Manorama, six feet under
by
Devika Bhagat
&
Navdeep Singh

Hindi Dialogues
by
Abhinav Kashyap
&
Manoj Tapadia

FADE IN

EXT. CANAL CONSTRUCTION SITE, WATER TOWER - DAY

A large concrete water tower stands tall, surreal in the middle of the burning desert.

For miles, nothing but scrubland and rocks.

On the top of the tower, in the shade, sits a man with the back of his head towards us. This is SV or Satya Veer as his parents named him.

He gazes out at the parched landscape.

SV (V.O.)
Lakhot. Shayad aapne Lakhot ka naam kahin, kabhi, kissi akhbar mein padaa hoga. Saal mein doh baar toh nam chapta hai.

Kumbhakaran ki tarah gehri neend mein soya ek sheher. Jo Kumbhakaran ki tarah saal mein sirf doh baar jaagta hai.

Pehli baar garmi mein. Jab Loo ki garm hawa 50-100 logon ko raakh kar deti hai. Phir thand mein… jab sheet leher se sau pachaas aurr thande ho jaate hain.

Toh Janab, Kaun kehta hai ki yahan kuchh nahi. Garmi hai toh

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

chhappar phaad ke. Thand hai toh
pyjama phaad ke. Haan, jo ek
cheez nahi hai, wo hai barsaat.

SV puts down a notebook, a bit tattered and used looking, that he's been writing in.

He gazes out at the desert.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Teen saal se yahan ek boond bhi
nahi gira.

FADE TO
BLACK.

EXT. CANAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A column of ants scramble and scurry in the sand carrying their eggs.

We follow the exodus backwards, slowly along the ground, to the anthill from which the stream of evacuees is emerging.

A group of little kids is bent over the hill.

The older ones are demolishing it with sticks and throwing burning paper into the exposed turrets and towers - The little ones are trying to stamp out as many ants as they can with their feet.

They all laugh gleefully as they go about their destruction.

The camera swings around to show; A lonely deserted area in the middle of the desert. Surreal. Some construction machines, equipment, material lying on the side. Signs proclaiming the construction of a Canal.

SV exits from a building.

He's a lean man in his early thirties, sporting a trimmed moustache.

Beautifully golden, chromatic sunglasses with mirrored surfaces complete the look.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He scans the horizon and makes his way to his shiny new motorbike parked in the distance.

He starts his bike, looks one last time at the shed and leaves.

(**Montage Credit Sequence**)

Upbeat track and title as SV makes his way to town on his motorcycle.

SV (V.O.)
Lakhot. Jahan duniya se alag,
apni ek alag hi duniya hai.
Ghaadi ki sui mein atka hua,
Lakhot. Housewife sa boring,
haathi sa sust, bin naade ke
pyjaame sa dheela dhaala,
Lakhot.

Nirjan, niras aur registan ki
tarah sapaat! Parantoo Registan
ki ek sachchai hai... Jo dikhta
hai wo hota nahin... Jo hota
hai... wo dikhta nahin... yahan
keedon ko bhi nahin pata ki jis
ret par wo bistar banaye hain...
Pata nahin kaun saanp, bichchu
chhupa baitha hai uske neeche...

Barren landscape, desert, little villages, people etc.

A lizard scrambles out of the sand and scurries away.

Suddenly a woman runs into the middle of the desert road - dancing and gyrating. SV blinks unbelieving, then drives right through her like a mirage.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jaise woh… wahan… Yana Gupta
ghaghra choli pehne,
koolhe(hips) matka matka ke gaa
rahi hai; "Babuji zara dheere
chalo", theek wahan, sala, sadak
ke beecho beech - sirf mere
liye! Satyaveer Randhawa, Jr.
Engg. PWD ke liye!

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Slowly, urban habitation builds up along the roads.

He passes various political posters and banners for/against some canal project.

Past empty wells and long lines of people trying to fill Jerry-cans with a trickle of water that's coming from a tap.

And on into town. (**End Opening Credits)**

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A small dusty public library that has seen better days. Old tomes line the walls and the shelves that divide the room. Two scattered readers, one of whom is asleep.

SV picks up the latest edition of "Satya Ghatna", a cheap crime and detective magazine with a sleazy cover and flicks through it. The old librarian, KHAN SAHAB watches him from behind his desk. He chuckles.

KHAN SAHAB
Is maheeney bhi koi naya afsana nahin chhapa... Khair wo to kisi maheeney nahin chhapta. Haan - Magar Photo bade kamal ke chappte hain.... Woh gudgudi wale...

Satya Veer nods and forces a smile. He walks over with the magazine.

Unnoticed by them - a young mysterious WOMAN browses the titles on a shelf, overhearing their conversation. Her face cannot be seen.

KHAN SAHAB pulls out some old dusty books from a pile near him.

KHAN SAHAB (CONT'D)
Ye kuch san chalees ke daur ke hindi anuvaad mile hain. Shayad, kisi madraasi detective kay kissey they...

SV knows these.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Tamil Vanan? Detective Shanker Lal?

Khan Sahab checks the cover and nods.

KHAN SAHAB
Aap kaise jaan gaye...??

SV smiles. Khan Sahab puts the books back.

KHAN SAHAB (CONT'D)
Haan. Aap nahin jaaneinge - to kaun janega... TV, Cinema se fursat mile kisi ko tab to koi kuchh padhe - Aapki apni kitaab ko hi dekh leejiye - Manorama.

SV looks.

KHAN SAHAB (CONT'D)
Aisa nageena likh ke diya aapne par ek hi... print mein dum tod diya bechari ne. Kya maha-nayak taiyaar kiya tha aapne, Satya Veer-ji - Sau fisad angrezi milkiyat aur yunaani thaat wala behtareen namuna. Aajkal ke Miyan Chakram Jasoos log likhte hi kyon hain - humare halak se nahin utarta...

SV shrugs and puts his magazine on the counter.

KHAN SAHAB (CONT'D)
Oh! Is se yaad aaya mujhe raddiwale ke paas se ek copy mili hai - apke novel ki - Chahiye...?

SV shakes his head.

Khan Sahab picks up the newspaper he's been reading. The top headline reads; "Canal opposition reaches new depths"

KHAN SAHAB (CONT'D)
Ek baat boloo? Aapko political thriller likhna chaheye - ab

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

neher samasya ko hi dekh lijiye
- kisi ka kuch bhala ho na ho in
akhbar walon ka bhala ho gaya -
raton raat - bikri double.

Behind the shelves, the mystery woman stumbles onto the copy of 'Manorama'. She picks it off the shelf.

A photo on the back cover shows SV. There's just one difference; He's sporting a most astonishingly large moustache, somewhat of a cross between a doorman's pride and a Brigadier's crust.

Meanwhile, Khan Sahab is busy issuing the magazine;

SV
Meri politics bahut kamjor hai
Khan Sahab, rajniti samjhne se
zyaada aasan hoga - bivi ko
samjhna...

He picks up the magazine and leaves, exchanging greetings with the librarian.

He taps the sleeping reader on his head as he exits.

As the sleepy teenager looks around drowsily, the mysterious woman walks up slowly to the counter, her face still unseen, looking at SV as he gets on his bike and leaves.

She places the copy of Manorama on the counter.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - EVENING

SV rides in and parks his bike in front of his service quarters. A sign outside proclaims; "Pretty Beauty Parlour - Ladies Only". Diwali lights are up already.

As he covers his bike with a canvas cover, he hears a cough.

He turns around to find his nosy neighbour, BIHARI LAL standing across the scraggly hedge that divides their houses, watering the hedge with a hose.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Bihari Lal suddenly gives out a huge grin from ear to ear, almost as if someone had pushed a smile button on him.

BIHARI LAL
Satya Veerji...

SV nods in acknowledgement and starts to go in to the house. Bihari Lal follows him along the hedge.

SV stops and turns around to face him. The big plastic grin is still stuck on Bihari Lal's .

SV
Hanji Bihariji - Kuchh chahiye?

BIHARI LAL
Nayi motorcycle?

SV
Aapko kya lagta hai?

BIHARI LAL
Poora loan ya aadha installment.

SV
Single payment.

BIHARI LAL
Single payment ! Single payment
-mera bhi yahi khayal tha..

SV just stares at the stream of water from Bihari's hose as it creates a puddle in the dusty soil..

SV
Mere khayal se, Laakhot me paani
ki samsya abhi tak theek nahi
hue hai.

Bihari Lal suddenly remembers the hose and begins spraying it around. SV just looks at him.

BIHARI LAL
Oh! Woh Meine department se do
tanker mangwaliye thay.

SV
Badhai ho!

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

BIHARI LAL
Average to achcha deti hogi...??

SV just shrugs.

Bihari's wife, KANTI, pokes her head out of their front door.

KANTI
Arre suniye ji... Babloo ne phir se pant me tatti kar dee hai... aeeye... jara help keejiye...

She is a member of the K-Lady group, the town's bitchiest ladies who belong to a kitty group and have based their entire style on the ladies in the primetime Hindi soap operas on TV (the big bindis, the large amount of sindoor, the heavy sarees)

Bihari Lal smiles to SV in embarrassment.

BIHARI LAL
Ram babu ke Reception me bahut gulab jamun kha liye the... Hajam nahin kar paya...

SV nods.

SV
Department ke dono tank tattiyaan dhone mein hi mat khatam kardena...

They look at each other.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A modest middle-class home that reeks of small-town aesthetics. A pressure-cooker goes off in the kitchen.

A few family photos show SV with his earlier incarnation of moustache.

SV enters as his 4 year old son RAJU watches from a door, a little petulant.

RAJU

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Pappu, aapne promise kiya tha..
hum saanp seedhi khelenge...

A large fish tank is displayed on a wooden table on one side with goldfish and kissing voramees in it.

First thing, SV feeds his fish in the tank, dropping in a couple of pellets, looking at the fish swimming about.

Raju comes up to the fish tank.

RAJU (CONT'D)
Khelo na...

SV look up and sees the board all set up on the coffee table.

SV
Maine saanp-seedhi thodi na bola..

RAJU
Bola tha...

SV
Ludo bola hoga...

RAJU
Saanp-seedhi...

SV sits down on the sofa and begins removing his shoes.

SV
Ludo....

Raju considers. Realizes it's a losing battle.

RAJU
Chalo Ludo...

SV's stuck.

SV
Theek hai.Baad me...

RAJU
Nahi.. nahi, nahi.. yeh galat hai..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV looks Raju in the eye.

SV
Kisne kaha zindagi mein sab kuchh sahi hai? Huh? Theek hai baad mein,

RAJU
God Promise...?

SV
Promise...

RAJU
Nahin pura bolo... God Promise...!!

Just then, SV's wife; NIMI, in her late 20's, a slim, sweet- looking woman, comes in. She has an envelope in her hand.

NIMI
Parlour aaj jaldi bandh kar diya. Tumhare editor ne phone kiya tha. - kuchh deadline wedline keh raha tha. Aur haan, Press Card aa gaya. tumhari kahani to chhaapi na un logon ne...?

SV nods and throws the magazine on the table.

Nimi picks it up, handing SV the envelope.

SV tears open the envelope and looks at the card while Nimi leafs through the magazine, hunting for SV's story.

Nimi suddenly realises that something is wrong. She looks up from the magazine at SV.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Tum Khush to ho na?

He looks at her, about to say something, then hesitates. He looks towards Raju, who is waiting impatiently.

SV
Jao bahar... motorcycle pe khelo...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Raju's suddenly feeling a lot better.

Nimi tickles him as he passes her. He runs out laughing. Nimi keeps standing.

SV avoids eye contact.

SV (CONT'D)
Aao, baitho...

Nimi stands looking at him.

NIMI
Kya hua..? Suspension order aa gaya kya...??

SV nods.

SV
Aaj do-pahar...

NIMI
Kab tak?

SV
Enquiry pending hai..

Nimi lovingly hugs him

NIMI
Tumhara toh dimaag bhi pending hai! Poora department commision le raha hai - aur tum hi ek akele buddhoo - jo pakde gaye..

Nimi's getting a little agitated.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Mummy-ji ne kaha bhi tha. Uss jodhpurwale ladke ke family ki chaar chaar sariyon ki dukan thi... Par mujhe toh PWD ke Jr. Engg ke palle padna tha.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

A large but bare bathroom. Nimi's tried her best to make it cheerful.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV turns on the tap. It comes on with a squeak.

Water trickles out, slowly filling the bucket.

NIMI (O.S.)
Mummy-ji ne kitna samjhaya tha
Pata nahin kaise tumhari
moochein dekhkar impress ho gayi
main...

SV closes his eyes, pours water from bucket over himself, enjoying the cold water as it cascades over his body.

SV
Moochein to ab bhi hain...!

NIMI (O.S.)
Jiss rate pe chhotti hoti ja
rahi hai, gaayab hote jyaada
time nahi lage ga...
(SV feels his trimmed
moustache)
Paani pe zara mehrbani karna..
tumhare sasural se tanker nahi
anewala...

The water stops coming out of the tap almost on cue. SV picks up the whole bucket and empties it all on himself in one shot.

NIMI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Aur tumhare Press Card par yeh
"Surendra Mohan Upadhyay" kyon
likha hai...?

SV
Wo mera Pen name hai...

NIMI (O.S.)
Pen name? Tumhara? Accha! Waise
iski naubat kyon aa padi?

SV
Librarywale Khan sahab se
poocho...
(mimics)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

"Aajkal ke chakram jasoos log
likhte hi kyon hain... Mere
halak se nahin utarta..."

SV shakes his head and makes a silly face to himself in the bathroom mirror.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Har kisi ki zindagi mein ek aisa
waqt bhi aata hai jab saale
aaine ko sach bolne ki bimaari
lag jaati hai.

Bachpan mein socha karta tha…
bada hoke bahut famous banoonga.
Koi famous film star ya
detective nahi… bas sirf ek
famous writer.

Outside: RAJU push pedals a three wheeled scooter through the corridors, his father's oversized shades perched on his face in dashing style.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
'Manorama'- meri mahaan rachna,
mera pichhla upanyas, meri pehli
koshish, meri akhri ummeed - wo
bhi daga de gayi... upanyaas ke
itihaas mein sabse bada flop...
sirf do sau kitaabein biki...
sirf do sau.

CUT TO:

INT. SV'S HOUSE, DINING AREA - NIGHT

In the dining room. Nimi's just finished putting the food on the table.

She ladles food on Raju and SV's plate as she keeps SV fixed in her stare.

SV (V.O. CONTINUED)
Aur ab ek saal baad -main kahan
hoon? Na yahan - na wahan. Iss
mardood reth ke jungle mein.
Chhote mote commision lekar apni

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

chhoti moti pareshaaniyon ke saath ek chhoti moti, gumnaam si zindagi jee raha hoon.

NIMI
Hum diwali Rohtak jayenge ki nahi? Brij bhaiya bhi nahi jaa parahe - sub iss canal samasya ke karan.

A little exasperated, SV looks at her.

SV
Lagta hai uss jyotish ne sahi kaha tha tumhare baare me...

NIMI
Kaun jyotish...??

SV
Jiske paas tumhari mummyji le gayin thin.. usne kaha tha ki tum janam janam se mera peecha kar rahi ho...

NIMI
Topic matt badlo... Hum Rohtak jayenge ki nahin?

Nimi fixes him in a stare. SV looks away.

SV
Enquiry khatam ho jaane do...

NIMI
Matlab nahin jayenge...!!

Nimi slumps into a chair. She's very unhappy.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Sab tumhare uss motorcycle lene ki vajah se... Sabki nazar uspe thi. Par tum to bade chaudhary bane baithe ho... kisi ki suno tab na...!!

The little kid pipes in.

RAJU

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Pappu, hum motorcycle pe ghoomne chalein?

SV puts his finger in his lip, trying to shh him. A thought strikes Nimi.

NIMI
Tumko ye motorcycle lautani to nahin padegi...?? Nahin na...??

She looks at SV, worry writ large on her face..

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

SV and Nimi are watching TV. Some inane 'K' saas bahu serial.

SV looks bored. He looks at Nimi.

She's got the remote firmly in her hands.

He exaggeratedly settles into the sofa, folding his arms. Nimi turns to him seductively.

NIMI
Arre kuchh likh hi lo na…

SV
Mood nahi hai

Nimi considers as she goes back to her serial.

NIMI
Haan… ab toh yaad bhi nahi picchhli baar tumhara kab mood bana tha…
(She hints)
Likhne ka...

The doorbell rings...

SV ignores it, staring at the TV. Nimi looks at him expectantly but his eyes don't budge off the screen.

She gets up exasperated and storms to the door. SV quickly seizes the opportunity to grab the remote.

Nimi slams the door open. Surprise.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

A WOMAN stands outside. Young, pretty and wearing an expensive chiffon saree. (Unknown to everyone she is the mysterious woman from the book shop.)

Behind her, an official looking white ambassador stands in the driveway.

WOMAN
Satya Veer Randhawaji?

Nimi stares at her open-mouthed, a bit dazed and confused. SV gets up on hearing a woman's voice say his name.

Nimi looks over her shoulder to find SV already there, a shirt freshly tossed on. The woman looks at SV.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Satya Veerji?

SV nods, a little open-mouthed.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Humay aapse kuchh baat karni hai...

SV is still staring at her. Then he looks at Nimi who is staring at him, curious as hell.

The woman in turn looks at Nimi as she completes her sentence.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
...akele mein.

SV looks unsure.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Bahut zaroori hai...

SV considers and opens the door fully for her. She steps in. He beckons her towards another door close by and opens the door for her to enter. The woman enters. SV looks back at Nimi. She is still at the open front door, fuming.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, STUDY/BEAUTY PARLOUR - NIGHT

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV turns on the lights. It's a long verandah that has been converted to a study on one side and a home-style small-town women's beauty parlour on the other side.

The study side consists of a messy desk with books and papers all over the place.

The parlour side has a wall of mirrors, a couple of barber chairs, some sinks and old-fashioned hair steamers.

Photos of Bollywood actresses are pasted on the wall as hairstyle examples.

SV beckons for the woman to sit down. She looks about.

The only chairs available are high barber chairs on rollers. She awkwardly sits down on one.

It's too low. SV pumps it up a bit for her, while she is on it. She shifts uneasily on it as it's height increases under her. The moment is awkward.

SV is starting to sweat a bit. Suddenly he notices that his shirt is misbuttoned.

SV
Ek minute...

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SV half closes the door behind him and almost bumps into Nimi who is standing right there. They are face-to face. Nimi is pissed off. SV stutters. Nimi folds her arms and raises her eyebrow at him. He is rebuttoning his shirt.

NIMI
Haan bolo..?

SV
(whispers)
Dheere.. sun legi..

NIMI
Sun le.. Meri bala se! Mujhe kya? Hai kaun? Chahti kya hai..??

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV's getting a little agitated. He raises his voice but catches himself and goes back into a whisper.

SV
NIMI...
(frustrated. whispers)
Main nahin janta - Anjaan hai.
Woh wait kar rahi hai. - Main
jaa raha hoon...

NIMI
(whispers)
To jao na...Permission lene aaye
ho??..!!

SV
(whispers)
Jaa raha hoon..!!

NIMI
(whispers)
Jao..!

He starts to go back in. He looks back at Nimi who is still angry.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Anjaan...!! Main batatti hoon
anjaan...!!

INT. SV'S HOUSE, STUDY/BEAUTY PARLOUR - NIGHT

SV enters the room.

The lady is scanning the books on the shelves.

SV coughs to signal his presence. She turns around to face him. She looks radiant. And cool. And sophisticated.

Almost an angelic apparition from an old black and white movie. They smile at each other awkwardly.

WOMAN
Aapki kitaab nahin dikh rahi
kahin - Manorama...

SV stumbles.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Uski ek bhi copy nahi hai -
Sorry…

WOMAN
Khud ke liye ek bhi nahi?

SV
Nahin...

He laughs, clearing his throat nervously. She gestures to the barber chair.

WOMAN
Please... baithiye...!!

She seats herself in the regular chair.

SV awkwardly takes the barber chair. As soon as he sits on it, it goes down in height with a sudden jerk. SV almost flies off it.

SV is now at a lower eye-line than her but keeps sitting like that, trying to maintain his dignity.

She tries to reassure him. Her manner is gentle, almost seductive yet somehow removed.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Aapke upanyaas ke peeche chhapi aapki photo dekhi thi... Bilkul waise hi hain aap...
Bas moochein zara chhoti ho gayi hain... Humein pahle wali zyaada pasand thi...

SV looks embarrassed. An awkward silence.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Aapka upanyaas hume behad pasand hai... Manorama... humari sabse favourite kitaabon me se hai...
Aur Raghu detective... aapka hero... wo to aap hi se inspired hoga?

SV
Ji? Ji nahin...!!

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

She pauses, looking SV in the eye.

SV nods, encouraging her to continue

WOMAN
Afsos...!! Par Raghu to sirf ek character hai na... Kirdaar... Kahte hain Kirdaar kiraedaar nahin ban sakta par kalaakaar to kiraedaar ban sakta hai...

SV is puzzled. Did he just hear the word 'Hire'? He opens his mouth to ask a question but she continues.

SV
Kiraedaar?

WOMAN
Baad me bataenge... Aapne P. P. Rathore-ji ka naam toh suna hoga...

SV nods but a little unsure.

SV
Woh... MLA...? Irrigation Minister... wahi na..??

She nods.

SV (CONT'D)
Aur Lakhot ke Ex-Maharaaja bhi...

WOMAN
Kya aapne kabhi unki patni ko dekha hai?

SV looks at her and shakes his head.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hum hi hain Mrs. P. P. Rathore....

SV looks confused.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Humein aapki sahayta ki zaroorat hai..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV composes himself.

SV
Mein aapki kya madad kar sakta hun?

She beckons him to come close to her. He rolls towards her on the chair. She leans towards him conspiratorially.

WOMAN
Zara sensitive sa mamla hai - Isliye thodi samvedna baratiyega.... Hume shaq hai - Humare pati ke jeevan me koi hai...aap samajh rahe hain na?

SV looks at her, a question on his face. She explains.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Humein saboot chahiye... Aur hum chahte hain ki aap wo saboot lakar dein... Humare pati ka peechha karein. Aur range-haathon unki tasveerein utaar lein...

SV shifts uneasily in his seat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Humein aisa kyon lagta hai? Yahi soch rahe hain na aap? Aurton mein inn sab cheezon ke liye ek sixth sense hota hai.

SV
Par main… main...hi kyon?

WOMAN
Seedhi si baat hai Satya Veerji. Chhota sa sheher hai, baat failte der nahi lagti. Ab yahaan koi Private detective toh hai nahi? Agar koi hai to woh hain aap... detective Raghu ko banane wale.

She leans back in her chair.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Aapki sevaon ke liye hum keemat dene ko taiyar hain - Kiraedaar se humara yahi matlab tha.

SV hesitates. He looks at her sad, pretty face as she fishes around in her handbag.

SV (V.O.)
Auraton ki sachchi kahani unki ankhon mein likhi hoti hain... Ab hamare sahitya ko hi dekh lijiye. Kaise unki nazrein bas aurton ki aakhon par hi tiki hain.

Indrakshi- Khoobsoorat aankhonwali, Padmakshi - Kamal saman nayano wali, Kapotakshi - shweat narm aakhonwali.

Uski aakhein - uski aankhein bhi kitni udaas par jeevan se bhari thiin. Mahakavi Kalidaas ne dekha hota toh to inka kya naam rakhte...??

Stills illustrate the various eyes. She puts a bundle of cash on the table.

WOMAN
...Meenakshi - Mrs Menakshi Rathore - kabhi phone karein to... - Toh yeh rahe dus hazaar...

SV snaps out of his dream. The money beckons on the table.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
To hum tay samjhein...??

SV hesitates, he's a bit taken aback.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Dus kaam ho jaane ke baad. Bees theek hain na..?

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He looks at the money on the table. It's tempting. He nods.

She pulls out a piece of paper from her handbag.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Jab Vidhan Sabha session me nahin hoti tab humare pati... yahin Lakhot mein waqt akele bitate hain... Isee ekant ke dauran unhe apni raas-leela rachane ka maqua milta hoga.

She rises and hands him the paper.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Humne saare important details isme likh diye hain.

SV takes the paper from her and scans it. She looks at him intently.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Ek sawaal humare zahen me aaraha hai..

SV nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Aapne apne hi novel ki ek bhi copy apne liye kyun nahi rakkhi?

SV struggles.

SV
Kyonki wo mujhe meri nakamyabi ki yaad dilati hai…

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

SV is staring at the fish tank, avoiding eye-contact with Nimi. His entire concentration is on observing the fish swimming around. The bundle of cash lies nearby.

NIMI
Detective! Ab jasoosi karoge? Kahin tum Agre se bhaag ke to nahin aaye, ho? Mujhe Rohtak

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

jaana hai Agra ke paagal khana
nahi!

Behind him, Nimi does an about turn, turns off the lights in the living room and marches off in the direction of the bedroom.

SV
Pata hai - mujhe bhi shadi ke
kayee rishte aye thay...

Nimi ignores him.

NIMI
Haan. Theek hai.. chalo, issey
bahane Taj Mahal toh dekh lenge.

The door slams shut.

SV stares at the fish in the glow of the aquarium lights, stroking his whiskers, thinking.

SV
Ek shanshah ne daulat ka sahara
lekar
Hum gharibon ki mohabbat ka
uraya hai mazaaq
Meri mehboob kahin aur mila kar
mujh se.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, STUDY/BEAUTY PARLOUR - DAY

The K-Ladies(kitty party ladies influenced heavily by the K- serials) are on a beauty parlour visit. Nimi is drying the hair on one of the K-ladies, RESHMA, whose entire head is full of baby pink plastic curlers.

The K-lady neighbour, KANTI, sits with a mud pack on her face, another, ANU, with her saree hitched up, feet stuck out, drying her toe nail polish, cotton stuck in between each toe. They all talk loudly over the din of the dryer.

RESHMA
Maine suna tumhare Mr. suspend
ho gaye...??

Nimi ignores her.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Kanti pipes up.

KANTI
Chalo achcha hai. Isee bahane Satya-Veerji ko apna naya novel likhne ka time to milega... Waise Sach kahoon - wo pehlewali - zara dirty type ki thi na?

Two others, GEETA and RITA giggle over a Bollywood magazine. Geeta has opened the centrefold and lifting the magazine, is trying to figure out the cat pose of the actress. Rita holds it the right way for her.

RITA
Aise type ki?

Geeta's eyes almost come out of her sockets.

GEETA
Oh! Haye! Nangi Pungi! Kaisi besharam hain?

ANU
Mujhe to bas Tulsi pasand hai... Yahan se election lada hota, to jeet jaati...!

SV enters and tries to make his way to his desk as fast as possible.

Anu spots him first.

ANU (CONT'D)
Namaste Satya Veerji....

Others chime in. Anu flirts.

ANU (CONT'D)
Aapki moochein din-ba-din badi glamorous hoti ja rahi hain.

SV blushes awkwardly and mumbles his thanks.

GEETA
Sharmaiye nahi... aajkal to yahi chalta hai - slim and trim.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Nimi gives him a dirty look. SV furiously rummages through the mess of papers on the desk. The hair-dryer goes off.

Awkward silence in the room. Nimi's eyes are burning a hole in SV's back.

RESHMA
(trying to impress with her limited English skills)
Oof! Abhi to diwali bhi nahi aaye - and already so chilling. Ajay and me hum to Goa ja rahe hai - jahan dekho pani hi pani - mein to apna karvachauth ka vrat wahi todhongi.

GEETA
So lucky...!

RITA
Haan..! So lucky, na...?

SV finds his paper, the one the minister's wife had written all the details on and quickly tries to make his way out.

RESHMA
(trying her English)
Nimi, where is you going for holiday...?

SV casts a sidelong glance to Nimi as he exits and shuts the door behind him. Nimi is looking straight at him, completely irritated.

NIMI
Agra!

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI - DAY

Out in the desert, a little oasis just off the highway.

SV crouches by his motorbike outside the haveli, pretending to fix the spark plug. A cheap disposable camera bulges out from the front pocket of his shirt.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The haveli has high walls and a large iron gate, guarded by PRIVATE SECURITY MEN and some loitering COPS.

A COP notices SV and walks towards him, swinging his stick.

COP
Ke gadbad hai chaudhary...??

SV fiddles with the wires.

SV
Kuchh nahi… Wire - zara dheela ho gaya

The cop nods, then looks at SV.

COP
Beedi hai ke..?

SV offer him some chewing gum

SV
Yeh chalegi?

The cop looks at it and gives it back.

COP
Yo ke hai be? - Chingaam? Lolipop koni thare khane? Half-ticket samajhiya hai ke be?

SV pops the gum.

SV
Cigarette-bidi chodne me madat karti hai.

COP
Mausam ko mood bado triya charitar hai...din mein garmi, to raat mein thand. Uper se yo **rand ro jaayo** mantri - ek boond paani to chhorro, do ghadi bhar kursi lagake ped ki chhav mein saans bhi koni lene deve.

SV acknowledges.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Just then the wireless crackles in the distance. The cop hurriedly stubs out his smoke.

The private security guys open the gate and an official motorcade, consisting of a couple of police gypsies and a white ambassador sandwiched in between them, exits the gate.

The cop begins to poke SV with his stick, looking busy for the approaching cars.

COP (CONT'D)
Chal chal jaldi se rafa-dafa ho ja. Aththe parking allowed koni.

SV's heart starts to race - he pretends to finish with his tinkering.

SV
Bas ho gaya...!!

The cars pass and the cop snaps to attention and salutes.

SV starts his bike and follows the motorcade at a distance.

EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS, ROADS - CONTINUOUS

The motorcade makes its way with sirens blaring, speeding down the road, lifting up dust.

SV follows the motorcade down onto the highway, losing it from time to time between traffic but catching up with it again.

The car heads towards town.

EXT. TOWN ROADS - CONTINUOUS

The motorcade makes its way through the town traffic - which parts for the minister.

They finally gets stuck - bang in front of the PARTY OFFICE - in the middle of CROWDS AND CROWDS OF PEOPLE.

All, part of an opposition protest against the canal.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

A float with the OPPOSITION LEADERS is in the centre, with an opposition SPOKESPERSON blasting out a speech from crudely rigged loudspeakers.

PEOPLE shout slogans, hold up party flags and signs. TV cameras capture the heating up of opposition protests.

CROWD
Rajathan Gramin Vikas Nahar pariyojana hay hay, hay hay... Sookha dariya... nahi banega, nahi banega...

PARTY SPOKESPERSON
Paani ki jarurat to hai ilaake ko - Hum maante hai - Par gareeb kisaan ki chhati pe mung dal ke karodo rupiya barbaad karke kya mile hai... Jab ki paani is canal me avega hi nahin - Jab naam hi sookha dariya hai - To gilla kaise karega Mantri...

CROWD
(laughs and claps)
P.P.Rathore Murdabad, Murdabad... Sinchai Mantri Murdabaad Murdabaad...

PARTY SPOKESPERSON
Hum mange hain ki humari jameenein hume lautayi javen - Ye Raje-Maharaje, jameendar, chaudhary... humko vapas gulaami ki bediyon me bandhna chahe hain... Par aaj ka gareeb kisaan aise haar nahin manenge. Humari awaaj unko sunni padegi - Nahin sunenge to hume sunana aavey hai... Loud-speaker hai humare paas...

The crowd laughs. Entertained.

CROWD
Samaj Sanjog party... Zindabad, Zindabad....

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Rathore's motorcade is stuck right in the middle of all these angry people.

The crowds surround the motorcade and start to hit the minister's ambassador with their signs - banging their fists against the glass.

The cops try to push the people out of the way. The crowds struggle with the cops and in the melee - people fall on each other. It's a mini-stampede.

Suddenly chaos rules.

A string of half-starved but gaily decorated COWS join in the confusion, running helter skelter.

SV waits behind this mess, watching the entire spectacle.

He turns his attention to another demonstration on the other side of the square; Completely ignored by everyone, a lone man, RAM SWAROOP, campaigns for a pink city, a two sided banner hung over his shoulders with garish signboard illustration on it depicting Lakhot as a grander version of Jaipur.

Ram Swaroop just stands in one place, silent and stoic, head held high.

The police swinging lathis, manage to clear the crowd from the front of the gate, which swings open. The motorcade moves through, the gates shutting behind it.

SV, parked by a fruit juice stall - sips on his juice as he watches the motorcade disappear and the crowd fold back into place.

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI - NIGHT

It is night by now.

Back at the Minister's Royal Haveli.

SV sees the Minister's car go in and the gate close after. The Gypsies and the bikes turn around and go back towards the highway. The private security guys and a couple of cops station themselves outside the gate again.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV parks his bike in some bushes and makes his way to the house on foot. He sneaks along the long, high wall.

He finds a tree near the wall. He starts to climb it but his shoes make it difficult; Black leather shoes with no tread. He takes them off and puts them behind the tree. He then climbs it, managing to keep his foot-hold but with difficulty, struggling all the way up.

SV almost slips and falls while trying to reach the top of the wall, then clumsily slides down the wall on the other side,

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI, GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

He crashes down the other side, falling noisily on some cactus pots and badly scratching his arm in the process.

He squeals in pain...

SV
Aaeeeee..!!

Some horses in the nearby stable get startled and rear in fright.

He crouches up in the shadows and waits to see if anyone has heard but it's all quiet.

He silently scoots across the grounds, making his way to the house.

It's dark.

Towards one side, away from the main house but closer to SV, is an outhouse. A light burns in it.

Through the open window he notices a WOMAN in a wheelchair. She is middle aged and dressed in a white sari. SV watches for a bit but she seems to be deeply engrossed in prayer.

He looks out at the main house. He sees a light on in a room. He sneaks towards it, and crouches under the window.

His shirt has got blood stains from the scratch on his arm but he hasn't noticed.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The minister, P.P. RATHORE (50's) sits inside the room, talking on the phone, a cigarette in hand.

SV takes out his camera. Notices that it's got mud on it, from the fall.

SV (CONT'D)
(Disgusted)
Sheh...!

He tries desperately to clean it, finds that his shirt has blood stains on it - so instead, blows on the camera to remove the mud and dirt. Then turns it on - It comes on. He lets out a sigh of relief. He points it towards the room and clicks a couple of photos.

The minster finishes his conversation and puts the phone down.

A sound; The front gates squeak open. SV trains his ear towards the sound - A car drives up inside the estate.

The minister hears it as well. He straightens his clothes and leaves the room.

SV moves to get a better view of the drive-way. A YOUNG WOMAN gets out of the car, early 20's, wearing a fashionable salwar kameez.

The minister comes out of the house. He receives the woman, puts his hand on her back and leads her into the house.

SV walks around, trying to figure out which room they are in. Suddenly; Rathore walks out on to the grounds with the young woman.

SV runs and hides behind a wall.

The Minister and the young woman are in the middle of an argument. SV strains to hear - but is too far to hear anything.

He starts clicking...

The minister seems really angry. The woman starts crying.

Click... Click... Click

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The minister walks back into the house. The young woman stands there alone a few moments, looking despondent.

SV takes a few more pics. Then she slowly makes her way to the car and is driven out.

SV waits for a few seconds. Silence... no one coming in or out.

He dashes across the ground, back to the wall. As he is about to jump the wall, he turns back towards the outhouse for one last look. He panics when he sees the WOMAN in the wheelchair at an open door, looking right out at him.

He braces himself for her cries of alarm. But she says nothing and continues looking at him, motionless.

SV recovers from his panic and he quickly heaves himself over the wall, landing roughly on the other side.

He struggles upright and dusts himself off - and finally realises that he has bled all over his shirt.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

SV rides back on empty dark roads, the camera bulging in his front shirt pocket. A smile breaks on his face.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bottle of Dettol and cotton wool lie close.

Nimi, dressed in her nightie, cleans up SV's cut in silence. She applies pressure as she swabs the cut. SV feels the smarting and tries to pull his arm back. Nimi holds it tighter.

NIMI
Seedhe baitho...!!

She finishes cleaning his cuts.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Shirt do... Dho doon, nahi toh daag reh jaayega.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He takes it off. She takes it from him. She caresses his arm gently.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Kal raat jyaada bol gayi main... Sorry. Ye chot kaise lagi?

SV is sticking to his story.

SV
Bola toh Motor-cycle phisal gayi...

NIMI
Haan.. sadak pe to cactus ke ped lage thay..

She pulls out a thorn from his body. He sqeals.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Tumhari poori khaal udhad gayi aur Motor-cycle ko ek kharonch tak nahin ayi...

SV stays silent.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Theek hai... Tum karo jo karna hai - Main ja rahi hoon Rohtak Mummyji ke ghar. Patni to chahiye nahin tumhe - Naukarani rakh lena saaf-safai ke liye.

SV
Nimmi...

He tries to hold her hand. She snatches it away from him.

NIMI
Log chhuttiyon mein jagah jagah ghoomne jaate hain - Aur Hum Rohtak ke bane banaye plan ko bhi... Raju ke Diwali ki chuttiyan aadhi khatam ho gaye hain - woh, saara din mere sar pe naachta hai. Pata hai Go Air ki tickaten kitni sasti hain,

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Reshma ke Mr. usko Goa ghumane aeroplane se le jaa raha hain.

SV
Suna meine - agar pani mein hi dupki lagani hai to Goa se behtar Haridwaar hi chale jayeen - kuch paap to dhulenge.

He gets up to feed his fish. Nimi gets mad.

She throws the bloody shirt at SV. It hits his back.

NIMI
Khud hi dho apni shirt...!!

She stomps off to the bedroom and locks him out again.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, STUDY/BEAUTY PARLOUR - NIGHT

The mystery woman sits across from SV. He is back in the parlour chair.

She's turning the disposable camera around in her hands.

SV
Kuch photo khichi hain meine - aapke pati aur us aurat ki. Kuch bahas see chal rahi thi dono ke beech - par sun nahi paya... door tha..

A momentary shadow crosses the woman's face, then clears up.

WOMAN
Achha toh hum...

SV
Ji...

The woman gets up to leave. He hesitates.

SV (CONT'D)
Err... Magar ek baat thi.

She looks a little anxious. He changes his mind.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV (CONT'D)
Hmm... Wo photo studio band tha toh - Develop nahin karva paya...

She smiles, almost in relief.

WOMAN
Koi baat nahin.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SV lets the woman out of the front door. She looks like she is about to say something, then stops. She is looking at something behind him. He turns to see Nimi standing there in a foul mood. She forces a smile and waves.

NIMI
Meri parwah mat keejiye. Main to bas ghar ki naukarani hoon...

The woman smiles, a little puzzled. SV looks like he wishes he could sink into the ground.

The woman leaves.

SV shuts the door and turns to face Nimi.

SV
Idhar aao...

NIMI
Kyon...?

SV
Aao toh. Kuchh dena hai

She comes close and he grabs her, giving her a tight hug.

NIMI
Chhoro... Chhoro na. Kya kar rahe ho...??

SV
Pyaar...naukrani ko! Itna mehnat karti hai bechari..

She hits him, teasingly. They hug...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. HALWAI SHOP - MORNING

BRIJ MOHAN, a sub-inspector and SV's brother in law, stands in his police uniform, buying mal-puas and chai, his daily morning ritual.

SV from from behind, carrying a bag of vegetables. He goes to his parked bike and standing beside it, narrates every action of his BIL as he carries them out.

The mal puas, deep fry in a karahi as Brij looks on salivating, the fat HALWAI turning it around ever so often with his slotted spoon.

SV (V.O.)
Saari khudai ek taraf ...juru ka bhai malpue ki taraf. Inki tarref - taareef inki nahi tareef to uss upar wale ki jisne yeh model banaya...
Kasam se - chirag le ke dhond loh - saare Hindustan mein sirf ek hi piece hai... peshe se Sub Inspector hain - Sub Inspector Brij Mohan. Magar tabiyat se thaanedaar kum aur zamiindaar zyada. Kyonki, police ki naukri mein wo ras kahan jo garma garam, karare-karare, rasdaar malpuon mein hai. Asli malpuve ki parakh mein maharat hasiil karna kisi saadhna se kam nahi. Iske liye badi lagan, mehnat aur daily practice ki zaroorat padti hai.

Brij Mohan takes a big bite of the sweet, dripping mal-pua, taking in half at one go.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pehle malpooye ka bada sa tukda inke mooh ke andar jayega - phir dakaar ke saath pyaar ke do meethe se shabd bahar ayenge..

BRIJ MOHAN
Behen chod!! Baap ke shaadi ka maal khila raha hai kya??

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He dumps the mal-pua back on the plate and looks at the Halwai.

HALWAI
Kaain (kya) bolo thaanedaar saab? Mahari maut toh na aayi jo thaare se jhoot boloongo. Taaja taaja kadhai se utaari hai. Aur mhaara malpua toh the jaano ho, yahan utri wahan biki. Baasi ko toh sawaal hi paido koni hove

BRIJ MOHAN
Sawaal toh paido ho gayo maharaj. Mahari jubaan pe sawaal khado kar diyo taine? Thaare kehne ka seedho seedho matlab yo hai ki main jhootha... dhokebaaj... kamina.. Bol toh dafaa 420 mein khudko ander karwa doon?

The halwai sighs and pulls another one out of the karahi and dips it in sweet syrup and serves it to Brij.

SV (V.O.)
Toh iss tarah Brij ko dande zor pe, har subah ek ya shayad ek se zyada malpua mil jaata hai. Yaani saara ka saara maal sirf ek puve ke daam par. Ye hai zindagi ki ek aur nangi sachchai. Sub Inspector hona faiyede ka sauda hai.

Brij turns around that moment and spots SV and Raju. He calls out to SV with his mouth half-full.

BRIJ MOHAN
Oye, jijje, aaj raat… de thaka thak!

CUT TO:

EXT. STEP-WELL - EVENING

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

A large traditional style step-well out in the middle of nowhere.

SV is drinking with Brij Mohan. They've laid out the standard quarters, soda, ice and namkeen packets.

At the other end of the 'baodi', some kids are splashing around in the water.

Brij Mohan is a bit tipsy.

BRIJ MOHAN
Lugaiyon ki yahi problem hai. Pati achha na mile toh zindagi bhar royengi. Aur agar achha mil jaaye toh usse zindagi bhar rulayengi. Jaanta hai jijje, maine shaadi ka laddoo kyon na khaaya? Taaki zindagi ka malpua kha sakoon.
(laughs)
Na koi aurat… na koi problem. Open and shut case!

SV
Ab Nimi, itni buri bhi nahin hai.

BRIJ MOHAN
Toh kitni hai? Soorpanakha se shaadi ki hai aapne.

SV
Toh phir tum Ravan huye, na.

BRIJ MOHAN
Toh sala maine kab kaha ki main Bhagwan Ramchandra hoon? Kaha? Nahi kaha.

SV
Tension mein hai bechari - aur mera bhi to shani chal raha hai - sardard pe sardard...

BRIJ MOHAN
Haan.. ye suspension... sahi nahin hua..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Hmm... poora jungleraaj hai;
Badi macchli chhoti machhli ko
nigal jaati hai.

BRIJ MOHAN
Toh badi machhli ban na yaar -
meri maan. Ek-do din ke liye hi
sahi, kahin ghoom aah.... Woh
kya kehte hai - apne second hand
honeymoon pe.

SV corrects him.

SV
Second hand nahi - second
honeymoon.

Brij waves it away.

BRIJ MOHAN
Bada farak padta hai... Raju ko
main rakh lunga...

EXT/INT. TOURIST BUS ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A tourist bus with a JAIPUR destination sign in front tears down a dark desert highway.

In the darkened deluxe-tourist bus, lurching along the highway, passengers are trying to sleep.

Curled up in a twin seat, Nimi and SV, a paper bag of pakoras in hand, stifle a laugh from some joke.

Their attempts to stifle their laughter, just leads to further compulsive laughter.

Till Nimi suddenly chokes on a pakora. She begins to cough fitfully.

SV slaps her back.

Nimi recovers.

She suddenly goes serious, looking at SV.

NIMI

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Us Jyotishi ne sachchi kaha tha kya...?

SV takes a bit to register.

SV
Humare pichale janam ke baare me..? Aur kya - Mummyji ne bataya to tha tumko...

Nimi nods thoughtfully.

NIMI
Toh hum picchhle - kam se kam… doh janamo se saath hain na…?

SV considers.

SV
Nahi. Picchle janam tak meri kismet acchhi thi. Tum sirf peechha kar rahi thi. Isi janam mein haath aaya hoon.

Nimi's getting a bit upset.

NIMI
Achcha?

SV wasn't trying to get her.

SV
Isme muh latkane ki kya baat hai?

Nimi's silent now.

SV thinks.

SV (CONT'D)
Arre yaar, tumhari toh phir bhi ek story hai. Maine pata nahi kiske saath zindagi bitayi hogii?

Nimi looks at him and giggles. She snuggles up to him and shuts her eyes.

NIMI

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Stuppid!

INT. JAIPUR MARKET, SARI SHOP - DAY

A pile of open saris lies on the counter, the SALESMAN continuously unfurling one Jaipur sari after another. Nimi is completely absorbed.

NIMI
Bhaiya wo gulabi wali dikhaao..

The Salesman takes a pink one out from the middle of the pile.

SV is visibly bored and feeling claustrophobic in the small hot shop.

He looks out the front at the passing crowd.

SV
Main zara bahar hoon...

She answers absentmindedly.

NIMI
Haan, haan, theek hai..

EXT. JAIPUR MARKET, PAAN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The market is decorated with Diwali buntings and stalls set up for Firecrackers, diyas and other paraphernalia.

SV stands at the counter and orders a cold drink. The PAAN WALLAH takes it out of the ice-box, dripping wet. He opens it and hands it to SV.

The bottle leaks water all down SV's crotch. He abuses under his breath.

Suddenly he's surprised to see the MINISTER'S WIFE rush out of a photo processing studio, looking worried and hassled.

SV takes out a ten rupee note from his front pocket and hands it to the paan wallah.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He starts after her - But she disappears into the Diwali shopping crowd. He loses sight of her.

SV walks back to the paan shop looking puzzled. He looks at the cigarette display behind. Orders one. The Paan Wallah hands a single cigarette to SV.

SV surreptitiously checks behind him for Nimi as he lights it. The takes a couple of long drags from the cigarette and stubs it out as he sees Nimi approaching.

She comes with her purchase, excitedly wanting to show it off.

She takes it out of the bag.

NIMI
Dekho! Maine gulabiwali khareedi.

She holds it against herself.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Yeh rang mujhe suit karta hai, na?

SV is distracted. He is hardly looking at the sari.

SV
Haan..

She smells the cigarette on him.

NIMI
Cigarette pi rahe thay?

He's caught. Nods.

SV
Ummm... aadhi.

She laughs and hits him teasingly.

NIMI
Naughty boy.. Tumne vaada kiya tha..

SV responds with a distracted half-smile. She's in a really good mood.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Reshma ka toh chehra peela pad jaayega - dekho na… Kitna mulayam hai - dekho. Saat sau maang raga tha - meine bhi itna tang kiya....

But his mind is somewhere else. His eyes are trained down the road.

EXT/INT. TOURIST BUS ON HIGHWAY - DAWN

The return leg of the journey.

SV looks out the window at the passing scenery.

Nimi is asleep, her head resting on SV's shoulder. SV brushes her hair away from her face. She half-opens her eyes and smiles, snuggling in closer to him. He puts his arm around her.

The bus stops for a break. SV looks out to see a dhaba. He gently removes his arm from around Nimi, putting a shawl as her headrest.

He stretches in the aisle.

EXT. HIGHWAY DHABA - DAWN

A typical highway dhaba, big enough to cater to stopping buses.

SV sits on a bench and waits for his tea. His attention drifts to a news report playing on a TV in the corner.

It shows the minister inaugurating the construction of a canal section.

It's not the news report that catches his eye but the presence of the irrigation minister, P. P. Rathore's wife beside him...

NEWS REPORTER
... Iss Udghatan samaroh ke dauran Sinchai Mantri P.P.Rathore ke saath unki patni bhi ayeen... Swasthya kaarano se

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

shrimati Laxmi Rathore ko aise
sarvajanik karyakramo me kam hi
dekha gaya hai...

His wife, as in the MIDDLE-AGED, WHEEL-CHAIR BOUND, LADY he saw staring at him- not the young woman who had come to SV's house and hired him.

EXT/INT. AUTO RICKSHAW ON ROAD - DAY

SV seems completely hassled and distracted while his wife is in bliss, chattering about her vacation.

NIMI
... Bas do din Jaipur jaane se
kitna farak padta hai - humein
aise ghar se kabhi kabhi nikalte
rahna chahiye... Aur agli baar
Raju ko bhi le chalenge - kitna
yaad kiya hoga usne. Pata nahin
bhaiya kya kya khila rahe honge
usko...

SV sticks his head out of the auto like a dog and concentrates on the passing tarmac.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In the police station, Raju and SV sit as Brij Mohan paces about the room.

In the background, two COPS bring two village types, covering in fear. They are made to do a 'murga' in a corner. Brij waves the cops away.

BRIJ MOHAN
Kutte ki haddi aur mantri ki
chaddi mein haath nahi dala
karte jijje. Ek mein 14
injection lagte hain aur doosre
mein toh bus... lag jaati hai,
pata bhi nahi chalta. Ab jab
saara matter 'tha' mein hai, uss
ladki ne sevaon ke paise de hi
diye hain toh file close. Wo

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

aurat kaun thi? - Kya thi? - Ke farak pade hai...??

As he talks, without breaking his stride, Brij picks one of the villagers and pulls him to a side.

SV
Ek baat aur thi...

BRIJ MOHAN
Kya?

SV
Us raat kisi ne dekh liya tha mujhe..

Brij shakes his head and removes his belt.

SV looks up at Raju, who's just walked in and is staring with unabashed fascination at the proceedings in the room.

SV (CONT'D)
Brij. Bachche ke saamne nahin yaar...

Brij turns..

BRIJ MOHAN
Kyon nahin? Balki mera to yeh manna hai ki bachchon ka sachchai se jitni jaldi saamna kara do - utna hi achcha hai...

He beams at Raju.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Hain Raju? Sahi bola na?

Raju nods in agreement, completely fascinated.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Aur jijje, ab aap bhi bade ho lo... aur apne yeh chor-jasoos ke khel band karo.

Off screen: Brij whacks the villager with his belt, hard.

CUT TO:

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. ROADS - LATER

SV rides down the road on his bike. He looks disturbed. Raju sits on the tank of the bike, looking happy as the breeze ruffles his hair.

EXT. STEP-WELL - NIGHT

SV and BRIJ MOHAN are at their haunt at the traditional step well with their regular mobile bar of a quarter, soda, plastic glasses and even ice-cubes.

SV's feeling broody.

SV
Par wo aurat thee kaun?

Brij Mohan pours himself a drink meticulously and leans back.

BRIJ MOHAN
Ek kissa sunata hoon...

He looks at SV and begins narrating a tale.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Ek ladka tha - Bholu...

CUT TO:

CARD: **BHOLU'S STORY**

FADE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE ROADS - DAY

A ten year old boy, BHOLU, in a Govt. school uniform and no shoes, skips down a village dirt road, kicking up dust everywhere.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Jaisa naam - waisa kaam. Bada bhola bachcha tha Bholu. Chhoti-chhoti cheejon se khush ho jaata - par saale mein ek hi bimari thi, picchwade mein jigyasa ki khurach thi ussey.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. STEP-WELL - NIGHT

Just into the story... Interruption..

BRIJ MOHAN
Khurach samajhte ho na...??
(SV nods)
Iscratching...??

SV
(corrects him)
Itching...

BRIJ MOHAN
Wahi.. Itching...

SV
(nods)
Curiosity...!!

Brij Mohan nods...

EXT. RIVER BED - DAY

Back to the story: Bholu sits by the river and picks out a drowning butterfly from the water.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Bholu ka school me man na lagta tha - Wo ischool chhorta... Nadi kinare baitha rahta - natture se baatein karta... Doobti titaliyon ko bachata...

Bholu lays the wet butterfly on the rock where other butterflies are drying up in the sun and looks at their wing patterns with a small magnifying glass.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unko pattharon pe sukhata - Phir unke rang-birange pankhon ko dekh ke sochta... Ki unme dejign ka raaj kya hai?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Bholu leans over a tree stump and counts the rings on the base of the trunk.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Phir gire hue pedon ke chhalle ginkar - Un pedon ki umar jodta...

Bholu squats over piles of different rocks, adding more to them from his pockets according to sequence.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Kabhi pattharon ko ikattha karke... unhe rang, akaar, vajan ke hisaab se alag alag sajata... Ghane gahre aur mano-vaigyanik sawal poochhta tha wo...

INT. SMALL VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Bholu stands by his father (who is passed out in a cot), and shakes his arm.

BHOLU
Baba, Baba, ye gande kan-khajure bade ho kar sundar-sundar titali ban jaave hain...?? Jabki itne sundar Resham ke keede.. mamuli chhida hi ban paave hain...? Kaise..??

His father doesn't bother to even look up from the nap. He smacks Bholu on the head.

BABA
Bas.. ban jaave hain! Chal.. bahar jaa aur pahada rut...

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Bholu stands alone, leaning on the house wall.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Use apne sawalon ka kabhi sahi jawab na milta...

BHOLU

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Teen ekkum teen, teen duni cheh,
teen tiyan nau, teen chaukke
barah, teen panche pandrah...

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Par usko duniya me koi cheej
sabse jyada lubhati... To wo thi
uske baba ki cycle - koi mamuli
cycle nahin thi wo...

Bholu looks around to see who is watching, and finding the coast clear, sneaks up to his father's cycle that's standing there.

He puts his eye to the lens and starts turning the dial to see the various images of monuments and Bollywood.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Bi-scope cycle thi - Uske baba
chalate the... Gaaon gaaon gali
gali, uss cycle pe ghoom ghoom
ke logon ko duniya ke ajoobe
dikhate;
"Agra ke Taj Mahal ka pyaar
dekho, dilli ka kutub minaar
dekho, Khajuraho ki moorti ke
jalwe dekho, Filmi nagaraiya ka
ishtaar dekho."

Bholu looks up and grins a missing tooth grin at the camera. Then he walks around the cycle, trying to open the box.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Par Bholu to khurchilla bachcha
tha, na - Usse samajh nahin
aata... Ki wo badi-badi
tasveerein uss chhote se dabbe
me kaise kaid ho jaati thi. Usse
lagta uske pitaji mahaan jadugar
hain - Jo aisee ghani mayavi
nagri ko jaadu se apne dabbe me
kaid kar rakhe hain... Ab usey
khurach uthi ki wo us mayavi
nagri ka hissa bane - usme kaid
cheejo ko chhue, uungli kare...

Bholu touches the lens.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Aur andar jaane ka rasta ussey ek hi dikha... Uss Bi-scope ka lens....

Bholu taps on the lens.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ab ussey andar to jaana tha hi...

Bholu picks up a rock and hits the lens till it cracks and shatters.

Bholu puts his finger in between the glass shards, can't feel anything, so tries to squeeze his eye in. A glass piece pierces his eye. He removes his head. It's too late, his eye is bleeding profusely. He shouts out in pain.

BHOLU
(shouts)
Arhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Ek mamuli si galti ka ek bahut bada sabak.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

Bholu, now a grown up man, cycles down with his bi-oscope through the market.

BHOLU
Bi-scope walaaaa.....!! Do rupaye me Taj Mahal, Kutub Minar, Sri Devi, Dharmendar. Saare haseen najare iss Bi-scope ke andarr...

Close up of his eyes reveals...that he is essentially a one- eyed man, the right one now closed up.

BRIJ MOHAN (V.O.)
Bechara bholu. Duniya ke jin ajoobon ko wo itna chehek chehek ke duniya ko dikhata, unhi

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

ajoobon ko wo khud hi theek se
nahi dekh pata.

Bholu looks up and grins the same toothless grin at camera.

EXT. STEP-WELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Brij Mohan has now finished his drink atop the water tank. The quarter bottle is empty. He looks at SV.

BRIJ MOHAN
To kya sabak milta hai hume, jijje...?? Bholu ki kahani se...
(SV looks)
Woh kya word bola tha angreji me...??

SV
Curiosity.

BRIJ MOHAN
Haan... Curiosity kill cat!

He slams his empty glass down on the floor as a punctuation mark.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Issiliye kahta hoon - Apni langot kass ke bandho. Aur khurach utthe to lotion lagao - ungli nahin... Varna khurach badhke ghaav ban javegi... Aur ghaav nasoor. Samjhe..??

SV looks nods a bit unsure

He seems to get the point. BRIJ smiles...

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Khair - Woh Nirodh kandom ke prachar wala gaana to suna hoga aapne?

SV looks

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Chalo gaate hain...!!

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

(He starts singing)
"Zara si saavdhani, zindagi bhar asaani..."

SV joins him reluctantly...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

It's past closing time. A few stray shops are open, some are closing their shutters but most are already closed for the night.

The streets are pretty empty. Somewhere, a dog howls.

SV free-wheels his bike down a dark road, swerving unsteadily, singing the old Nirodh tune.

Far away, a chocolate bomb goes off and kids in the distance scream with delight.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SV gets off outside his house, teetering and tottering and attempts to park his bike.

Then suddenly, out of the shadows comes - THE WOMAN - the same mysterious woman from before - She looks desperate and scared.

SV is confused and more than a little drunk. He reaches his hand out and pokes her arm with his finger.

SV
Oop... Dekh raha tha ki aap sach mein hain bhi ki nahin. Aaj kal ajeeb ajeeb chezein nazar aati hain...

He laughs. She cuts him short.

WOMAN
Please meri zindagi khatre mein hai.

He starts laughing and wagging his finger at her.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Aapko pata hai... ek ladki hai... Ladki..?? Aurat..?? Nahin ladki... Wo mujhe dikhti hai...!!

The woman nervously scans the road.

WOMAN
Agar mujhe kuchh ho gaya… toh - mein chahti hun ki aap mera naam yaad rakhen

She's got a desperate edge to her voice.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Mera asli naam - Manorama... jo aapki kitaab ka bhi naam tha...

SV interrupts.

SV
Ek minute.... Sorry for the interruption - par kya aapko sachmuch meri novel - pasand aayi thi?

She's taken aback.

SV (CONT'D)
Aapne padhi bhi thi...??

She's desperate now.

WOMAN
Please... yaad rakhiyega - Manorama - Aur meri umra 32 hai... battees...

SV
Aur meri moochein?

He's on his own drift till he catches.

SV (CONT'D)
Battees?? Pehle tumne mujhe jasoos banaya - ab kya - darzi banana ka iraada hai? Apni kamar bata rahi ho ya umar?

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

WOMAN
Battees saal ki hoon mein...

Just then, Bholu shuffles past noisily, wheeling his cycle, staring frankly and wordlessly at SV and Manorama.

SV turns to look at Bholu and - notices Nimi standing at the front window of the house - arms folded.

He turns back to Manorama. She isn't there - she has disappeared.

SV looks about the dark, empty, deserted road, completely confused. But he has Nimi to deal with.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Early morning, SV is neatly dressed in a shirt and pants, all spick and span.

He is standing in front of the mirror, waxing his moustache into place. He adds some to his hair as well and slicks it back into place.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

He drops a couple of food pellets into the fish tank.

He puts his eye close to the fish tank glass - His one eye gets magnified to gigantic proportions.

He watches as the fish frantically swim for the fish food.

He peeks into the kitchen but NIMI's giving him the cold treatment this morning.

INT. PWD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A typical, depressing government office. The few desperate attempts at cheer; plastic roses in an ugly gold vase and a threadbare green carpet, imply an office much further up the hierarchy from SV.

SV's BOSS and SUPER-BOSS, typical bureaucrat types, are looking at him in silence.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SUPER BOSS
Randhawa, you are a disgrace... Sharm aani chahiye tumko, tumhari harkaton ne department ke naam par kaalikh mal dee hai...

SV tunes out as the boss rambles on in the background.

SV (V.O.)
Nimi sahi kahti hai... Department me akela main hi buddhu tha jo commission lete pakda gaya... Jabki sab jante they ki RK Cement Supply Company ka maalik, Matho sahab ka damaad hai - sirf main nahin janta tha. Tabhi to maine us-se commission nikalvane ki koshish kee... chhorta kyon...?? Pichchle consignment me cement ke TEEN SAU bore kam they.. phir mein akela kyon galat hua??.

The boss is quite visibly upset as SV tunes back in.

BOSS
Kyonki tum ek chor ho! Ek paise ke bhookhe be-imaan, gair-zimmedar.

SV tunes out again. The boss raves on.

SV (V.O.)
Sach to ye hai ki Matho sahab khud apne damaad se commision lete hain... taki koi doosra uss -se apna ye haq na mang sake...

BOSS
I've had enough of this man...

The Super-boss calms the boss down.

SUPER BOSS
It's OK. Main dekh leta hoon...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The Super-boss signs the suspension order. He looks up at SV.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

SV drives back on his bike.

In his rear-view mirror, he notices a jeep, driven by two men (KISEN AND SANJU), which appears to be following him.

As SV weaves in and out of the highway traffic, the jeep does the same, but always keeping a distance of a car away. SV notices - but he's not sure.

SV accelerates. The highway whizzes past.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, DINING AREA - MORNING

The family is eating breakfast together. SV is busy with the newspaper.

NIMI
Raju, bread pe jam laga doon?

Raju shakes his head enthusiastically. Nimi starts to spread jam on his toast.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Mummyji ka phone aaya tha.

She notices that SV's not listening. He's deeply engrossed in the paper.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Tum sun bhi rahe ho?

SV has turned a bit pale.

He silently hands the newspaper to Nimi. She scans it;

NIMI (CONT'D)
SADAK DURGHATNA ME SAMAAJ SEVAK
KI MRITYU... **Rajasthan Gramin**
Vikas Nahar Pariyojana ke virodh
se judi Samaaj Sevika Manorama
Shukla ka kal raat ek sadak
durghatna me nidhan ho gaya...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Ye ghatna raat lagbhag do baje hui jab **purane jaipur highway par wo ek truck ke neeche aa gayi...** Unhe paas ke sarkari haspataal me bharti karaya gaya, jahan par doctoron ne unhe mrit ghoshit kar diya... **Police iss haadse ki jaanch kar rahi hai... halanki shuruati jaanch me iss durghatna ke koi aur karan samne nahin aye hain... police ka kahna hai ki ye atma-hatya ka maamla ho sakta hai...**

She looks up at SV, visibly upset.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Yeh toh wahi hai. Isne to atmahatya kar lee...??

SV
Nimmi ... Tumko atmahatya karni ho to kya tum truck ke aage koodogi?

She looks at him indignantly as she puts the paper down.

NIMI
Mere marne se koi faida nahi hone wala.. Saari jayedaad Brij bhaiyya ke naam pe hai.

She laughs. There is no reaction from SV. He is too busy thinking.

SV
Raju beta, zara kaichee laana...

Raju jumps off his chair to go get the scissors. Nimi's trying hard to prevent this can of worms from opening.

NIMI
Tumko ho kya gaya hai...? Paper me likha hai toh atmahatya hi hogi...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Raju brings the scissors. SV clips out the article along with a smaller clip alongside about a child, a young girl missing from the local orphanage (downplayed).

SV looks up, irritated.

SV
Paper mein kuch bhi chape ga to maan logi? Tumne jhooth bola tha na ki tum graduate ho...??

Nimi starts to say something.

He just collects the article, gets up and leaves.

EXT. NGO OFFICE - DAY

A small NGO office. A signboard proclaims its identity.

Outside, on the wall, old, peeling posters against the canal fight for space with posters for the canal, one posted over the other. It's a bit of a mess, the only word clearly repeating itself over and over again is; "Canal".

SV takes out his press card to show the CHOWKIDAAR outside the NGO.

SV
Press....

INT. NGO OFFICE - DAY

SV sits at a desk across from an NGO WORKER; 30's oily, specy, "save the world" type.

A surly, middle-aged female TYPIST, dressed in a sari and wearing big glasses on a golden chain, obviously in a bad mood, resolutely types away in the background without a break. The typing forms a rhythmic background score, with the occasional PING sound as the carriage is brought back.

The NGO worker carries on monotonously.

NGO WORKER

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

...Is registaan me paani laane ki khilafat kaun samajhdar insaan karega...? Par humara manna hai ki ruling party - Khaskar Irrigation Minister Rathore, is canal ka, istemeel sirf vote batorne ke liye kar rahe hain... Punjab, Haryana aur Rajasthan ke 1981 water agreement me ab matbhed ho gaye hain... difference of opinion...

SV cuts him short. He picks up a few pamphlets lying on the table.

SV
Aur doosre states paani katai chhorne ko taiyaar nahin hain... Is parche me to sab likha hoga na...??

NGO worker nods. SV pockets one of them.

SV (CONT'D)
Toh... Manorama Shukla bhi aapke saath is protest pe kaam kar rahi thi...??

The NGO Worker is confused at this sudden change in track.

NGO WORKER
Ji...??

SV
Wo aapki sanstha me hi kaam karti thi na...??

NGO WORKER
Ji haan...

SV
I see...!!

NGO WORKER
Maaf keejiyega - Main zara confused hoon... Ye kis tarah ka article likh rahe hain aap?

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Err - article to aapki NGO par hi hai... Par kuch human interest story bhi ho to accha rehta hai. Jaise wo khudkushiwali baat - Ab aisi baatein padhnewaalon ko apni oar attract karti hain - aur hamare akhbaar ki bikri bhi badhti hai - err - Aur aap apne vichaar zyada se zyada logon tak pahucha bhi payenge...

The NGO worker is bewildered.

SV (CONT'D)
Toh… Manorama shukla. Unka koi parivaar to hoga yahan...??

The NGO worker hesitates.

SV (CONT'D)
Aapke vichaar zyada se zyada logon tak pahuchane hain...

NGO WORKER
Wo jaipur se theen.. Yahan kisi saheli ke saath rahti thi...

SV's jotting all this down in a pad that he's taken off the table as well.

SV
Uss saheli ka naam...?

The worker pauses as he hunts for the name in his head.

NGO WORKER
Uh...

SV
Yaad keejiye shayad kahin likha ho...

Unprompted, the typist stops typing and wordlessly gets up and gets a file from a cabinet.

She slams it on the table and goes back to her typing without a word.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The worker leafs through the file.

NGO WORKER
Ah... Ye raha... Sheetal.

The typist returns the carriage to the start that PINGS almost as a punctuation mark and continues her typing with that same single-minded approach.

SV
Sheetal... Aur pata..??

The NGO Worker hesitates.

SV (CONT'D)
Zyada se zyaada...

He smiles.. The NGO man looks towards the typist, then thinks better of it and gets up to go and check a register from a cupboard.

SV takes the opportunity to steal a peek at the file in front of him. He manages to jot down some information.

The NGO worker finds the information.

NGO WORKER
House # 11. 2nd floor, Pushpa Vihar...

EXT. MANORAMA'S FLAT - LATER

A very middle class double storied construction.

SV stands at a door, mustering courage to ring the bell, hand frozen in mid-air.

Suddenly its opened by a woman, SHEETAL, on her way out (mid-20's and pretty).

SV is startled, so is she.

SV
Sheetalji..??

Sheetal's still a bit rattled. She composes herself with an awkward smile.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL
Aur aap...?

SV
Satya Veer. Maaf keejiyega... Main bas aapse do minute baat karna chahta tha...

Sheetal interrupts.

SHEETAL
Agar aap kuchh bechane aye hain to mujhe der ho rahi hai... *bus* pakadni hai...

She starts down the stairs. SV begins to follow.

SV
Nahin.. Nahin... Main to..
(Softly)
Main Manorama ke baare me - wo meri *client* thi..!!

Sheetal freezes in the stairwell.

SHEETAL
Client...? Aap unke wakil hain?...

SV shakes his head...

EXT. ROADS - DAY

SV walks behind Sheetal.

She's in a bit of a hurry, marching down the road. SV keeps pace right behind her.

SV
Aap samjhne ki koshish keejiye Madam - Ye bahut zaroori hai.

SHEETAL
Maaf kijiye - Aap jo bol rahe hain - mujhe kuchh samajh nahin aa raha...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV follow along... they reach the main road.. Satya Veer look around him to see who's there

SV

Dekhiye yahan mein aapko isse zyada nahi bata sakta - Magar jis raat Manoramaji ki maut hui, uss raat woh mujhse milne aayi theen - aur kaafi ghabraiyi hui theen.

Sheetal stops.

She looks at SV - She seems to believe something he said.

SHEETAL

Matlab?

SV hesitates

SV

Manoramaji ki atmahatya...shayad jaise dikh raha hai, waise hai nahi.

She looks at her watch. Starts walking again.

SHEETAL

I am sorry… mujhe sachmuch der ho rahi hai.

SV looks down the road; A bus is heading towards them.

Sheetal notices it too.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)

Meri bus...

SV has a sudden urgency in his voice.

SV

Unke aakhiri kuchh dino me aapko kuchh atpata mahsoos hua...? Shayad Manorama ne kuchh kaha ho...? Please, yaad kijiye..

Sheetal shakes her head.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV takes out a piece of paper from his pocket and a pen, scrawls his number on it in a corner, tears it off and hands it to her.

Sheetal waves the bus down. It comes to a noisy halt.

SV (CONT'D)
Ye mere ghar ka number hai - kuchh bhi yaad aaye to... kuchh bhi, phone keejiyega - important hai...

Sheetal looks at the name and number then looks up at him with recognition in her eyes.

SHEETAL
Satyaveer Randhawa? Vahi? ... Lekhak?

The bus honks. She gets on the bus.

SV stands there looking at the receding bus.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, TERRACE ROOFTOP - DAY

SV's standing on the rooftop using a cordless, making calls and noting down details..

He's using the information he got from the NGO office.

SV
Ji.. ji haan... main unka father hoon... Gyan Chand Shukla... 2000 - Year of graduation.. correct.

He seems surprised by the information he receives.

SV (CONT'D)
Are you sure..? Aapke records me koi Manorma Shukla nahin...? Aap 99 ya 2001 ka register dekh sakte hain...? Ji...
(waits)
Haan hello... I see... Maaf keejiye... Lagta hai koi confusion hai... Main apko vapas phone karta hoon....

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He hangs up the phone and stands there feeling puzzled. He looks up to see NIMI standing there with a load of washing to dry, looking at him.

SV (CONT'D)
Mrs. P.P. Rathore - Meenakshi Rathore - Manorama... Manorama Shukla - Aur ab record mein koi Manorama Shukla bhi nahin hai - aakhir wo thi kaun, Nimi...?

Nimi puts the clothes down, and just turns and walks away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

SV takes a long drive, braving the cold breeze hitting his face as he clears his mind.

He passes a cavalcade of camels.

EXT. CANAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - EVENING

SV stops his bike outside his old site office. The large concrete water tower looms over the site. Work is over for the day and the place is deserted.

He is thirsty... stares at the tower wistfully.

SV (V.O.)
Ek baat aur - insaan ka dimaag bahut naazuk hota hai - pichle kuch dino ki gahtnaoon ne mera dimag hila diya tha... mujhe khud par yakeen nahi aah raha tha - ab toh mein iss sukhi pani ki tanki ko bhi *miss* kar raha tha.

SV wanders about the canal site. He laughs to himself.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ya, shayad.. Main apni uss ek hi dharre pe chalti zindagi ko *miss* kar raha tha.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He notices a large concrete block in the ground, completely out of place. He goes over to it, stands beside it trying to clear his head.

SV climbs and stands on a small hill overlooking the canal, trying to figure out the situation, no answer comes to him.

He scans the horizon and notices two men climbing the hill towards him. As they draw nearer he realises that it is SANJU and KISEN (who had seemed to be following him earlier).

Sanju reaches into his pants. Something catches the sun - the metallic glint of a revolver.

SV instinctively senses danger.

But he's cut off from his bike.

He wonders what to do. He runs...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A chase through the desert ensues.

SV runs for his life, up, down, into sand dunes, out of sand dunes, falling, tripping, getting up, sand and dust cling to him but he continues running.

His legs refuse to move faster, he pants like a dog and finally is no match for the leaner, younger Sanju; who catches up with SV and pushes him to the ground.

SV struggles but Sanju pins him down, the revolver inches from his face.

Kisen, the sober and asthmatic one, wheezes up the slope.

He bends over, resting on his knees, while trying to catch his breath.

KISEN
Pakad ke rakh saale ko...

Sanju awkwardly holds the fallen SV by his shirt collar and tries to train the gun on him simultaneously. Kisen

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

takes out an inhaler and takes a deep hit with it. Slowly,he starts to breathe normally.

He fiddles around in another pocket... Pulls out a pack of shelled peanuts. He expertly tosses one up in the air and into his mouth.

Sanju looks at him.

SANJU
Tene pata hai na... Jo tu kha raha hai.. tere dume ka jahar hai ye...!!

Kisen dusts his hands.

KISEN
Pata hai...

Kisen pulls up and kicks SV hard. Straight in the stomach.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Tu siddha khada rah, bhai...!!
Uss ladki ne kya bola tha tujhe?
Uss raat..?? Sachchi bata - Tu yaar hai uska...?? Tere paas kyon ayi thi...??

Curled and reeling from the kick, SV struggles to catch his breath.

SV
Kaun ladki?

Kisen kicks him again.

KISEN
Ab yaad aya..??

Sanju pipes in.

SANJU
Na ji na - itni jaldi kaise..??
O bhole bhandaari, daayi se pet nahi chhipaya karte...

Sanju kicks SV hard in the stomach.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

KISEN
Hume pata hai tene baat kee us-
se... Kya boli wo..?? Koi joke
shoke suna rahi thi ke - humko
bhi suna de…

They start kicking him one by one, stomach, groin, anywhere, everywhere, no breaks.

SV struggles.

SV
Kuchh nahin. Wo kuchh nahin
boli...

Kisen is wheezing again with the effort of all the kicks. He collapses on top of SV, pinning his hands under him. He pulls out the bag of peanuts and starts stuffing SV's mouth with them.

KISEN
Nahin batayega...??? Nahin
batayega...??

SV tries to spit out the peanuts.

Kisen is forcing them into SV's mouth.

SV splutters.

Kisen lifts himself up. He gestures to Sanju.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Isko tu bata Sanju....

Sanju squats on SV. The gun almost in SV's sputtering mouth. The finger half squeezes the trigger.

SV squeezes his eyes shut, expecting the worst.

SV
Mujhe kuchh nahin pata...

Sanju looks up at Kisen.

SANJU
Poori khaali kar doon?

Kisen shakes his head exasperated.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SANJU (CONT'D)
Bas ek. Ek baari... *pleaj*...!!

Kisen leans in close to Sanju, muttering.

KISEN
Abye oonth, mahine se hai kya?
Isko udaa dega to pata kisse
karega...??

Sanju grudgingly uncocks the gun.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Ek kaam kar Sanju, ungli ko
kakdi samajh aur tod de… swaad
aa jayega, kasam se…

SANJU
Main na todu... Tu hi tod le...

KISEN
Ke...? Sanju..! Tod ne...

Sanju gets off SV who squirms on the ground.

SANJU
Chhilka chheeloon main aur
moonfalli khaaye tu… hamesha
mushkil kaam mere tika deta hai…
Chal chal tu kar. Ladies kaam
kare manne mauj na aye hai...

KISEN
Ib samjhya... Teri phate hai...
Gudaa nahin tere ko... hai
ke...toh jara manhe bhi dikha
de??

SANJU
Achcha...!! Jyada Sahab na
ban... Tu sahab na hai mera...

Sanju puts his fingers into his ears and starts shaking his head.

SANJU (CONT'D)
Na.. na.. na.. na..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Kisen stares at him, unbelieving. Then bends down, grumbling and breaks SV's little finger... Snap!

SV shouts out in horrific pain.

KISEN
Abhi yaad ayaa ke...??

SV splutters.

SV
Usne...

Kisen snaps his ring finger...Snap!

SV shrieks out in pain. Sanju screws up his face with every snap.

SV (CONT'D)
(breathless, struggling)
Usne bas itna kaha ki uska naam Manorama hai... Aur uski umr battees hai... Bas itna...

Kisen stops and looks at him.

KISEN
Battees...?

SV groans.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Battees...? Wo kutiya tene apni umar kyon batane lagi...? Thare se apne ration card ka application bhara rahi thi ke??

SV mumbles something.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Huh..?

A third (the middle finger this time). Snap! SV screams.

SV
Mujhe kya pata...! Usne jo bola maine apko bata diya...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Kisen holds up the remaining two fingers but considers.

KISEN
Na ji na... Raati angutha chusan vaste tene inki jarurat pad sakti hai... chal ab, seedha haath kad...

SV groans.

SV
Main sach bol raha hoon...

Kisen looks at Sanju. He lets go of SV's left hand.

SANJU
Bhai..!! Manne bhi lage hai ye chorro sach bol rayo se...

KISEN
Tu chupp kar...! Manhe yun laage ke sale thari maa ne, bachcha nahi, kabuttar janaa tha. Sala kabuttar ki aulad!

Kisen looks at SV lying there in the sand, writhing with pain and bends down to go through his jacket.

He finds a wallet which is quickly relieved of its cash. He then finds a set of keys and lifts himself up.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Ainda se... Tu sirf apne kaam pe dhyaan lagaiyo... OK..?

He kicks SV one last time in the stomach for effect and walks off.

KISEN (CONT'D)
Chal Sanju....!! Nehar me thoda paani daal aate hain...

Sanju follows suit, one kick and he runs after Kisen.

SV struggles on to his elbows to look at them walking down the hill. Kisen is making pigeon sounds to irritate Sanju (Gutar Gutar).

They walk to the canal and take a leak.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

They reach his bike. Sanju starts it and drives away. Kisen leaves in the jeep.

SV tries to get up but the pain is too much.

The sun is setting.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The dark sky is clear and full of shining stars. Night birds call out to each other.

The dunes take on strange shapes - Shadows shifting in the night.

SV lies unconscious in the desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN

The crisp, early pink of dawn paints itself across the sky.

SV stands by the side of the lonely, deserted highway. He looks awful - dirty, muddy, bloody.

There seems to be no one and nothing for miles and miles.

Just the desert waiting for the hot sun that is flaming up the horizon.

Suddenly, in the far distance, a speck - growing larger.

A pink ambassador approaches.

SV hails it. It slows down and stops. RAM SWAROOP is at the wheel.

EXT/INT. PINK TAXI ON HIGHWAY - MORNING

RAM SWAROOP looks at SV's shabby state as he drives.

RAM SWAROOP
Raat badi tufaani gayee ke, huh?

SV just looks out at the horizon.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

SV and RAM SWAROOP drive down the dusty highway.

Ram Swaroop suddenly shoots from left-field.

RAM SWAROOP
Aapko pata hai is shahar ko sabse zyaada kiski zarurat hai...? Tourist. Sirf yahi ek rasta hai - iklauta rasta - tarakki ka. Ab saare sailaani jaipur kyon jaate hain...??

He looks at SV, who tries to concentrate on what Ram Swaroop is saying but gives up..

Ram Swaroop explains.

RAM SWAROOP (CONT'D)
Kyonki wo *pink city* hai... Humein bhi wahi chahiye - ek gulabi shehar...

SV goes off into his own world.

SV (V.O.)
Ek aur baat saaf thi Haath itna dukh raha tha ki lagta tha kaat ke phek doon. Baaki sab dhundhala tha. Main saare tukdon ko ek saath jodne ki koshish karta raha. Magar gutthi jitni sulajhti rahi thi, utni hi aur uljhti bhi jaa rahi thi...

INT. DOCTOR'S CLINIC - MORNING

BRIJ MOHAN is there with SV. A DOCTOR is putting a cast on the three broken fingers on his left hand, aided by a NURSE, Brij's eyes trailing the nurse's behind wherever she moves.

BRIJ MOHAN
Raat bhar *phone* pe *phone*. Nimi ne ek minute bhi sone na diya… Ye karz raha mera - aapke upar.
(to the doctor)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Oye. Zara jaldi kar le bhai.
Saara sarkari majmaa tere hi
intezaar me khada hai...

The doctor ignores him. Brij purposely knocks off a clamp from the doctor's tray, pretends to look at his watch, then back at the Nurse who has bent over to pick up the instrument.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Aur subah ki sabse badi khabar
yo hai jijje, tere chakkar mein
aaj mujhe maalpua naseeb na
hoga. *Bad night* ke baad *bad*
morning, aapki meherbaani se -
doosron ke pichwade mein chol
karne ki aadat pad gaye hai
aapko..

SV looks at Brij and then looks at the cast being put on his fingers and catches a reflection of himself in the mirror. He looks like a train -wreck.

He smiles sardonically.

EXT. HALWAI SHOP - DAY

Brij Mohan stands at the counter in a foul mood. SV stands by Brij's police bike.

HALWAI
Dopahar ho gayi maalik.... Ramji
ka maal - Ramji ke pet me...

Brij Mohan stares at the Halwai.

Then abruptly turning around, his pride oddly injured, he saunters across to where a row of cycles are standing.

He tips one over, casually. All the cycles fall like dominoes.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

SV sits across the desk from Brij Mohan. Brij has a condescending, almost patronising expression on his face.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Sitting by SV's side is an older man, PATHAK dressed quite formally and with a briefcase in his lap.

BRIJ MOHAN
Uski *body* kal jala di humne... Koi *family-wala* aage nahin aya... Pata karne ki koshish kar rahe hain...

SV looks at Brij then at the man.

The man looks like he's in no hurry to leave.

SV looks at the man a little unsure, then leans across the desk and whispers, trying to be discreet.

SV
Brij, main ab bhi keh raha hoon - ye *suicide* nahi *murder* hai

Brij seems amused. He leans back. Smug.

Then leans forward, trying to be discreet himself.

BRIJ MOHAN
Dekh jijje - main ab bhi keh raha hoon - ye jassosi nahi bewakoofi hai. Tu sirf kalam todh, apni hadi tudwane ki zaroorat nah hai. Novel-shovel likh aur - ye be-sir-pair ki jasoos-giri chorr...

He points to a file on his desk. Coming back to normal.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
And for your kind information, ab to humne uss *truck driver* ko bhi chhor diya. Seedha sadha *accident* ka *case* banata hai, jijje... Achanak wo beech sadak pe aa gayi - andhera tha - driver ko dikha nahin. Jab tak break lagayee - chori ka raam nam satya ho gaya... Woh to bechara usko lekar haspatal tak gaya...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV is trying to control himself. A HAWALDAAR pokes his head in.

HAVALDAAR
Sir, Bade saab bula rahe hain...

BRIJ MOHAN
Ab ke chahiye usse...?

Brij gets up.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Ek minute... ataa hoon...

Brij leaves.

SV looks across at the man, who seems to be studying him.

SV forces a smile.

The man opens his briefcase without taking his eyes off SV and proffers a business card.

PATHAK
Jayesh Pathak.. LIC and General insurance agent...

Sure enough, that's what the card reads. SV looks up from the card at Mr. Lowry

PATHAK (CONT'D)
Aaj ke zamaane me insurance cover hona must hai bhaisahab.

Lowry gets up and extends his hand.

PATHAK (CONT'D)
Zindagi ka koi bharosa nahi. Aaj hai toh kal nahi. Aaj sukhi sansaar toh kal - dukhi parivaar. Kabhi khushi kabhi gham. Bhagwan na kare - lekin ankh hati- durghatna ghati...
(Snaps his fingers.)
Kab kya ho jaye! Isiliye kahta hoon bhaisahab.. aaj zara si savdhaani... zindagi bhar asaani...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV shakes his hand.. SV is spooked.

Lowry pointedly looks at the cast on SV's hand.

SV looks at him go. A little troubled, he turns back, pocketing the card and remembers the file on the desk.

He quickly opens the file to steal a look. Just then Brij enters and catches SV.

BRIJ MOHAN
Ye saale canal demonstrationwale…

SV guiltily closes the file.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Oye jijje, please, yaar. Kye kar rahe ho..? Kuch chahiye to maang lete... kya chahiye? *Truck driver* ka naam? Pataa? Mein deta hun. Par *last time* - phir yeh sab behooda harkatein bhool jana.

SV nods.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Brij Mohan drives SV home on his police bike. Brij is in a bad mood. He drives fast and rash through the streets.

They have to shout to communicate over the roar of the bike and the wind.

SV's on a different track.

SV
Ho sakta hai Rathore ke admiyon ne Manorama ko truck ke samne dhakel diya ho...

BRIJ MOHAN
Truck driver ne aisa kuchh nahin dekha...

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Woh us sunsaan si jagan mein akeli kya kar rahi thi..? Aur woh truck driver... Usko paise khilaye hongey - ya dhamki dee hogi... Aur woh dono admi... woh kiske liye kaam karte hain - pata karo...

Brij is getting impatient.

BRIJ MOHAN
Kya ukhaad lunga pata karke...? Pahle to dhundho unhe... Phir maximum charge lagega faujdaari ka... 15 *minute* mein dono filmy gana gaate huve, bahar ho jaayenge.

SV is getting a bit angry with his unhelpful brother-in-law.

SV
Brij... ye katl ka maamla hai... Koi do-paanch rupaye ghoos ka nahin... ya tumhare extra maal-pue ka nahin - Ek aurat ka *murder* hua hai...

Brij's had enough too.

BRIJ MOHAN
Toh...? Saboot hai aapke paas...?? Koi bhi, kuch bhi..?? Hai to batao. Abhi to bas ek hi jurm sabit ho sakta hai - wo hai gair-kanooni tareeke se mantriji ke ghar ghus ke jasoose karne ka... Ab bol... case banaoon?

SV stays silent. Brij relents a bit.

BRIJ MOHAN (CONT'D)
Dekho jijje, Main motorcycle chori ka FIR darj kar deta hoon... OK? Thane bhi na aana padega...

They reach SV's house. SV gets off.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Koi zarurat nahin hai...

Brij looks at him.

BRIJ MOHAN
Ab chalo bhi jijje...

SV seems a little embarrassed.

SV
Wo baat nahin... *actually*,
Motor- cycle mujhe Sima
Construction se *gift* mili thi...
Unhi ke naam pe hai... Aur ye
department ki enquiry...

Brij understands the situation.

SV starts walking towards his house.

BRIJ MOHAN
Yeh sab hum jaise chhoti
machhliyon ke bas ka rog nahi
hai. Yeh neta log - ye bahut
badi macchli hain. Aur tumhe toh
pata hai, jijje - badi
machhliyon ko kya khaana pasand
hai?

SV nods, resigned.

SV
Chhoti machchli...

Brij Mohan winks in agreement.

BRIJ MOHAN
Ye baat...!! Chalta hoon... Nimi
ko bolna maine rakhi ka bandhan
khoob nibhaya...!!

Brij takes off.

A cycle bell rings down the street. SV looks to see Bholu, the bioscope man riding down the street.

BHOLU

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Bi-scope walaaaa.....!! Do rupaye me Taj mahal, kutub minar, Sri devi, Dharmendar.. Saare haseen najare is Bi-scope ke andar...

He smiles a one-eyed, toothless grin at SV as he cycles past. SV stares at the retreating cycle.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the semi darkness, SV stands by the open door looking at Nimi sitting on the sofa, crying.

She looks disheveled; her eye make-up's running. She's in a pathetic state.

She looks up at him and notices his hand.

She runs to him and hugs him.

They stand holding each other.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are lying in bed, post coital. Nimi fixes herself.

SV is staring at the ceiling.

Nimi looks at him and suddenly giggles.

NIMI
Jaante ho, hamari shaadi pe mummyji ne kya kaha tha?

SV
Kya...??

NIMI
Mard ko agar pallu se baandh ke rakhna ho toh usse bistar mein baadh ke rakha karo.

SV nods, lost in thought.

Nimi waits for a reply.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Yeh baat sach hai kya?

SV grunts something in reply and turns over.

It's Nimi's turn to stare at the ceiling.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Woh ceiling fan mujhse zyada dilchasp hai? Satya...Tum din-ba-din ye kin chakkaron mein ulajhte jaa rahe ho?

SV pretends to be asleep.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Theek hai - Jo bhi ho - aab bahut ho gaya. Wo log chahte to tumko jaan se maar sakte the... ya mujhe... ya Raju ko...

He's still pretending. Nimi looks at his back.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Main Raju ko saath lekar Rohtak jaa rahi hoon - Tum aao - ya - na aao. Waise bhi tum paas reh kar bhi saath kahan ho..

SV suddenly gets up, ruffles through his clothes, finds a pack of cigarettes and lights one.

Nimi stares at him. He takes a long drag.

SV
To jao phir... Main nahin aa raha.

He leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SV stares at the fish swimming around in the tank.

He trails his finger along the glass of the tank and watches as the fish follow his finger along.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - DAY

SV rolls out an old battered Lambretta scooter from storage.

It's dusty and the paint is peeling off, with large rust spots in various places.

Pigeons have shat all over it and there is a nest in it as well.

SV starts to wipe it clean.

EXT. TRUCKING CENTRE - DAY

A trucking depot on the outskirts of the city.

A noisy, dusty atmosphere. A Plethora of bright and colorful trucks stand amuck - some stationary - some moving out - some letting off exhaust standing in one place.

SV walks through following an overweight, profusely sweating man, MIA MUNIR who is peering at a visiting card.

MIA MUNIR
Maine aapki bima company ke office mein ek nahi sau baar phone kiye honge.. Pathak sahab.

SV surveys the grounds, keeping a cool demeanor.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Chhabbees ghante dukaan chalti hai humari. Maal aata hai - jaata hai...!! Hum yahan bahut kadai rakhte hain...

They pass a young teenaged BOY loitering about, smoking a bidi sitting on some large barrels of oil.

Mia Munir notices.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Aye launde... Tu...!! Idhar aa...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The Boy walks up.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Haramkhor! Kaam karne ki tankhwa leta hai ya beedi phookne ki? Malum hai na wo drum ke paas bidi peena mana hai...??

The boy nods uncertainly.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Kitna milta hai tujhe?

The boy scratches his head, looking a little confused.

BOY
Aath sau...

Mia Munir takes out some money from his pocket and thrusts it in the boy's hands

MIA MUNIR
Ye rakh. Kal se matt anaa... tere jaise nikammo ke liye jagah nahin humare paas.

The Boy takes the money, a bit confused and stares at Mia Munir.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Chal. Phoot yahan se...!

The boy leaves, looking occasionally over his shoulders.

Mia Munir looks smug. They reach a small tea-stall set up in a corner of the depot. DRIVERS sit drinking tea or are laid out on *charpais* taking a rest.

Mia Munir goes to one group and points to the boy walking off in the distance.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Woh launda... Kabse kaam kar raha hai yahan?

TRUCK DRIVER #1
Woh...? Yahan kaam thodi karta hai... Woh to Fatte Singh ka khana pahuchane ayaa tha...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Mia Munir is embarrassed but regains his composure.

MIA MUNIR
Shyam!! Shyam Lowry!!

He looks about.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Woh..!! Shyam Lowry kahan hai...?

A truck driver steps out from behind the little shed. Mia Munir points to SV.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Yeh Pathak sahab hain - bima company se... Jo poochhenge bata do...

SHABIR SINGH looks worried as he walks over.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Accident ke baare me...

Shabir Singh looks at his boss, a bit scared.

MIA MUNIR (CONT'D)
Aur sab sach sach batana - ghabrane ki zarurat nahin hai...

SHYAM LOWRY
(stutters)
Hum - hum - hum delivery karke vaapas laut rahe thay - purane wale Jaipur highway se...

SV starts jotting all this down.

SV
Pee rakhi thi?

Shabir Singh catches hold of his own ears.

SHYAM LOWRY
Nahin malik...

Satya Veer looks sceptical.

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Phir?

SHYAM LOWRY
Raat ka time tha, do-dhayee baja hoga - bahut andhera tha maalik... achanak ek aurat - ekdum se jaise andhere se nikali aur humari truck ke saamne aa gayi... Hum poori jor se brake chanp diye - par der ho gayi maalik..! Itni jaldi hua sab ki...

SV
Phir...

SHYAM LOWRY
Main aur Bhura, mera helper.. Hum utare truck se aur aur uski saans dekhi... woh jinda thi, malik... Hum usko truck me laade - bhagaye aspataal le gaye... par bach nahin payi, bechari... woh kuch bolne ki koshish kar rahi thi - par bol nahi payee - raste me hi...

Shabir Singh pauses.

He falls silent.

SV
Kya kisi aur ko dekha wahan - koi teesra....?

Shabir Singh shakes his head.

He looks at the ground. He suddenly starts. He is looking at Satya Veer's shoes. SV looks down and sees the soles of his shoes are bright red, he's tracked in sand from outside. Shabir Singh is transfixed.

SV (CONT'D)
Kya hua...?

He points to the sand on the shoe and floor.

SHYAM LOWRY

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Maalik, uss aurat ke muh me ret bhari hui thi - laal ret... jaisee apke joote par hai. Pahle humko laga ki khoon hoga - par baad me dekha... to thook me sani ret thi...

SV is interested.

SV
Highway pe ye sab hua kahan? Ekdum sateek batana...

SHYAM LOWRY
Sobara gaun ke paas...

SV looks at the man.

SV
Mmm... Wo jo canal ban raha hai - wahin...?

The man considers.

SHYAM LOWRY
Ek-aadh kilometre hoga wahan se...

The wheels of thought start to turn...

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

SV's bent over the ground by the highway. He picks up some dirt from the ground and compares it to some red gravely sand that he's got in a plastic zip lock - The local sand isn't red at all.

SV stands and looks out at the desert.

There's no red sand in sight.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - EVENING

SV drives up to his house. A small crowd is gathered outside.

SV gets off his scooter, looking worried.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Kya hua...??

Kanti steps forward from the crowd.

BIHARI LAL
Kuchh log apke ghar me ghusne ki koshish kar rahe thay...

Kanti pipes in.

KANTI
Kismat se maine dekh liya aur shor macha diya...

SV feels a chill go up his spine. He rushes for the door,

SV
Nimi aur Raju..?

KANTI
Wo ghar pe nahin hain - maine dono ko market jaate hue dekha tha...

SV stops, relieved. Just then he notices Nimi getting off from an auto with Raju in tow and groceries in hand.

Seeing the crowd she drops the bags in shock.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

SV waits by a couple of packed suitcases. Raju is climbing and jumping excitedly over all the furniture.

Nimi is on the phone.

NIMI
Hello...? Daddyji - Hum char baje ki train le rahe hain - Nahin bas Raju aur main...

She looks at SV, who avoids her gaze.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Nahin wo nahin aa rahe... Unko - unko kaam hai - Shayad Diwali pe

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

- aap chinta mat keejiye, hum theek se pahunch jayenge...

She puts the phone down and keeps looking at SV.

Raju is tearing down the corridors, screaming in excitement.

RAJU
Rohtak jayenge... Nana Nani se milenge... Rohtak jayenge...

NIMI
Maine department me Sharmaji ko phone kiya tha - unhone kaha ki suspension ke duran tumhare Lakhot se bahar jane par koi rok nahi hai...

SV
Sorry. Maine - jhooth bola tha... Uss samay - mujhe laga - pata nahi mummyji aur daddyji mere suspension ko leke kya kya baat karein...

He trails off.

She's still fixed on him.

NIMI
Aur ab? Iss samay - kya lag raha hai, Satyaveerji?

He's quiet.

NIMI (CONT'D)
Aur ab tum nahin aana chahte taki tum uska murder saabit kar sako?

He's quiet.

SV
Nahin Nimmi.. Taki apne aap ko sabit kar sakun...

A tear forms in Nimi's eye as she realises that SV's not coming for sure.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

SV and family sputter down the roads with Raju and suitcases precariously balanced on the scooter.

Behind them, at a distance, follows a jeep with Kisen and SANJU observing.

SV struggles to manage the clutch with his two free fingers on the left hand, the other fingers in a cast sticking out straight like a perpetual pointing gesture.

He is unaware of the presence of the two thugs.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A crowded area. PASSENGERS move in and out. A train stands on the platform, people loading, off-loading.

VENDORS shout out, enticing customers with their wares.

SV stands near an open coach window where Nimi and Raju are seated. He is massaging his tired index finger and thumb.

NIMI
Kam se kam Diwali pe to aa jana...

SV nods.

The train gives a jerk and starts to crawl out. SV waves goodbye to Nimi and Raju.

RAJU
Bye bye... Pappu. Happy Diwali!

SV
Happy Diwali beta.... Khoob patakhe jalana - par nana ka ghar mat jala dena!

Nimi sticks her head out of the window.

NIMI
Jaan mat jalao meri. Theek se khaana, haan..! Apna kyaal

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

rakhna - aur cigarette mat peena... Promise, OK..?

The train takes off. SV waves goodbye.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

On his way back home, SV gets caught in the middle of a morcha by the party in power supporting the canal.

Again, finding it hard to manage the scooter with his injured hand in the crowds of PEOPLE carrying banners and flags marching down the street.

CROWD
P. P. Rathore Zindabad, Zindabad. Rajathan Gramin Vikas Canal... Banke rahega... Banke rahega...

On the side, a lone Ram Swaroop, headed in the opposite direction leads his own solo morcha for a pink city.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

In the darkened house, SV sits watching TV - Jack Nicholson gets his nose sliced in 'Chinatown'.

He's restless. He gets up and finds a pack of cigarettes and is about to light one.

Then he thinks better of it and crushes the pack and throws it away.

His phone rings. He picks up the phone

SV
Hello. Ji editor sahab... Sorry sir.. Kahani bas - lagbhag taiyaar hi hai. Bas kuchh din aur... haan.. nahin aur late nahin hoga. Without fail, sir...

He puts it down.

He plonks down in front of the TV again.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

A few seconds later the phone rings again. SV hesitates but finally answers it.

SV (CONT'D)
Hello...!

Sheetal is on the other end of the line - Sobbing hysterically.

SHEETAL (O.S.)
Hello. Satya Veerji...? Main Sheetal. Maaf kijiyega itni raat ko phone kiya - par main bahut ghabrayee hue hun, kisi ne mujhe jaan se marne ki koshish ki hai...

CUT TO:

INTERVAL

INT. MANORAMA'S FLAT - EVENING

SHEETAL opens the door for SV. She looks like shit; dishevelled, bruises, tear streaked face. She wipes her face trying to be brave and waves him in.

SV stands in the middle of a very trashed room. Things have been flung everywhere. Mattresses ripped open. Someone's gone through a lot of effort.

SHEETAL
Aaj main apne kaam se jaldi lauti - shayad ghar ke andar pehle se hi koi tha - jaise hi maine darwaza khola... toh kisi ne zor se mere sar pe maara. Jab hosh aaya toh....

She gestures weakly with her arms sweeping the room.

She wipes her face with the back of her hand. SV takes out a hanky and offers it to her. She takes it. She wipes her face, snivelling as she does so.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

INT. MANORAMA'S FLAT - LATER

SHEETAL talks to SV who is off-screen in the kitchen.

SV (O.S.)
Aap Manorama ko achche se jantee thee...?

She takes a bit to respond.

SHEETAL
Bas ek room mate ki tarah - Usko Jaipur se aye abhi ek saal hi hua tha...

Sheetal thinks.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Mein aaj se pehle kissi writer sey nahi milli. Waise, aapko apni kahaani kay ideas kahan sey aatey hain? Aapke jasoosi tajurbon sey?

SV exits from the kitchen, two cups of tea in hand.

He hands one to Sheetal, who's sitting curled in a chair looking miserable and rubbing her head.

SV
Main koi detective-vetective nahi hoon. Yeh toh bas..

SV tentatively and awkwardly feels the bump on her head. She winces.

SV (CONT'D)
Bahut sooj gaya hai... Par theek ho jayega - Doctor ko dikha lena chahiye...

She shakes her head, braving a smile.

SHEETAL
Nahin. Main theek hoon...

She picks up some papers from the floor. They're covered with footprints and other stains.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

She struggles to put them back in a file

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Mere kagazad - College ki degree - Bacchon ki drawings, sab kharab kar di... Toh, yeh aapka pahla case hai?

SV shrugs and takes a seat across her.

SV
Aap kaam kahan karti hain..?

Sheetal sniffles.

SHEETAL
Rathore anath-ashram... Bachchon ko padhati hoon...

SV
Rathore...? Minister Sahab se koi connection?

Sheetal looks at him.

SHEETAL
Hamara anaath ashram *royal trust* ka ek hissa hai. Rathore Sahab uske *head trustee* aur *main donor* bhi hain.

SV is thinking... She looks at him.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Uss din - Kuchh kah rahe the aap Manorama ke baare me... Ki usne atma-hatya nahin ki...

SV looks away.

SV
Mujhe nahi lagta ki woh aapko maarne ke iraade se aaye - shayad kuchh khoj rahe the woh... aur aap aa gayi...

Sheetal gazes at him in admiration.

SHEETAL

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Aap jo bhi kahain, magar aapki soch Detective Raghu jitni hi teyz hai.

SV smiles and clears his throat.

Sheetal gets up to go to a little fish bowl with a solitary goldfish in it. It's her pet.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Agar 'Shakuntla' ko kuch hojata toh...

She begins to break - a slight panic but she recovers.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Agar woh logh vaapas aagaye...??

SV thinks.

SV
Aapka koi hai iss shahar me..?

She shakes her head.

SV (CONT'D)
Koi dost-rishtedaar...??

She shakes her head again.

SHEETAL
Main… main anaath ashram mein pali badhi hoon. Meri ek friend hai - uske paas ja sakti thi.. par woh bhi diwali ke liye apne sasural gayee hui hai...

SV has no solutions.

They sit in an awkward silence sipping their tea.

She looks about the ransacked room. Starts, then hesitates.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Kya main… aapke… ghar..??

She immediately catches herself.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Nahin... Woh theek nahin hoga -
I'm sorry... Actually main...
Yuhi ghabra rahi hoon bas...

SV looks at her tear-streaked face. He hesitates...

SV
A... agar kuchh din ki baat ho
toh...

She's suddenly feeling very awkward.

SHEETAL
Nahi, nahi. I'm sure ghar pe
apki family hogi - unko pareshan
karna theek nahin....

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SV opens the door and walks in with a little suitcase, switching on the lights. Sheetal follows, fishbowl in hand. SV awkwardly shuts the door behind her. Sheetal walks to the middle of the room and looks around, surveying it.

She notices the profusion of books.

SHEETAL
Bilkul lekhak ka ghar lagta hai.

SV stands by the door awkwardly then notices Sheetal's fishbowl. He takes it from her.

SV
Laiye.

He takes the bowl and dumps 'Shakuntla' in with his fish.

They both bend to look at the fish swimming around. Sheetal smiles.

SHEETAL
Naye dost.

Sheetal notices a toy, left behind by Raju. She looks at SV curiously.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Raju ka hai... Mera beta..

Sheetal looks towards the bedroom doors.

SV (CONT'D)
Rohtak gaya hai... apni mummy ke saath. Nana nani ke yahan.

Sheetal smiles, a bit uncomfortable.

SHEETAL
Kitne saal ka hai?

SV
Char saal.

She sees a framed photograph on a sideboard. She picks it up.

It is SV and Nimi's wedding. Brij poses with them. Looking splendid in a pink turban.

Sheetal looks at SV a question in her half smile.

He's very awkward.

SV (CONT'D)
Nimi - Meri wife. Aur Brij Mohan - saala...

Sheetal looks at him oddly.

SV (CONT'D)
Mera... saala.

SHEETAL
Aapki moochein badi shaandar thi...

SV gently feels what he misses.

Sheetal glances at SV to check his moustache and puts the picture back.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Aapki wife sundar hai...!!

She notices SV's discomfort.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Maine bhi aapko - kaisi mushkil mein daal diya, nahi? - Pata nahi Apki Mrs. kya sochengi...?? Pas Pados ke log kya kahenge..?? Ghar me anjaan aurat.. aise akeli.

SV looks embarrassed at being caught out. She reassures him.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Aapne bahut help kee hai meri - I'm sure apki Mrs. samjhengi...

SV nods, not looking quite convinced.

Sheetal looks around the room, sees the snakes and ladders board still lying expectantly on the floor.

She looks at SV with a glint in her eyes.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Oh !! Saanp-seedhi...! Mujhe bahut pasand hai..!! Aapko..??

SV looks a little unsure but he covers quickly.

SV
Haan... Raju ke saath bahut khelta hoon...

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

SV and Sheetal are seated on the floor playing snakes and ladders.

SV rolls the dice and makes his move. Climbs a nice ladder.

Sheetal's obviously been hearing SV's story.

SHEETAL
(she rolls her dice)
Aapki baaton sey mujhe lagta hai ki Manorama, Rathoreji ko blackmail kar rahi hogi - un photographs ke zariye - Aur wo

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

log shayad wahi photographs
khojne aaye honge...

She makes her move.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Un photographs me tha kya...??

SV hesitates.

SV
I'm sorry, main apko bata nahin
sakta - Woh - Professional usool
hai...

Sheetal shrugs.

SV hands her the dice.

SHEETAL
Kuchh illegal tha kya..?

SV ignores her and gets back to the game..

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Kisen and Sanju sit in a discreetly parked jeep, looking in through the window at SV and Sheetal in the middle of their conversation.

They can't hear anything but Kisen watches the game intently, while Sanju looks frustrated...

They talk in whispers.. In the background, a group of kids let off a string of laddis.

SANJU
Bhai..!! Sari duniya raat ko
bistar-bistar khelti hai...yeh
chootiya sala ludo khel raha
hai...Aur ham doordarshan dekh
rahe hain...

KISEN
Dishturb na kar...Pahle ludo aur
saanp-seedhi me farak jaan le...

Sanju takes a swig from his quarter bottle.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the dim light of the night...

SV tries to sleep on the sofa but finds it hard to change positions. His sheets get stuck under him, his feet stick out of the sofa. He finally manages to turn around but then falls straight off the sofa, onto the floor... BUMP!

He gathers up all his sheets in a bundle, completely hassled and lays them on the floor and tries to go to sleep but is having a tough time of it. Suddenly he sees the light come on in the bedroom.

Sheetal appears at the door.

SHEETAL
Aap theek to hain..? Mujhe kuchh awaaz sunai dee.. Shayad kisi bhaari cheez ke girne ki...

SV shakes his head as he gets back on the sofa.

SV
Nahin, kuchh nahin... It's OK.

She turns and goes back into the bedroom.

SV lies there, thinking. He has too many questions in his head.

SHEETAL
Good night....

The light turns off. SV tries to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Black. The loud sadistic sounds of a cartoon show as Tom and Jerry go at it. SV's eyes snap open.

He looks around, a little unsure of his surroundings. He focuses on the TV which is tuned to the Cartoon Network.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SV walks in, unshaven and groggy to find Sheetal busy at the gas stove.

SHEETAL
Oh. Sorry... TV ne apko jagaa diya hoga..

SV shakes his head.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Mujhe Tom and Jerry ka bahut shauk hai.

SV realises that Sheetal is making 'andaa bhujiya' and frying paranthas.

SV
Kya kar rahi hain aap...?
Please, chodiye..

SHEETAL
Isme kya hai, apne ghar mein toh karti hi hoon, na?

SV's still a little awkward..

SV
Theek se soh paiyin..?

SHEETAL
Thoda darr laga. Har aahat sun rahi thi… phizool mein hi ghabrai hui hun.

SV
Aap safe hain yahan...

SHEETAL
Janti hun - table pe chai rakhi hai - Aap shuru keejiye - Main aati hoon...

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SV sits sipping his tea and watches as Jerry runs a road roller over Tom.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

CUT TO:

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

In the bathroom. SV's having a tough time as he tries to have a bath with his broken hand. Attempting desperately to keep it dry, he holds his left arm out.

Finally, frustrated by his contortions, he violently throws his mug against the wall.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, DINING AREA - LATER

At the dining table, Sheetal looks on as SV polishes off his breakfast.

She gets up and picks his plate up. Their hands brush. SV quickly withdraws his hand. An awkward moment.

SV
Parathe acche the, par zyada kha liya..

He hears the tap in the kitchen turn on and gets up.

SV (CONT'D)
Please, rehne dijiye..

INT. SV'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SV walks in to see Sheetal washing the dishes at the sink.

She briefly turns around. A vision of domestic happiness.

SHEETAL
Kam se kam itna toh kar hi sakti hoon. Waise bhi kaam pe aaj mujhe thoda late hi jaana hai. Aap kaam peh kab niklengey?

SV's a bit stuck.

SV
Chutti par hoon. Diwali ki.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL
Phir? Phir aap Rohtak kyun nahi gaye? Mrs. key saath?

SV
Bus... Likhna bhi thaa. Aur sath mein yeh Manoramawala case.

She turns around, pushing the hair off her face with her soapy hands.

SHEETAL
Toh aaj ludo khelenge...?

The look on SV's face says it all.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - DAY

SV rolls out his scooter.

His K-lady neighbour, Kanti is buying some vegetables from a door to door VENDOR along with some of her K-lady friends.

They gaze up at SV.

KANTI
Aapki nayi Motor-cycle kahan gayi Satyaveerji?

SV struggles.

Just then he's rescued by Sheetal who steps out carrying a small handbag.

Suddenly all eyes turn to her.

Kanti looks markedly at Sheetal.

KANTI (CONT'D)
Nimi aajkal dikhayi nahi deti? Rohtak gayi hai kya? Kyon achanak chali gayi? Sab theek toh hai na…

SV stuggles.

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Daddy-ji ki tabiyat kuchh kharab thi. Par ab wo theek hain.

Kanti is still looking at Sheetal.

SV is still struggling.

SV (CONT'D)
Ye...

Sheetal saves the day.

SHEETAL
Sheetal... Satya Bhaiya ke fufaji ki beti... Jaipur se... Namaste...

Sheetal smiles. Kanti smiles back suspiciously, nodding her head.

SV starts the scooter and Sheetal gets on.

KANTI
Arrey..suniye...!! Kal raat apke ghar ke bahar phir kucchh log aaye they.....

SV rides off, not listening..

The K-ladies look on as they drive away.

EXT. LAKHOT STREETS - MORNING

SV and Sheetal are walking on the streets. In the background a small crowd has gathered around a traditional puppet show.

SV
Aap - Aapko pata hai uska asli naam Manorama Shukla nahin tha...?

Sheetal's completely taken by surprise.

SHEETAL
Kya...?

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

NGO se mili jankari ke mutabik... Maine uske college ke records check kiye the... Manorama Shukla naam ki koi ladki college mein nahi thi..

SHEETAL
Kahin kuch mistake to nahi.. shayad kisi aur saal.. kohi aur college..

SV shrugs.

SV
Shayad...!! Par ye to tay hai ki wo apni asliyat duniya se chhupa rahi thi...

SHEETAL
Par kyon...?? - Unless, ye sab-kuchh ek socha samjha plan tha... Taki wo blackmail ke baad asaani se gayab ho sake...

SV looks at her.

SV
Wo ek NGO ke liye kaam karti thi, Sheetal...

SHEETAL
To apko lagta hai ek NGO blackmailing ki haad tak nahi utar sakta..

SV looks at the puppets having a fight.

SV
Mujhe nahi lagta ki baat itni saaf hai. Ye bhi toh ho sakta hai ki Opposition parties ko pata chal gaya ho ki Manorama ke paas minister ki kuchh sensitive photographs hain.. . Ho sakta hai na? Ki opposition unn photos ki madad se Rathore ko blackmail karke canal ka kaam rukwa de.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Sheetal listens intently.

SV (CONT'D)
Ya phir, uski maut ka canal project se koi vasta hi na ho... Ho sakta hai - us ka Rathore ke saath koi affair chal raho ho. Wo NGO ke liye kaam karte waqt Rathore ke sampark mein aayi thi. Usse shaq hogaya ho… Ki Rathore ka shayad kanhi aur bhi affair chal raha hai… isliye wo mere paas aayi. Kuchh bhi ho sakta hai.. nahin?

He looks up to see that Sheetal is gently sobbing.

SV (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... Ye sab hum baad me baat kar sakte hain..

Sheetal regains composure.

SHEETAL
Nahin, theek hoon... Pata nahin - Itna sab kuchh ho gaya pichhle kuchh dino me...

SV wants to reach out and comfort her but he holds back.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Aapke paas un photographs ki copies hain..? Hum police ko sab kuchh bata sakte hain...

SV
Maine bataya na - Maine pora ka poora roll usko de diya tha...

SHEETAL
Tab to ek hi tarika hai.. Unko khojna hoga -

SV looks up at her.

SV
Wo photographs...??

SHEETAL

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Aur kya?

SV looks a little unsure.

In the background one of the puppets has been killed.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

SV comes to a halt outside the imposing front gate of the orphanage which has been dressed up in flowers with banners stretched across it.

A few PEOPLE are straggling in.

Sheetal gets off the scooter.

SV
Aap theek toh raheingi?

She smiles reassuringly.

SHEETAL
Yahan ... bahut log hain ...
chinta mat kijiyega..

He waves to her as she goes in.

He notices that there is a function going on. A banner proclaims; "Annual Diwali Celebration" - Beneath it another banner welcomes; "The Honourable Chief Guest MLA and State Minister for Irrigation, P.P. Rathore"

SV parks his scooter and walks in.

In an open area, a typical school type function.

A speech is being given. PEOPLE are gathered, listening.

He stands at the back, near the standing crowd.

SV listens to the speech given by the minister.

RATHORE
Virodhi paksh mein beithe mere
azziz dost shayad ye bhool gaye
hain ki hun prajatantra mein
rehte hain...aur is prajatantra
mein paksh aur vipaksh ke neta

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

sirf janta ke hanthon ki
katputali hote hain...humari
Sarkar bhi janta ke unginat
thappon se bani hai...

Bahut saal pahle ek geet suna
tha humne... Gareebon ki suno,
wo tumhari sunega... Tum ek
paisa doge, wo dus laakh dega...

Neeyati thi ki Humari patni ke
accident ke karan hume koi aulad
na ho saki...ise bhagwaan ki
marzi maan kar humne apne aap ko
samaj ke kaamon mein vyast kar
liya...aur aaj bhagwan ne hume
humara dus laakh diya hai,itne
sare pyare massom bacchon ke
roop mein, uski assem anukampa
se humari yeh nanhi phulwaari,
hazaaron pholon se khil uthi
hai... Bhagwan ke isee tohfe se
hume himmat mili ki hum
Rajasthan Gramin Vikas neher ka
kaam shuru karwayain... Taki
aane wale dino me sirf inhi
bachcho ko nahin.. balki is
pradesh ke har bachche ko ek
ujjwal bhavishya mile...
yeh neher,sirf neher hi nahi,
tarraki ka raasta hai...

SV begins to like this educated man. He's eloquent and lucid and honest and frank. He's completely disarming and non-smarmy.

The crowd claps and cheers enthusiastically.

Rathore is garlanded by a LITTLE GIRL from the orphanage. He picks her up and the media clicks photos of them. He sits down.

SV looks around for Sheetal but he can't see her in the crowd. He begins to make his way forward through the crowd.

Then the ORPHANAGE HEAD, a lady in a sari, comes to the mike.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

ORPHANAGE HEAD
Dhanyawaad Minister sahab, aapne apna keemti waqt nikala aur yahan aakar hamara husla badhaya. Hum bahut hi bhagyashaali hain jo iss anathashram ke sarparast aap hain. Yeh hamare liye bade garv aur izaat ki baat hai ki un bachchon ke sar pe aapka haath hai jinka apna koi nahi. In masoomon ko aapne apne dil mein hi nahi ghar mein bhi jagah di hai.

She beams a big smile at him. She leads the crowd, clapping encouragingly. The crowd responds dutifully.

SV scans the crowd for Sheetal but can't see her. Suddenly, he spots someone... the woman from the photo... The minister's mistress (SAMEERA)!

ORPHANAGE HEAD (CONT'D)
Ab mera aap sab se anurodh hai... ki Deepti,hamare ashram ki ek nanhi masoom si bachchi... Jo kuchh dino se lapata hai.. Uske liye do minute hum sab milkar prarthana karein... Ki wo jahan bhi ho... Bhagwan usse surakshit rakhe...

On stage, a CHOIR of kid's starts singing; 'Lab peh aati hai dua.." by Iqbal.

SV tries to make his way towards her, pressing through the crowds.

The choir sings on.

Suddenly a slight commotion.

SV turns to see the Minister being led of the stage in a bit of a fuss. Most people haven't noticed.

SV turns back to see that Sameera has taken off towards the main Ashram building in a bit of a hurry.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He pushes through after her.

EXT. ORPHANAGE, CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

SV follows behind SAMEERA as she moves through the deserted corridors of the orphanage.

He sees her go into the school clinic. SV comes and stops outside the door.

He peeks through to see that Sameera has gone through to a connecting room. He can see her in an agitated conversation with a doctor in his early 30's. This is DR. ANIL PODDAR.

INT. ORPHANAGE CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

SV moves close to the interior door. He can now hear them. They're obviously agitated.

DR. PODDAR
Humein jaldi karna hoga...

SAMEERA
Tumne kaha tha kuchh karoge tum -Wo journalist ka kya hua...? Wo to aaj subah aane wala tha...?

DR. PODDAR
Phone kiya tha... gadhe ne raat sharab zyaada pee lee thi.. Bola do-pahar tak ayega...

Suddenly the door swings open. Dr. Poddar steps out nearly banging into SV. SV jumps back as Dr. Poddar looks at him suspiciously.

DR. PODDAR (CONT'D)
Kya chahiye?

SV thinks fast.

SV
Patti badalwani thi.

The doctor shakes his head.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

DR. PODDAR
Kal aana.

Dr. Poddar goes to a cupboard to get some medication. He prepares an injection, throwing the empty carton into a dust bin.

SV notices that he walks with a slight limp and has his left hand bandaged. The Doctor returns to the interior room.

SV jumps up and checks the bin for the injection box. He studies it and throws it back in. Just then he hears the ministerial entourage marching in. He quickly sits down on a nearby chair and pretends to be waiting.

The Minister is led in, helped by a bunch of PEOPLE. He looks ill and out of sorts.

Sameera comes out of the inner room and the Minister seems angry to see her there. They exchange a look as she wordlessly leaves the room.

The minister is led into the Doctor's room. He roughly waves to the crowd to wait outside.

As the doctor closes the door, SV sees the minister in a foul mood.

RATHORE
Ye yahan kya kar rahi thi...?
Humne kaha tha ise humse door rakho...

The doctor mumbles something as he administers the minister an injection. Suddenly he turns and looks straight at SV. Then gets up and shuts the door.

SV gets up and quickly heads towards where Sameera has gone.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

SV breaks through the front gate just in time to see Sameera get into a car and drive off.

SV gets to his scooter.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Desperately kicks it to life and follows Sameera's car.

EXT. DARGAH - LATER

The car stops outside a dargah.

Sameera exits and enters the place.

SV waits.

Bholu stands on the pavement outside the dargah, leaning against the bioscope cycle parked on the side.

SV waits impatiently. He focuses on a poster stuck on a wall advocating the canal. The heat waves create a mirage like effect and the poster starts to wave in front of his eyes.

His eyes travel back to Bholu who is now wheeling his bicycle towards the car. SV looks up to see Sameera getting back in the car.

The car moves but Bholu is in the way.

The car blasts it's horn loudly. Bholu gets startled and drops his cycle.

The driver keeps blasting his horn at Bholu who is taking his own sweet time.

The driver backs out a bit in frustration and then goes around him. SV takes off after her.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

The car goes down various roads, almost like a never ending maze.

It takes a turn into a lane with a few small private houses.

EXT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE - DAY

The car finally stops outside a house.

SV stops his scooter at a safe distance and sees Sameera get out, with a few files and folders in hand.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

She goes in.

He waits a bit, assessing the house. The name plate outside reads; "Dr. Poddar."

He walks across to the house and stands outside the door, collecting himself.

He rings the bell - Some sounds of movement from the other side. SV smiles straight into the peep-hole in the door.

Sameera opens the door a crack. The chain is on. He moves in closer to maintain direct eye-contact.

SV
Dr. Poddar...?

She shakes her head.

SAMEERA
Wo clinic par milenge...

SV
Ji haan.. Madam, actually unhone mujhe aapse baat karne ko kaha tha...

She pauses a moment.

SAMEERA
Too aap hi journalist hain...

He looks straight into her eyes, unblinkingly and nods his head.

SV
Ji...!!

He takes out his press card and quickly flashes it.

She shuts the door, almost on SV's face, then opens it again without the chain and lets him in. She shuts the door behind him.

SAMEERA
Bahut jaldi aa gaye....

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

INT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

In the middle class kitchen, water boils on the stove. Sameera adds tea leaves to the water.

SV stands awkwardly by her side, leaning on the kitchen counter with a pad and pen, pretending to take notes.

SAMEERA
Mujhe Media ki help chahiye... Main chahti hoon ki mujhe ek beti ka darza mile, apna haq mile - mere pita se...

SV
Aapke pita...?

SAMEERA
Mera poora naam Sameera Rathore hai...

SV's arm slips off the counter shocked and excited at the same time.

SAMEERA (CONT'D)
P.P. Rathoreji mere baap hain...

SV
Par jahan tak mein janta hun, unki koi aulad nahi hai..

She looks at him, a bitter expression on her face.

SAMEERA (O.S.)
Kuchh mahino pahle tak mujhe bhi nahin pata tha.. Achchi jagah banayi hai anath-ashram, jahan wo apni galatiyan chhupa sakte hain... jaise mujhe chupaya.

SV doesn't know what to say. Sameera looks like she's about to burst into tears. SV feels awkward.

SV
Main...

She looks at him, eyes glistening with tears.

SV (CONT'D)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Main kuch..

She wipes her tears away and gestures towards the other room.

SAMEERA
Aap... Baithiye... Main abhi aayi...

SV goes into the living room.

INT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

SV paces tentatively about the living room. He can see Sameera in the kitchen.

He takes in the living room, really confused with this new development.

Sameera takes the milk out of the fridge.

SV
Aapki mother kahan hain..? Woh...

SAMEERA
Main teen saal ki thi jab wo guzar gayi...

Sameera pokes her head out.

SAMEERA (CONT'D)
Meri maa - Meri maa unki rakhail thi... Thoda filmi hai, Maaf keejiyega... uss rishte ka koi dusra naam... zabaan par nahin ayaa...

She goes back in to pour out the tea..

He walks towards a book shelf with books and various medical journals on it. In the middle of it stands a copy of his book; Manorama.

He starts to take out the book when Sameera returns with the tea.

He puts the book back.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Books mein achi choice rakhti hain aap..

Sameera gives a confused half-smile.

SAMEERA
Kitabein.. main?? Anil - Dr. Sahab ki hain...

SV
Oh - Mainey dekha unko kuch chot lagi hai... Koi accident-waccident?

She smiles.

SAMEERA
Nahi. Kuchh khaas nahin... Kaam karte waqt haath zara sa kat gaya...

SV
Aur... paire..?

She sets the tray down on the table.

SAMEERA
Polio... Bachpan se hai...

SV looks embarrassed.

SV
I'm sorry... Main kuch zyada pooch-tachh to nahin kar raha...

She waves to him to sit.

SAMEERA
Nahin Nahin.. Please... Ye apka kaam hai... Journalists - pooch-tachh hi to karte hain..

SV comes and sits down. She hands him a cup of tea.

SV
Thank you... To apko pata kab chala ki...?

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Sameera smiles.

SAMEERA
Jab mujhe pyaar hua..

SV
Ji...?

SAMEERA
Anil se... Mere papa hi Dr. Sahab ko Jaipur se lekar aye the... Kareeb panch saal pahle... unke personal doctor hain woh. Saath me Ashram ka clinic bhi woh chalate hain. Unhone mujhe meri asliyat batayi.

SV
Aur Dr. Sahab ko kaise pata chala...?

SAMEERA
Ashram ke records se...

SV
Aur ab...?

SAMEERA
Anil ki family - Woh - Bahut purane type ke log hain - Ek anaath ladki se Anil ka rishta unko manzoor nahi hai.. Matlab, Isse Dr. Sahab ko koi fark nahin padta par - mujhe padta hai... Main chahti hoon ki unki family mujhe poori tarah accept karein... Isliye main Rathoreji - papa ke paas gaayi. Taaki wo mujhe apna ke, apna naam de dein… par papa ko….

SV completes her sentence.

SV
...darr hai kahi koi scandal na ho jaaye...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Sameera nods.

SAMEERA
Sirf itna hi nahin... Meri maa musalmaan thi... aur aap to jante hain ki Rathoreji ek hindutva agenda wali party ke sabse bade netao me hain...

She fades off.

SV
Kya kaha unhone...?

SAMEERA
Kehna kyaa tha? Mujhe accept karne se inkaar kar diya... Saaf mukar gaye. Vishwaas nahin karenge aap...Papa tak bolne nahi diya... Agle din hi merey ashram ke records gayab ho gaye. Pichle baar jab baat karne unke ghar gayee toh...

She starts to sob.

SAMEERA (CONT'D)
...Ab woh mujhse milna bhi nahi chahte. Aap iss baat ko janta ke saamne laiye - Ab janta decide kare... ki mujhe apne baap ka naam tak milega ki nahin...

She looks up at him tearfully.

SAMEERA (CONT'D)
Mere liye aap itna kar payenge na, Uphadyay Sahab...?

CUT TO:

INT. STEP-WELL - EVENING

SV sits with Sheetal in contemplative silence at the old 'baodi'.

Sheetal smiles ironically.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL
Sameera - haan who bhi toh ashram mein pali badhi hai… mujhe pata hai - par... Ye Rathore wala connection mujhe nahin pata tha...

SV
Sameera ko khud haal hi me pata chala hai...

SHEETAL
Par Manorama ka Ashram se koi connection nahi tha. Mujhe nahi lagta ki Manorama, Sameera ko janti hogi.. Na hi uska Rathore se sambandh...

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SV cleans the fish tank in silence. Sheetal helps him.

They take the fish out and put them in a bucket.

SHEETAL
Aur phir, Rathore Manorama ko sirf isliye nahin marvayega, kyonki uske paas wo photographs thi jisme Rathore apni so-called najayaz aulad se baat kar raha hai... Iska toh koi matlab hi nahi banta. Pakka, un photographs me kuchh aur nahin tha...??

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SV and Sheetal carry the fish tank to the bathroom.

She's busy concentrating on the cleaning. He looks at her as she scrubs away.

Sheetal suddenly has an insight.

SHEETAL
Opposition jeetod mehnat kar raha hai ki ye Canal ruk jaye...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Wo inh photographs ka istemaal
apne Rajnitik fayde ke liye kar
sakte hain...

The phone rings interrupting her. Sheetal looks at SV. He ignores the ringing.

He's busy thinking.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

SV pours the contents of the bucket back into the tank. The fish are back in their home and swim around happily.

SHEETAL
Shakuntla vapas jaa kar apne
naye friends ko kitna miss
karegi.

Sheetal's standing close to him. Her breasts are touching him ever so slightly and he is very aware of them. She seems oblivious of his discomfort.

He concentrates on the swimming fish.

SV (V.O.)
Kehte hain agar insaan ke
shareer ka khoon paani ho jaye
to woh marr jaata hai. Par sachh
to ye hai ki insaan ka shareer
laghbagh 70% paani se bana hota
hai - Sheetal jo mere intne
kareeb khadi thi... iski
Shakuntla paani ke andar naaye
dost banaa rahi thi aur shayad
main paani ke bahar...

Paani bina kuchh zinda nahin rah
sakta - Aur yahan iss banjar
registaan me, kuch log paani ke
liye mar rahe hain.. aur kuch
maar rahe hain..

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SV is having a heated argument with Nimi on the phone.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV

Nimi, nahi aa sakta. Life mein pehli baar maine apne liye koi decision liya hai.

Kya padhoonga, ye tauji ka faisala tha. Kaisi naukri karoonga, ye bhi tauji ka faisla tha. Shaadi? Tauji ka faisla. Bachcha - tumhara faisla. Iss baar nahi - Iss baar main faisla leh chooka hoon aur main isse badloonga nahi.

NIMI

Bachcha mera faisla tha...? Achcha..?? Shaadi ko nau mahine hue nahin ki Raju paida ho gaya.. Ye mera faisla tha?. Kabhi tumne mujhse poochha hai? Poochha hai ki mujhe kaisa lagta hai wo stupid beauty parlour chalana? Wo roz roz colony ki auntyon ko jhelna? Raju ke pechhe peechhe bhaagna?

Kabhi socha ki mere bhi kuchh sapne, kuchh armaan ho sakte hain... Par tum mere baare me kyon sochoge...?? Main to aurat hoon... Aurat to sapne dekh hi nahin sakti na...!!

Bachcha mera faisla tha... Aisee ki taisee tumhari...!! Tumko suhag raat pe condom istemaal karna chahiye tha... Baat karte ho...

She bangs the phone down. He stands there, staring at it.

He slowly turns to see that Sheetal is standing there, a cup of tea in her hands.

She hands him his cup.

Another moment...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

CUT TO:

INT. SV'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

SV standing in front of the mirror of the Godrej almirah, tries to button his shirt unsuccessfully; the two sides of the shirt keep slipping away from each other.. Sheetal walks in, stands at the door and watches as he struggles with his helplessness.

She smiles and walks forward.

SV gets shy and tries to back up. She just takes a hold of his shirt and starts to button it for him.

A moment of awkward closeness when she reaches the button right on top and their faces are inches apart. They look straight into each other's eyes.

SHEETAL
Aapne kaha tha ki aap kuch likh rahey hain.

Sheetal's dupatta has shifted. SV is lost in Sheetal's cleavage.

She notices and draws it back.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Maine bhi ek poem likhi hai. Sunenge?

SV nods.

SV
Sunaiye

SHEETAL
Agar bhulana hi tha toh apna banaya kyun tha?
Mujhe ulfat ka yakeen dilaya kyun tha?
Khud hi toofan uthana tha jeevan mein agar?
meri kashti ko tuney bachaya kyun tha?

SV looks at her a little stunned..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Achhi nahi hai kya?

SV covers up.

SV
Nahi. Nahi. Achi hai.

SHEETAL
Aur agli baar jab aap bahar jayein... chhan-been, jasoosi karne.. jo bhi... Main bhi apke saath aana chahti hoon...

SV gulps a bit.

SV
Bore ho jaengi aap...

SHEETAL
Ulta, mujhe to lagta hai bada mazaa aayega..

SV hesitates.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Oh! Samjhi. Aapko darr hai… ki jinti zyaada aankhen dekhengi utne zyaada mooh khulenge...hai na?

She looks up at him.

SHEETAL (CONT'D)
Chhote shahar ki chhoti soch. Yahan ek aurat ki zindagi - ya yoon kahein, uski maut… se kisi ko fark nahin padta... Fark padta hai to bas iss baat se ki wo kiske bistar me so rahi hai...

SV doesn't know how to respond.

Then Sheetal closes the last button and walks out, leaving SV more helpless than when she came in.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

At the local barber shop, SV gets a head 'champi'.

As the barber works energetically on him using a electrical glove style vibrator, SV notices a CUSTOMER on the next chair; Flashily dressed, he is talking loudly on his cell- phone as he gets a haircut.

CUSTOMER
(into phone)
Do char hafte mein neher ka kaam phir se shuru hone wala hai.. iski to mein garanti deta hun.. aaj hi do naye divizon khule hain nilami ke liye..do hafte mein rate double ho jayenge.

SV gets curious. He tries to turn his face towards the talking man.

His barber yanks his face straight.

BARBER
Seedha dekhiye...!

CUSTOMER
(into phone)
... Ek baar canal aa gaya... Ye registaan Dubai ban jayega..

SV digests this information.

The Barber finishes the head massage and picks up a pair of hair-cutting scissors.

Suddenly, SV yanks off his bib and gets off the chair..

The barber is surprised.

BARBER
Arey babu.. cutting??

SV leaves some money on the counter

SV
Phir kabhi..!!

He runs out.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - DAY

SV and Sheetal are leaving on the scooter.

The neighbours, Bihari and Kanti stand over the dividing shrubbery, gawking at them as they leave..

KANTI
Kahta hai...Koi rishtedar hai Jaipur se...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

SV drives down the road, better with his clutch maneuvering skills, by now.

Sheetal sits behind him, her arms around him, smiling excitedly.

SHEETAL
Hum jaa kahan rahe hain...

SV
Ek tip mili hai...

SHEETAL
Tip...?? Waiter ho kya? Sorry bad joke... so exciting na?

SV looks anything but excited.

They drive past a GROUP OF PEASANTS. They seem to be on the move; their belongings packed into camel carts. Their livestock trails behind.

Further down the road SV notices more and more groups of ENTIRE FAMILIES making their way to the city, dragging their meagre possessions with them, a look of dead hopelessness in their eyes.

It's beginning to look like a mass exodus.

EXT. AUCTION SITE - LATER

A small, gaily colored, open sided, 'pandal' has been put up in the middle of the desert.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

White chalk lines demarcate plots carved into the desert.

The cheap, wedding style chairs are packed with people and it is strictly standing room only.

The auctioneer calls out land parcel numbers and accepts bids.

AUCTIONEER
(Technical)

From the back, SV watches as the prices escalate upwards with little bidding wars flaring up..

Sheetal has no clue what going on but she's excited any how.

SHEETAL
(whispers)
Kuchh notes likhoon...?

He shakes his head at her. After a bit, he's had enough and they leave.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

SV and Sheetal ride down on his scooter.

He spots a migrating FAMILY GROUP that is resting in the shade of a tree.

He stops.

SHEETAL
Kya hua...?

SV looks at the PATRIARCH, a wizened old man.

SV
Kahan jaa rahe hain.. aap log...?

The old man looks at him blankly, pulling at his 'beedi'.

The rest of the group is looking at SV now. He digs in his pocket and finds a 50 rupee note.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He folds it small and quietly puts it in the Patriach's hand.

SV (CONT'D)
Kathe jao sa?

The Patriarch sticks the note in his pocket.

PATRIARCH
Kaini boloon beta. Jathe roti rethore vathe petro basero. **apni jameen to ab rahi nahin...**

He falls silent again. SV takes out another 50 rupee note and puts it in his hand.

SV
Apni jameen nahin rahi..??
Kyon..??

The old man sweeps his hand, pointing out the semi arid scrub land around them.

PATRIARCH
Meh log toh majoor insaan hon...
Jameen toh Raja sa ri thi.
Purkhon se monhe yo gulami birasat mha milyodi hai. Balu ne bajro diyo so rukho bajre mah nibha liyo. Atthe toh nehar ahreyo hai. Raja sa ri banjari ub sona janegi. Atthe mhara ke kaam.

He falls silent.

SV searches his wallet for more money. All he has is a ten rupee note left to offer.

The old man looks at the note disdainfully as SV puts his wallet back.

SV looks in at the old man hopefully. Slowly, the old man sticks the note with the others.

PATRIARCH (CONT'D)
Raja sa re baap-dada bade bhale log they...kabhi khaali pet sone na diya...par jamana badal gayo

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

hai...kisi ko ke dos
doon...Neher aavega to Raja sa
ki sookhi birasat bhi gili ho
jaavegi...pet ki aag bujhane
vaaste kuaan to khodno
padego...ab jaiso raam rakhe...

A TOUGH LOOKING MAN intercedes, shouting at the old man in a dialect. The old man protests weakly but is drowned out by the younger man's loud argument.

The old man falls silent and looks out into the distance.

The tough guy looks at SV defiantly - The conversation is over.

A LITTLE BOY, half naked and filthy but still kinda cute comes up to SV and stands by his feet. SV makes friendly noises at the child.

SV (V.O.)
Rakshason ki daavat thi.... Badi
machchli chhoti machchli ko kha
rahi thi...Jitni badi machhli
utni badi bhookh. Aur chhoti
machhli ke paas bhagne ke siva
koi dusra chara nahin tha....
koi chupne ke liye jagah nahi
thi.. Bas pagalon ki tarah bhage
jaa rahe the... bhage jaa rahe
the. Kaash inme se koi ek agar
ruk jaata aur kahta, "Bas..
bahut ho gaya"... Waqt aa gaya
tha ki ek chhoti mahchli badi
machli ko lalkare. apne jeevan
ko apna Haq samajhe... Kisi
Raje-maharaje ki jagir nahin...

SV is getting stronger with every word...

He is distracted by the sound of sprinkling water. He looks down to see the little fish ... the boy urinating on SV's shoes.

The group sniggers as SV stands there, immobile, the kid continuing to pee on his leg.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV looks back at Sheetal embarrassed. She's wiping the sweat off her brow with her *chunni*.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Par Maseeha to hamesha hi sooli par latakta aya hain ..!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - EVENING

SV and Sheetal ride up. She gets off, looking very tired.

SV
Maine kaha tha bore ho jayengi.

SHEETAL
Kisne kaha mein bore ho rahi thi?

Just then SV spots Brij riding in on his bike. He stops near them, curiosity about Sheetal written large on his face.

BRIJ MOHAN
Yahan se guzar raha tha… socha dekhta chaloon… kaisi kat rahi hai yaaron ki

SV's feeling awkward again. Gestures towards Sheetal.

SV
Sheetal... Meri phupheri bahan... Jaipur se.. Thode dino ke liye ayi hai...

Brij looks confused.

BRIJ MOHAN
Jaipur se...?

Sheetal steps in.

SHEETAL
Kyon saley sahab..? Itni jaldi bhool gaye..? Par mujhe yaad hai... Bhaiya ki shaadi me jo

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

gulaabi pagdi daali thi... dulha
to aap hi lag rahe the...

Brij blushes deep and mumbles some response.

BRIJ MOHAN
Mujhhe yaad nahi hai - Uss baat
ko bahut saal ho gaye. Vassey
bhi shaadi koi yaad rakhnewali
cheez to nah hai. (To SV) Kyon?

SV moves the subject on.

SV
Main nikal hi raha tha... Baal
katvane..

Brij nods.

BRIJ MOHAN
Theek hai to.. bazaar tak main
bhi saath ho leta hoon...

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - EVENING

SV waves off Brij as he rides through the gaily lit, Diwali prepped crowded market across from Rathore's Party Office.

BRIJ MOHAN
Baal hi katwana...Nada na katwa
lena. Pajama dhila hogaya toh
Nimi ko badi problem hogi...

He slows his scooter for a Ramleela procession with CROWDS OF PEOPLE singing.

Suddenly, SV notices KISEN and SANJU exiting from the Party office gates, then his gaze travels to the Party sign and the posters of Rathore hanging there, and back to them.

They notice him as well. They realise he's seen them.

Kisen throws his cigarette on the ground and stubs it out with a vengeance as he looks straight at SV. He starts striding towards SV. Sanju follows.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV desperately struggles to manoeuver his scooter through the thick crowds.

Behind, Sanju and Kisen also jostle their way through the crowds. Kisen pushing the bumbling Sanju aggressively, using him as a battering ram.

SV rides through the procession desperately blowing his horn in the general cacophony of the crowd, frantically looking behind to see how far his pursuers have reached. Irate crowd members start to argue but SV scrambles through in a panic, finally reaching through to the front.

As soon as the way clears, he rides off at top speed.

Kisen and Sanju reach the front, just in time to see SV disappear down the street.

Irritated, Kisen whacks Sanju, hard on the head.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, TERRACE ROOFTOP - EVENING

SV and Sheetal stand up on the terrace sipping some tea.

Sheetal's looking out at the sunset as she works on some Diwali rangoli decorations. There are stray fireworks in the sky. (Add random rangoli dialogues.)

SV assists.

SHEETAL
Aapko sunrise pasand hai ya sunset?

SV's not really listening.

SV
Uss truck driver ne bola tha ki Manorama ke muh me laal ret thi... Iss ilaake me laal ret sirf Canal site par hi hai...

Sheetal stops.

SHEETAL
To...??

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV turns around.

SV
Wo site par gayi hogi - Kuchh hua hoga wahan...

SHEETAL
Ho sakta hai.
(thinks)
Ho sakta hai ki opposition wale...

SV
Nahin... Wo gunde - Wo Rathore ke aadmi thae... Maine dekha unhe party office se nikalte hue..

Sheetal is looking at him confused.

SV (CONT'D)
Manorama janti thi ki ye canal ek scam hai... Usne un photographs se Minister ko blackmail karne ki koshish kee hogi... Taki canal na bane...

Sheetal looks surprised.

SV (CONT'D)
Saaf hai.. Uss canal me paani ayega hi nahin... Shayad canal hi na bane... Banengi to sirf logon ki ummeedein... Aur ummed banegi to canal ke aas paas wali banjar zameen ka daam badhega... Kafi sari zameene Minister kee hain... Jinhe bechkar wo nikal jayega... Manorama ye samajh chuki thi issliye wo khatra thi... Rathore ne usse **raste se hata diya**...

SHEETAL
Haan Par truck driver ne toh yeh bhi kaha tha wahan aur koi nahi tha.
(a beat)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Shayad aap theek kah rahe
hain... Par kuchh karne se pahle
aapko fresh mind se sochna
chahiye...

She puts her hand on his shoulder. He turns towards her.

They are close. Very close again. They almost kiss.

They are startled by the loud ring of the cordless phone. SV goes to pick it up.

He answers the phone. It's Nimi. He walks away from Sheetal.

Sheetal leans against the wall. Adjusts herself, looking troubled.

Off screen, SV struggles with Nimi on the phone.

SV (O.S.)
Haan main aaj saare din ghar pe
nahi tha. Kaun? Oh! Brij. Haan
haan… wo… haan wo meri
Jaipurwali booa hain na… unki
ladki…

The conversation fades in Sheetal's head as she looks increasingly torn and despondent.

FADE TO
BLACK.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Somewhere a phone rings.

SV is asleep on the floor, completely dead to the world. Suddenly, he is vigorously shaken up.

He wakes up groggily to discover Sheetal standing over him in her night clothes. She's extending the cordless towards him, her hand covering the mouthpiece.

SHEETAL
Utho..! Uthiye... Phone hai...
Doctor ka..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV's a bit groggy.

SV
Kaun doctor...?

SHEETAL
Dr. Poddar, wo ashram wale...

She looks worried. He is confused.

SV
Wo mujhe kyon phone karenge?
Unko mera number kahan se mila?

She shrugs. SV takes the phone.

SV (CONT'D)
Hello...?

EXT. ROADS - MORNING

SV whizzes down the roads on his scooter.

He keeps revving the engine, trying to get the machine to move faster, but it produces more noise than speed.

EXT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE - MORNING

SV parks his scooter, almost falling over in his hurry and runs up to the house, where cheap strings of Diwali fairy lights are blinking away gaily on the windows, dampened in the morning light (the one on the door is hanging loose).

Once he reaches the front door, he momentarily loses his courage. He hesitates... then softly knocks on the door.

Waits and knocks a second time. Harder.

The door swings open.

He peeps in.

SV
Koi hai...??

No one answers.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

INT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is empty but the whole place is a mess.

Chairs and tables overturned, broken glass, books and papers strewn everywhere.

SV's heart starts to race - he wants to turn back but the curiosity is too much.

He can see that the state of the adjacent kitchen is almost the same.

SV steps carefully through broken glass, etc. towards a damaged, splintered door leading to an inner room.

INT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

He walks through a door to find a mess.

And in the middle of the mess, on the floor, lie the bodies of the Doctor and Sameera.

Bloody. And very much dead.

SV is stunned.

He backs off in fright - Tripping over in the process into a puddle of blood, - he scrambles upright, leaving big bloody handprints on a dresser that he grabs onto for support.

Staring at the bodies - He is transfixed - He is frozen - He can't move.

Suddenly, a loud SCREAM from behind him. He whips around to find a MAID standing there at the front door - SCREAMING in panicked fright.

SV himself panics - he realises what this must look like.

He rushes out, pushing her aside - He's seen enough small town flash lynchings to not want to stick around longer.

EXT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE - DAY

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV runs out. He starts his scooter in panic and rides off.

EXT. PCO - DAY

At a PCO stand, SV stands in the cubicle and calls home.

The phone just keeps ringing.

He lets it ring out, getting desperate with every unanswered ring.

Frustrated, he bangs the receiver down and rests his head on the instrument. Intercut phone ringing at SV's house.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

SV sits inside the police station waiting for Brij Mohan.

A GROUP OF COPS is playing carrom and gossiping at a nearby table.

SV looks a little tense and agitated. A cop walks into the station and addresses the group.

COP 1
Manne suna... Koi bada patakha chhoota aaj..??

One of the cops looks up from the game.

COP 2
Do patakhe...! Ek Doctor aur uski mangetar... Happy Diwali...!!

COP 1
(continuing)
Happy Diwali bhai..!!

SV's ears perk up.

COP 2
Naukarani ne dekha katil ko...!! Gadha saala... Tijori loot ke wahin khada note gin raha hoga...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

(Laughs)
Aur aate-jaate har jagah nishan chhor gaya ungli ke...

COP 3
Motor-cycle na bhullo...!

COP 2
Haan..! Aur paidal hi bhaag liya... Motor-cycle bhi wahin chhor gaya...

They laugh some more. SV feels like he's been punched in the stomach - He gets up and sweatily makes his way to the door. He stops near the laughing cops.

SV
Brij Mohanji se kahiyega.. main ayaa tha....

The cops nod, barely noticing him exit.

COP 2
Nayi nayi motorcycle thi... Pant gilli ho gayi hogi... socha seat kyon kharab karni...??

They laugh.

INT. PCO - DAY

SV is in the cubicle again. He calls home. It stills keep ringing. He lets it ring out. Still no answer. Intercut with phone at SV's house.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - DAY

SV goes down the road towards his house.

Just as he approaches, he sees Kisen and Sanju loitering outside his house, waiting for him.

Kisen is disfiguring Nimi's parlour sign with a knife, Sanju is carrying out faux Bruce Lee moves in the air, smashing the Diwali decorations that Sheetal had put up.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Bihari and Kanti are watching them from outside their house with fascination.

SV does a quick turn around and goes back down the road, away from his house.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

SV rides towards the outskirts of town. Everything feels strange and distorted.

SV stops his scooter. Looks about, trying to clear his head.

SV (V.O.)
Chehre mohre, jagah wagah sab gadbad thay. Ek rehesyamayi paheli, Jiska na koi sira tha na chhor. Rathore ne Doctor aur Sameera ko kyon marvaaya..? Aur Sheetal kahan gayi...? Zinda bhi hai ya...??

The road shimmers. SV hears the tinkling of payals. He sees a PAIR OF WOMEN'S FEET, wearing payals and a ghagra, twirling round and round, just for him...

The sound of payals is broken by a guttural engine sound, as his scooter threatens to give up.

SV revs his engine and takes off.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

Outside the gates to the orphanage, SV parks his scooter.

A WATCHMAN appears as SV walks through the gates.

WATCHMAN
Ji..?

SV
Mujhe Sheetal madam se milna hai...

The Watchman just stares at him.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV (CONT'D)
Kuch zaroori kaam hai

The Watchman doesn't move. He stares at SV strangely.

WATCHMAN
Sheetal madam...? Aap kaun?

SV nods.

SV
Mein unko janta hun.. kuch personal kaam hai...

The watchman keeps looking at SV, very unsure.

WATCHMAN
Aapko pata nahin ke...? Woh - Woh to gujar gayi...

SV reels. The world around him starts to spin.

INT. ORPHANAGE HEAD'S OFFICE - DAY

The watchman unlocks the office and leads him in. He helps a shaky SV into a chair.

WATCHMAN
Office to aaj band hai Diwali keliye... Baitho...!! Main Veena Madam ko bulata hoon... Head hain yahan ki... yahin bagal me quarter hai..

SV looks around the room and sees some photos on the wall of orphanage events.

SV
Aapko pakka pata hai...? Sheetal nahi rahi.? Hua kab ye...?

The watchman nods.

WATCHMAN
Kuch aath-dus din pehle - kitni hasmukh ladki.. par.. dekho khudkhusi kar li..

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV looks confused. Eight - ten days?

The watchman goes up to a photo and points to a photo on the wall.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
Wo dekho... kaise muskura rahi hai...

SV walks over to the wall and looks at the photo. It's a picture of a complete stranger posing in happier times.

SV is totally stunned. He points to the woman in the photo.

SV
Ye Sheetal hai...?

The watchman nods, looking suspiciously at SV.

WATCHMAN
Main Madam ko bula ke lata hoon...

SV watches the watchman leave.

Then walks to the door and looking around for the watchman, walks quickly towards the gates.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

SV starts his scooter.

The watchman accompanied by a fat middle aged lady appears behind him in the ashram corridors.

SV zips off as the watchman calls behind him, running up to the gate.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - EVENING

The compound is alive with Diwali celebrations. The houses are lit. Families are bursting crackers. The atmosphere is loud and alive.

Only SV's house is dark - not one light.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV scans the surroundings, looking out for Kisen and Sanju.

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Finding the coast clear, SV quickly slips in the front door,

He switches on the light.

Sheetal sits on the sofa, waiting for him in the dark. She shirks a bit in the light. The atmosphere is charged with the loud sounds of celebrations penetrating through the walls.

They look at each other. Her eyes are red-rimmed. He realises she's been crying.

SHEETAL
Sab tumhari galati hai...

SV
Kya...?

SHEETAL
Uss din mujhe Manorama ke ghar sirf un photographs ko khojne bheja gaya tha... Tumne mujhe Sheetal na samjha hota to mujhe bhi ye khel nahin khelna padta.

SV
Khel to tum sabhi achhe khel leti ho. Mujhe seedi banaya uss saanp ke liye.

Sheetal hesitates.

SHEETAL
Dekho - Rathoreji ko sirf wo photos chahiye... Tum bahut badi pareshaani me ho - par...

SV
Par - kya...?

SHEETAL

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Par tum nikal sakte ho agar tum wo photographs lauta do - Unke paas saboot hai... Wo prove kar denge ki tumne unko paiso ke liye blackmail kiya unn photos ke zariye... Tumne Sameera ko bhi iss blackmail ka hissa banane ki koshish ki aur jab baat nahin bani - tab tumne usko maar diya - aur Doctor ko bhi... police ko tumhari Motorcycle unke ghar se mili...

SV sinks into a chair, looking defeated.

SV
Yeh sab paison ke liye kar rahi ho, na?

She just looks away, strangely passive.

SHEETAL
Har kaam paison ke liye nahin hota.

Behind him, SV hears a throat clearing.

He whips around to see Kisen and Sanju standing there.

Kisen throws a peanut into the air, again catching it expertly in his mouth.

KISEN
Happy Diwali, Chaudhary..!

He beams a smile at SV.

KISEN (CONT'D)
KLPD ho gayi ke...

SV shakes his head as he straightens.

SV
Oh, chavanni aur athanni bhi yahaan hain.

SV looks at Sheetal.

She looks away - a little guilty.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL
Woh photos lauta do...

SV
Maine poora roll Manorama ko de diya tha..!Tumhe pata hai!

Kisen comes and smacks SV hard on the head.

SHEETAL
Jasoosi karne ka badaa shauk hai na tumhe...? To jao wo photos dhoondh ke lao...

Kisen interrupts.

KISEN
...varna teri photo bhi lag jayegi deewar pe - haar ke saath.

Sheetal comes closer to SV.

SHEETAL
Rathoreji sab theek kar denge.

SV smiles sardonically.

SV
Theek kardenge ya theekane lagadenge..??

Kisen turns him around roughly.

KISEN
Meri maan to time khoti na kar... wo photos jaldi dhoondh laa varna terey gendey jaisa saala haat mein arrest warrant ghumaye yahan pahonch jayegaa...

SANJU
(laughs)
Phir to ghana filmi scene ho javega, chaudhary...

SV looks at the three of them, unbelieving.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

SV drives down the streets lined with celebrations, the skies alight, anaars and other sparkling crackers bursting all around him. He's feeling fucked.

He turns in to a quiet street.

Dogs howl in the quietude of the night, RAG PICKERS sort through the garbage dumps, a DRUNK MAN makes his way home calling out for "justice", a COUPLE OF PROSTITUTES hang around in dark corners.

A young rag picker runs up behind SV holding a jerry-can full of water.

RAG-PICKER
Paani chahiye Bhaiya..?? Bas dus rupiah...

Bholu, the bioscope man cycles past, colourful buntings attached to his cycle.

SV speeds up, leaving the rag picker behind, who stops running after the scooter and stands in the middle of the road, looking all woe-be-gone.

INT. PCO - NIGHT

SV stands in the cubicle, dialing a number, but this time it's not home.

He breaks down as he speaks into the phone.

SV
(into phone)
Hello? Nimi? Happy Diwali. Main jaanta hoon bahut der ho chuki hai - main sirf - main sirf tumhari aawaaz sunna chahta tha. Nahi. Abhi, nahi nikal sakta... haan haan - Jaipur acchha tha - bilkul pehle jaisa... Mujhe - main - shayad main phas gaya hoon - nahi Sharmaji kuchh nahi kar sakte.
Haan mera bhi man tha - kaash main hota wahan - family ke

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

saath - baad mein phone karoonga
- I - I love you, Nimi...!

He puts the phone down abruptly and wipes his tears on the back of his sleeve like a child.

He sits down in the PCO, sobbing as the owner looks at him curiously.

Suddenly something clicks. SV looks up at the PCO owner.

SV (CONT'D)
JAIPUR...!

He jumps up and pays off the PCO.

SV (CONT'D)
Samjhe nahi... Jaipur!!

PCO OWNER
Samajhne ki cheez na hai
Jaipur... Dekhne ki cheez hai.

EXT. JAIPUR MARKET - MORNING

A local bus rolls in to an almost empty market. Stores are just opening on the day after Diwali. It stops.

The door swings open and a lone passenger gets off. It's SV. The bus takes off.

In front of SV, on the opposite side of the street is the photo studio.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

The OWNER slowly looks through a bunch of packets, doesn't find the right ones.

STUDIO OWNER
Yahan to nahin hain...

SV does a quick mental calculation.

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Pakka? Theek Se dekhiye na..
Manorama Shukla ke naam se..
Pehli November ke aas paas...

The owner thinks. Riffles through another drawer.

He pulls out a packet.

STUDIO OWNER
Haan! Yaad aaya. Wo photo khud hi dhona chahti thi. Kaha thodi private type ki hai - personal. Maine roll ko load kiya aur bahar aa gaya. Wo baithi rahi machine ke paas… doh roll dhulwane ke saadhe teen sau minus advance. Toh - 200.

SV looks at him a little confused as he pays him and takes the photo packet.

SV
Do Roll ka..??

The owner nods.

STUDIO OWNER
Haan ek to banva ke apne saath le gayin theen... Aapko dikhaya nahin apki Mrs. ne...??

SV tears open the packet. He shuffles through them quickly.

He breathes a sigh of relief - They are the photos he took of the minister with Sameera.

INT. TOURIST BUS - DAY

SV rides back to town, tightly holding on to the packet of photos.

SV looks down at the packet of photos in his hands. He looks at the empty seat next to him and then out the window, getting teary-eyed.

INT. ROYAL HAVELI, STUDY - NIGHT

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV sits waiting in a small waiting room inside the Haveli.

The minutes tick by as SV waits, sweating, looking at the fan turning lazily..

The ticking of the clock starts to overtake his thoughts.

He goes through the photos to distract himself, takes out the few test shots he had taken and scrunches them up into balls.

He looks for a wastepaper basket but there isn't one.

Just then the office door opens and an attendant comes out, beckoning for him to go in. SV, stands up, putting the balled up photos in his pocket.

INT. ROYAL HAVELI, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SV is led down a long corridor, with many doors, by the attendant.

As they approach an open door, SV is taken aback to see, the minister's wife, Laxmi, parked in the doorway, seated in her wheelchair.

She stares at him blankly just as she had done the first time.

SV slows his pace, trying to nod respectfully at her.

Her face suddenly twists up in an expression full of venom. She spits at him.

She rolls away before SV can react, slamming the door in his face.

A little rattled, SV continues - following the attendant down the corridor.

INT. ROYAL HAVELI, STUDY - LATER

SV is led to the minister's study. The Minister is seated at his desk, having his evening tea.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV hands him the photos. The minister casually puts them down on the table. He pointedly doesn't ask SV to sit.

SV stands there awkwardly. Fuming at his defeat.

Rathore lights a cigarette. Offers one to SV.

RATHORE
To... Kaisee rahi aapki Diwali...??

SV ignores him.

SV
Main chhorne ki koshish kara raha hoon...

Rathore smiles.

RATHORE
Hume bhi chhor hi dena chahiye... Badi gandi lat hai...!!

SV
Ji.

RATHORE
Well, Randhawa sahab...!! Suna hai ki aap likhte-wikhte bhi hain... bahut acche! Hume pasand hain aise log - jo soch sakte hain.

Rathore is trying his usual spiel.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Hum bhi bahut sochte hain - apni janta ke liye.

SV
Aur Sameera ke liye? - Uske barey me kya sochte hain?

Rathore smiles at SV, unfazed.

RATHORE

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Kabhi kabhi praja ke liye Raja
ko zati kurbani deni padti
hain...

SV retorts.

SV
Kurbani... Praja ke liye...
jaise woh sookhi neher.. jo
hamesha sookhi rahegi..

Rathore smiles indulgently, picks up a file lying on the table and idly flips through it. It's SV's personal file from the PWD department.

RATHORE
Aap baatein bahut dilchasp karte
hai Randhawa sahab.. Kaam se
suspend ho gaye - rishwat lene
ke aarop mein... Chaliye
chhodiye yeh sab. Kuch aur
baatein karte hai..Nimi aur Raju
ki chhuttiyan kaise beet rahi
hain Rohtak me?

SV is stunned.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Humne kaha tha na, hum bhi bahut
sochte hai - apni janta ke liye.
Aap kiske liye kar rahe hain ye
sab. Janta ke liye? Hamari janta
ke liye...Apka kaam hai likhna,
janta ka dhyaan rakhna hamara
kaam hai.

SV
Ginn aati hai tumse...!!

Rathore flares up. He gets up and walks to the window.

RATHORE
Aapko ab bhi samajh nahin
ayaa... na... Randhawa Sahab..
Aap ek bahut hi chhote aadmi
hain - mamuli admi - maamuli
zindagi, maamuli sapne.. maamuli
kamai... Aur jin mamuli logon ki

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

mohabbat me aap mare jaa rahe hain... Wo maamuli log - Jo ek haath se apki bheekh le rahe hain - zarurat padne par doosre haath se apki peeth me khanjar bhi bhonk sakte hain...

Ye duniya do hisson mein bati hai.. Randhawa sahab ... chalne wale aur chalane wale... kamzor aur taqautwar ... Shikar aur Shikari... aap is kadwe saach se aankhe bhale moond lein.. yahi hota aaya hai.. aur yahi hota jaega..

Zindagi ka ye sach kabhi koi nahin badal sakta... Isse prakriti ka kayda kahiye ya Jungle ka kanoon..
THIS IS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS...

Aap kaun hote hain usse badalne wale.. hume koi nahi rok sakta.. kyonki yeh duniya aap aur aap jese log nahi.. hum chalate hai..... Aur aapko yeh netic adhikar kisne diya ki aap hume sikhayen...

Sach puchhiye toh aap bhi apni biwi ki gair maujudgi me ek anjaan ladki ke saath ... toh Mr. Randhawa aap bhi tab tak is system ka hissa bane rahe jab tak apko suit kiya...??

SV has no reply.

Rathore calls out to his ATTENDANT who is standing there.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Neetu...

The minister goes and sits back down.

Sheetal enters from a side door.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

She looks at SV. SV looks at her.

SV
Neetu..?!

Sheetal goes and stands by Rathore.

Rathore looks at SV who is staring at Sheetal.

Rathore puts his arms around her waist.

RATHORE
Aapko pasand hai, na..??

SV is silent. He averts his gaze from Sheetal.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Chahiye?

Rathore thumps his hands loudly.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Sab taakat aur paise ka khel hai, Randhawa... The natural order of things...

Rathore reaches for the packet of photos. He tears open the packet and goes through the photos, a slight smile on his face.

His smile diminishes as he sees each photo.

He finishes looking through them and looks up at SV.

He throws the photos on the table.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Mazaak kar rahe hain aap humse...?

SV is confused.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Haalanki ye tasveerein hain toh badi dilchasp... kul mila ke - hamein inme khaas dilchaspi nahin...

SV doesn't understand.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV
Main kuchh... samjha nahi...

Rathore beckons SV forward. Suddenly, Rathore rises and catches SV by the collar.

RATHORE
Hamare sabr ka imtehaan mat lo... Randhawa ... Nautanki band karo aur wo photographs hume lakar do.

He lets go of SV, who falls back on his chair.

EXT. WATER TANK - EVENING

Up above the fucked up world, SV sits at his favourite solo spot, alone and defeated.

He looks out at the landscape as he takes his hanky out of his pocket, to wipe the sweat from his face. The test photos he had taken fall out.

He picks them up and stares at them blankly.

Suddenly he sees something - or does he?

He brings the photo closer to himself...there is something there - a reflection of something in the glass - a figure - a child's figure - a little girl!

INT. SV'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He stands in the middle, looks around the empty spaces.

He catches sight of his fish and realises they are dead, belly-up in the tank. 'Shakuntala' is still swimming around peacefully.

He collapses in the sofa about to have another breakdown.

SV
Nimi...!

INT. SV'S HOUSE, STUDY/BEAUTY PARLOUR - LATER

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV looks at the reflection in the photo with a magnifying glass.

He gets up suddenly and starts searching through the mess of papers on his desk.

He finds the news clipping about Manorama's death.

He sits down on the closest chair, trying to get back his bearings and compares the photo in the notice about the missing child from the orphanage.

Just then the phone rings. SV answers. It's the editor again.

SV
Hello? Ji ji… main kaam kar raha hoon… wo story taiyyar… ji… mujhe yaad hai maine vaada kiya tha… deadline… ji… mujhe pata hai. Suniye - ek minute - bhaad mein gayi aapki story aur bhaad mein gaya aapka ek rupya per word wala assignment.Ek kaam kijiye - aap apni uss ghatiya si magazine ko leke khud bhi bhaad mein chale jaiye. IDIOT saley...!!

He slams the phone down. Then gets up and retrieves a bunch of old newspapers.

He starts scanning through them. Stops at a small piece buried in the paper; A Sheetal Kumar was found dead. Another suicide.

He looks at the date on the newspaper.

He returns to the clipping with the child's photo.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tabhi mere dimaag me chhaya kohra chhantne laga... Mujhe dheere dheere samajh aane laga tha. Parat dar parat sab khul raha tha. Manorama se pahle unhone Sheetal ko maara... Aur Manorama...wo toh mujhse kuchh

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

aur hi photo khichvana chahti thi...
Wo photo jo uss doosre roll me thi jo Manorama photo studio se apne saath le gayi.. Kuchh to kaala sach chhupa tha unn photographs me.. Par kya tha wo sach...?? Kahan thi wo photographs..?? Aur aisa kya tha un photographs me...??

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAWN

As the sun comes up on the horizon, SV sits and reads the newspaper clipping again. It mentions Manorama's age as 28.

He looks like he hasn't slept all night.

A loud yell breaks his spell. He looks down to see Bholu waving at him, calling him.

BHOLU
Oye..

SV climbs down to Bholu who catches hold of his arm, beckoning him towards his bioscope.

BHOLU (CONT'D)
Bioscope...! Dekhoge...?

SV looks at the bioscope. One of the lenses is still broken (just as in Brij Mohan's story) SV feels the edge of the glass with his fingers. He is perturbed but at the same time intrigued. He looks at Bholu.

BHOLU (CONT'D)
Free hai tere liye ...!!

SV hesitates but goes ahead.

He looks in. Nothing.

Bholu laughs.

BHOLU (CONT'D)
Kaam na kare hai... bahut saal se.... Par apne dino me - aaah,

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

kya jalwe dikhati thi do rupaye
me... Taj Mahal.. Kutub Minar...
Bambai ke filum ishtaar...

SV's a little pissed off. He goes and sits down on the stairs.

Bholu follows,

BHOLU (CONT'D)
Naraaj kyon hove hai..? Paisa to
na liya na - phir ke shikayat...
waise bhi sab maaya to hai.....
jo hove hai woh dikhe koni ...
Jo dikkhe hai wo hove koni....
Jaise teri kitaab me likha tha;
Manorama...

SV is startled.

SV
Kyaa tumne bhi padhi hai..?

Bholu chuckles.

BHOLU
Phir...? Ek ankh phooti hai dono
thodi! Waise buri na thi teri
kitaab... Manne to uski heroin
badi chokhi lagi... Ghadi-ghadi
bhes badalti... Ke kahe thi;
"umeed mane asliyat ko dhoka"

SV
Haan... Par filhaal to - main
koi ummeed nahin kar sakta -
asliyat pata chal jaye... wahi
bahut hai... woh 28 ki thi
magar.. usne kaha wo battes ki
hai...kyon?

Bholu looks out into the distance and in a cryptic way, solves the puzzle.

BHOLU
Kabhi kabhi asliyat ankh ke
theek saamne hove hai.. par itna

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

kareeb hove hai ki dikhai na
de..

Then there is silence. Bholu gets up, gets on his cycle and slowly pedals away. SV is left on the steps, confused.

Suddenly, it connects.

SV
Manorama...!! Meri kitaab...
32.. page 32!

EXT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SV sneaks around the house, trying to find a way to get in. He locates a half-open window. He opens it completely and dives into the house.

INT. DR. PODDAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Doctors house lies in complete darkness. A police seal on the front door. The house has been rearranged shabbily after the earlier events. Things lie stacked around.

SV searches through the stacks of books and files. A file falls to the ground and opens. He picks it up. It's a file of land deeds. The owner of all the land is Dr. Poddar.

He closes it and is putting it back on the pile when he sees a file with the minister's name on it.

He opens it and reads something that interests him. He steals the file, tucking it in his pants.

He moves to the next stack, nothing there. He rifles through another stack and finally finds what he's looking for - the copy of his book; Manorama.

He takes it.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SV is at a small little restaurant. His loot is spread out on the table in front.

A fan turns lazily, barely dissipating the heat.

The WAITER comes and dumps a cup of tea in front of him. SV sees a half dead fly swirling around on the surface of the tea, trying to save itself. He fishes it out with a spoon.

He races to page 32 in the book and scans it. Then begins to read.

SV (V.O.)
Natraj hotel ki lobby pe,
Manorama ne manager ki vasna
bhari aankhon ko avoid karte
huve, room number 202 ki chaabi
maangi. Manager ki kamatur
aankhein chaabi dete waqt
manorama ke gadraye badan se ek
minute ke liye bhi nahi hati.
Usne chaabi dene ke bahane
manorama ka haath chhova.
Manorama ne fauran chaabi li aur
room number 202 ki oar tez kadmo
se, lagbhag bhagte huve, chal
padi.

Just then, a photo kept in the pages of the book, drops out. SV bends down to pick it up. He looks at it.

The photo is of Manorama with the doctor. Behind the photo, it states "Jaipur, May - 2005.".

SV looks up puzzled by the photo when he suddenly notices across the street - A neon sign magically, if a little disfunctionally, spluttering the letters; 'Natraj Hotel'

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

SV stands at the reception, checking in. The extremely sleepy RECEPTIONIST doesn't really seem to care.

SV
Kamra chahiye... 202 number..
Khali hai...??

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

The Receptionist stares sleepily at him for a second or two, then dumps the key of Room 202 in front of him.

RECEPTIONIST
Din me do balti paani milega bas...

INT. HOTEL ROOM 202 - NIGHT

SV enters, searches the room, under the bed, under the mattress, in the sheets, under the carpet, over the fan, anywhere and everywhere.

He sits on the bed, a little defeated and idly switches on the TV. A news channel flickers on with random regional news.

Just then, he notices a loose electric panel on the wall. He goes over and gently pries it open to find a packet hidden behind it.

Taking the packet, he sits on the bed and tears open the pack. A bunch of photographs spill out.

SV slowly picks them up - they make his eyes split wide open. Suddenly - he gags and runs for the bathroom. He doubles over the shabby W.C. retching violently.

As he finishes heaving, an item on the TV news, catches his interest.

He shakily walks back into the room and stares at the TV.

On the screen; Rathore surrounded by a large number of politician types, they all seem happy and smiling.

TV ANNOUNCER
Aaj Rajasthan mein kuchh mahinono se chal rahe Rajasthan Vikas Neher vivad ka anth ho gaya jab Pradesh ke sabhi virodhi dalon ne sattadhari sarkar se samjhauta karke canal ke banne par haath mila liya... Apna vaktavya jaari karte hue, Virodhi dalon ke neta shri D.K. Saxena ne kaha, Ki canal ka nirmaan karya virodhi dalon ki

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

aapatiyon ko dhyaan me rakhkar
jald hi phir shuru kiya jayega..

SV switches off the TV.

He picks up the copy of 'Manorama', pulling out the photo he found in it. He's still puzzled by this little piece of the jig saw.

INT/EXT MONTAGE SEQUENCE - D/N

Montage sequence - SV TRIES TO PIECE PUZZLE TOGETHER

To a hindi pulp fiction voice over, the puzzle is put together in a series of still, photographic images.

The Orphanage: A laughing Rathore is surrounded by little girls in the playground. The real Sheetal watches the MLA. A hand here, a touch there, subtle perversion.

SV (V.O.)
Asli Sheetal, Jo Manorama ki room- mate thi, Anath-ashram me kaam kiya karti thi... Sheetal ko bhanak lag gayi ki kuchh galat ho raha tha - Shayad usne Rathore ka Vehshi roop dekh liya tha - jis tarah se Rathore un bachcho se ghulta-milta tha - itni saari chhoti ladkiyan thi unme... Jinko uski haveli bheja jata tha...

Sheetal's house : Manorama is shocked as Sheetal narrates something to her.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Usse yakeen ho gaya ki zaroor Rathore un bachiyon ke saath kuch galat kar raha hai... Aur iss ghinauni harkat me Anath-ashram uska saath de raha tha... Usne ye kahani Manorama ko batai jisne canal rokne ke protest me iss baat ka fayda uthana chaha...

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Rathore Royal Haveli: SV clicks photos of Rathore with Sameera.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Usne mujhko kaam saupa par main galat photo kheench laya... Agle din, Manorama ne khud wo photographs kheenche - Rathore ke - uss nau saal ki bachhi Deepti ke saath.

Manorama clicks photos of Rathore with little girl Deepti.

Jaipur: Manorama runs out of photo studio. SV sees her.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Phir wo photo develop karwane aisi jagah gayi jahan usse koi nahi jaanta tha - Jaipur.

Canal site: Kisen and Sanju fill a hole with concrete.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Us dauran minister ke ghar par kuch gadbad hua.. us bacchi Deepti ki maut ho gayi.. uski laash ko mahfooz jagah dafna diya gaya... canal construction site pe... Bholu ne sahi kaha tha.. asliyat mere samne thi.. neher ka kaam ruka hone ke bavajood site par woh concrete block kahan se ayaa..

Manorama's apartment: Kisen and Sanju burst in on a surprised Sheetal (the real one).

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Aur is baat ko Sheetal jaanti thi ... jise raste se hata diya gaya...

Hotel Nataraj, Room 202: Manorama on the phone with Rathore. She is holding the photos in her hand.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Manorama ne Lakhot wapas aate hi
Rathore ko Blackmail karna shuru
kar diya. Par Minister chalaak
nikla... Sauda karne ke bahane
usne ek mulakaat rakhi.. aur
apne gunde chhor diye Manorama
par... wo photographs hasil
karne ke liye...

Manorama puts the receiver down and exits Room 202.

Street: Manorama runs down the street near SV's house, followed by Kisen and Sanju who catch hold of her and bundle her into a jeep.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Gundo ko Manorama to mil gayi...

Canal Site: Kisen and Sanju beat her up, put her face in the red sand, kick her in the stomach and stuff her face with the red sand.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Par wo photographs nahin mile...
Unhone wo photos paane ke liye
Canal site par Manorama ko bahut
behrehmi se peeta. Lekin issey
pehle ki woh kuchh ugalwa pateh
Manorama bhaag nikali...

Manorama manages to get free and runs wildly through the desert.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...aur photographs milne ke
pahle hi galati se truck ke
neeche aakar mar gayi...

Manorama stumbles out in the middle of the road.

Shabir Singh's truck goes straight into her and kills her.

Doctor's house: Sanju and Kisen stand over the dead bodies of the doctor and Sameera.

SV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Idhar Sameera aur Dr Poddar ne
kuchh zyada hi naak mein dum kar
rakha tha - Sameera press mein
jaane ki dhamki dene lagi thi.
Udhar main bhi Rathore ke liye
ek sardard ban chukka tha. Usne
ek teer se doh shikaar kiye.

INT. BRIJ MOHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SV is sitting with Brij.

Laid out in front on the bed, he has the photographs, the Minister's health file, his notes and his book.

SV
Opposition ko minister ne bhale
khareed liya ho... Par ye photo
agar press ke haath lag gaye to
samjoh Minister ki lag gayi...

SV finishes. Brij Mohan sits through the whole narration with a straight face. He looks at SV.

SV Hesitates.

SV (CONT'D)
Bas ek cheez ab bhi samajh nahin
ayi - Dr. Poddar aur Manorama ek
doosre ko kaise jante thay?

Suddenly Brij Mohan reaches across and whacks SV hard on the head with a cricket bat.

Everything goes black.

INT. BRIJ MOHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

SV comes awake.

His head hurts like hell.

He struggles to get up - looks around disoriented, vision coming back to focus slowly.

No one there.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

He gets up slowly and tentatively holding his tender head.

He sits for a moment as the world spins and then sees the minister's file, his papers and his book still lying there.

SV goes over, sits down and begins to look through the file carefully. He then pulls out the photo (of Manorama and Dr. Poddar) and looks at it.

He gets up and picks up the phone. Consults his notes and calls a number.

SV

Hello...? Sacred Heart College...? Records office please ...

As he's waiting on the phone, he notices Brij Mohan's police uniform hanging there.

Brij's service revolver sits nestled in it's holster.

SV gets up, phone still cradled to his ear and takes the gun, holding it gingerly.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

SV rides down the road slowly, finding it hard to balance, almost as if he's drunk-driving.

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI - DAY

SV rides up and parks his scooter haphazardly. He begins his unbalanced walk into the grounds.

Sounds of loud bangs in the distance. Is it in his head or outside? SV can't make out.

The guards block his way. He shoves them aside.

They grapple with him as he struggles.

Rathore's aide steps out of the haveli to check on the commotion.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Seeing SV he motions to the guards to let him through.

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI, TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

SV follows the aide to a terrace where the Minister and Brij Mohan are standing. SV realises where the banging sounds are coming from.

Rathore stands with a shotgun, shooting at clay pigeons being launched into the air by an ATTENDANT.

Another ATTENDANT stands by to reload the shotgun.

Brij sees SV and moves towards him, a worried look on his face. He tries to pull SV aside.

BRIJ MOHAN
Maine jaan bachai tumhari jijje... Ye maar dete tumko... Aur Nimi aur Raju ko bhi... Ye tum sab ke liye kiya maine...

SV shrugs him off.

Rathore turns to see SV and smiles, almost admiringly at SV's audacity at showing his face there.

RATHORE
Randhawa sahab tashreef rakhiye...Kya seva karein aapki?

SV takes out the gun from his pocket and points it at Rathore.

The attendant points the shotgun at SV. Rathore waves him aside.

He looks at SV, amused.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Uska safety catch on hai... Actually, aapko pata bhi hai ki safety catch hota kya hai...?

SV smiles and releases the safety.

SV

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Aap shayad bhool rahe hain ki mein detective kahaniyan likhta hun?

RATHORE
Kalam chalana bahut aasan hai Randhawa sahab... goli chalana nahin.

SV smiles and puts the gun down, handing it to Brij Mohan.

SV
Mujhe goli chalane ki zarurat nahin, Minister-sahab... Goli to chal chuki hai...

Rathore sniggers as he signals to his attendant to resume the shooting.

INT. ROYAL HAVELI, STUDY - LATER

SV stands alone in the room waiting. Outside, the bang-bang of the shooting continues.

He looks up at the fish swimming lazily in the Ministers large fish tank.

'Sheetal' enters. SV turns to stare at her.

She looks a little shamefaced.

SHEETAL
Meri Shakuntala kaisi hai?

SV
Zinda hai. Aur tum?

SHEETAL
Saamne khadi hoon. Aath saal ki thi, yahi zindagi dekhi hai maine.

SV
Baat mat palto. Kabhi bhi, usse chorr kar nayi zindagi shuroo kar sakti ho.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

SHEETAL
Rathoreji ke illava mera hai hi kaun? Wo bahut powerful hain. Tumhe yahaan nahin aana chaiye tha. Tum haar chuke ho... SatyaVeer.

SV ignores her, looking at the fish.

SV
Ye sab... Canal rokne ke liye to kabhi hua hi nahin na...? Manorama aur Dr. Poddar bhai bahan thay... Maine college vapas phone kiya... Manorama Poddar - Batch of 2000... Agar bhai zameen khareed raha tha - Toh bahen canal ko banney se kyon rokti??

Sheetal is not surprised in the least.

SHEETAL
Manorama bhi Minister sahab ke liye hi kaam karti thi... Ek Minister ko in NGOs, in samaaj-sevakon ke beech apne log chahiye hote hain... Par woh to apne bhai Dr.Poddar aur Sameera ki shaadi karane me lag gayi...

Just then the Minister enters.

RATHORE
I see.. Humari tamaam cheezo me apko...
(looks pointedly at Sheetal)
Humari machhliyan zyaada pasand hain...

Rathore gestures to SV to sit. SV takes a seat.

Rathore goes to his aquarium. He takes a little net and fishes out some guppies from a smaller tank.

He plops these into the larger tank, where they are promptly dispatched by some large, ugly looking beasts.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Badi Machhli... Phir Chhoti Machhli... Duniye isee kayde se chalti hai, Randhawa sahab -. Waise aap kya batana chah rahe the mujhe...? Wo Manorama Shukla, nahin, Poddar thi - Woh darasal NGO ke liye kaam nahin karti thi... Maine hi usse...

SV completes his sentence.

SV
...vahan lagwaya tha... pata hai... Sheet.. Neetu ne bataya...

Rathore looks at SV, then at 'Sheetal'. Smiles.

RATHORE
Oh. Toh Neetu ab bhi aapka khayal rakh rahi hai...

He points her towards SV.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Neetu, zara hame bhi to dikhao inka khayal kaise rakhti ho?

Sheetal hesitates.

RATHORE (CONT'D)
Neetu, dikhao.

She comes and stands behind SV.

SV stares down at the table. His mind is racing.

The minister nods encouragingly and she reluctantly runs her hand seductively across SV's face.

She leans in close to his face responding to the minister's urging but still feeling bad for this unnecessary humiliation.

The minister stares frankly and voyeuristically. The situation is sick and decadent. He urges her on, she reluctantly obeys.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

She whispers.

SHEETAL
I'm sorry...

SV shuts his eyes, feeling sick. He starts to retch but controls himself.

He suddenly gets up and walks out.

RATHORE
Itni jaldi jaa rahe hain...?
Agar irada badal jaye to hume
italah kardijiyega..

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI - CONTINUOUS

SV steps out of the door, into the verandah, gasping for fresh air. He doesn't feel too good.

He leans over an open gutter and throws up, lets it all out. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He looks up and sees Sanju and Kisen standing there, leaning against a wall. They've wrecked his scooter.

Kisen beams a big smile at him and pops a peanut into the air. Sanju grins.

Just then Laxmi wheels her chair around a corner.

She stops and stares at SV.

SV turns back towards the study door.

INT. ROYAL HAVELI, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

SV comes back in.

The minister looks up, a bit surprised. Then looks at Sheetal.

SV walks up to the desk.

SV
Apko itna toh pata hai Manorama
apko blackmail kar rahi thi ki

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

aap Sameera ko apni beti maane... Taki Dr. Poddar aur Sameera izzat ke saath shaadi kar sakein.

The Minister's running out of patience.

RATHORE
Toh..??

SV
Toh yeh ki aapne Manorama ko tasveeron ke liye behrehmi se peeta.. lekin usne tab bhi nahi bataya ki blackmailing ke plan me Dr Poddar shamil thay - shamil hi nahi balki is plan ke master mind thay - woh dono apke bare mein kuch aysa jante the jo aap khud nahi jante....

SV stares at the minister. The minister mocks.

RATHORE
Aur wo kuchh kya hai...?

SV
Apki jaydad - iklauti vaaris hone ke nate sub Sameera ko milti, and by default, Doctor aur Manorama ko.

The minster looks at SV, a little puzzled.

SV (CONT'D)
Woh jaldi mein thay. Aur unki is jaldbazi ka karan tha apka aakhiri health check-up, Minister sahab... Aap pichhle chhe mahiney se dheere dheere apni maut ki taraf badh rahe hain... Cancer... Lung cancer - Aapko bahut pahle smoking chhor dena chaiye tha... Dr.Poddar ko yeh pata tha, par unhone apko bataya nahin - balki ye bataya ki aap ko zara si saans ki taklif hai... Jo injection aap

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

lete hain... Wo sirf apke cancer ke symptoms ko chhupane ke liye hai... Woh sab aapko marne dena chahtey thay..

The minister has gone white.

SV (CONT'D)
Aapka kahna sahi hai... Sab taakat aur paise ka khel hai... the natural order of things... Aur ab..?? Ab bahut der ho chuki.

SV looks at the minister. Suddenly this guy doesn't look so powerful anymore.

SV is startled by a manic laugh. He turns to see that Laxmi is sitting by the door.

She starts to laugh manically.

SV walks past her and out into:

EXT. ROYAL HAVELI, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SV walks out, Kisen and Sanju are still there.

As SV approaches, Kisen pops another peanut and laughs as he blocks SV's path.

SV shoves Kisen aside as he passes ahead and suddenly hears a gasping sound. He turns to see Kisen choking. He's clutching at his throat, making silent coughing motions.

The smile leaves Sanju's face. He starts slapping Kisen's back.

Kisen sinks to his knees, thrashing about. Sanju's panicking.

SV turns away and walks towards the gate.

Behind him Kisen keeps thrashing and then falls deadly still. Sanju lets out a wail.

SANJU

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

Oye bachao! Marr gaya...!

SV keeps walking on past his broken scooter and out through the gate.

SV (V.O.)
Badi machhli hamesha nahin jeetati... Kabhi kabhi chhoti machhli - bhaag nikalti hai... ya usse bhi badi machchli wahan pahunch jaati hai.. Jo bhi ho - zindagi ka pahiya... ghoomta hi rahta hai... ghoomta hi rahta hai...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

SV stands by the side of the road and looks out at the emptiness.

Far out in the distance, a pink taxi approaches.

Suddenly a breeze picks up, kicking a little dust.

SV looks up at the sky. A drop hits his face.

SV smiles.

The rain is now dripping down his face. Or is it tears?

SV (V.O.)
Aur tab mein samajha.. Iss poori Mahabharat me - ek hi begunaah thi - sirf ek - aur halanki wo chheh foot concrete ke neechey kahin dabi thi - uska bhi ek bhagwaan tha... - bhagwaan - woh sabkaa hai - Agar sirf ek baar hum dil se, zor se usse pukarein; "Hello... Koi hai kya..?". Shayad time lagey... Kabhi kabhi bahut zyaada time par ek din koi-na-koi jawaab zaroor dega.

The pink taxi stops in front of him.

Ram Swaroop looks out at SV.

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.

RAM SWAROOP
Raat phir toofani thi ke..
huh..??

SV notices Bholu sitting in the back seat.

He smiles at SV.

SV nods and gets into the car..

A loud thunderclap booms across the sky and it begins to pour.

The pink taxi rolls down the highway.

EXT. SV'S HOUSE - DAY

The rain is coming down hard. SV get's out of the Taxi. Runs towards his house.

He stops.

NIMI is struggling with the lock on the front door. Raju and a suitcase are parked next to her.

She feels something.

She turns. SV and Nimi look at each other. Then they run and hug. Tight.

SV
Kabhi kabhi November me bhi
barsaat hoti hai Nimi....

In the pouring rain. Desperate. Hungry. Inconsolable. Clinging to each other.

The camera goes round and round as the rain keeps falling.

Somewhere near a large block of concrete at the canal site, a little flower grows in the sand, it's petals dancing in the rain.

The End

PassionForCinema.com publishes scripts for educational purposes only. The copyrights lie with the producers of the film and these scripts cannot be reproduced in any other form.