methods...but it should a voluntary staying away where he is reachable by phone.. Or the security protocol kicks in and his code is deactivated.

IRAM looks at IMRAN

Iram: So the bomb comes in tomorrow???

IMRAN: Yes.....if you can get the Pass....and keep that man out of office tomorrow..... think you will be able to seduce him enough to

do that?
Iram stares at IMRAN...

AND IRAM SLAPS THE IMRAN.... surprising us too

Iram: You cheapo! (She takes and throws the glass of wine on him)...how....how dare you!

The restaurant stops to look at them

Iram rises.....unsteady on legs....she is almost near Brega's table

IMRAN also rises.....

Iram: (shouts) Stay away from me..... (She looks at Brega)...Sir Sir...
can you ask this gentleman to leave??

BREGA rises in great fury....

IMRAN stops.....adjusts his coat and walks out.....

Iram looks at Brega..

Iram: Thank.. thank you.....can I just sit here a moment??

CUT TO

EXT. VODOO CASINO. NIGHT.

Outside the restaurant.....

IMRAN waits.....he looks.....

BREGA and IRAM coming out.....both embracing each other...laughing

Brega scowls when he sees IMRAN

IMRAN goes forward....

IMRAN : (tries to drag her away) Josie.....you..i need to talk

Iram pushes IMRAN.....she has also pushed the CARD inside his palm....

IRAM: (shouts) Go away.....

She goes back and holds BREGA

IRAM: Lets let away from here

IMRAN looks at the real CARD in his hand....shouts..

IMRAN: Josie.. I love you...

IRAM looks back.....she winks.

As Iram winks.....

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT RIGA. DAY.

A Baltic Air taxi landing.....

Vinod walks out of the airport.

An Indian waiting for the crowd coming out.....

He sees Vinod....

They come out as they talk....

Roy: Mr. Shastri?? (Vinod looks)...Subonoy Roy..attache here....Mr. Nawaz.. The chief asked me to give you this... (He gives a satellite phone and a packet)

Roy: we sourced an un-traceable gun... (Smiles)...great trouble for last two days.....and if you need any more help...

Vinod looks at him...

Vinod: Any info on those two????

CUT TO

EXT. INT. AVIATION MUSEUM. DAY

The camera moves slowly over the SUKE.

The SUKE is the star. We really give it Greta Garbo Close ups.

Till a hand comes and attaches the GPRS TRANSMITTER.

IN CLOSE UP WE SEE A TRACKER....

AN AERIAL MAP OF RIGA.....A LITTLE FLASHING DOT AT
RIGA AIRCRAFT MUSUEM....

Pull back to see

IMRAN WITH THE TRACKER. AND BESIDES HIM IS JIMMY....OR
SHOULD WE SAY DR SURESH KRISHNA.

HE TOUCHES THE SUKE....

THEY LIFT IT....AND CARRY IT TO A VAN...

A Van...marked in UN colors.....Doctors Without Frontiers

Health Aid to Africa.

IMRAN GIVES JIMMY THE ANTON BREGA PASS CARD. AND
HUGS HIM.

IMRAN : Allah Hafiz...we meet in Delhi 🇮🇳

They embrace.....THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE HEAR OVERT
RELIGIOUS TALK

CUT TO

The truck with JIMMY moves out.....as the Imran goes to his car.

IMRAN: (on phone) Hi Josie...

EXT. RIGA STREET. DAY.

Iram, still in her red gown....leaning against Brega's Merc. In the distance Brega, steps out of a casino.

Iram : WE have been casino hopping....he's won money and now wants to take me home..... what's the plan?

IMRAN: ***Take him to Hotel Metropole..room 403...have booked a room in your name....call when there...you are doing fantastic....***

Iram : Hotel Riga.....got it.

Brega comes running almost with some local delicacy/hot-dog/

Brega: Darling...I am through....now lets go home...

Iram: I have a better plan dear

CUT TO

(OPTIONAL) INT. RAW OFFICE. NAWAZ 's ROOM.....this is required to update and bring plot

NAWAZ looking at the Map of Europe.

SUJITH: We are in touch with the CIA, MI6 and MOSSAD Sir...they are verifying the leads at their end...

NAWAZ: And ISI?

SUJITH is silent.. NAWAZ turns...

SUJITH: well sir.. Brigadier Kayani .. General Iftikhar's staff officer had reported that you had a conversation with Gen Iftikhar the night before..... they believe we had a hand in his killing.....and are not co-operating

NAWAZ: (amazed) are we the only person in the world taking this seriously???? Where is Vinod now??

SUJITH: He is pursuing the lead at Riga sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. INT. HOTEL RIGA. DAY.

Vinod is watching the Hotel from outside. CUT TO:

Iram and Brega in Room 403.

Brega is dancing.....and drinking straight from the bottle. It's a Hindi film track on Iram's phone. ***Meri Jaan mein ne kaha....and Brega is freaking out.***

Iram is humouring him.....Her PHONE rings.

Brega down to boxers. And he has finished the bottle.
He opens Mini Bar....and takes out some more booze. We see a box of chocolates.

Iram: Excuse me...Anton...have to answer this call...

Iram: (on phone with IMRAN) He's going to jump on me any minute now.

CUT TO:

STREET CAFÉ. DAY.

IMRAN getting off car....sits at a café table. Orders a coffee.
Chuckles at her predicament.

IMRAN: Oh I can imagine that. But relax...there are some chocolates in the mini bar. Feed him a couple and he'll go to sleep. Then get out of the room. He'll sleep for a few hours.

Iram: Is the bomb here?

Imran: Any moment now.....you want to see it....??? Feed him the chocolates and get here fast.

CUT BACK TO:

CORRIDOR OF HOTEL.

Iram hangs up... turns to go back to room when she's
.....GRABBED BY VINOD.

Vinod shoves her into a pantry room...HE HAS A GUN TO HER
HEAD

Iram: oh...I am so glad you are alive.....

Vinod SLAPS HER HARD. Even as the welt is forming on her face....

Vinod: Meet me at Golden Farah in twenty minutes???

Iram: Wait....wait...I can explain everything....this man in the room....he is the airport security officer... they are using him to get the bomb in....It'll be here any minute...that's why I'm here with....
(Vinod interrupts)

Vinod: Once you fool me, shame on you... twice you fool me...shame on me....

VINOD hits her again. We should feel the violence in the shots ..in the body language...and of course in the performance. Vinod puts the silencer end on her ear....

VINOD: Iram Parveen Billal is dead. Right. /First this ear. Then the other... you will bleed but live...and when you look in the mirror, you will scream but not be able to hear it. WHERE IS IMRAN...WHERE IS THE BOMB???

There is a rage and madness in Vinod's eyes.....it's almost personal.

Iram: Please....let me explain....

Vinod has his finger on the trigger.....

And suddenly....

KABOOM!

For a nano second....we wonder if he shot her or what....

And then we see...

BREGA'S ROOM HAS BLOWN UP. VINOD AND IRAM rising from the debris....

The BOX OF CHOCOLATES with burning wires....inside....

Vinod: Semtex....

Iram: that bomb was meant to kill me....i owe you my life my Indian friend....

There are people spilling out of rooms...the fire alarm has gone off....the curtains are burning....

Vinod looks at her. And SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CAFÉ. DAY.

We see smoke and debris in third floor windows of hotel room. Smashed panes and burning curtains....traffic halting on street...the works...

We pull back to see IMRAN **watching from a distance.**

He coolly finishes his espresso and leaves a fat tip to the friendly waitress.

EXT. INT. UNSPECIFIED HOTEL. VARIOUS LOCATIONS. DAY.

On TV we see news of the Hotel Riga Explosion. Breaking news...

IMRAN shuts TV....takes the RUBAIYAT and puts into classy briefcase with other things including magazine etc.

IMRAN in lift....emerges at basement.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

IMRAN GETS INTO HIS CAR....

SUDDENLY!

A CAR MADLY SPEEDING TOWARDS HIM....AT THE WHEEL...IS AGENT VINOD.

VINOD RAMS BREGA'S MERC INTO IMRAN'S CAR.....GLASS FLIES AS...

THE AIRBAGS BURST....

THE DRIVER GRAPPLING AIRBAG.....FINDS HIS GUN.

VINOD STEPS OUT.....

The driver fires but is shot dead by Vinod.

AXN SEQUENCE BEGINS:

- Vinod SMASHES Imran's car window....and grabs the briefcase....Inside is the Rubaiyat....

- Vinod takes the Rubaiyat.....moves to his own car.....opens the boot. Inside we see Iram....tied. In wildcat mood. Get me out of here you..... Vinod pulls her out....unties her.
- And goes BACK to Imran who is still struggling to get out.
Vinod: Time for a little chat, Colonel.....

AND THEN Vinod SEES.....IMRAN IS STRUGGLING TO HIDE SOMETHING. Vinod grabs it. It's the TRACKER. With a little moving BLIP.

Vinod stares at Imran....

Is this the suke ON THE TRACKER....???

And suddenly....two cars with goons land up.
And start shooting.

Vinod GRABS Iram.....as they duck behind cars. Vinod shoots a couple of baddies with precise shots. But there are too many of them.

Vinod and Iram make a dash....thru gauntlet of goons...Vinod and Iram.....JUMP DOWN to second level of parking.

Vinod running towards parked cars.....

He hotwires a Yellow Camaro....

And....

DASHES OUT OF THE PARKING LOT.

- VINOD DRIVING THRU STREETS. THE GOONS EXIT THE CAR PARK...BUT Vinod HAS GOT A LEAD.
- INSIDE CAR. Vinod IS CHECKING THE MOVING TRACKER..... “ This has got to be the bomb”
- Vinod driving furiously.

- Intercut: Jimmy driving the UN truck...
- VINOD TAKES A TURN... SOME MORE DRIVING SHOTS.
- IRAM IS TENSE... VINOD IS PURPOSEFUL... HE'S FOLLOWING THE TRACKER ON IMRAN'S PHONE.
- Iram is watching Vinod..... " I must tell you what happened in Morocco.....why I betrayed you?"
- Vinod stares at her...and we cut to:

EXT. INT. KAZAN'S VILLA MOROCCO. DAY.

Brief Flash cuts of Iram entering. She finds Kazan dead. Imran gestures and the assassin grabs her. Is about to kill her.....

WE SEE THE SAME SHOTS WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE....EXCEPT FOR ONE EXTRA SHOT:

IRAM'S POV: In the distance, thru the window....WE SEE THE FIGURE OF FREDDIE KHAMBATTA RUNNING IN.

Iram's VO: I knew that he would spill the beans about both of us in a minute. I just...I decided to expose you....and perhaps save my skin I don't know.....I hoped that Imran would let me live...include me in his plan....trust me....and tell me about the bomb....

WE see: Iram telling Imran about Vinod....
And Freddie bursts in.

Freddie: (blabbering) I am Freddie....that Indian agent...he caught me....trapped me....this girl.....SHE HELPED ME....I DON'T KNOW....sir...are you Kazan...Abu said....

Imran listens to Freddie's babble...and suddenly shoots him.

CUT TO PRESENT.

Iram: He made me make the call to you....and then took away my phone.....I knew I was setting you for a kill.... but was helpless.

I prayed and prayed that you would be ok. In the airport I borrowed someone's phone and tried to call you....

FLASH OF Vinod AT GOLDEN FARAH....GETTING A CALL.
Reaching for the phone.

CUT TO:

In the present
VINOD BRAKES THE CAR....AS A TRAFFIC LIGHT TURNS RED.

Pedestrians crossing.

Vinod looks at Iram. Is she telling the truth? We wonder....perhaps just like he is wondering.

AND SUDDENLY

VINOD GRABS HER....shoves her down...

AS THE SIDE WINDOW BEHIND HER SHATTERS.

A POTATO FACED GOON SPRAYING BULLETS. THE BADDIES HAVE CAUGHT UP.

VINOD STEPS ON THE GAS.....

AND ZIPS HIS WAY THRU RED LIGHT.....SWERVING TO AVOID FAST TRAFFIC....ALMOST HITTING TWO SPEEDING CARS.

THE CHASE BEGINS!!!!!! VARIOUS LOCATIONS. DAY.

- Brief but solid energetic chase...
- As many cuts as we can afford. The goon car banging into Vinod's car... Firing.

- Vinod driving thru one way street. Various angles and cuts.
- Vinod checking GPRS tracker... it's moving. VINOD TAKES A TURN...
- A FAIRLY EMPTY ROAD... Vinod has lead on goon car... And suddenly... second goon car... appears RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.
- A GOON SPRAYS BULLETS ON WINDSCREEN
- SILENCE. The other goon car slowly halts behind...
- Inside Vinod's car. Vinod and Iram low...
- Vinod checks his gun. Two bullets.
- The goons pov: No sign of movement in car.
- The goons advance... and suddenly...
- From bullet hole in windscreen... Vinod shoots an approaching goon.
- And in same instant reverses car....
- Knocking other goon down... going over shot goon's body.
- Vinod RAMS his car into the other car in reverse.....STEPS ON THE GAS....
- AND SMASHES THRU A FENCE....AND DISAPPEARS...
- OTHER SIDE OF STREET....VINOD'S CAR ZIPS OUT.....
- FOLLOWED BY GOONS CAR.....
- WE MOVE WITH GOONS CAR.....
- TO SEE Vinod'S CAMARO IN DISTANCE....ABANDONED.

IT'S EMPTY.

- THE GOONS LOOK.
- In the distance... a tram moving...

INT. TRAM. DAY.

- Vinod checking tracker....Iram sitting.
- THE TRAM STOPS. People get in... get out... And amongst the entrants we see a GOON ENTER.
- Int tram: Even as the Goon approaches....Vinod grabs the upper handle bars....and kicks the goon in the head.
- SCUFFLE IN TRAM. WE REALIZE THAT ANOTHER GOON HAS GOT IN FROM BACK DOOR. HE AIMS GUN AT Vinod AND FIRES....MISSES...
- VINOD AT HIS VICIOUS BEST. Charges thru the crowded tram like a bulldozer without brakes.
- Vinod grabs the second goon and kicks him in the groin....and breaks an arm....and SMASHES THE GUY'S FACE OUT OF THE WINDOW. CHAOS IN TRAM...
- Tram stops. Zapped passengers run out screaming. Amongst them... Vinod and Iram.
- Vinod grabs her hand... escapes into touristy crowd near Riga Dome Square.....
- Vinod to Iram: The tracker is stationary now. It's somewhere here....

OLD TOWN. RIGA. DAY.

- GPRS map of Old Town area.....

- Dissolve to the Old Town area(top angle?) ¹²Down below we see Vinod and Iram hurry on street.
- Iram: Moving MCU....“ Dome Square.....St Peter’s Church ki taraf....”
- Vinod at the Dome Square. ‘Yehin kahin hai...’ He looks around....MUSIC.....
- AND WE SEE A STREET MUSICIAN GIRL....PLAYING LOVELY TUNE.
- Vinod’s POV: Swish pan..... Church....Cafes.....Buildings.....tourists....
- A big truck with LCD screen showing Chaplin silents.
- WE SEE FEW SECONDS OF A CHAPLIN SILENT CLASSIC.
- IN BG. TOURISTS CLICKING PICS....
- A BLACK BMW STOPS....
- POV OF GOONS IN CLOSE UP. The crowded Dome Square. With tourists, street musicians.....the big truck playing Charlie Chaplin silents
- Vinod and Iram going thru narrow street. Look around. Vinod: (moving towards parked cars) It just stopped. It must be in a vehicle...
- The tracker in ECU. The X mark is stationary.
- VINOD examining cars....when suddenly Iram....exclaims: The tracker...it’s moving.
- Vinod looks around.....and in the distance there is an ICE CREAM truck moving.

¹² Should be a good transition.....matching the image on the tracker.

- Vinod moving towards it...when he sees *another car...moving*. He stares.....
- THE GOONS...in the distance.....
- Vinod checks the tracker. Moving.
- Vinod checks his gun. One bullet. FCK!
- In the distance...the goons...with guns under their blazers.
- ALSO...in the distance....a bridal procession approaching...
- Vinod stares....grabs Iram....
- THE MARRIAGE PARTY CLOSER....THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE....THE KIDS AND FLOWERS...AND
- THE TRUMPETING GIRLS.....AND.....
- SUDDENLY!
- VINOD GRABS THE BRIDE. PUTS GUN TO HER HEAD. AND.....AS CROWD SCREAMS....
- FIRES IN AIR
- THE CROWD. ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.
- POV OF GOON 1: A CROWD OF HUNDRED PLUS RUNNING AMOK....TOWARDS HIM....
- AMONGST THEM....VINOD AND IRAM....
- GOON 1 ZAPPED BY ADVANCING STAMPEDE....AND before he knows it....
- VINOD grabs him....and
- BREAKS HIS NECK/ HAND....AND SIMULTANEOUSLY GRABS GUN AND IN SAME INSTANT.....
- FIRES AT GOON TWO....THRU RUNNING CROWD. AND NOW HE SEES.
- IN FRONT OF CHAPLIN TRUCK.... THE THIRD GOON....has grabbed Iram. Goon starts firing indiscriminately....
- THE CROWD HITS THE GROUND....
- GOONS POV.....WHERE IS VINOD?
- AND WE SEE VINOD TOO IS DOWN....
- AMONGST THE DOWN PEOPLE.....VINOD....RAISES GUN GENTLY AND SHOOTS WITH SILENCED AUTOMATIC.
- A MOTHER RUNNING WITH PRAM BLOCKING HIS VIEW.....
- VINOD SHOOTS...
- THE GOON SHOT IN FOREHEAD. He stands still for almost three seconds. And then falls.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ. DAY.

A Helsinki Biker Gang...enjoying beer in a restaurant.
They step out to their enviable bikes.
Get on....and kickstart their bikes. We wonder who these guys
are.....and why we are watching them....

Until we see one of them....searching for his bike.

Biker: (IN FINNISH) where the FUCK is my bike???

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. DAY.

Vinod zipping thru city...on a Harley Davidson.....Iram behind him.
Her hair going crazy....

The bike enters the country side....

Vinod following the Moving Tracker....

Inter cut with

Jimmy driving the DWF truck....(REF: SILENCE OF THE LAMBS
CLIMAX)

Vinod driving....The tracker has stopped.

Vinod reverses....

We see a truck in the distance. Vinod enters the truck.
It's full of sheep. They rush out....

The owner comes rushing out of the petrol pump....

It's not Jimmy. But a stranger. Vinod grabs him....

And pummels him to side of truck....

And frisks him. Stops. Vinod finds THE TRANSMITTER IN HIS POCKET.

The man protests....

Man: I don't know what it is...I don't know ...I don't know.

OPTION: Flash cut of Jimmy bumping into this man...and asking for directions.....and *shoving transmitter in his pocket.*

EXT. UNSPECIFIED COUNTRY AREA. DAY.

Vinod with Iram....HE IS VERY ANGRY.

Vinod: maybe he was lying....maybe Brega's card was used NOT TO GET THE BOMB IN....BUT TO GET IT OUT!!!!

And we CUT TO:

EXT. INT. RIGA AIRPORT CARGO SECTION. DAY.

Jimmy as Dr Suresh Krishna.....enters airport.
A packed carton on his trolley.

Cut to: Documentary shots of CARGO SECTION

JIMMY USES the SECURITY PASS CARD and ENTERS ANTON BREGA'S ROOM. And locks it. We realize that the room has a door directly leading to the tarmac.

Cut to: JIMMY ON TARMAC.

In the distance, an UN PLANE READY FOR TAKE OFF....JIMMY ENTERS.

Official: (examining papers) DR Krishna....we thought you were not going...

Jimmy: got delayed because of this late arrival.

Official: What's in there?

Jimmy: Portable X ray Machine....Item no. 113 in list.

The officer checks. Waves it to the cargo handlers.

We see the SUKE enter the cargo hold of the UN PLANE.
As the hold closes

The PROPELLOR starts.....and we cut to:

COUNTRY SIDE CAFÉ. DAY.

An embassy car stops and the Embassy officer Mr Roy exits...with a Latvian Officer.

They join Vinod and Iram at a table.

Embassy officer: Nine planes had left the airport after Brega's death.
We are checking but until they land...we won't really know.
Meanwhile...the local police is keen on questioning you.

Vinod: (in Hindi) Morocco and Moscow cops too want to question me....Tell him to join the queue. You got the keys?

INT. UNSPECIFIED LOCATION. NIGHT.

A DOCTOR examining Imran's leg.

Doctor: (Russian) Maybe a hairline fracture....i advise rest for a week.
Imran: Thank you doctor....

And strangles the doc in a solid grip with his legs.

The doc falls...Imran rises and performs a Tai Chi movement....to check if his leg is ok....

He looks at the assorted big heavies in the room.
Turns to the guy who looks like their leader.

Imran: You can get rich overnight if you find them.

EXT. INT. HOTEL/HUNTING LODGE. NIGHT.

The Embassy officer exits the place. Gets into his car.

Inside. Cut to:

Close Ups of Vinod and Iram. Under the shower. For a second, we think they are together in the bath.....when

They emerge from different bathrooms.
Beat. As they look at each other. She goes into a room.

Vinod examining the book.

She emerges, dressed differently.

Iram: That officer sure sized me up well. They fit perfectly.

Vinod: I gave him the measurements. I was in your room that first night in Morocco...

She looks at him. Glares.

Vinod: This book....it's just a book of poetry.

Iram: I distinctly heard him say it was the detonator.

Vinod: (sniffing it) I can smell the wires and circuitry....(reads out a circled couplet) I hated poetry even in school.

Iram: It's actually beautiful...it says....(she translates)

VINOD: Did you two stay in the same room?

Iram: Yes....

Vinod: Kuch to hua hoga? Did you sleep with him?

Iram: That's none of your business. I was looking for something....something I could go to the embassy with.

Vinod stares at her...she stares back. We can only try to guess what's going on in their minds.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Iram preparing sandwiches....

Vinod in the background....examining the book against a naked bulb.

Close up of Veggies being cut....

Close up of a drink being poured.

And VERY SUDDENLY, VERY SMOOTHLY WE TRANSITION TO:

Imran: You need some help?

Iram: thanks....so the bomb comes here and then...where does it go from here?

WE ARE IN A RIGA HOTEL SUITE....IRAM AND IMRAN....

***Imran: I am superstitious....i'll tell you once it's here.
Meanwhile....you are doing fantastic.***

HIS PHONE RINGS.

Imran moves out of range.....Unknown to him.....Iram is listening to his conversation. Either she's eavesdropping.....or she's bugged his phone/ or the room.

Imran: Yes Rasool Saab.....Oh great....Karachi....Gazebo....Monday...I'll try to be there....but in any case your money will be there.... (laughs)

CUT TO:

The PRESENT. INT. LODGE. NIGHT.

Vinod: Karachi???? And what if we reach there and you hand me over to the authorities. On the other hand....it may be our only lead.

Iram : YOU STILL DON'T TRUST ME, DO YOU?

Vinod : It's one of my few good habits. I don't trust human beings. OR.....I believed you before Golden Farah.

Iram : Its funny..you and I..but in case its found out that its something they are doing in pakistan.....i just wanted you to know..its not us...just a few...not the country

Vinod : (looks at her) I know.....its always the few.... Tell me about yourself?

Iram: I was born in Rawalpindi. My dad was a shopkeeper....We went to the UK in 95.....after riots destroyed his shop.

Vinod: You stayed in Essex with your cabbie Uncle and your dad worked in a petrol pump....it's all there in Google madam...Tell me something personal.

Iram: (PAUSE) at the age of 23 I fell in love with the wrong man. And ruined my life.

Vinod: What makes you happy? When were you last happy?

Iram: When you slapped me.....I was really happy to see you....I was happy you were alive.

Vinod: You owe me one. And...i saved your life....You owe me two!!

Iram: Whatever you want....I'll come to your Embassy for a debrief...

Vinod: Hey...Do you mind trying to save the world tomorrow?. Right now...you are tired and I'm recovering from two bullets in my back.

Iram: Oh....i want to see.....

Vinod: Please...i'm fine.

Iram: Show me...i'm a doctor....

She almost takes of Vinod's shirt. Exclaims.

She uses booze to clean up the wound.

Vinod is actually enjoying the fuss.

Vinod: Ok....suppose you had a wish right now....what will it be....Personal wish...what would you really like right now....?

Iram: Are you guaranteeing I'll get it?

Vinod: Hmmm....yes....

Iram: Whatever I want....?

Vinod: I'm asking for trouble here. But yes.

Iram: (looks around and spots some cans of soup) I would like a hot soup.

Vinod realizes she's made it easy for him.

CUT TO:

THE SONG STARTS.

VINOD serves her soup. (*Or anything that's visually tasty*)

They are having soup....breaking chunks of bread and dipping into it.
They are hungry.

Iram: HmMMM.....you are a good cook.

Vinod: there's a bomb out there somewhere which can end our countries as we know it....end our lives ...everything So, given this grave situation.....: do you think we should get drunk and make love?¹³

Iram: LAUGHS.

Vinod: The second time I've seen you laugh.

She smiles. She's almost conscious.
There is something in the smile that we love.
It's Iram before she became Ruby.

Iram: Are you waiting for an answer?

Vinod: With bated breath.

Iram: You got a coin....

He gives her a coin.

Iram: Heads.....we have a future together. Tails.....we have tonight together. Done....

Ok...Now switch off the lights.

Vinod: Ok...

HE RISES.....goes to the switchboard.....

¹³ This will be totally different In HINDI..just to get an edgy convo going. In Hindi of course.

CUT TO:

Outside. The lights go off.

CUT TO:

SC 106. SUNRISE. DAY.

BRIGHT LOOMING SUN RISE....IN CLOSE... A PLANE ENTERS
FRAME...PREPARING TO LAND.

SC 107. EXT. PETRELLA AIRPORT - MOGADISHU

One of the smaller airports opened during twelve years closure of the
larger International Airport.

SUPER : MOGADISHU. SOMALIA.

A plane marked UN stands as WE SEE **JIMMY PAKHTUN** WITH A
TOUGH LOOKING BLACK SOLDIER IN CAMOUFLAGE DRESS.

JIMMY hands over a bag. Soldier opens.. it's stuffed with green dollar
notes. He laughs.

Behind are rebel UIC army. Teenagers with bandoliers and weapons.

JIMMY gets up in the front of a bullet ridden pick up truck/ jeep as
two teenagers load the SUITCASE in the back.

SC 108.SOMALIAN LANDSCAPE DAY.

Soldier driving Jimmy and suitcase. We hear Distant gunfire.

JIMMY: Trouble??

Soldier: (smiles) Trouble is money...good for business. Good for
economy.

Iram: Hey India....chai bana....

Outside there's sound of car

Ext. The Woods

A car comes to a stop.

The Embassy Officer gets down...looks at the cottage....wipes his face

he walks to the Cottage...knocks

Int. The Cottage

The Embassy Officer walks in.....looks at them...he wipes his face

The Embassy Officer : We have pass for Talinn...you can leave from there...

Vinod : you brought what i asked you?

He nods.....looks around...

Ext. The Woods

Shapes are closing in.....running...jumping over shrubs

Int. The Cottage

Vinod : You are feeling well.....

The Embassy Officer : yes...why??

Iram comes in..she looks good....

Vinod : Nothing....Lets go...

There's sound of car outside.....heavy..one..two three...

Vinod looks at The Embassy Officer

Vinod : them with you

The Embassy Officer licks his lips....shakes his head

Vinod walks to the window

Ext. The ground outside

Colonel gets down from a car...

Colonel : (shouts) good morning Agent Vinod

Int. Cottage

Vinod : (turns and shouts) DOWN.....

There"s a scuffle....

Iram : Look out....

AND The Embassy Officer has snatched the BOOK and run out.....

Vinod jumps....a flying tackle....

The Embassy Officer rolls over.....

Ext. Ground outside and porch

Scarmbles and somehow reaches ground.....holding the book up....

The Embassy Officer : I have it..I have the book.....don't fire...don't shoot

Vinod : (shouts from door) you fool...NOOOOOO

There are staccato fire from at least three guns....

The Embassy Officer falls.....shivers and stops...

the book falls...

Colonel comes and picks it up....

Colonel : Thank you...

He looks up.....to the cottage

A movement at the door.....fires...

Vinod rolls in

Int. The cottage

Vinod gets up on knee...Iram beside him....

Iram : Is that....

Vinod : the Colonel..and he has got the book back..how extremely stupid of me,.....(he checks the gun) fck...three bullets

Ext. The ground

The Colonel laughs....he says aloud

Colonel : Agent Vinod..i would have much liked the opportunity for a personal meeting..with you and the great lady with you whose name I may not know....however due to this foolishness I am already late by a day..and much as i regret this..i would need bid you goodbye without much ado.....Goodbye agent vinod

He nods.....four guys get down...then run towards the bungalow

Int. Cottage

Vinod looks up....sees them coming.....he rolls to the door

Gets up on one knee.....fires...

Ext. Bungalow ground

One guy is shot through the head he falls....

Others hit the ground.....they look at each other

Vinod is nowhere to be seen.....Vinod checks..two more bullets

The guys nod....then they try to rise....

One rises.....

BANG

He is dead

The rest slowly crawl back....they are facing a deadly crackshot

Int. Cottage

Vinod rolls to Iram...

Vinod : The ammos out.....we need to run...

Iram nods....she takes his hand...

Vinod : There's a window at the back....when i say

Ext. Ground

The Colonel frowns...

Colonel : Very good Agent Vinod....now lets finish this game

Int. Cottage

The window breaks down in a volley of fire...

Vinod stares.....they throw themselves n the ground....

The fire is coming from all sides....

The wine bottle falls and breaks.....Vinod looks at it

Ext. Ground

They have surrounded the cottage...firing....

Wahloo nods....they throw grenades through the broken windows....

Int. Cottage

The grenades fall and roll on the floor strewn with glass and debris

Ext. Ground

They hit the ground as

WHOOOMP

The cottage almost blows up....and catches fire

Imran watches...book in hand

Wahloo comes near

Imran : make sure they are dead....i need to leave now

Wahloo : Nobody can survive that....

Imran hands over a packet of money

Imran : Just earn your money

He gets into the car...it drives off

Wahloo nods.....they team moves in....

Int. Cottage

Its mayhem inside....

The team sifts rubble with shoes..checks.....

One person removes rubble.....he is foxed....

There's a trapdoor....to the winecellar

He leans to see...WHEN

A single shot from under the door runs through his head

The others stop as the trapdoor opens and

VINOD rolls out..grabs the guys Uzi.....sits up on one knee and fires

Int. Inside Winecellar

Iram..covered in dust

Int. Cottage

Iram come out...all are dead....

Vinod comes out with her....

Wahloo is walking away...shot....

he turns...looks at them....he is bleeding from the mouth..he falls

Iram : They...they are all dead?..you killed them..

Vinod : Didn't have much choice....(he finds The Embassy Officer' body..picks up TWO PASSPORTS. Looks at her)

The song CONTINUES.....as they make a dash across the woods....
And reach a highway...flag down a truck....

Iram : What do we do now??

Vinod : (smiles) lets get married.....

CUT TO:

SC 109. EXT. INT. KARACHI AIRPORT.

A heavily guarded airport.... almost on hair-trigger.... A recorded announcement in chaste Urdu... *"Musafir's are welcome in the land of Pakistan....the land of peace... of divine grace ... the land of high mountains and seven rivers....."*

A line of visitors.. foreigners get the 30 days visa on arrival the counter clerk looks up to see

Iram....face wrapped in a dark chador....dark clothes...eyes red
....Vinod in stubble.....business suit.. holding her.... In his other hand...a newspaper.

Airport officer studies their passports....

Officer: British??? Reasons for visiting...?

Iram suddenly starts sobbing...but controlled....

Vinod pushes some newspapers..... *List of casualties.*

Vinod: Nizam Ishaq Khan....if you hurry my wife will be able to see her grandfather or whatever's left of him.....

Iram now lays her head on Vinod's shoulder and tears flow silently....

The officer turns his gaze away.. stamps the passport....scribbles a note on a piece of paper....

Officer: my condolences...now if you need to stay for more than 30 days...go visit the nearest police station.. it will be done...

Vinod: Shukriya....

Vinod walks away supporting Iram...

SC 110.EXT. STREETS. INT. CAB.

Vinod: You were superb.....Hey....we are out...

Iram is still crying.

Iram: Don't.....maybe I'm crying for the 30 who died...for the 90 in Glasgow. for my country .. for me.....

Vinod: Sorry I'm sometimes insensitive..... (checks road map)
You can cry for another seven minutes.

She looks up

Through her tears she smiles..

He catches her hand...

as we cut to

SC 111.EXT. ARABIAN SEA. DAY.

High Seas. Panoramic 70mm shot of a huge ship. HMS
MERCURY..... In the distance....a speedboat is approaching.

In the boat. We see JIMMY. And the suitcase bomb. On the sound of
a victorious TRUMPET.. MUSIC.....

CUT TO:

SC 112.EXT. INT. THE GAZEBO. (LOCATION ALERT: this
location can be Gazebo...or Boat Club Karachi. Or a CANTONMENT
AREA near Chopper base.)

A TRUMPET IN CLOSE UP.

A board says LAL CHOWK in foreground. In BG we see a hotel with decorative lights.

The GAZEBO.....A BRASS BAND IS WEAVING IT'S WAY TO THE ENTRANCE. WITH THE GROOM....IN A SKY BLUE OPEN FANCY CAR.

Decorative lamps and a board says: *KHUSHNUMA WEDS SULEIMAN*

Massive security. Every entrant to the place is being frisked. Every card checked by some tough army types.

Vinod....with a big bouquet moving around with Iram.

Vinod: Hmmm....a bit tricky getting in.

And suddenly..... A hand grabs Vinod.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

It's FARAH. Farah Feqqesh, the wriggling sack beauty. Whom we saw in the beginning....

Vinod: Farah Feqqesh....hello....what a surprise???

Farah: I still have your shirt *And I know that Resul Pookuty...is not your real name.* (to Iram) Hello I'm Farah....?

Iram: Hi...I'm Iram.

Farah: (to Vinod) So who have you come to rescue today? I heard some big shots are coming for the wedding....That's why there's this extra security..... (whispers) it's AMIN BHAI'S son's wedding...

Vinod: Can you get us inside?

Farah: *Demand my life and it's yours my savior. Of course I will get you inside. (to Iram) . Can you sing and dance a little? of course you can...(to Vinod) and you....what can you do???*

Vinod : I know what I can do....think you can flirt with that commado?

Farah looks

CUT TO:

EXT Gazebo

There is sudden pulling up of security etc...as a Pak army car drives in.....the driver comes out and smartly salutes....

Kayani comes out..he is dressed in Civvies....

The host comes out and almost bows..

Kayani : Pasha is here??

Host : Bhai will be coming in soon sir....

SC 113.INT. GAZEBO. SONG. NIGHT.

SONG. A SNAZZY MUJRA/ QUAWALI WITH A MODERN FLAVOUR.

Farah is singing..... and Iram is the second with her....

We wonder where Vinod is..and then.....We see him..dressed as Pakistani Security...speaking authoratively in Urdu on walkke talkie....

(A Cut of an officer..tightly gagged..inside a laundry casket??)

THE SONG HAS TO BE A RUMBUSTIOUS NUMBER...

Vinod looks around.....Iram has started dancing.....

There is another hustle.....

A portly man enters.....full contingent of baddies.....

The Host is floored...goes to him.....

There's crowd.....

Vinod gets there..pushes people around....

Iram is dancing close....

Kayani embraces Pasha....

Iram drops something in Pasha's loose Kurta....

A BUG.

(OPTION: WE MAY NEVER SEE PASHA CLEARLY...since we want to suggest it's Da??ood.)

They sit.....as Pasha goes and embraces the son and bride...

He talks in the melle...

Pasha : What was the shipment??

Kayani : A shipload of RDX..Kashmir...

Pasha : You should have asked my permission....before you used Mercury

Kayani : Permission?? (he arches his eye brows)

The weather is not all good between old war-dog of rogue ISI and the global asset of all fcking baddies!!!!

Pasha grimaces....

Pasha : But you want my help to clear it from the port.....???Ask your hothead to think politics not crackers in a shaadi

Kayani : Yes...I will ask them to sit in AC rooms and bet on cricket

Pasha shrugs..looks at the briefcase...he takes the briefcase....doesn;t even open..passes to the host....a deliberate gesture to slight Kayani..

Pasha : For your son's honeymoon....(he turns to Kayani) tomorrow morning where....?

The crowd goes wild....Salim embraces Pasha almost...

Vinod can't hear anything.....too much noise....

Kayani turns and leaves...

Vinod winks at Iram....

He follows Kayani out... Kayani has a bodyguard

Kayani goes inside a lift.....

Vinod hits a sudden blow to the bodyguard..he falls.....

Vinod enters lift....Iram too...

Int . Inside Lift

Kayani is surprised....looks at them...

Kayani : What is this?

Vinod : With the compliments of the host....she's your for the night sir.

Kayani: What nonsense....

Vinod presses his gun to him.....

Kayani (zapped) : who are you...

Int. The Lobby

They come out of the lobby.....Kayani with a gun behind him by a security chap....

For a second people are zapped....

Vinod : (speaks to all) Brigadier Kayani is arrested for anti-national activities.....and on charges of killing general Iftekaar....please move aside...

They are stunned...

Kayani : (as he walks) I demand to talk to General Malik....

They are outside...Kayani's car comes in..

The guard comes down and is surprised...

A person comes running down in the lobby..he shouts...

Person : Major Asif is found upstairs..this guy is a fake.....hold him!!!

Iram kicks Kayani in the groin. He buckles and Vinod pushes him inside.

Vinod hits the guard.....turns and fires.....the men inside jump to the floor..

Vinod is in the car....

It speeds out like bat out of hell....

Sounds of consternation at the back....

As we see commando in vest and shorts running towards them screaming to stop the car.

SC 115.INT CAR. NIGHT.

Vinod: (gun to Kayani) Ok....you're going to talk. Where's the suke right now....which port is it going to in India?

Kayani: Who are you....You think you can get away with this...?...

Vinod: With your help....i think so Sir. (To Iram) Close your eyes. .

He hits Kayani.....who collapses

Iram : (picks a maritime map)..There's a map here.....do you think it will help....

SC 116.MILITARY BASE:

A Pakistani Ranger beside a chopper

The guard's reaction. He stares.

What he sees.....a car coming towards the chopper at breakneck speed. It swerves....and then leaves road to rush on grass towards chopper. Behind another car is coming...it can't control and bangs against a lamp-post. The guard takes out his AK 47....not sure what is happening. The Car comes to a stop.....boardside on. Doors open.

Kayani is pushed outside...Guard raises gun...cannot shoot. VINOD has a gun to Kayani.

Mid shot of Vinod and Kayani.....Kayani caught in a strangling-grip....gun pressed hard at his temple.

Commandos are emerging from other car.....they are running...with guns

The other door opens.....iram coming out...guard momentarily distracted..looks at other door....

Vinod shoots.....guard hit on shoulder...collapses.....

Vinod shouts at IRAM...pushes Kayani towards the chopper.....Iram running

Another car takes the bend.....manages NOT to hit the stationary car....turns..on grass now and coming towards them.....

Suddenly Pilot appears on the head of stairs.....raised gun....FIRING

KAYANI HIT as bullets plunge into him.....

Vinod shoots from behind Kayani's back.....ONCE TWICE
Pilot is dead...rolls down.....

VINOD looks at IRAM....QUICK...get him in....

IRAM : That was the Pilot

VINOD : GET IN

IRAM : you can fly that??

Commandos come running.....what they see.....the chopper door closes

They fires.....bullets ping from chopper body.....THEN

ROTOR BLADE STARTS

Blast hits them.....they are too near.....they duck.....hit the ground....

(IN CHOPPER) VINOD (looking Back, enjoying).HOLD
ON.....whooooooooo

(FROM INSIDE CHOPPER) Skyline chages as Chopper lifts.....

(FROM INSIDE CHOPPER) The ground...the cars....men lying on ground..some men firing.....becoming smaller and smaller

CLOSE UP AS A BULLET ENTERS THE TANK.....THE FUEL
COMING OUT

(FROM GROUND) Chopper lifts off and goes.....

One man gets up.....beside him men have taken out their small arms
and firing to the sky..the man in foreground is one phone.....gazab
ho gaya....

CHOPPER IN SKY

CU of Kayani's face. He is sweating.

Mid shot....Iram holding Kayani....the chopper flying in the night
sky...she looks..we can see Back of Vinod...piloting..he looks back....

VINOD : How is he??

IRAM : Bad.....

VINOD : Shit.....He must not die....he knows where its going

IRAM looks at him.....KAYANI's head roll down
IRAM face,,,aghast:

IRAM: He is dead.....Now what???

CU of VINOD's hand.....switches on the radio.....

Mid shot..VINOD wears the head-piece.....IRAM enters
frame.....holding the seatback

VINOD : We need to stop the ship.....

IRAM : The map marked Alang..what is Alang

Vinod looks at her..exclaims

VINOD : Heck....its the ship-breaking yard..only old ships go
there..but of course...

Long shot of Chopper...flying in night.....flying low

From ground.....ITS REALLY FLYING LOW

CU of VINOD.....talking in the radio

VINOD : Delhi.....MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY stop ship
HMS MERCURY..heading north to ALANG....ship carrying
explosives...to reach in thirty minutes....(repeats)

Radio bursts into clatter.....Indistinct chatter

Mid Shot VINOD and IRAM...flying...

VINOD : Kayani has a satellite phone.....

IRAM unbuckles and goes

IRAM inside..getting Satellite phone from Kayani.....chopper
tilts...She holds rack

(CUTS TO HASAN NAWAZ GETTING VINOD'S CALL)

Suddenly from the horizon TWO helicopter gunships rise.....

A blast of bullets.....the hull is damaged...Vinod turns and
dives....the gunships after him

Iram: They are firing...

Vinod : Gunships don't give out icecreams.....

There's a built up area down below.....Vinod dives towards that....

People are running as they see a chopper skim on the surface
almost.....in turn being shot at by two choppers flying on top....

Perspective from a Pak chopper...Vinod's chopper turns a bend....

The chopper ...is firing..turns.....and dives

Vinod is not there...

For a second the chopper hovers...till somebody shouts....

Vindod has appeared behind and above

Vinod cocks his gun.....

Iram : (shouts) Look out....

The other gunship comes from the back.....two tubes flash....

Two rockets come...as VINOD

Yanks the chopper up.....

And the missiles slam in the gunship below

A flash of fire.....

Vinod is holding strong as the chopper is lifted by the blast's air....

Vinod is flying through open country.....the shadow on scrubs....and a much larger and bigger shadow coming up fast behind...

A bleep.....Iram points... CU Fuel Gauge ... LOW

Vinod : We sprang a leak....

Iram looks at him.....

Iram : Now??

Vinod smiles....

Vinod : In case we don't meet ... it was fun knowing you..really....

He turns the chopper in a tight good circle and rises to face the gunship....

For a second the gunship crew is startled as the chopper comes flying towards it.....the unseemingly David versus the Goliath....

Then they fire from the machine guns.....AS

Vinod yanks the chopper still higher as the bullets miss....two pinging on the plexiglass and cracking the windshield....

The gunship pilot curses and readies the missile tubes WHEN

Vinod rises higher...he is passing the gunship below..he turns again..and he is just above the gunship....

The gunship crew is zapped for a moment...

Vinod switches the fuel switch....

Jettison fuel....

And almost the last drops fall on the gunship rotor.....

The gunship increase speed....

Vinod sees the dark hulk and the rotor speed by from under him....

In the last synchronized move perfected more by instinct than by wisdom...he draws the VERY pistol from the singaller box.....breaks the windshied...fires the VERY towards the gunship rotor and turns the chopper away.....

EVEN as the fuel gauze hits ZERO and alarm sounds everywhere

As the gunship passes.....the VERY strikes the rotor.....in an exploding ball of fire the petrol catches fire and hits the rotor blades.....making the armoured blade twist

The pilots scream as the gunship swings out of control.....ALARM rings

Like a big bird of pray..the gunship wobbles across the sky to hit a high tension wire and burst into a brilliant orange explosion.

FROM OUTSIDE

VINOD's CHOPPER LANDS IN THE EMPTY DESERT PLACE

Door opens.....VINOD and IRAM jump down.

The look. Lights from far.....two jeeps coming down...one turns to go the burning wreck near the horizon....one is coming this side

Vinod : The party's on.....We are still in Pakistan...

CUT TO

Jeeps arrive. And we see they are Pakistani Rangers.

CHOPPER STANDING. Rangers come down.....two of them..one remains in the jeep

They see IRAM sitting on the sand.....

RANGER1: this is a government chopper.....

RANGER2: Is this the stolen one??

IRAM looks up...

IRAM: I am from ISI.....Brigadier Kayani is dead...the terrorist.. the India terrorist is dead.. Please help me...I am bleeding...

One RANGER goes to her.....helps her stand up...

Another focus torch inside the chopper...sees KAYANI.....turns... VINOD.....light on his face...

He looks to the other side... climbs up....gun is down....

He reaches the flight deck...suddenly turns...

VINOD is standing behind him....VINOD hits....then holds him... guy collapses...

OUTSIDE...One RANGER is walking IRAM to JEEP....

VINOD gets down...gun aimed...

VINOD: we will take it from here....

The Two RANGERS look.....

CUT TO

The JEEP goes.....two rangers on the ground... bound and gagged.....

The radio crackles.....somebody from control and the other ranger jeep tries to know what is happening.....

Vinod : (speaks rapidly in Urdu) The terrorist is dead...we are getting Brigadier Kayani to a hospital.....the chopper is out of fuel..

VINOD looks at the MAP...

VINOD: we are 40 miles from the border.....

IRAM: Maybe I get down here.....

VINOD: You feel you are betraying your country? The enemy is the one who is putting the bomb...can you can stop him by staying back??

They look at each other....IRAM looks away...

The JEEP runs fast....raising cloud of dust

CUT TO

The barbed wire fence in Indian side..... A roar.....The BSF post looks out.....a dust cloud in no man's land.....a jeep coming down.....its showing no sign of slowing...

BSF GUARDS.....TAKE POSITIONS.....PREPARE TO SHOOT.....

VINOD: (to Iram) put your head down.....

With a crash the Jeep breaks through the Pak side of barbed wire.....goes some distance and stops.... In NO MAN'S LAND.

The SENTRY starts running towards the JEEP....ALARM blares....

JAWANS start crawling out of BUNKERS

VINOD and IRAM emerge in a spot FLODDERED WITH LIGHT.....GUNS TRAINED ON THEM

VINOD: Agent Vinod.....I need to contact Delhi immediately

SC 121. ALANG. EXT. PORT AREA. NIGHT. 4.30 am. / DAWN

There is silence all around. Two sleepy cops in a battered jeep. With a .303 rifle.

Cop: Saab....yahan sab shaanti hai....koi Ashanti nahin.....(hangs up) Rukne ko bola hai.

SC 122. DESOLATE BEACH ON GUJARAT COAST. NIGHT.

JIMMY WITH GAJJA. AND THE SUKE....two men cart it to a car/ MILK TRUCK...(ANY OTHER INTERESTING CARGO) .

CUT TO:

SC 123. EXT. NEW DELHI CONNAUGHT PLACE. DAY.

We hold on the routine and bustle....and then we see...the man standing idly outside a cinema hall....is IMRAN....in a subtle disguise.

Another guy comes to greet him. This is SARFARAZ though we will know that only later.

WE CUT TO:

SC 124. INT. RAW OFFICE. EVENING. Bourne mood.

Footsteps along the corridor....

The door opens...Hasan Nawaz, , Cabinet Secretary Bhargava and Pakistan High Commissioner His Excellency Alay Khan.

Bhargava: I am Bhargava... the cabinet Secretary.....and this is His Excellency Alay Khan... Pakistan High Commissioner....

Alay Khan: Agent Vinod.. Do you realize by your actions last night AND your statement..... you can put India and Pakistan to war.

VINOD: Yes sir...

Bhargava: We have no evidence of this bomb conspiracy.....

Vinod: If we wait long enough Sir there will be evidence enough and a war too...

ALAY KHAN: General Inftekaar had put Brigadier Kayani under suspension.....his actions cannot be linked with our government.....

IRAM: But we found him in Karachi dealing with Suke delivery

ALAY KHAN: (butts in ... to Bhargava) She is the terrorist MI6 informed us about sir....they plan to extradite her tomorrow...

IRAM: (bursts) I am NOT a terrorist...I am a Pakistani born in Britain... and I have had bombs eat through my life....destroy whatever I was.....the same that they plan to do with both our countries tomorrow if we just sit here doing nothing but point fingers at each other.....

BHARGAVA: (to ALAY KHAN) Excellency...We must try everything at our means to nab these guys...our agencies are being put on alert...i will be happy if you can join the effort...

ALAY KHAN: I will be glad to....but there is little we can do here....

VINOD: You can instruct the ISI's LET manager in the high commission to work with us Excellency

ALAY KHAN has a smug smile

ALAY: There is no such officer there young man.....we do not deal with terrorists

VINOD looks at Nawaz.

NAWAZ: Sir Alay Khan ...if tomorrow the Bomb goes off at 10.00...India will retaliate within an hour... there is enough ISI connection to justify and demand that strike.....possibly it will be more than one missile....within two hours Pakistan can retaliate and so will India....by the time the world stops us in the evening Sir..... there will be more than 60 lakh people dead in both our countries ... with more than 10 cities destroyed..... **AND IF...IF the Pakistan government says that ISI is not involved may be this will be the only time it can prove this....**

Alay Khan stares at him.....He takes a deep breath.....He takes out his phone

ALAY KHAN: (grim) I will ask Major Abbas

He goes out.....on the phone

NAWAZ: (TO Vinod): You have a plan???

VINOD: No Sir...but we have HER.....

IRAM looks...

ZOOM TO MAP AND

DISSOLVE TO:

SC 125. EXT. HIGHWAY. EVENING.

A MILESTONE....

MATHURA

0

DELHI

311

SC 126. INT. CAR/TRUCK. ON HIGHWAY. DAY/EVENING.

Jimmy Pakhtun on road. The van speeding thru the night. In the back....is the SUITCASE BOMB.

Jimmy and Gajja are trading vintage Hindi songs.... They bond when they discover that they both love Mohammed Rafi. Jimmy singing an old Pashtun number by Mohd. Rafi. A song, ironically, from Bimal Roy's Kabuliwala.

Jimmy: *Oya Qurbaan. Oya Qurbaan, hai aankhen jhenjhal
bharki...ya nargis-e- mastana...dekhe huen us budh ko....ab ho gaya
zamana...*¹⁴

Jimmy is a good singer. Gajja in raptures. Joins in chorus.

Only the driver seems to not pay attention. The music enthusiasts fail to notice that the driver has fallen asleep at the wheel.

The car speeds across the highway. And suddenly there is a major crash in the distance.

CUT TO:

SC 127. EXTREME CLOSE UP.

A Kieslowskian image of sudden and grotesque death.
Would be great to have MILK or ORANGES or STREWN ON
ROAD.

¹⁴ Pls watch on www.youtube.com

A bloody JIMMY rises. His leg is clearly broken. His phone is missing.

The driver is dead. Jimmy sees Gajja struggling. 'Help me.....'
Jimmy shoots Gajja.

In the distance....a truck is approaching. Jimmy drags self and suitcase into a wet field. He starts crawling.

SC 128. EXT. VASANT KUNJ COLONY. + INT CAR. NIGHT.

Vinod, Iram in a car. Sundar is driving. He stops at a junction.

Vinod:..... he's a high level LeT sleeper. This can be extremely dangerous.

Sundar: Cant we wire her?

Iram: Dicey...I don't think I should even take a phone. (hands to Vinod)

Vinod: *You're on your own pal...If we don't hear from you in 30 minutes, we come in.*

Iram: (getting out) Chill, I'll be fine.

She gets out. In the background is a covered Tempo. BRITTANIA BREAD.

Inside are a dozen commandoes.

SC 129. EXT. INT. 27 VASANT KUNJ HOUSE. *(Chungking Express mood)*

A strictly middle class house.

A woman is cooking in kitchen.

A little girl practicing the violin. Ek pyaar ka naghma hai...tune..

A 50-ish man watching TV as he gives himself an insulin shot.

This is **AFZAL GURU.**

KNOCK ON DOOR.

Afzal rises to open it.

Afzal zapped to see **IRAM STANDING THERE.**

Iram: (FRANTIC) Someone betrayed us. We got separated. I have to contact him urgently....

The wife and kid stare at Iram.

Afzal: Contact who?

Iram: My partner...Imran....

Afzal: Who Imran? But why did you come here?

Iram: i was told to contact you...

Afzal: Contact me??? What are you saying?

Iram: It's about the BIG JOB TOMORROW...

Afzal: What big job??? I don't know what you are talking about? ***I ...I am calling the police..***

Afzal goes to the phone. Picks it up. Iram 'confused'.

Iram: This is 27 Vasant Kunj, isn't it? You are Afzal...?? Do you know who I am?? I'm Iram....Glasgow.....

Iram : if you don't believe me call Major Abbas..how do you think I knew about you?

Afzal: (angry) What Major Abbas? Who are you....I don't know what you are talking about lady....why are you HERE? Get out...OUT I say.....

He comes to her menacingly.

Afzal: GET OUT...I SAY....(whispers) ***...come to the balcony...***

CUT TO:

SC 130. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Vinod and Sundar unobtrusively in distance....watching the house.

Vinod: I think we should go in?

Sundar: Relax...Vinod. Its only fifteen minutes....

Vinod: You fucking relax. **(snaps)** You want a foot massage, mother fucker?

SC 131. BALCONY.

Afzal is making FURIOUS calls. Thru window, Iram is watching the kid play violin... and listening to Afzal...

The kid smiles at Iram.

Iram: She plays very well...

Mother: She's playing in School function...on Sunday.

PARADISE NOW mood.

We don't hear everything Afzal says....Just snatches.

Afzal: *Who? Sarfaraz??? You sure? Why didn't you tell me ? where is Sarfaraz.....*

Suddenly, he rises, somewhat angry.

Afzal: Come....let's go...

Afzal's wife: (PANICING) Arre eat your food and go...you have already taken injection...

Afzal hesitates and then nods....

Afzal: (to Iram) you must be hungry too.....

CUT TO:

SC 132. EXT. VASANT KUNJ APT. NIGHT. (Very brief scene if at all reqd)

Vinod takes out his gun and walks towards the Apartment. As he's about to enter, he sees Afzal and Iram come down.

Vinod and Iram exchange glance....

AFZAL KICKS HIS SCOOTER.....

CUT TO:

SC 133. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. (consider option of Sewing Machine Factory.)

A MAN WAITING at an auto. He is Sarfaraz.

Sarfaraz: Sorry Afzal Bhai...I didn't think it was any big deal to report....Kayani saab called two days back. Said someone needs a place and car for couple of days. To help.

Iram: (shows Imran's picture) Is this the guy?

Sarfaraz: Yes.....But he looks different. He didn't say nothing ***about any BIG JOB tomorrow.***

Afzal: Where is he?

Sarfaraz: I just put him in Hotel Pride.

Iram: Let's go there...

CUT TO

SC 134. EXT INT. HOTEL PRIDE CONNAUGHT PLACE. NIGHT. ¹⁵

¹⁵ We can take Mohalla here and dress it up. Nice NEON Hotel Pride.

Imran in his disguise.

He surfs TV. Stops at a news clip on Sir Jagadeshwar Metla.

Sir Jagadeshwar Metla on TV.

Interviewer: So is it true that you began with 40 rupees when you first came to Mumbai?

Metla: (tells a little anecdote...about drive and ambition. Chicken Soup tale.)

*IMRAN and I, viewer WATCH THE PROGRAMME
CURIOUSLY...Why do they keep showing his Metla? Is he the
villain? Yessss. He must be.*

Wonder what happens next.

.....as the door opens. A Nepali boy enters with some food.

CUT TO:

SC 135. EXT. INT. JOGINDER FARM HOUSE. NIGHT.

Bedroom. An elderly sardar watching ***Dr Zhivago*** on Star Movies. His wife in a gory maxi, asleep next to him. Quiet theme music broken by....SUDDEN DOG BARKING.

And just as Omar Sharif is about to kiss Julie Christie, the Sardar rises.

CUT TO:

The light comes on. The Sardar steps out.

Sardar: ***TYSON***.....??

Jimmy shoots. A loud report...shatters the night.
We cut to Sardar's wife stirring.

CUT TO:

She comes down the stairs to see a bloody muddy Jimmy on the phone.

Jimmy stares at her....First time we see Jimmy in this sequence.

CUT TO:

SC 136. EXT. INT. HOTEL PRIDE. Connaught Place NIGHT.

An autorikshaw stops....In the distance, Vinod discreetly stops too.

Iram, Afzal, Sarfaraz enter the Lodge.

Sarfaraz leads...up to Imran's room. And knocks.

Iram hears sound of door bolt...She clenches the hidden razor in her hand.

The door opens. It's the Nepali adolescent.

Sarfaraz: Dev ...is that saab here?

Dev: He went out twenty minutes back...

Sarfaraz: Any idea where?

Dev: (shrugs) didn't say....went by car...

Sarfaraz: I gave him the white Indigo 8679

Afzal and Sarfaraz confer....As

Iram looks around. She opens a cupboard....AND FINDS.... A SOLID INDICATION OF IMRAN'S PRESENCE. His laptop / jacket or something like that.

She's trembling with excitement.

Iram asks Afzal for his phone....

Iram: Hello...Major Abbas....God bless. I found him. He's not there but it's his place. (Low) He's taken a White Indigo No XXXX.

She returns the phone to Afzal...who immediately checks the no...YES IT IS ABBAS

SC 137. EXT. SAME LOCATION.+ MONTAGE

Vinod BARKING ORDERS.

Sundar calls CONTROL ROOM.

Sundar: White Indigo No 7689....BOLO (*Be On Look Out*) .

Ultra Brief Shots of control room/ wireless process.

A burst of activity.

"White indigo No XXXX left Gurgaon Tollnaka half an hour back...towards Jaipur Highway.'

CUT TO:

SC 138. EXT. INT. JOGINDER FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

We see the White Indigo NO XXXX parked outside the farmhouse.

A chopper lands on field, freaking out some standing sleeping horses.
¹⁶

Vinod and cops RUSH IN....GUNS IN HAND.

Inside the farmhouse....We see dead Sardar and wife....And three other dead men....in their undergarments.

Vinod stares at the corpses. (SMARTLY REALIZES...HOW?)

Vinod: Cops!!!! They've left in a cop vehicle.

¹⁶ Any alternative? Have déjà vu on choppers.

CUT TO:

SC 139. MANESAR TOLL NAKA. DAWN. (NOW IT'S ALL PACE AND CUTS)

A POLICE JEEP STOPS AT CHECK POST.

Two hawaldars salute. We see....

IMRAN IS IN THE COP'S UNIFORM.

Imran: It's an emergency.

We see Jimmy Pakhtun in the back of the jeep. Bleeding.

Cop waves police jeep thru.

The van enters DELHI CITY LIMITS.

We see the SUITCASE. Burst of music.

CUT TO:

SC 140. EXT. CITY SKY. DAWN BREAKING

Vinod in helicopter...we see two more in near vicinity

Vinod : Tollnaka 35 confirmed passing of injured policeman twenty minutes back. they can be anywhere in the city now....request full nuclear drill.....

SC 141. INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Nawaz turns to everybody in room...

Nawaz : We need to initiate Full nuclear alert.....start armed force reactions. I will brief the defence Secy and the PM. Please advise Lt Governor and the Chief Minister to consider city evacuation..

Alay khan pales....Major Abbas gulps...

Bhargava : (draws Nawaz aside) There's a full session of parliament today....everybody attending...the no-confidence motion is scheduled....

(OR CAN BE BUDGET SESSION....WHICH WILL PRETTY MUCH FIX DATE AND CERTAIN LOGISTICS)

Nawaz's face falls

Nawaz : Oh my God !!!!

SC 142. EXT. DELHI the '24' cuts.

1. Three choppers fly round the sky....one or two real low
2. People look up..an old woman...
3. Tourists taking photo..turn to chopper...
4. A man is shouting on phone : Of 50 Geiger Counters..20 are out of operation...30 are out....Dogs?? what will I do with Dogs??? Can dogs smell radiation??
5. Hasan Nawaz and Bhargava walk down parliament...

SC 143. INT. DELHI HOSPITAL OR BUNGALOW.

(option/alternative to HOSPITAL in earlier drafts. Hospital has to be AIMMS type bustling hospital. Not boutique)

Suddenly the morning here is bright and beautiful....its an upper story room....

COLONEL swabs the injection shot...JIMMY nods...

He rises.....goes to a table..gently opens the box...

Jimmy : Is it ok??

Colonel : (opens) These were designed to survive battlefield.....

We see the SUKE FULL....its intact..!!!

Colonel passes the book.....then activates the timer....

He presses a button..the timer starts..he closes the lid

Colonel puts a gun beside Jimmy...takes out the little camera...goes back...mounts it.....motions to Jimmy...Now Jimmy and Suke are in the same frame

Colonel : Before you start...you must know you do not have much time..I have brought the time forward.....you will need to hold till then...

Jimmy: Don't worry about anything..I am a soldier.. Please take care of my family.

Imran : I will...(he nods) you can start.....stop when you are over

Jimmy : (starts) I die happy at the blow I deliver to the evil empire....

Colonel crosses room and enters another

He picks up a phone

Colonel : He is taping his speech....i have pre-poned the time....we are moving to Plan B....(he listens..smiles) I don't think we have options....

SC 144. EXT. DELHI STREET

Vinod and a group arrive near the car.....its in a parking lot...

A person shows him the Geiger.....a faint movement...

Person : Its too faint....whatever it is its well encased....you can't search based on this...

Vinod comes out..looks....

Houses

Cars
Roads

Sundar comes and stops...a police officer behind....

Sundar hands the map to him....

Sundar : we are here.....he can be anywhere....and these are all within 10km of janpath....

Police Officer : 10km...is this..?????

Vinod : Yes...it's a nuclear bomb..and if we don't find it..we are all dead.....

SC 145. INT. PARILAMENT CHAMBER

Hasan Nawaz and Bhargava along with a Commando chief go to the chair and speak.....some MP is shouting..others are shouting too....

The speaker rises.....nods..the PM get up..the Opposition Head also...they confer...

Then they go back....nod

Speaker takes a deep breath....

Speaker : I have ordered the TV to be switched off for this declaration...there is a full nuclear alert in Delhi now...there is a threat of nuclear explosion....despite the request of the security agencies I have decided that the session will continue but if any individual member is willing to leave..

One MP leaps up...

MP : this is ploy to make us leave.....we will all stay and vote..

Great shouting...

Speaker smiles

Speaker : Thank you Mr Nawaz. best of luck...the parliament will remain in session...please continue with your duties

Nawaz hesitates...then smiles...

Nawaz : Jai Hind sir...

Bhargava walks to the PM

Bhargava : With all due respect Sir..you will need to come with us.if the Bomb goes off..we may need to launch counter strike....your presence will be required..

PM stares at him

SC 143. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Imran is in a cab...

Imran: Safdarjung Flying Club.

From his wallet he pulls out literally a dozen SIM CARDS. He inserts one in his phone.

SC 144. EXT. DELHI ROADS.

The abandoned Police Jeep. Sniffer dogs all around it.
Vinod and team watching.
As a Geiger counter team arrives.

SC 145. INT. CAB. DAY.

Colonel takes out a MAP OF DELHI.

A RED CIRCLE MARKED WHERE THE BUMGALOW IS...

HOTEL PRIDE IS OUT OF THAT ZONE....IN A GREEN ZONE.

**SC 146. EXT. INT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE SAFDARJUNG
AIRPORT. DAY.**

Colonel makes a call.

Colonel: (with map in hand) Hello Sarfaraz....can you come to
Place (IN RED ZONE) in half an hour.

He crosses that place.....

SC 147. INT. PRIDE HOTEL. DAY.

Sarfaraz: (interrupting) Yes sir...We are waiting for your call sir..the
professor is here and....the moutarma is here.

Imran: Who Moutarma?

Sarfaraz: Sir...who came to meet you for some big task.....Iram
parveen..

Imran: (REACTION) Sarfaraz. . listen carefully.....Give her the phone.
And once she hangs up....kill her....don't question...kill her
immediately...but silently.....she's a spy.....there may be cops
outside. Give her the phone....and kill her

Sarfaraz hands the phone to Iram. She takes it...

Iram: Hello...

Imran: Hello Iram. Funny how you keep surviving....I am sure we
could have made a nice team...but maybe some other time.....you

have thirty minutes to save your enemies...Good luck and. Good bye.¹⁷

Imran hangs up....as Iram sees Sarfaraz....in a reflection...wrapping gun around Turkish Towel....

Iram: (continues talking) Professor was very helpful...but he did not know about the JOB. No....yes you tell him...

As she speaks....she moves towards hot teapot....She extends phone to Afzal as Sarfaraz wonders what to do next. He doesn't have too much time to wonder because in the next instant...

Iram has smashed a boiling kettle of tea on his head. **Grabs something**...And RUNS.

Sarfaraz shoots. And HITS the TV screen.

AS OUTSIDE:

Cops rush in...almost dashing into Iram.

Iram: He just called...(brandishing Sarfaraz's phone)....

SHOOTING IN THE BACKGROUND AS WE CUT TO:

SC 148. TRIANGULATION OF CALL.....WE SEE HOW IT HAPPENS.

SUNDAR: it came from the Safdarjung Flying Club.

Iram: Lets go...

SUNDAR looks confused....NAWAZ is cool on the phone

Nawaz : Take her..he can be in disguise...

¹⁷ Should have echo of their earlier convo.

NAWAZ turns....ITS THE CONTROL ROOM....The PM is there

NAWAZ : Now we will take you to the Bunker sir.....(he looks at Alay Khan) come sir..possibly you can tell your grandsons how we killed each other

SC 149. INT. HOSPITAL/ BUNGALOW.

There is faint sound of Dogs barking coming.....

JIMMY rises....he painfully goes to the window..its a second floor window....some distance down..he can see the dog team moving...

JIMMY AT THE WINDOW....

Jimmy looks around wildly. He enters the bathroom. There is an open window.

Jimmy fighting sheer pain as he drags the suke to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

SC 150. INT. BUNGALOW.

VINOD AND COPS surround and then stealthily rush into the Bungalow.

Vinod shoots open door. And rushes in with gun....

The room is empty. ... old dresses near bathroom...

Vinod : He saw the dogs..he changed

Vinod enters bathroom. Jumps thru window.

And we see Vinod at back entrance. Another Bungalow...gates are open...

They rush through...

Hit the streets....

IN THE DISTANCE.....WE SEE A CAB JUST MOVING.

Vinod : THAT'S HIM.

CUT TO:

STREET. DAY.

THE CAB MOVING AT FULL SPEED....disappears into a crowded street.....as Vinod runs after it.

VINOD HAS TO CHASE A CAB...IN A CITY FULL OF SIMILAR CABS....THIS IS PARKOUR THOUGH SINCE EVERY FILM HAS PARKOUR NOW...WE DO IT WITH PRECISION AND IDEAS.
INTERCUT THIS WITH:

CUT TO:

SC 152. INT. SAFDARJUNG FLYING CLUB. DAY.

Imran: (listening) I understand....do what you think best..Hold on Jimmy..god bless you.

A lady comes to Imran.

Lady: Sir...the flight is ready for takeoff. Please come with me.

She leads Imran thru lobby....as we see SUNDAR, IRAM AND COPS ENTER.

SUNDAR...SEES A PLANE TAXING IN THE DISTANCE...

SUNDAR: That plane....where's it going?

Flight Attendant: Sir that's a charter flight to Goa....

SUNDAR: STOP THAT PLANE RIGHT NOW....

The army of cops rush towards the tarmac.....as the ATC gives orders for the plane to stop take off....

Iram is standing alone....the frantic activity...they've forgotten her.

CUT TO: SAME LOCATION...DIFFERENT AREA.

Colonel walking with the lady. *In distance we see Iram...looking around.*

She moves towards the boarding area. And pauses.

In the distance she sees Sir Jagadeshwar Metla...Iram stares at him....and SUDDENLY.....SHE *BUMPS INTO Colonel...in disguise.*

HE NOTICES....BUT SHE DOESN'T!!! HE HURRIES.

Iram starts moving....as in the distance we see Metla and Imran and officer move towards Boarding Gate....

In the... distance....the passengers of the chartered flight are on the tarmac....Iram turns to go there....when.....SHE SUDDENLY REALIZES....

GOD....THAT WAS COLONEL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SHE RUNS.....

TOWARDS THE OTHER BOARDING GATE.

Metla and Imran are going towards a plane...

Iram shouts.....

Iram : Hey..hey..stop....stop that man...

They stop...turn.....Metla and his guards...Colonel..

Metla : Have I seen you somewhere?

Iram : That man..he is a terrorist..he is wanted

Metla : Terrorist..he is the trade liaison officer I was supposed to meet....

Iram : (screams) that's a lie..its fake.....I know him...arrest him NOW...

The people look at each other...WHEN

Imran snatches the subm/c gun from a guard and fires.....the guards fall...

He puts the gun at METLA's temple..holds him...

IMRAN : (to Metla..smiles) the lady is telling the truth..(he shouts at the pilot) START THE ENGINE.....(he turns to Iram)..its finally goodbye my dear...

He turns the gun towards Iram..when suddenly Metla pounces on him...

A scuffle....and Imran is shot....he falls gasping...blood frothing...

Metla stands..

Metla : I..I am sorry...

Imran's phone buzz.....

He tries to grab it...it has fallen near Iram..she picks it up...

SC 153. INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR . DAY.

Jimmy: (In close up) . 20 minutes left ...I've moved closer.....I'm in an ice-cream parlor. I can see Parliament from here I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO CALL YOU AGAIN. Goodbye

SC 154. INT. FLYING CLUB. DAY.

IRAM cuts the call...she turns to METLA...

IRAM : WE KNOW WHERE THE BOMB IS

She calls up Vinod....

Iram: (punching numbers)....Vinod....the bomb is in an ice-cream parlor.....near Parliament.

.METLA MOVES GENTLY

HE PICKS UP THE GUN WHERE IMRAN HAS FALLEN.

AND SHOOTS IRAM.

ONCE TWICE THRICE...

The bullets rip thru her...She falls.....BUT SHE'S STILL ON THE PHONE.

Surprised..Iram turns to see

Metla shooting Imran

METLA : He took the gun..Oh my god....this bastard..

The police rush into the scene...

Imran convulses and dies....

Vinod: What happened?

Iram: Imran is dead. Go Vinod...you have less than 20 minutes.

She stares curiously at Metla....then she's unconscious.

VINOD INTERCUT.

Vinod: 10 MINUTES....TO JANPATH...

Driver: Sir but....

Vinod exits car....starts running.

SC 155. EXT. STREETS. DAY.

Vinod looks at his phone. 12. 18. Sixteen minutes to countdown.
He stares at the looming traffic. And
Jumps down a flyover.

Below....Vinod rolls off a truck....

And grabs a scooty/mobike from a cute girl. She is TERRIFIED.

Vinod on the scooty/mobike....

CHARGING THRU A ONE WAY STREET. THE OTHER WAY.

SC 156. INT. BASKIN ROBBINS PARLOUR. DAY.

A giggly girl in a sexy outfit sharing ice-cream with a date. There are
14 year olds having a 'treat'. College crowd. A family. Basically the
Love Aaj Kal crowd.

Amongst them is our BODY OF LIES character. Jimmy Pakhtun.
In a parallel universe he could have been a JNU student, waiting for
his LSR girlfriend.

Jimmy is sitting with a coffee.

The giggly girl and date waltz out.....as VINOD ENTERS.

He swiftly scans the crowd.....looking as casual as he can. His eyes freeze on a man sitting alone. There is a BIG BAG by his side. There is a peculiar expression in his eyes. MUSIC....and we pan to see....

.....it's NOT JIMMY.

This is Bunny Singh. He's tense.. because he's waiting for Preeti....This is his big day. He's going to propose to Preeti. He's even composed a song...and he's decided to sing it in the parlor. He's got his guitar.

Fuck....what if she says no...are you crazy, Go to hell Bunny you are so embarrassing.

Fuck...who's this guy who's come sat on my table? Bunny grips the engagement ring in his fist.

Vinod NOTICES the tense guy. What's he got in his fist? The switch. Fuck...the bomb is in the guitar case. Do I shoot him? Or engage him in convo? Five minutes left.

In the distance Jimmy tries Imran's phone. This number is temporarily switched off. He must be in the flight. He will take care of my family. Zoya will get married. Four minutes left. Time to say my prayers. Basically we build up this scene in real time. High Noon and Brian de Palma style.

Vinod: (to Bunny) Is that a Spanish Guitar?

Guy: Actually it's an old Gibson...

Vinod: Oh ...I'd love to see it.

The guy opens the guitar...as Vinod reaches for his gun...and a ring falls from his finger. Vinod bends to pick it up.....and

Guy: Thanks....I plan to propose to my girlfriend now...and play

Vinod's POV: A PAIR OF FEET IN THE DISTANCE.....BLOOD TRICKLING OUT OF ONE LEG.

(OR HE WALKS BY AND SEES SOMEBODY READING THE RUBAIYAT....this is better as the book plays an important link)

Tilt up.....to SEE JIMMY.

Jimmy staring at a picture of Zoya...his sister. She's smiling like a wildcat. She's only got one leg.

Jimmy looks up....to see Vinod approaching him.

In the distance Bunny has taken out his Guthrie Guitar...and is strumming Simon and Garfunkel. *Cecilia, you are breaking my heart....you are shaking my confidence daily...*

Vinod looks around. Sits next to Jimmy.

Vinod looks below...around....Jimmy is in pain. A little pool of blood below his shoe. 90 seconds left.....89-88-87-86....but WHERE IS THE SUITCASE? WHERE IS THE BOMB?

Jimmy starts praying.

Vinod watches him...watches the crowd around, oblivious to the danger....

A café waitress comes to Jimmy....

Waitress: Sir....your suitcase....is blocking the bathroom. Sir....

Jimmy has his eyes closed....The waitress shakes him.

Jimmy opens his eyes.

And whips out the gun.....

AS VINOD SHOOTS HIM.....

JIMMY FALLS DEAD. THE CROWD SCREAMS. AS VINOD GRABS THE RUBAIYAT AND RUSHES TO THE SUITCASE.

59 seconds left.

Vinod places the Rubaiyat on the panel. (this would be explained to him and viewer in earlier scene)

The damn thing doesn't work. Vinod realizes that the magnetic code is damaged..

45 seconds left.

Vinod: (to crowd) It's a nuclear bomb...you cant run. Might as well stay and watch.....

Vinod looks at the Suitcase bomb. The two cylinders....with a steel pipe joining them.

Flash Cut: How a nuclear explosion happens. (JUST CUT TO DOCUMENTARY...NO PROBLEM...Give viewer the knowledge...That's what Hitchcock would do)

VINOD pulls out his gun. DOWN EVERYONE!!!!

VINOD shoots the steel tube.....the bullet ricochets.....And hits a light bulb on the ceiling. Sparks fly.

Vinod shoots again. The steel tube is getting dented. The bullet ricochets and hits the glass entrance. It shatters.

The steel tube is getting dented.....tunneling in....we see the big ball....and the long black tunnel in front from where the other ball will come...

THIRD...FOURTH BULLET....

THE RICOCHETS ARE RANDOM....HITTING THINGS IN THE PARLOUR.

THE FIFTH BULLET WINGS VINOD.....BUT THE DENT IS CRACKING.

Vinod is bleeding.....HE HAS TWO BULLETS LEFT.

AND TEN SECONDS TO GO. VINOD AIMS.....AND SHOOTS.

There's a sound of detonation.....the dent splits open.. the bullet enters from the side...the big ball disintegrates...the small ball comes hurtling down in the front....zips into the disintegrating big ball as it comes....a split second... but Delhi and world is saved....no critical mass as the small ball comes to halt in the radioactive dust.....

(GOOD CG REQUIRED HERE...AND SOME CONSULTATION WITH A SCIENTIST WILL HELP)

SC 157. CUT TO:

Major Bomb Disposal crew in BG....as we see Vinod in FG....

Vinod: Hello....Iram.....

SC. 158. INT. AMBULANCE. DAY.

A Jat cop: Hellooooooooo.....memsaab ko goli lagi hai....

SC 159. EXT SHOT OF AMBULANCE MOVING.

A MAD BIKER STOPS IT. VINOD.

SC 160. INT AMBULANCE.

Iram opens her eyes. Smiles.

Iram: Congrats Agent Vinod. We did it. Good to see you...

Vinod: Don't talk... you'll be fine Nothing will happen to you

Iram: Vinod....I'm the doctor...I know how long I got. Let me speak.

...

Vinod: Darling relax....we'll be at the hospital in a jiffy.

Iram: Darling? That's so wonderful to hear Vinod.

Vinod: Stop talking shit ok...you'll be ok....

Iram: Get my jacket I want to show you something.

Vinod looks for her jacket wedged on van door. He pulls it out....We pan with him and back....

And she's dead.

Vinod just stares at her. Stupified. ANGRY. This is Vinod's face for ever now.

SC 161. EXT.HOSPITAL.

The ambulance has stopped. The door opens. Vinod steps out...and we see the Jat cop yelling for ward boys....

We hold onto Vinod's face....

Option: Imran's USB/camera falls from her jacket. OR.

SC 164. OPTIONAL SCENE: EXT. FLYING CLUB. DAY. (or PRIDE HOTEL AREA?)

Vinod at the flying club. He is just standing there.

We hold on his mood.

This is where she was shot.

There is some general crowd....

And then in the distance we see a girl....who looks like Iram.

She approaches Vinod. We wonder.....as does Vinod....and she comes very close.....

Iram: Get my jacket....i want to show you something.

AND WE CUT TO”

VINOD EMPTYING HER JACKET....AMONGST THE MANY
GENERAL OBJECTS....WE SEE IMRAN’S CAMERA/ USB DRIVE.
(something that we have established visually earlier)

CUT TO:

UNSPECIFIED MOODY LOCATION. NIGHT.

Vinod, Nawaz and a laptop.

Hasan Nawaz.... looks at Vinod..they stare at each other...

Nawaz : this will not hold in any court.....you have a plan...

Vinod : Maybe

Nawaz: All the best...we never had this talk talk..I never saw this....

He shakes hands..handing over the RED USB

SC 167. LONDON. LASHING RAIN. INT. CAB.

London...in fog and in rain. A TAXI.....we see VINOD staring
out...face grim.... and then dial a number...

In the car...A Newspaper....

WAR CLOUD IN SOUTH ASIA??
PAKISTAN CRACKS DOWN ON LET, 34 OFFICES CLOSED
DOWN, OVER 1500 ARRESTED

SC 168. INT. EXT. EAST LONDON. BRICK LANE?

Phone ringing in a small immigrant house.

Four guys seated, PLAYING CARROM? /doing some business. One of them picks up the phone.
...He is Syeed....

SYEED: (suspicious) Hello..

VINOD: My name is Vinod....from RAW..India. I want you to listen to me...

SYEED looks at his companions....he puts the phone down and presses to speaker....sound of car...road...

SC 169. EXT. A GLASS FRONTED HUGE BUILDING

Outside, Vinod gets off a cab.

A British Security man frisking entrants to building.

Pert Secretary: I'm sorry.....the Chairman is in a meeting..

Vinod: Tell him Freddie Khambatta is here.

Option: We see how Vinod has concealed his mobile.

SC 170. CUT TO:

Conference Room door opens....

Metla comes out annoyed. Stares at Vinod. Familiar guy....

Metla: Ah...the auction....Yes...Mr. Freddie....???

Vinod: No...Sir...The name is Agent Vinod. RAW.

SC 171. CUT TO:

Grainy, hidden camera footage.

A shadowy man at an odd angle...he's making a drink and talking.

We cant see his face because he's not in the light. *But we instinctively realize this is a hidden camera STING thing.*

SHADOWY MAN: This is a flase flag operation.....*your job is to make it look like the Jehadis have done it....the LET...*

He makes a gesture...which we have seen earlier

THE MAN IS STIRRING HIS DRINK. HAVE WE SEEN SOMEONE STIR A DRINK SIMILIARLY BEFORE....

SHADOWY MAN: (Continues) *As you finish each phase, wipe out everyone you use.*

The camera moves.... JAGGEDLY. For a second we see IMRAN....¹⁸
Imran: A lot of people will die....Just curious...what's the game?

The Shadowy man leans forward. **Ah...NOW WE SEE HIS FACE....
IT'S SIR JAGADESHWAR METLA.**¹⁹

He is looking UGLY, simply coz of the Grotesque, wide angle close-up.

Metla: Colonel... how can you change the world without deaths??
...We had 5day Tests..now we have T20s...We had 5 year world wars...now we will win the world in a day.....

CUT TO:

SC 172. INT. METLA'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

The last of the USB is playing....

CUT TO:

Metla listens. Turns to Vinod.

He laughs....

¹⁸ Looking somewhat different.

¹⁹ Maybe we never see the face properly. Just some gestures which convince us that this is Metla.

Metla : Excellent....you have taken my time to show me an you-tube video....and some hand gestures.....do you know there are videos where Osama is proposing to Lady GaGa?? you expect this will stand in any court of law?

Vinod: Who is talking about any court sir?

METLA looks....

METLA : So why are you here? (He laughs...)

Vinod: To ask Why??? Why you did this..and why you killed the girl.....because I think you shot Colonel to cover your tracks...and then you shot the girl....

Metla: You seem to be knowing everything...

Vinod : And the cover of the LET....using them..using a mercenary...leaving the trail.....it was to implicate the group...implicate a country...and to have a nuclear war..isn't it?? So Iftekkar needed to be killed..because he might have stopped the plan.....but why a nuclear war...who gains

METLA :(leans back looks) Very clever Agent Vinod....Even though you foiled the plan, we still made about ten billion dollars....But its not really about money....its about peace....if things would have gone right.... *(Both wistful and angry)*

There would have been a war..... India and Pakistan would have nuked each other.....the subcontinent would have been denuded....the world markets would have crashed...including the Hongkong and Singapore....the western countries would have virtually taken over Pakistan....and we would have bought Chinese stocks at rock bottom prices.....and with Pakistan gone and Economy hit...China would have been ours....

And after a couple of days, after the dust is settled, two neighbors would have stood up and look at the destruction. And maybe they

would have cried. In each other's arms...but it would have too late then....there would be peace in the sub continent.....and we would could have gone back to the serious business of making money.....AND Terrorism would have been dead!!!! Now do you understand Mr policeman??

Vinod: Which government backed it.....

Metla: (laughs) Government???...there is no government above the Zeus group.....we control 70% of the world's money.....and the world runs on money Agent Vinod.....and you came here to punish me.....?

*Metla goes to a wall and pulls out a photo frame.
IT's the picture we saw being taken earlier. THE DUCK HUNT.*

Metla with 7 other men.... 3 Caucasians, Two Asians, an Arab and more

Metla: Yogokai Shokuda, Head of IC Bank, Media Moghul Philip Von Lars, Antonio Fenucci....Senator Seymour Hoffman, Haani Salaam, Bobby Jacob... *Do you think you can punish them too.....? Good luck to your youtube video sir* Now you must excuse me....I'm due for a conference in an hour. .

Vinod: I did not come to punish you sir.... You are an icon back home...people read you life as inspiration..you have comics coming out with your biography....mothers tell the children about you....kids on platform tell each other thar Jgadeiswar Metla lived on bhandup platform when he was a child.... No sir... you have to die a hero...not a villain...you will have chowks in your name...and streets.....the country will salute you for the glory you have brought to india.....

Metla: You...you are threatening me...ME? ...you fool. (RINGS BELL)

Two Brit Bouncer types enter.

Metla: Take good care of Mr. Vinod till I give further instructions.

Vinod: (to HUNK) I would like a cup of coffee....Milk separate please.

Metla leaves the room....

Vinod pulls out phone from his pocket. It's still on.

CUT TO:

SC 173. EAST LONDON. BRICK LANE.

SYEED and his two friends look up...the mobile on the mosque floor is silent...

SYEED looks at a newspaper on the floor.

WAR CLOUD IN SOUTH ASIA??

PAKISTAN CRACKS DOWN ON LET, 34 OFFICES CLOSED
DOWN, OVER 1500 ARRESTED

He looks up....

SC 174. EXT. LONDON ROAD.

METLA in his car...in Traffic..

He looks perturbed.

SC 175. INT. Office.

Phone rings..HUNK picks up...

HUNK: He is having his third cup of coffee and watching TV sir...

METLA frowns....he puts down the phone.

**SC 176. EXT. HOTEL/ PUBLIC HALL TYPE LOCATION. (OR CAN
BE WEDDING OF METLA'S DAUGHTER)**

METLA gets down.....he is walking towards the gate.

A person....balding and gentle looking...calls out.

Man: Jagadeshwar Metla....!

METLA stops....the man is near...

The man comes and embraces him....

METLA: you....do I know you...?

MAN: Syeed from LeT sends his greetings.....

METLA is frozen...Sheer terror comes on his face...he opens his mouth...

The man has grasped a cord beneath the jacket..he tugs at it...

MAN: BISMILLAH.....

The screen goes white.

CUT TO:

SC 177. INT. METLA'S OFFICE.

Vinod watching BBC....BREAKING NEWS.

Newsreader: We have just received news that Sir Jagadeshwar Metla was killed by a suicide bomber on way to the CONFERENCE/airport.

The HUNKS and office staff start going crazy. There is major commotion. Vinod quietly finishes his coffee.

And..... Walks out

With the photo frame of the eight grinning big shots posing AT THE DUCK HUNT.

WE CLOSE IN ON THE PHOTOGRAPH.....TILL IT COVERS THE SCREEN...

RAIN.....THE FACES DISSOLVE INTO WATER.....We hold...and

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTING LODGE. NIGHT.

Iram: You got a coin....

He gives her a coin.

Iram: Heads.....we have a future together. Tails.....we have tonight together. Done....

.

.

She tosses the coin. It rolls and falls on the side of the bed. Their hands reach. Almost touch.

We hear the clink. And a match strike. Their hands groping.

Touch each other.

The coin....

Heads....

Iram: Heads...we have a future together.

She stares at him.

Iram: What are you thinking?

Vinod: I think we should go for BEST OF THREE.

She SMILES....

Maybe the lights go off now.

And abruptly come on.

CUT TO:

Vinod in the present.

Sitting in a plane. Ahead of him....in the first class...is A MAN
READING THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.....Familiar face...
Aah...yes we know him...he's a member of the Zeus Group.

THE END TITLES START.....