

THE WELL

اچھی طرح سے

By

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PREFACE

August 15th, 1947 marked the end of British rule over the Indian subcontinent. In an effort to ease religious tensions between Muslims, Hindus, and Sikhs, the British Empire officially drew the Radcliffe line, separating India and creating the Islamic state of Pakistan.

With a clear religious division between the two nations, fifteen million people were displaced as they were forced to cross the border to seek safety in the nation of their religious majority.

The newfound governments were unable to deal with a migration of this magnitude, resulting in mass violence, the pillaging of villages, slaughters, and over two hundred thousand rapes of women and girls.

The estimated death count in the year following the partition of India and Pakistan is two million people.

Those who survived were never be able to recover from the trauma.

"Everyone wants Kashmir but no one wants Kashmiris.

Aren't I a miracle?

A seed that survived the slaughter and slaughters to come.

I think I believe in freedom, I just don't know where it is.

I think I believe in home, I just don't know where to look"

- Fatimah Asghar

Note for dialogue:

Standard: Spoken Urdu

Italicized: Spoken Punjabi

Underlined: Spoken Hindi

Bold: Spoken English

FADE IN:

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - PAKISTAN VILLAGE - NIGHT (1957)

A small, cramped space filled with cheap wooden furniture. The only appliance in the kitchen is a dirty sink squeezed in the middle of a rusty counter. The only apparent object of value in sight is a cheap radio.

On a chair sits **FATIMA**, late 30s, sunken eyes of deep despair. She holds a thin, wispy, **BAMBOO STICK**.

Behind her, a small bed, one lacking sheets and bedding.

Her husband, **HUSSEIN**, mid 40s, sleeps upon it. His soft breathing audible now and again.

Lying on the floor by the bed is **AISHA**, a Bhagyari Dog (shepherd), eleven years old. An old worn down silk scarf tied around her neck as a collar. The tummy of her frail body swells as she takes deep, laboring breaths in her sleep.

Taking the stick, Fatima whips herself across the chest, over her white night garments, letting out a soft grunt of pain.

She whips herself once more. Then again and again. With each subsequent whip, her reaction becomes more muted, but her eyes grow more teary.

Hussein sits up on the bed and simply stares at his wife.

Fatima drops the bamboo to the floor and runs a finger over her clothing, picking up a trickle of leaking blood.

The apartment **RATTLES VIOLENTLY** for a short few seconds. Dust from the ceiling drizzles down, softly sprinkling against the ground and on Fatima's feet.

Neither her nor Hussein react to the shaking.

Turning her head, Fatima holds prolonged eye contact with Hussein who contains that same sense of deep sorrow. A tragic, but routine understanding is acknowledged.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The squeaking of the cheap bed frame as Fatima climbs in next to the upright Hussein. A closer look of him shows his raggedy visage, prominent wrinkles, and messy grey hair.

Fatima remains sitting as well, towards the front edge, trying to avoid having to look at her husband who inches closer to her. He places his rough, coarse, working-man's hand under Fatima's breast and glides his black-nailed fingers across a peppering of scars, old and new.

His hand moves up towards her breast where he squeezes, leaning into Fatima and kissing her neck tenderly.

Fatima gently pushes his hand off her and turns away.

FATIMA

No...

The apartment RATTLES once more. Dust falls.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

A demon lives between these walls.

Hussein looks around and up at the ceiling.

HUSSEIN

It shakes more now than ever before.

FATIMA

Perhaps it is preparing to celebrate ten years of independence like the rest of the village.

HUSSEIN

It prepares every day then.

FATIMA

The gullible idiots. What exactly are they celebrating? Ten years of what? Ten years of working sunrise to sunset and not even be able to pay for new clothes. Once doctors are now factory-workers. Once university teachers now plow the fields and pray the monsoons don't drown the crops.

Fatima turns to Hussein, caresses his face.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Once lawyers are now coal-miners.

HUSSEIN

Mister Baqri says he may have new jobs in Multan.

FATIMA

Mister Baqri has been saying he will get you a job for three years.

HUSSEIN

I will rot in the pits of Jahannam [hell] if I spend another year in the mine.

FATIMA

You have already been rotting in the pits of Jahannam. You reek of dried sweat. Each day you come home with less life and more despair.

Hussein wraps his arms around his wife again.

HUSSEIN

Have a child with me. You still have time.

Fatima looks over to Aisha.

FATIMA

Aisha is the only child I need.

HUSSEIN

Any day now you can wake up and Aisha would have died in the night.

Staring deep into Hussein's eyes and with immense conviction:

FATIMA

I am destined to outlive my daughters.

And right on cue, the walls JOLT and VIBRATE as if trembling with a personified sense of anxiety and life.

This episode more violent than the previous two, drawing a more concerned attention from Fatima and Hussein as they look around. Fatima's eyes look up at the wobbling ceiling sending dust raining down. The sound holds as we--

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CAR - NORTH INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1947)

Fatima, ten years younger, wearing a hijab, is centered in a packed train car of at least FIFTY PEOPLE, old and young, sick, wounded, tired, dirty and unwashed.

Every man, woman, and child on this train has been through and seen immense horror; all of them silently carrying the after effects of immediate trauma in their fatigued eyes.

She rocks back and forth as the aggressive sound of the train chugging ahead overtakes everything else.

Standing a head taller than everyone is Hussein. There are no bags under his unwrinkled eyes which stand out in the crowd as those glistening with some sense of optimism.

The jet black scruff on his face is handsome and highlighted by the natural sweat and oils of the journey.

He takes a look around at the sad, desolate faces before him, then starts clapping his hands together rhythmically as he chants the song of PAKISTAN ZINDABAD.

HUSSEIN (BENGALI)	ENGLISH TRANSLATION
Pākistān Zindābād	May the land of the pure live
Pākistān Zindābād	long;
Pākistān Zindābād	May the land of the pure live
	long;
Pūrbe Banglar Shēmolimay	May the land of the pure live
Ponchonodīr tīre oruṇimay	long;
Dhūṣoro Ṣindhu-r moru saharay	In the lush greenery of
Jhanda jāge je azād	Bengal in the East,
	in the red glow of the banks
Pākistān Zindābād	of the five rivers;
Pākistān Zindābād	
Pākistān Zindābād	In the grey deserts of Sindh,
	the flag awakens a freedom
	May the land of the pure live
	long;
	May the land of the pure live
	long;
	May the land of the pure live
	long;

Drawing the eyes of everyone in the train car, Hussein acknowledges them with a smile. He claps his hand together again and starts to bob his head.

A YOUNG BOY releases his clutch of his mother's shalwar kameez and begins clapping along.

Slowly but surely, the rest of the train car begins clapping and Hussein restarts the song.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
 Pākistān Zindābād
 Pākistān... **Everybody!**

TRAIN CAR
 Zindābād!

Now nearly everyone sings along as well. A beautiful display of unity and hope.

TRAIN CAR (BENGALI) (CONT'D)
 Pākistān Zindābād
 Pūrbe Banglar Shēmolimay
 Ponchonodīr tīre oruṇimay...

A noticeably absent participant of the song is Fatima, who barely budes, only swaying wherever the rocking of the train sends her.

TRAIN CAR (BENGALI) (CONT'D)
 Dhūṣoro Ṣindhu-r moru saharay
 Jhanda jāge je azād

An audible banging, on beat, from the roof. The people sitting on top of the train car slapping their hands against the metal creating a glorious bass accompaniment.

Even members of the other train cars begin singing and are heard faintly in the distance.

TRAIN CAR (CONT'D)
 Pākistān...

A MAN folds over from the top and sticks his head in front of the window, screaming the next word along with everyone else.

TRAIN CAR (CONT'D)
 Zindābād!

The welcome sight of smiles breaks out on a majority of the passengers' faces. CUTE KIDS singing the song of independence at the top of their lungs. A MOTHER singing it more gently to the INFANT CHILD she cradles in her arms.

TRAIN CAR (CONT'D)
 Pākistān... Zind--

BANG!

A RAUCOUS EXPLOSION with the unbearable SCREECH of scraping metal. The train car falls on its side.

The packed group of refugees scream, trying to clutch on to anything. Through the window, the grisly sight of bodies tumbling over and being crushed by the train car.

EXT. NORTH INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1947)

A wide, fresh plume of black smoke rapidly rises into the hazy sky. The front of the train has suffered the brunt of the damage caused by the explosion with only bits and pieces of metal scraps strewn across the landscape.

Trails and pools of blood mix in with various detached limbs. HUNDREDS OF DEAD BODIES line what's left of the railings.

Debris continuously rains down adding to the fiery wreckage. Arms, legs, and lifeless heads protrude out of the rubble.

Each train car has been dislocated from its hinges and is left toppled over against the ground.

Nearly all of the passengers are unconscious or dead, but some manage to rise to their feet and scatter off to the right of the train, running into the distance, which, for all we can tell, is the middle of nowhere.

An eerie silence sweeps the desert vista.

But it doesn't last long until the CRIES and the SCREAMS arise. More people stand to their feet and either run off or begin the desperate search for their loved ones.

Farther ahead, a few hundred metres past the front of the train, beams a glorious mirage. Casting a blurry vision to the horror charging forward.

A team of VAGABOND SIKHS emerge from the mirage, brandishing curved, nimble, stainless steel swords meant for a battle.

They yell out a WAR CRY as they charge ahead.

The frantic passengers of the train start to hear the cry, with immediate panic accompanying the realization.

They try to gather their loved ones and escape, but for some, it is too late.

The Sikhs reach the train and begin indiscriminately slaughtering man, woman and child.

Streaks of blood fly into the air during this brutal display of sheer savagery.

In the midst of all this chaos, the volume of shrieking and wailing rising in intensity and anxiety, a BABY'S HEAD GETS STAMPEDED and crushed under a large boot.

The band of Sikhs methodically butcher their way down the line, slashing and stabbing anything that moves or flinches.

Towards the back of the violent scene is the train car Fatima was in. Her currently unconscious body rests flat on its stomach, with a SEVERED LEG sprawled across her back, and a DEAD GIRL with a lethal slash across her face beside her.

Fatima's hand twitches to life, her fingernails dig into the ground, her neck rises as she awakens with a groan.

Some others around her also gain consciousness, notice the scene unfolding to their left, and race off into the distance. Fatima remains on the ground for a little bit longer, still shocked and concussed.

The Sikhs get closer and closer. Their swords now painted red with the mixed blood of dozens.

With a little jolt of energy, and perhaps an understanding of the situation, Fatima stumbles onto her feet.

A FAMILY OF THREE rush past her, following the now DOZENS of passengers who run into the desert.

Without much thought to it, Fatima heads in that direction as well, but is almost immediately intercepted by Hussein who grips her arm tight and drags her in the opposite direction.

HUSSEIN
NOT THAT WAY! **NOT THAT WAY!**

Fatima doesn't struggle or resist, as she follows behind him.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
NOT THAT WAY!

Hussein waves his hand, pleading people to follow him and run to the left side of the train. Some do, some do not.

Far into the distance, on the right side of the train, the low humming of vehicles can be heard.

Then, popping out from the horizon, is a line of JEEPS, speeding down the sand, approaching the fiery scene ahead.

Riding the Jeeps are MORE SIKHS, these men with machine guns strapped across their chests.

SIKH LEADER (INTO MEGAPHONE)
Bole So Nihal!

FOLLOWERS
Sat Sri Akal!

The train passengers running in that direction stop immediately in their tracks. Screaming out in fear, they scatter in all different directions. Some run back, some to the left, some right.

SIKH LEADER (INTO MEGAPHONE)
Bole So Nihal!

FOLLOWERS
Sat Sri Akal!

A sword-brandishing Sikh by the train turns back and raises his blade.

SIKH LEADER (INTO MEGAPHONE)
Bole So Nihal!

SWORD-BRANDISHING SIKH
Sat Sri Akal!

The other Sikhs on the ground take notice of the correspondence and rush towards their leader who retreats to the vehicles now at the cusp of the attack.

They step down from their cars, take a few steps forward, point their automatic weapons ahead, grip them with a certain purpose and intensity only times like this can give a man, then pull the trigger.

The bullets spray across the living and dead bodies. Killing dozens upon dozens. Some who already lay on the ground, some fleeing all different directions.

Other bullets clang against the train creating an echoey cacophony of warfare.

Hussein, Fatima, and others run as fast as they can in their wounded state. They pant. They're bloodied.

Something noticeable scurries along the ground beside them. Aisha, the dog, just a one year old youngling currently, but spry legs springing her forward and ahead of the pack.

Neither Hussein nor Fatima turn back as they run in a serpentine fashion, bullets whizzing past them, grazing and striking other runners. But with each subsequent step, the sound of death behind them gets quieter and quieter.

They are running for their lives... and they will not stop.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - NORTH INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1947)

Sitting on a rock overlooking a massive refugee camp at the base of the cliff sits Fatima.

She stares out with a look of loss and surrender, her tattered shalwar kameez blows in the soft wind.

With soft, almost apprehensive footsteps, Aisha walks up to her. A cute, gentle whimper emanates from the young canine.

A rustle from her attire as Fatima turns to the noise. Approaching her feet, the lost dog rests. Tail cuddling around Fatima's leg. She's safe.

Fatima gazes down at her with initial unease and discomfort. But those feelings subside quickly as Aisha's tail clutches Fatima's leg even tighter... and she snuggles even closer.

With a deep breath, Fatima raises her hands and looks to the heavens, allowing herself to be hit by the harsh, brutal, blasting Indian sun.

After a moment of basking in the warm light, she returns to reality and places her attention onto the resting Aisha.

A quivering hand reaches out as she pets her tenderly. That touch gives Fatima just a slight moment of welcome comfort.

FATIMA

Come here, beti. [daughter/child]

Grabbing Aisha underneath her limbs, Fatima holds her out in front of her, then touches her nose against the dog's.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

I promise to never let anything bad ever happen to you.

A bright flash of light causes her to flinch and turn around where she spots a **YOUNG BRITISH JOURNALIST**, clean-shaven, wearing crisp, white attire.

He puts the camera down revealing a wide smile across his face. Fatima puts Aisha on the ground as her attention shifts.

BRITISH JOURNALIST

Sorry, ma'am. Just a gorgeous picture. Couldn't pass up the opportunity to capture it. Hope it wasn't a bother.

Fatima turns back and looks out to the camp, where HUNDREDS if not THOUSANDS of REFUGEES mill about searching for food, water, and supplies.

The Journalist takes an authoritative step towards Fatima.

BRITISH JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

Do you speak English? You mind if I ask you a few questions?

FATIMA

About?

BRITISH JOURNALIST

Oh, I think it is important for people to know and understand the situation here. Most journalists fled shortly after the violence broke out. I fear much of what is going on here will be soon forgotten.

FATIMA

People where?

BRITISH JOURNALIST

Excuse me?

FATIMA

People where? The people here will not forget what you have done to us. And your people do not care. So go home.

BRITISH JOURNALIST

As you know, there was a very small timeframe and a lot of pressure was put on by all parties involved for a speedy independence. Is there anything you would like to say about Prime Minister Jinnah and the way he has handled the fallout of the mass migrations?

After a long, pondering moment Fatima responds.

FATIMA

Evil works with good against a common enemy.

BRITISH JOURNALIST

What does--

HUSSEIN (O.S.)
May I help you, sir?

Hussein walks in holding two small bowls of kitchari (basmati rice and mung beans).

The Journalist looks back at him.

BRITISH JOURNALIST
No, sir, just wanted to ask your wife some questions about what she feels about the situation.

HUSSEIN
I appreciate your concern, but we are very hungry, it has been a long journey so--

FATIMA
You should have asked us questions before you decided to draw a line. Then maybe you wouldn't have to ask us anything now after entire villages have been burned down, families slaughtered, girls raped and mutilated. Maybe we could be living in peace. But you people don't care about us. Now look at what you've done. We will never be able to live in peace.

Hussein gives a curt nod to the Journalist who retreats. He regards Fatima, who holds Aisha like a baby in her arms.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
 You're from the train.

Hussein offers Fatima a bowl of kitchari who grabs it and immediately takes a couple bites as she stares back out at the scenery.

HUSSEIN
 You're all alone.

No response from Fatima as she rubs Aisha's back.

Pulling back her hijab, Fatima reveals a white silk headscarf which she undoes, allowing her loose hair to flow in the breeze. Bringing Aisha closer to her, Fatima ties it around her neck and rubs her ears as she places her back down.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
 You're keeping her?

As if taking offense, Fatima nods affirmatively.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
Domesticating a dog is haram.

Fatima puts her hijab back on, then almost rebelliously pets the dog, scratching her fur. Allowing her to lick her face. Hussein instinctively recoils, but tries to hide his disgust.

With a genuine smile, Fatima looks up and into his eyes.

FATIMA
Then let Allah judge me.

CUT TO:

EXT. POND - PAKISTAN VILLAGE - NIGHT (1957)

Nestled in between dense foliage and lush overhanging trees rests a placid pond blanketed by lily pads.

Chirping crickets and humming cicadas create a serene ambience to the area.

A full moon reflects brightly against the stationary water. Stationary water that soon spreads ripples, causing a lily pad to wave and undulate, shift from its original spot.

The ripples expand and widen in all directions creating the gentle sound of a small, swashing wave.

Soon after, the ripples converge to a meeting point and start swirling, generating a gentle cyclone.

Mist rises and filters into the leaves of the trees. The intensity of the event rises, then, another light joins.

A royal purple halo hangs overhead as the cyclone spins and spins, the swashing sounds become a crashing.

The ripples become waves. The insects increase the volume of their chirping. Something is in the air.

What started off as a gorgeous spectacle has become one of rage. The ground starts to rumble and tree branches start to crack. The ever-growing mist envelops the entire area.

But it is at its thickest at the foot of the pond where it has converged so much one cannot even see through it.

With a final splash of a wave and the crackling of a tree, the supernatural episode subsides.

All that's left is the evaporating of the mist.

But something is on the grass.

As the mist dwindles, the naked feminine figure of a body becomes visible.

Soft, clean, brown fingers and knees dig into the dirt. Luscious jet-black hair falls down to the figure's waist.

She stays eerily still for a long moment, before eventually rising to her feet.

We get a good look at her face. Flawless skin glowing in the moonlight like an angel, but there is something off putting.

Her eyes. Eyes reading an intense purpose, a deep passion of ill will; pure, raw, evil. They flicker red as she stands, the mist now almost completely evaporated.

Judging by her height, visage, and skin, this manifestation of a girl is no older than SEVENTEEN.

But she is of course not just a girl, she is a spirit, or, as we will refer to her, **THE JINN**.

Just as she cranks her neck up to look at the tree line, a high pitched explosion rings in the distance.

Then, illuminating the sky, a wonderful display of fireworks. The Jinn stares up at it for a few moments before taking a well-measured step forward. Then another. And another. Until she vanishes into the foliage.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

A joyous celebration takes place in the street.

KIDS in rags run around; smiling, laughing, and chasing each other with sparklers. Simply enthralled to be awake and active at this late hour.

Meanwhile, a large group of ADULTS, MUSLIMS and SIKHS alike, gather around a series of bonfires populating what would be the village square. They sing PAKISTAN ZINDABAD together with tremendous enthusiasm. The chorus ringing throughout the village like a roar.

Various other VILLAGERS walk the streets.

As does the Jinn. Bare. Unclothed. Hugging the shadows.

She draws some concerned eyes, but everyone simply walks past or disregards her naked state, shrugging her off as if she was simply an illusion in their mind.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - NIGHT

In a freakishly similar pose, holding the precise stare she owned when gazing off the clifftop ten years ago, Fatima sits on a wooden chair, looking out the window, petting Aisha who lazily rests on her lap.

Hussein gulps down a cup of water, wipes the residual streaks off his damp beard.

The hum and buzz of celebration reverberates through the handmade stone and clay structure.

FATIMA

How they've all forgotten.

HUSSEIN

It's been ten years, Fatima. We have to at least try to regain and be proud of our new identity.

FATIMA

Was the sacrifice worth it for you?

HUSSEIN

No, but it was to many people. Freedom comes at a cost.

FATIMA

At what cost? A broken family? A raped girl? A dead child? Is freedom worth that?

HUSSEIN

Generations down the road... maybe... yes.

FATIMA

Generations down the road when history has been forgotten and rewritten.

HUSSEIN

Everybody lost a piece of themselves during the migration. Some would rather look ahead than behind.

FATIMA

I would agree if there was something to look ahead to, but the path we are walking leads us backwards. They hover the illusion of independence over our heads. But where is our representative in parliament? Our leaders have forgotten about us, just as the population have forgotten about our history. But I will not forget. We can't forget...

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fatima and Hussein turn to their door. Aisha lets out a weak bark before leaping off Fatima's lap and trotting over to it.

After a brief moment of hesitancy, Fatima and Hussein walk, cautiously, over to their door.

HUSSEIN

Who is it?

JINN

(whimper)

Please help me.

Fatima and Hussein share a concerned stare before she opens the door. The shivering Jinn, still naked, stands just outside. It takes a moment for her to realize it, but when she does, Fatima quickly leads the Jinn into her home.

FATIMA

Goodness, beti, where are your clothes?

The Jinn doesn't respond, remains shivering - acting scared, lost, and confused. Aisha backs away, whimpering softly.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Hussein, grab something for her.

Hussein hurries over to the bedroom area.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Sit... sit. Did somebody hurt you?
Are you okay?

No response. Fatima lowers the Jinn onto the chair she was previously sitting on.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

What's your name? Where did you come from?

The Jinn's toe taps rapidly and furiously against the ground. Hussein returns with a large white cloth and blanket.

Fatima grabs it from him and drapes it over the Jinn.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Here you go...

HUSSEIN

Give her something to eat.

The Jinn looks back at the still scared Aisha... holds her stare. The lingering eye contact almost feels as if they're silently communicating.

FATIMA

I have some kitchari.

Breaking her eye contact, the Jinn returns her attention to Fatima and Hussein. Aisha snaps out of her spell, strolls over, and rests at the feet of the Jinn... looking straight up into her eyes.

Kneeling in front of the Jinn, Hussein strokes her hair consolingly. Fatima gathers some food from the small kitchen space, scraping the cold, leftover rice into a bowl.

HUSSEIN

It's okay... you can talk to us. We can help you.

The Jinn looks over at Fatima who hands the bowl of kitchari to her. She takes it with a shaking hand and eats small, bird-like bites.

FATIMA

Where is your home?

HUSSEIN

Stop asking her so many questions, you're making her nervous.

Hussein heads back to the kitchen area, picks up a glass, dumps it into a bucket of water and returns to the Jinn and Fatima, who simply stares at her... analyzing.

Offering the glass of water to the Jinn:

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Drink.

The Jinn looks up at him, wide-eyed with a seemingly genuine innocence permeating through her presence.

JINN

I come from the well.

Slightly taken aback, Fatima shifts a couple steps away. Hussein doesn't notice, and leans in.

HUSSEIN

Well? What well? Jalwala?

JINN

I don't know. I was never told.

HUSSEIN

(to Fatima)

She's in shock. We should let her rest.

Hussein holds out the glass of water to the Jinn.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Drink.

The Jinn shakes her head viciously before suddenly slapping the glass away. It shatters upon impact with the ground.

After a deep composing breath, Hussein retreats to the bedroom, whispering loudly to his wife.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Fatima.

Fatima eyes the Jinn, nibbling on her kitchari, for a moment longer before joining Hussein by their bed.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Let's give her some space.

Fatima separates a handful of clothes for the Jinn.

FATIMA

Space? She wanders into our house with no clothes on and isn't answering any of our questions--

Hussein brings Fatima into his embrace and holds her tight as she begins to sob.

HUSSEIN

Shh. Shh. Shh.

FATIMA

This is a twisted joke.

Tears fall down Fatima's cheeks as she looks up at the ceiling then releases herself from Hussein's grasp, wet eyes pleading deep into his soul - a look of raw fear.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

She can't stay here, Hussein.

HUSSEIN

We have to help her.

FATIMA

No... no, no, no.

HUSSEIN

Allah has given you an opportunity.

Shaking her head, Fatima regains some of her composure.

FATIMA

There is no redeeming me. This...
this has to be punishment. You heard
where she said she was from.

HUSSEIN

Let her stay for a few days.

FATIMA

We barely have enough to feed
ourselves and Aisha. How are we
going to feed her? Where is she
going to sleep? In the kitchen?

HUSSEIN

It's better than throwing her out
onto the street at this hour. She's
safe here.

Fatima looks over at the Jinn who runs her fingers through Aisha's fur.

FATIMA

Tell me I'm not being paranoid.

HUSSEIN

Of course not.

Flashing a smile, Fatima wipes her damp cheek.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - NIGHT

Only the nocturnal insects can be heard at this hour. The buzz and activity of earlier has completely ceased.

The celebrations are concluded and everyone is retired for the night.

And that includes the members of this home. Fatima and Hussein breathe softly, packed in tightly on their bed.

In the common area, Aisha sleeps, remaining by the side of the Jinn... who remains awake. Eyes piercing the darkness.

She's curled on a makeshift mattress of straw, gripping to a tight quilt as a blanket. Some clothes folded neatly nearby.

Her unblinking stare holds fiercely onto the sleeping Fatima and Hussein. Shuffling a bit, the Jinn stands... slowly walks towards the bed.

Each step long and lingering.

Stopping in what would be the doorway if this home had a door, the Jinn freezes... peering in the darkness. Almost silhouetted against the moonlight.

Her arms hang loose by her side and her body posture is stiff, rigid and upright.

Fatima turns, her face contorts as if she's having a bad dream. She oscillates for a few moments before coughing. A deep, hefty, mucous filled cough that wakes her up.

With an ever-so-soft groan and mumble, Fatima turns to her back and stares out ahead.

She flinches ever so slightly at the sight of the Jinn just feet away.

Taking a few steps forward, the Jinn approaches the bed and Fatima sits up even more.

Aisha, now awake, lags behind, laboring, but eventually making her way onto the bed. Lying on the edge.

JINN

I can't sleep mama.

The Jinn climbs onto the bed, waking Hussein in the process.

HUSSEIN

What's happening?

With groggy eyes, Hussein sees the Jinn settling in between himself and Fatima.

Groaning, Hussein moves closer to the edge of the bed and shuts his eyes.

The Jinn stares up at Fatima with beseechingly childish eyes.

FATIMA
Sleep, beti.

Wrapping her arms around Fatima, the Jinn snuggles against her body, resting her head on her shoulder.

Fatima can't help but lovingly stroke the hair of the girl.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Sleep.

EXT. POND - PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

The orange glow of sunrise reflects off the surface of the pond. Birds chirp happily. The insects continue their buzzing. The water is steady.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Sensually touching foreheads, Fatima and Hussein share a moment of intimacy by the front door.

FATIMA
Be safe.

HUSSEIN
I'll be as safe today as any other.

Fatima kisses her husband on the cheek and hands him a leather pouch with his lunch inside.

FATIMA
I'll make haleem for us tonight. The three of us. And Aisha too.

HUSSEIN
You cook the best haleem in the village.

FATIMA
I know.

Smiling, Hussein starts to exit. But stops and turns back before opening the door.

HUSSEIN
This reminds me... Chirag told me a funny joke the other day.

FATIMA

A joke?

HUSSEIN

Would you like to hear it?

Taking a seat, Fatima nods affirmatively.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Three men building a bridge are on their lunch break. They swing their legs off the edge as they look down the two hundred metre drop. The first man opens his lunchbox to see what his wife had packed for him. She made him a chicken shawarma wrap. "I love shawarma, my wife is the best" the first man says. The second man opens his lunchbox. "Chana Masala and naan! My favorite. My wife knows me so well." The third man opens his box and says with disgust, "**Peanut butter and jelly sandwich!** I hate **peanut butter and jelly sandwiches!** If I get a **peanut butter jelly sandwich** for lunch just one more time only Allah knows what I will do." The next day, the three men sit atop the bridge once more. The first man opens his lunch. "Chicken shawarma again! Yes!" The second man opens his. "Chana Masala and naan! With even more butter!" The third man opens his lunchbox, peeks inside, then silently sets it down, carefully stands up, and jumps to his death. The other two men look to each other, then look in his lunchbox. Inside, there's a **peanut butter and jelly sandwich**. Hours later the man's wife is crying her eyes out, mourning her dead husband. The other two men take notice and glare at her angrily. "Look at her fake tears. She did this to him!" They storm over and confront her. "How dare you! This is all your fault. You knew he hated **peanut butter and jelly sandwiches**. Why'd you have to make it for him for lunch?" Confused, the wife turns to them and says, "What are you talking about? He makes his own lunch."

She doesn't laugh, but sparkles with a selective smile.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
Chirag's the only reason any of us
down there stay sane.

FATIMA
Please stay sane.

HUSSEIN
You too.

With a smile, Fatima wishes her husband goodbye.

FATIMA
Khuda-hafiz.

HUSSEIN
Khuda-hafiz.

Fatima waves as she watches her husband leave.

After taking a moment to sit in silence, Fatima stands and walks over to her bed, where the Jinn sits, petting Aisha in her lap. Fatima takes a seat at the edge.

FATIMA
She likes you.

The Jinn holds Aisha by her face, who familiarly licks her nose. A sense of youth injected within her frailty.

Giggling, the Jinn sets Aisha aside.

JINN
It's like we're connected.

FATIMA
Do you like dogs?

JINN
My mama treated all animals the
same. Even dogs.

FATIMA
Where is she? Your mama?

The smile from the Jinn's face fades quickly.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Are you looking for her?

The Jinn turns her attention to Fatima.

JINN
She's looking for me.

FATIMA
(standing)
We'll find her, Inshallah. [God willing]

Heading back to the kitchen area, Fatima grabs a handwoven basket and starts packing cheap nursing supplies.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
I have to meet a friend and go to the market. Are you okay with staying by yourself? It would be good for Aisha to have some company.

Fatima peers around the pillar blocking the common area to the bedroom. Her immediate sight is the Jinn smiling back at her. Creepy. Plastic.

JINN
I would love to.

FATIMA
I won't be long.

Fatima wraps a shawl around herself as she heads to the door.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Khuda-hafiz!

No response from the Jinn as Fatima exits.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

The village hums with life and activity as MEN and WOMEN walk to work or do their chores. Footsteps press against the muddy ground leaving a constant trail of imprints.

One MERCHANT rolls a small, wooden refreshment-for-sale station down the village.

MERCHANT
Mango lassi! Mango lassi! Ten rupees. Very tasty. Mango lassi! Mango lassi! Ten rupees only! Very very tasty!

His short, to-the-point pitch on repeat as he walks past the commuters, none of whom we see stop for the refreshment.

Traversing through the crowd of commuting pedestrians is Fatima, shawl dragging behind her, and handwoven basket firmly in her grasp.

EXT. COAL MINE - FRONT - DAY

Arriving for their early morning shifts, DOZENS OF COAL MINERS of ages ranging from five to sixty-five walk down a paved path, checking in with a MAN HOLDING A MANIFEST.

A vast, rocky complex lies ahead. Railcars drive across steep tracks hauling ore. Soot hangs in the air. MEN cough.

Amidst the crowd is Hussein, slowly shuffling ahead, keeping his head down as he awaits his turn.

CHIRAG (O.S.)
Hussein! Hussein!

Hussein turns to his name.

CHIRAG, a Sikh man in his 50s, slithers his way up, drawing some irritated stares from other workers. His jovial attitude a sharp contrast to the exhausted dismay from those surrounding him.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)
You missed the fireworks last night!

HUSSEIN
Fatima wanted to stay home.

CHIRAG
*They were even bigger and better
this year! Boom! Boom! Boom! We
should have fireworks every night!*

Slightly embarrassed, Hussein averts his gaze in a not so subtle attempt to silently ask Chirag to settle down.

HUSSEIN
*If we have fireworks every night it
wouldn't be so fantastic. Their
rarity is what makes them special.*

Genuinely mulling that statement, Chirag pauses.

CHIRAG
*You are the philosopher of our time,
Hussein Ghaffari.*

Hussein can't help but grin at Chirag's earnestness as he works his way to the check in.

INT. COAL MINE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Some rays of sunlight manage to illuminate the dim, damp coal mine interior.

Packing into an elevator of TEN MINERS, Hussein and Chirag jam themselves between a GRUFF MAN, with dirt already covering his face, and a COUGHING TEEN, clearly sick, but his tired, bloodshot eyes ring determination and a strong soul.

An ELEVATOR OPERATOR slides the metal gate shut with a reverberating ram.

CHIRAG

Today will be the day we find the diamond. I can sense it.

A SKINNY BOY, only seven years old, runs up to the elevator, panting. He bangs on the gate, desperate to get inside. With a sigh, the Elevator Operator slides it back open, allows him in, and shuts it swiftly behind him. With barely any room, the Boy squeezes himself in between Hussein and Chirag.

He rubs his sleepy eyes and lets out a quiet yawn.

HUSSEIN

There are no diamonds in coal mines.

CHIRAG

Of course not. Because all the miners who find them take them, run, and never say a word. Naturally nobody will think diamonds are found in coal mines.

Another metallic crash as the elevator begins to lower.

A sarcastic smile overcomes Hussein.

With an optimistic grin, Chirag confidently nods his head.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

Today is the day, Hussein. Today is the day.

The elevator descends into the dark depths of the mine.

INT. LAXMI'S HOME - DAY

An even sparser and more run down construction than Fatima's residence. **LAXMI**, an early 40s Sikh woman, digs her knees into the wooden floor as she recites the Japji Sahib prayer.

When she rises, the light shines on the right side of her face, where a large, scarred burn mark rests.

A soft cough emanates from the back of the room. On a bed by the small window, with the faintest light seeping in through the cracks, lies **RANBIR** (10). His skin is pale, frame slight, and constitution weak and sickly.

Creaking open, Fatima enters the home. Laxmi acknowledges her for a brief moment but continues her prayer as Fatima walks to Ranbir's bedside, beginning a check-up.

FATIMA

How are you feeling, Ranbir? Better today?

No verbal response, just a weak shake of the head. Fatima's head falls a bit as she grips Ranbir's hand. He groans.

Fatima releases and looks back to Laxmi who finishes her prayer and walks over to the bed.

LAXMI

He was coughing through the night. Barely got any sleep.

FATIMA

Poor thing. You consulted Dr. Salman?

LAXMI

(nodding)

He said he would probably have to operate. But I don't have much faith in the doctors. They take all your money, and you can never be sure of the results.

Fatima stares at Laxmi's blank, wandering eyes. She looks back down the drifting off Ranbir.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

I won't have any money to cremate him properly if he passes.

FATIMA

Don't speak that way. Don't think that way.

LAXMI

Even Dr. Salman said he wouldn't be sure if the operation could cure him. Yet he still takes all my money.

With a sigh, Fatima digs into her basket.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

*I've already lost three daughters.
What's one son?*

FATIMA

*(taking ingredients out)
I brought peppermint leaves and some
turmeric. This should help with the
coughing and allow him to rest more.
You need to make sure he rests. And
you need to believe.*

LAXMI

*I walked past a piece of burning
coal yesterday.*

FATIMA

What?

LAXMI

*Smouldering. Burning to pieces just
outside my doorstep. A wicked omen.
On our journey to Punjab, everything
burned. Forests, villages... my
daughters. God has not been good to
me. My soul is so black with grief,
not even God can give me strength.*

FATIMA

*What would God think if He saw you
didn't do everything you could do to
save your son.*

LAXMI

*God already looks down upon me. The
suffering I have endured. We do not
believe in heaven and hell like you.
For us, the pain endured on Earth is
hell. Ranbir doesn't deserve to
suffer like this.*

A phlegmy, struggling cough from Ranbir.

FATIMA

*You hesitate at the opportunity to
help save your child. I would have
imagined your love for him--*

LAXMI

I do love my child!

FATIMA

If your child is really worth everything to you, you wouldn't hesitate for a moment to allow Dr. Salman to operate.

Laxmi stares down at her child.

LAXMI

Then perhaps he isn't worth everything. Perhaps this is a blessing. God has given me the opportunity to make a choice. I should let him go. Be one with our universal spirit. Allow me to continue to live in agony and heartbreak, but not my son. Even if he recovers, what does the future hold--

FATIMA

Only God knows what the future holds.

LAXMI

The future holds back breaking work in the mine. Have you seen the faces and ruined spirits of the men in our village? Your husband. Hussein. This is no life. This is hell.

FATIMA

We have all thought like this.

LAXMI

You were lucky to never have children.

Fatima looks down.

FATIMA

Please don't do anything irrational, Laxmi.

Fatima begins to gather her things.

LAXMI

You're leaving?

FATIMA

There is not much I can do. If Dr. Salman says to operate, then I recommend you allow him to operate.

Fatima walks to the door but is interrupted by--

LAXMI
Ranbir isn't my husband's son.

Turning, she meets Laxmi in the kitchen area.

LAXMI (CONT'D)
*That night. When they burned my
 daughters alive. Cut off their
 breasts and noses--*

Fatima flinches.

FATIMA
*Why are you telling me this? This is
 between you, your husband and your God.*

LAXMI
Please!

FATIMA
*We all suffered. We're all
 suffering. Let Dr. Salman operate.*

LAXMI
Fatima! Fatima!

Laxmi clutches to Fatima's shawl who wiggles it off her attire before storming out the home.

Collapsing in tears in the corner, Laxmi breaks down, burying her head between her knees.

After a moment of hyperventilation and tear-wiping, Laxmi turns her attention to the bed where Ranbir is now asleep.

Standing up, Laxmi grabs a small money bag resting on a table. She sifts through its contents. Coins jingle. Bills fold. She tucks it into her clothes then heads over to the bed. Lurking over Ranbir. Immense despair in her eyes.

Ranbir's slumbering breaths are weak and wheezy. She puts one hand on the edge of the pillow and another behind Ranbir's head, sliding the pillow out from under him.

Then presses the pillow down over his face...

Smothering him to death.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Standing still as a statue is the Jinn, towering over Aisha, who lies in a corner, staring up at the stranger.

Tongue out. Tail wagging.

The softness of the Jinn's eyes transform to that evil crimson red. Unblinking.

Aisha's tail stops wagging. Her tongue goes back into her mouth. She cowers a bit. A sense of fear.

A feeling of the walls closing in on the two of them. The world compressing.

The Jinn's limp hands rise, palms facing upwards as she kneels to the ground.

A vertigo sensation grips the space. The background twists into an otherworldly swirl as the Jinn's hands extend...

Towards Aisha, whose eyes are now closed in utter fright.

The claustrophobia intensifies as the Jinn places her hand on the dog.

A whimper from Aisha.

A red tinge sweeps over the room.

The Jinn grips Aisha harder and tighter around her shoulders and back.

Everything intensifies. The simulated tightness allows no escape. Aisha settles onto the floor.

The Jinn's eyes remain unflinchingly commanding.

Then, as the everything crescendos, a vicious POP.

And just like that, everything returns to normal.

Except Aisha remains collapsed on the ground. Struggling to breathe. Wheezing accompanied by whimpering.

The Jinn stands and takes a few paces back. Observing the dog from a distance.

When satisfied, she sits in a chair, reaches for a bowl and takes a handful of stale, leftover kitchari, eating as she watches the dying dog.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

It certainly doesn't feel or look like day in this cramped, dark, damp black hell of a room.

Hussein is on his side, cutting under the bottom of the coal face with his sharpened pick.

Virtually grazing his back, Chirag goes through the same motions as he faces the other wall of the narrow room.

Close in the background, on some rickety tracks, sits the mine car, where TWO MINERS load coal.

Hussein picks into the coal face a few more times then scrapes around it.

Squints his eyes as he inspects in the darkness.

He takes a few steps away, bends even further down to retrieve a manual auger, nearly as big as himself.

With a grunt, Hussein shoves the drill end into the coal face and begins to manually crank. Gritting his teeth, letting the sweat drop off his brow.

A rumble shakes the room. Something in the distance that draws the attention of all the miners for just a brief moment. But then they resume their grinding work.

They regard each other with an acknowledging gaze. Chirag lets out an elongated whistle.

CHIRAG

That could've been very bad.

Hussein chortles and turns his head to the side. Chirag lets out a breathy laugh as well.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

Flattened into roti canai!

The chortle turns into a laugh.

HUSSEIN

A very very bad fate indeed!

CHIRAG

*Not so bad. We could have been
killed at the end of our shift
instead of the beginning.*

The laugh intensifying Chirag's giggling. Not before long, the two men are in a hysterical fit of belly cackling.

HUSSEIN

I told Fatima your joke!

Chirag laughs even harder, causing Hussein to do the same.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
He makes his own lunch!

They can barely contain themselves as their immature episode reaches a climax.

As he laughs, Hussein unwinds the auger and sets it aside. Taking a composing exhale as he does though.

Pulling out a thin iron needle from his work suit, Hussein dips it into the bucket of black powder beside him. He then shoves it into the opening.

For the most part, the laughing has subsided, with the occasional chuckling aftershock that naturally occurs. But their attention is back on the coal as Chirag hands Hussein a piece of clay.

Hussein takes it, nodding in acknowledgement before forcing it into the now gaping hole, which is ready to collapse on them at any moment.

Swiftly, Hussein sets the face to be lit up; inserting a wick of waxed paper and a squib.

Lighting a match on the end of the paper, he scurries to the front of the room.

Taking notice, the other Miners do so prematurely before Hussein has the time to yell:

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
Fire in the hole!

They all routinely scurry out of the room, but the worry of a possible impending doom remains plastered on their face.

A brief moment of stability and calm sweeps the scene. Nature in its purest form. No humans breaking their backs for far less than a supporting wage.

The fuse reaches its apex then a rather satisfying KABOOM shakes the room.

Large chunks of coal fall from the fractured face.

The Colliers all return with shovels, ready to fill up the cart. Excruciating work in the painfully narrow space. Each Miner grazing each other's faces and limbs as they move throughout the area.

Hussein determinedly loads the mine car. As if trying to show off just how fruitful his blast of coal face was.

When it fills up, Hussein whistles.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Take it!

A weak cough and rustling activity as a BOY emerges, no older than twelve. The Boy harnesses himself to the tub then squeezes through a small opening to leave the room.

Hussein watches with a raw stare of exhaustion as he steps back towards the coal face, wiping the black from his cheeks and rubbing his hands against his work jumpsuit.

INT. COAL MINE - TUNNEL - DAY

The Boy struggles, but manages to move the mine car through the tunnel, nothing but a dim safety lamp giving him guidance.

Step by step, the Boy trudges forward.

Until his foot gets stuck in something unseen and he falls to the ground, losing grip on his lamp which shatters upon impact.

Total, complete, pitch blackness.

Heavy, scared breathing from the Boy.

BOY

Help! Help! I can't see!

Quick footsteps. Rapidly intensifying breathing.

BOY (CONT'D)

Help! Can anybody hear me!

A shriek of pain from the Boy. Followed by hopeless crying.

BOY (CONT'D)

*Please help! I'm bleeding! Mama!
Abu! Mama!*

INT. COAL MINE - VENTILATION ROOM - DAY

Even darker than the room of miners, but this one consists of CHILDREN, BOYS AND GIRLS. THE TRAPPERS. Children as young as five but not older than ten crammed in the tight space.

They sit in front of trap doors, routinely opening and closing them to allow in fresh air.

One of the Trappers, the drowsy Skinny Boy from the elevator, clearly dozes off. And not before long he's fast asleep, leaving the door closed.

The Girl next to him takes notice and smacks him over the head. The Skinny Boy startles awake and looks at her with an evil stare. He grabs his head.

SKINNY BOY

Why did you hit me!?

GIRL

You went to sleep, idiot!

SKINNY BOY

I wasn't sleeping, I was resting!

GIRL

You were sleeping!

SKINNY BOY

No, I wasn't!

GIRL

Yes you were!

A banging from her door.

HURRIER BOY (O.S.)

Open the door!

Intense coughing. The Girl opens it and a HURRIER BOY, fifteen years old, pushes himself and the coal tub into the room. He takes a moment to recover then looks at the girl.

HURRIER BOY (CONT'D)

Do you want us to suffocate in there?

The Girl looks away in shame.

The Hurrier Boy flicks the side of her head with his finger.

GIRL

Don't hit me!

The Girl shoves the Hurrier who loses his balance, stumbling backwards a few steps.

In a sweltering rage, the Hurrier lunges forward with vengeance, striking the Girl with a backhanded slap.

Her face immediately inflames as she freezes in a combination of shock and terror. Then bursts out into tears.

HURRIER BOY

Oh, shut up.

The Hurrier Boy heads back towards the ventilation door and forces himself through, disappearing into the leaden shaft.

All eyes are on the Girl as she remains shaking in place. Face growing red with a bruise.

In a cute display of affection, the Skinny Boy wraps his arms around the Girl, hugging her in an attempt to calm her down.

SKINNY BOY

Don't worry about him. He's an idiot.

The Girl snuffles as she wipes her tears.

SKINNY BOY (CONT'D)

Boys shouldn't hit girls.

The rest of the Trappers return to work. But the Skinny Boy and Girl remain in their tight hug.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

The Jinn's eerie stillness as she remains locked into the chair. Unmoving. Unwavering.

Laboring, dying breaths from Aisha in the corner.

The door squeaks open as Fatima enters, immediately placing her basket on the floor which is now filled with naan bread, legumes, and small portions of masala spices.

She first spots the Jinn, with the empty bowl of kitchari beside her.

FATIMA

Good, you're eating. I'll cook you haleem tonight. Nobody in this village cooks better haleem.

Without saying a word, she points to Aisha, drawing Fatima's eyes to her beloved dog.

It takes a moment for her to recognize just what's wrong, but it clicks shortly thereafter and she rushes to aid.

Petting Aisha's back and scratching under her ears, Fatima whispers her name.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Aisha. Aisha... Aisha.

Returned with nothing but weakness in breath and in stare.

In a crisp, almost menacing motion, Fatima turns back.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
What happened!?

She receives nothing in return but the false innocent eyes of the Jinn. On the verge of erupting into a fit of rage, Fatima charges towards the Jinn but stops in her tracks.

It's not worth it. She takes a deep, composing breath. A moment to make a decision.

Then without saying a word, returns to Aisha and sweeps her up into her arms.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Stay here!

The Jinn stands as she observes Fatima rush out of her home.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

Dirt kicks up into the air as Fatima forces her way through inconsiderate crowds, storming through the village. Drawing stares from the BYSTANDERS she bumps.

Turning a corner, Fatima escapes the denser area and finds herself trekking down a trail.

The baaing of sheep ahead as two SHEPHERDS slowly walk a herd down the trail.

With no space to overtake them, Fatima darts through.

SHEPHERD #1
Careful! Watch it!

SHEPHERD #2
She thinks she's Bobby Marrow!

SHEPHERD #1
*We'll tell Bobby Marrow his record
is in danger for you!*

Fatima is quite a distance away now.

SHEPHERD #2

Look at her go. Where could she be going with such purpose?

SHEPHERD #1

Probably to America to race Bobby Marrow.

The Shepherds share a laugh as they walk along.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Those childish, innocent eyes have vanished, replaced by the unreadable, devilish stare. A stare fixated out the small window, watching the PEDESTRIANS roam about their village.

A creak of wood as she stands and walks out the front door, nothing but a shawl draped over her body.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

A SIKH MAN and MUSLIM MAN, both well into their 60s, smoke a hookah on the mud brick front steps of a home.

The Jinn walks past them at a slow, steady, lingering pace. Absolutely no bounce or urgency to her graceful steps.

Her relatively loose attire draws their attention as they watch her stroll by.

The Sikh man shakes his head and takes another drag from the hookah as the Jinn vanishes amongst the crowd.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - RURAL AREA - DAY

Distress dominates Fatima's countenance as she opens and closes a wooden gate, walking onto private farm property.

She heads towards a farmhouse centered in the middle of several acres of harvested lands.

Livestock freely mill about, grazing the grass with no worry in the world. The smattering of moos, baas, and clucking.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Banging with ferocity, Fatima wraps her knuckles against the front door in rapid fire desperation.

KHADIJA (O.S.)
Acha [okay]! Acha! One minute!

Fatima stops her relentless knocking and impatiently waits, foot tapping against the ground, finger tapping against the fur of her sick dog.

The door opens, revealing **KHADIJA**, mid 40s, traditional and a tad irritated at the disruption.

KHADIJA (CONT'D)
Fatima?

Khadija spots Aisha in her arms.

FATIMA
Please help.

KHADIJA
What happened? Come in.

Khadija leads Fatima inside...

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... and closes the door behind them. She rushes and drags a wooden table to an open area.

KHADIJA
Put her down here.

Fatima complies, shaking her arms in relief as the burden of the weight is off her shoulders.

KHADIJA (CONT'D)
What happened?

FATIMA
I don't know. She isn't breathing properly. Please help.

Khadija looks at Aisha with immense worry and empathy.

KHADIJA
I was studying to be one of the first women doctors of India, not one of the first women veterinarians.

FATIMA
Please, Khadija. Please.

With an exhale, Khadija begins to visually inspect the dog.

KHADIJA
What happened?

FATIMA
I don't know!

KHADIJA
Fatima, please stay calm.

FATIMA
Help her! I can't let her die!

KHADIJA
She's an old dog, Fatima.

FATIMA
She's not sick.

KHADIJA
You can practically see her bones.

FATIMA
She's not sick.

Khadija hovers her hand over Aisha's chest area, but doesn't touch her body. She hesitates. Wavers. Considering.

Retrieving her hands, Khadija decides against it.

KHADIJA
Did you bring your nursing tools with you? I don't have anything. I don't want to touch her.

Slapping her hand against the top of her head, Fatima increases her pacing.

FATIMA
Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

KHADIJA
It's okay. Forget it.

FATIMA
No! I'll go back and get them.

KHADIJA
Fatima--

But she's already turned and ready to run off, only Khadija's firm grip and pull stops Fatima right in her tracks.

FATIMA
Let go!

KHADIJA

Fatima! She's struggling to breathe.
There's nothing I can do.

FATIMA

No. No. No. Who can do something?

KHADIJA

It will require operations. X-Rays
for a proper diagnosis.

The realization of the situation strikes Fatima harshly.

FATIMA

What can I do?

KHADIJA

Fatima...

FATIMA

Tell me what I can do! At least try
to do something! Please!

KHADIJA

Fatima... you know the only thing I
can do.

Shaking her head, Fatima refuses to believe it, re-entering
her paranoiac state of denial.

FATIMA

I ran all the way here and you're
not even going to try to help me!

KHADIJA

I'm sorry, Fatima. I'll do it for
you. Or if you want, we can wait for
my husband to return. He can do it.

Fatima can't even muster up the energy or words to respond.

KHADIJA (CONT'D)

It's okay, Fatima. Dogs are impure
in the eyes of Allah. But that is
for Allah to judge and not me.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners.

KHADIJA

What?

With conviction, Fatima stares deep into Khadija's eyes.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners.

As if coming upon a realization of her own, Khadija begins to nod her head up and down.

KHADIJA

Yes... yes, I understand now. You must be the one to do it, Fatima. It is clear. Allah has given you this opportunity to redeem yourself. You must perform this sacrifice to cleanse your soul.

A brutal moment of silence invades the air.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners.

Picking Aisha up, Fatima dashes past Khadija and exits the farmhouse, leaving the door swung open.

With a disappointed, but relieved sigh, Khadija slowly steps to the front door, watching Fatima charge past the wooden front gate and down the dirt trail to the crowded village.

The burning sun beats down hard, constricting Khadija's pupils as she falls to her knees and recites a prayer.

KHADIJA (ARABIC)

Bismillahir Rahmanir Raheem.
Astaghferullah Rabbi min
kulle zumbin wa atoobo ileh.
Sajada laka roohi wa janaani.
Razi Allaho ta'ala anha.
Rahmatullahe alaihe.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

In the name of Allah, the
Gracious, the Merciful. I
seek forgiveness from Allah
for all my sins and turn to
Him. My spirit and heart
prostrate for You. May Allah
be pleased with her. May
Allah have mercy on her.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - COAL MINE - DAY

Donkeys traverse the path clopping along the dirt. Still strolling at her infuriating melodic pace is the Jinn. Slowly approaching the coal mine.

TWO WORKERS with hard hats pass her and look back.

WORKER #1

Sorry, no work here.

The Jinn doesn't recognize their comment. Keeping her focus straight ahead and her pace steady.

Deciding that continuing the dialogue isn't worth his time,
The Worker turns back around to catch up.

The cliff of the mine getting closer and closer as the
buzzing of activity and machinery fades in.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

Hussein and his group of Miners continue their never ending
exhaustive laboring. Clinking and clattering. Distant
rumbles. The black smears over their skin grows and grows.

INT. COAL MINE - TUNNEL - DAY

Sobbing from the Boy. Still trapped. But now defeated.
Choking on his tears, the Boy weakly cries out:

BOY
Help. Allah, please send help.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

Now at the edge, the Jinn oversees the mine in all its glory.
She places her arms at her side and faces her palms out
towards the mountain.

Once again, the eyes transform to an infernal fright.

JINN
I hear your prayers.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

Hussein and the other Miners in the room head to exit.

MINER
Fire in the hole!

The Miner follows after them as he lights the fuse.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

A red energy forms on the Jinn's palms as she harnesses
something unworldly. Catching a spirit.

Swirling, the red gets denser and denser until it's almost
like a ball in her hands. And when it reaches its peak...

She clenches.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

The fuse reaches its apex. A BOOMING EXPLOSION. Far too loud and dangerously powerful.

Immediate cracking from the coal face as it splinters. A moment of calm before the storm.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

From a distance, an entire segment of the mine caves in on itself. Falling to the ground. Faded screams of pain, cries for help, and rushes to respond are heard.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

A fierce fire ferociously burns, trapped in the tight space, and as if alive, searches for an exit.

INT. COAL MINE - TUNNEL - DAY

All that is heard are the worried breaths from the trapped Boy and a distant rumbling.

But not before long, the animated swooshing of flames. The Boy understands this noise. The whites of his eyes enlarge in terror. But there's nothing he can do. Nowhere he can go.

And turning the corner, illuminating the narrow tunnel, is the fire, tearing through the mine at a vicious speed.

With no escape, the Boy shuts his eyes in preparation.

Then the fire sweeps through him, engulfing and burning his malnourished body and bony face. A terrifying high-pitched scream of imminent death is the last sound that escapes this Boy's mouth as he is swiftly burned to a crisp.

INT. COAL MINE - VENTILATION ROOM - DAY

The Trapper Children scurry out, bending over and forcing their way past each other to flee first.

But it's too late. The fire rips through the room, crumbling the walls and collapsing the roof onto the kids.

Their bodies, skulls and limbs get crushed. Some die instantly. Others have bones protruding out their bodies, flesh torn open with deep lacerations.

But none of them can escape the flames. Screams of horror as the fire indiscriminately inundates the area, burning alive those who were left.

Among the dying, the Skinny Boy and Girl cling close to each other with nowhere to run as the fire overtakes them.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

Toxic black plumes of smoke rise from the mine and pollute the air.

Satisfied, the Jinn turns and walks away from the exploding and crumbling mine.

Storming past and behind her are first response vehicles as well as MEN holding first-aid equipment scattering across.

Worried Bystanders bite their nails and pray as they watch.

The Jinn keeps her focus forward, maintaining her lingering, pedestrian pace.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DIRT TRAIL - DAY

Fatima walks at a frenetically unbalanced pace, Aisha bounces up and down in her scooped arms.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners. Some of us
are sinners. Some of us are sinners.
Some of us are sinners. Some of us
are sinners. Some of us are sinners.
Some of us are sinners.

She continues to mutter the phrase as she once again passes through the herd of sheep and Two Shepherds.

They look back at her, without making any comments this time.

INT. LAXMI'S HOME - DAY

In a bundle of tears and despair sits Laxmi, on the coarse, fading wooden floor, nestled in a protective corner.

Her grasp around Ranbir, her asphyxiated son, lifeless head dangling limp from his unsupportive neck.

Fighting through her cries, Laxmi coarsely chokes out a Sikh prayer as she rocks back and forth in a staccato rhythm.

LAXMI

Kripaa dristt tan jaa-eh ni-ehriho. Taakae taap tanak mo hariho. Ridh Sidh ghar mo sabh hoee. Dustt chhaah chhaiv sakai na koe. Aek baar jin tumai sanbhaaraa. Kaal phaas tae taa-eh oubaaraa. Jin nar naam tihaaro kehaa. Daarid dustt dokh tae rehaa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

O God, whoever you behold with grace are instantly freed of suffering and their agonies removed. All temporal and spiritual powers come to bless them in their own homes and no enemy can touch even their shadow. Whomsoever even once remembers You, shall be liberated from the noose of death. That mortal who calls upon Your name is released from poverty, suffering, and the attacks of enemies.

As she recites the words of Gobind Singh, a swell of activity becomes audible from just outside the wall of her home.

DISTANT VOICE (O.S.)

No, it's coming from the coal mine!

DISTANT VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Hurry! Hurry!

DISTANT VOICE #3 (O.S.)

Accident at the coal mine! Accident at the coal mine! Accident at the coal mine!

As if possessed with a newfound energy and spirit, Laxmi's eyes shoot up with a sharp inhale.

Holding her bony, malnourished son's corpse, she stands and steps to her window, peering outside to see the rush of men, women, and children running past, all towards the rising smoke in the distance.

She takes Ranbir back to his bed and gently rests him down. Bends over and gives him a tender kiss on the forehead.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Breathing heavy, and continuing her constant muttering, Fatima roughly kicks her rickety door closed behind her.

She immediately heads to her bed to rest Aisha on her side. The dog's breathing more labored, wheezing more high-pitched, and eyes slowly losing their life.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners.

From the open area, Fatima drags a chair to the bedside and sits. Seeking to calm herself as she nervously rubs her eyes, face, and sweaty palms together.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Some of us are sinners. Some of us
are sinners. Some of us are sinners.

The attempt of neutralizing the whirlwind of overwhelming emotions fails as Fatima's leg starts twitching, foot rattling against the wood in a quick tap tap tap succession.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Some of us are sinners. Some of us
are sinners. Some of us are sinners.

Her eyes remain locked on Aisha who stares right back at her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Some of us are sinners. Some of us
are--

Silence. Fatima's body freezes in place but her face screams panic. A countenance that transforms into anguish.

She tries to turn away but can't as if her neck is locked in place. Her breathing quickens. Her fidgeting resumes.

Her motions parallel a panic attack, eyes illustrating an immense amount of inner turmoil burning within.

The ferocious attack crescendos into a seizure like frenzy--

Then finally, Fatima snaps, aggressively stands up and over Aisha and screams.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP TALKING TO
ME! STOP TALKING TO ME! STOP TALKING
TO ME! STOP TALKING TO ME! NO! NO!
NO! STOP! I WON'T! I WON'T! STOP
TALKING TO ME! STOP TALKING TO ME! I
WON'T DO IT! I WON'T DO IT!

And during her outburst, sidestepping into the doorway is the Jinn. Arms still at her side. Posture still stiff. But her eyes imitating human compassion.

JINN
Mama.

Jumping at the voice and catching a glimpse of her presence from the corner of her eye, Fatima retreats to the rear of the room. She covers her mouth with her shawl as she looks back at the Jinn.

FATIMA

I forgot-- I didn't know-- I forgot-

JINN

Is she going to be okay?

Both of their gazes turn to Aisha.

FATIMA

Yes. Don't worry about her.

JINN

Are you sure?

Eyeing the Jinn with striking suspicion, Fatima walks towards her, grabs her by the shoulder and leads her into the kitchen.

FATIMA

Sit and eat.

JINN

I'm not hungry.

FATIMA

Eat.

Fatima scrapes up some kitchari into a bowl and hands it to the Jinn who takes it without argument, then takes a seat across from her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

What is your name?

The Jinn turns her head away.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

You have a name, don't you? You speak Urdu, is your family from the south?

JINN

Yes.

FATIMA

Where are they? We can try to get you back to them. How did you end up here? Are you lost? Did somebody hurt you?

JINN

Yes.

FATIMA

Somebody hurt you? Who hurt you?
Your father? A man?

JINN

A woman.

FATIMA

A woman?

JINN

Yes.

Fatima averts her gaze for a moment.

JINN (CONT'D)

She thought it would be good for me.

FATIMA

She thought it would be good to hurt
you?

The Jinn nods. Fatima is on the verge of tears.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Stop.

The Jinn nibbles on the kitchari. In a swift, jerky motion,
Fatima clutches the bowl right out of her hands and slams it
against the table, rice flying everywhere.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Who are you? One of Iblis'
Shaitan's?

JINN

The first jinn was one of Allah's
angels.

FATIMA

So you're an angel.

The corners of the Jinn's lips twist into a devilish grin.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

What did you do to Aisha?

JINN

The prophet said, "When God desires
the redemption of His people, He
causes them to suffer in this world.

(MORE)

JINN (CONT'D)

But when He is averse, He leaves them to transgress until death overtakes". Even evil works with good against a common enemy.

FATIMA

I strive to make peace with Allah every day and night.

JINN

By domesticating a wild dog? The most impure of animals.

FATIMA

My repentance is between Allah and me.

JINN

You assume He didn't inform me of your pleas, your pathetic cries for help. You refuse to admit this is Allah answering your prayers.

Fatima reaches forward, caresses the Jinn's face.

FATIMA

Is this your body?

Without responding, the Jinn recoils at Fatima's touch.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

You would've been beautiful...
Please forgive me.

The Jinn forces Fatima's hands off her.

JINN

You don't deserve to touch me.

Fatima leaves her chair and falls to her knees at the Jinn's feet.

FATIMA

Please. Forgiveness is all I can ask, I am tortured enough.

The Jinn pushes her away with her foot. Fatima stands and huddles herself against the counter.

JINN

Allah abandoned you long ago. I know that you hit yourself at night. I feel the cuts with each strike. Why do you do such things? What do you have to live for?

FATIMA

To suffer in your memory.

JINN

I want to see the blade.

That request sends a chill down Fatima's spine. She hesitates, but then walks over to the bed, Aisha still lying on her side, slowly dying.

Bending underneath, Fatima drags out a basket. She rifles through its contents, tossing aside quilts, spare clothes, and various other accoutrements.

The Jinn, in that all too familiar way, lingers in the doorway... watching with those faux childish eyes and maintaining her eerily calm disposition.

Once at the bottom, Fatima retrieves a tightly bound, folded, stained cloth. Noticing the Jinn right there, Fatima rests it on the ground, undoes the knot, and unfolds the blanket.

In the centre of the packaging rests a slicing knife, it's elongated blade rusted with age as well as the faintest traces of blood residue.

The Jinn steps closer, towering over Fatima to inspect.

JINN (CONT'D)

You didn't wash it.

Fatima shakes her head, eyes locked on the knife.

The Jinn's eyes locked on her.

Aisha's breathing filling the dead air.

JINN (CONT'D)

You give a wretched dog more life
than your own blood and soul.

With shaky hands, Fatima grips the blade of the knife.

JINN (CONT'D)

You are unsalvageable. The arrogance
you hold to believe Allah cares
about you. Your name has been
uttered more in the pits of Jahannam
than the gardens of Jannah (heaven).

Fatima's body once again begins to twitch. Breathing quickening, knuckles whitening as her grip on the handle of the knife tightens.

JINN (CONT'D)

Munkar and Nakir wouldn't be able to stomach looking at you when you are greeted in your grave. The Zabaniyya is anxiously awaiting to rip your tarnished soul out of your body... He promises to make the pain excruciating...

Beginning to rock back and forth, Fatima closes her eyes and mutters to herself, under her breath, once again.

FATIMA

Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners.

JINN (CONT'D)

...like dragging a scorching iron skewer through wool, ripping your veins and sinews to bloody shreds. The cloth your sinful soul will be wrapped in, will be the most pungent smelling of cloths.

During her rambling fervor: Fatima reaches out with trembling hands, unties the head scarf, and holds it in thought.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners. Some of us are sinners.

JINN (CONT'D)

Not even your soul will see the gates of Jannah as it will be tossed immediately into the underworld. Allah will delay the Day of Judgement just so you can bear the burden of your sins and suffer longer.

Fatima suddenly SCREAMS as she lunges forward with the knife.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - THE WELL - DAY (1947)

A tree-laced landscape lines fertile soil. The sun shines down bright and hard on the abandoned, grassy plantation.

A stone well sits in the center, dug deep into the barren field. A deteriorating, isolated barn house rests in the background. Wooden planks dangling from the rooftop. Door splintered and broken. Interior heavily looted.

The helpless cries of a YOUNG GIRL emanate from afar, quickly getting closer and closer.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Papa! Papa! I want Papa! Mama! We
have to get Papa! Mama! Mama!!!

Clutching to Fatima's shawl is **AISHA**, not the canine, but Fatima's seven year old daughter. The white silk headscarf covers her hair.

She's in an intensely emotionally distraught state as Fatima has to virtually drag her behind.

AISHA

Mama! Mama! Mama! Where's Papa!?
Where's Papa!? Where's Papa!?
Where's Papaaaaa!? I want Papaaaa!

Fatima doesn't attempt to quiet or calm her daughter down as they approach the well.

AISHA (CONT'D)

Mamaaaaaa!!!

Voice breaking and cracking, Aisha can't help but cough.

Fatima lets her go to grab the well bucket as Aisha wipes away the tears, but to no use as her face immediately dampens again with a fresh flow.

AISHA (CONT'D)

Mama.

Fatima tosses the bucket down, a distant SPLASH.

AISHA (CONT'D)

Mama, I want Papa.

Using every ounce of exhausted energy, Fatima pulls the bucket up and retrieves it.

A pack of flies buzz and hover around the water.... which is stained red.

Upon noticing the infected water, Fatima peers down into the depths of the well.

Almost immediately she shrinks back with a dry heave, as if catching a whiff of a horrid stench.

INT. THE WELL - SAME (1947)

And upon seeing the gruesome sight, the reaction becomes clear.

Dozens of rotting, broken, decomposing bodies of BOYS, and NAKED WOMEN and GIRLS are piled at the base of the well.

EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - THE WELL - SAME (1947)

Keeled over, Fatima spits into the dirt. The teary Aisha turns away... spotting something in the distance. With a worried tone she calls out for:

AISHA
Mama. Mama. Mama... people are
coming.

With a speedy maternal protectiveness, Fatima stands up straight and holds Aisha close.

They both look out, worry plastering over their weary faces.

SEVEN HINDU MEN riding HORSES gallop towards them.

Fatima glances behind her, to the old barn house, the only approachable place for refuge.

AISHA (CONT'D)
Mama--

FATIMA
Shhh, beti. Shhh.

The Men approach, surrounding Fatima in a near full circle. She takes a few steps back towards the barn house, holds Aisha even tighter.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
The water's no good.

One of the Men, **THE LEADER**, jumps down from his horse and walks over to the well, side eyeing Fatima along the way.

The other six remain on their horses, evil smiles on their faces as they watch.

The Leader looks into the well, doesn't react to the sight or smell. Instead shaking his head.

LEADER
That's too bad.

FATIMA
Please leave us alone. We'll just be
on our way. There are plenty of
other girls you can hunt... please.
I just lost my husband.

LEADER
Is this your daughter?

Fatima nods her head. The Hindu Man kneels to inspect her, putting his hand all over her face, then sliding it down her body. Fatima allows it to happen.

LEADER (CONT'D)
She looks thirsty.

FATIMA
We are.

LEADER
Harsha! Give me the bottle!

FATIMA
No. Please. We'll find it someplace else. Just let us go in peace. Please.

The Hindu Man, by the aforementioned name of HARSHA, leaps down from his horse carrying a leather water bottle.

A tense silence encompasses the landscape as a gust of wind blows. Fatima's and Aisha's long, loose hair wisps from side to side.

LEADER
You have a beautiful daughter.

Harsha arrives with the bottle, hands it to the Leader who opens the cap and takes a large swig.

Once finished, tauntingly holds it in front of Fatima.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Take a drink.

FATIMA
No. Thank you. Please.

LEADER
I insist. We wouldn't want you to get sick.

FATIMA
Please, sir. We just want to catch the train.

The Leader takes another approach, kneeling back down to Aisha's height and holding the bottle in front of her.

LEADER
Would you like to drink, beti?

Aisha looks up to her concerned mother for an answer who doesn't give her one.

The Leader shakes the bottle in front of her, water swishing inside. Unable to resist, Aisha grabs the leather and takes several massive gulps, streaks of water drizzling down her cheek wetting her clothes.

Fatima looks away, covering her sigh and disappointment.

Once finished, Aisha hands the bottle back to The Leader.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Good, isn't it?

Aisha nods her head as she wipes her chin.

LEADER (CONT'D)
 (to Fatima)
She left none for you.

FATIMA
 We'll forever hold you in our
 prayers. Thank you for your
 hospitality and goodheartedness.

Pulling Aisha with her, Fatima starts to turn around.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
 Aisha, let's go, beti.

But The Leader doesn't allow that to happen, taking a firm grasp of Fatima's wrist, jerking her back, transitively sending Aisha off balance as she tumbles to the ground.

She slowly rises to her feet as the Leader continues his intimidating interrogation.

LEADER
You don't think I offered you this
out of charity, did you?

The Leader turns the bottle upside down, a few drips fall to the dirt, but it's virtually empty.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Your daughter drank all our water.
Surely, we deserve something in
return.

Fatima knows precisely what he's talking about but guises her understanding with naivety.

FATIMA

Look at us. We have nothing. I just
lost my husband.

A Man on one of the horses grips the reins tighter.

A Fatter Man shuffles in his saddle, eagerly watching.

Another Man slides to his side, preparing to dismount.

A Knife-wielding Man takes a hold of the handle of the sheathed blade attached to his hip. He pulls it out slightly, stainless steel shining menacingly.

LEADER

I'm sorry to hear about your husband.
You must have really loved him.

Fatima doesn't respond, instead glancing around searching for a possible escape route.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Did you love him?

FATIMA

Yes, I loved him.

The Leader addresses Aisha.

LEADER

Do you miss your father?

Aisha nods as Fatima commands down to her.

FATIMA

Don't speak to him, Aisha.

LEADER

Do you want him back?

Aisha nods.

FATIMA

Please stop talking to her.

The Leader looks up with a smile... then stands.

LEADER

I'll have plenty of time to get to
know her later. No worries.

FATIMA

Why do you have to do this?

The Leader genuinely considers the question.

With a thud, the Fatter man jumps down from his horse, garnering the observant attention of Fatima.

LEADER

Some of us are sinners.

The Knife-Wielding Man fully unsheathes his blade as he hops off his horse.

Making a sudden run for it, Fatima charges for the barn house, dragging Aisha behind her.

The Leader, taken off guard, is slow to react but eventually chases after them.

Five of the other men follow.

The Last Man still remaining on the horse attempts to cut off her escape, but the horse doesn't cooperate. Neighing as it fights against its Rider.

INT. BARN HOUSE - DAY (1947)

Successfully reaching the barn house before her pursuers, Fatima pushes Aisha and slams the door behind them. She searches for a lock, but it's shattered.

She turns and frantically looks for a room.

Just seconds later, the front door comes crashing down as the Men invade the house.

At the other end of the house, Fatima exits through a back exit. Aisha staying close by her.

EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - BEHIND BARN HOUSE - DAY (1947)

A rundown storage shed sits alone fifty metres in the distance.

Fatima picks up Aisha and runs for both their lives. Relentlessly following them are the Men, sweating, eyes corrupted with evil intent.

A horse WHINNIES as it blocks their path. Fatima searches for a way around.

MAN ON HORSE
I have her! I have her!

Rather than going around, Fatima simply goes under the belly of the horse, evading the clopping steps as the Man on the Horse attempts to maneuver to slow her down.

But Fatima winds up on the other side and dashes towards the shed. The Men scatter around the horse as they give chase.

INT. STORAGE SHED - DAY (1947)

Fatima carelessly puts Aisha down. She loses balance and falls once more with an audible "oof".

The shed is lined with wooden counters and cabinets. Various random baskets and empty food packets are strewn across the floor and countertops, along with cases of rotting eggs and buckets of spoiled milk.

Some blunt tools hang from the top. A couple shovels as well as a brass watering can.

The Men are close, but Fatima manages to slam the door, bracing for impact with her shoulder as she tensely bolts the lock. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

The door shakes as the Men try to power it down.

Fatima takes some steps back, the door could cave in at any moment. In a panic, she scours the shed for any possible way out. No windows. No other doors. They're trapped.

LEADER (O.S.)
You shouldn't have run!

AISHA
 Mama. What are they going to do to us?

FATIMA
 Nothing, beti, nothing.

Fatima frantically searches the shed for some type of weapon. She finds mostly gardening tools. Trowels. Shears.

She grabs the shears for now but continues her search.

AISHA
 Mama, I'm scared.

FATIMA
 I'm scared too.

Aisha tugs at her mother.

AISHA

Are we going to see Papa now? I want
Papa.

Fatima finds a metal box and opens it up to find three
separate kitchen knives.

She takes a hold of the slicing knife, the one she will hold
on to for ten long years.

The structure of the wooden door begins to fracture as it
slowly but surely caves in. The locks loosen with each
powerful push. Any second now, it'll come crashing down.

Fatima, knife in hand, kneels in front of her daughter. Looks
deep into her eyes.

FATIMA

Remember when I promised nothing bad
will ever happen to you?

Fatima unties Aisha's white silk headscarf, pulls it from her
hair, and puts it on herself. She's trembling, yet resolute.

AISHA

Mama... are they going to do bad
things to us?

FATIMA

No, beti.

Fatima tightens her grip on the blade, shuts her eyes, then
with a sudden burst of forward momentum, stabs her daughter
right in the heart.

Aisha's eyes go wide in shock. Fatima lets out a deep exhale.

She pulls the knife out then stabs again. And again. The
horrible sound of weak, youthful ribs cracking. Skin, nerves,
and arteries tearing.

Blood soaks Aisha's clothes, Fatima's hand, and the blade.

The only sound Aisha can muster is a weak, high pitched groan
as her eyes lose their light and sparkle of life.

After a fifth stab, Fatima takes the knife out for good,
stands up and retreats towards the door that the Men are
still relentlessly trying to break down.

But Fatima doesn't care about that right now as she's fixated on her daughter, lifeless on the floor submerged in a pool of her own blood.

LEADER (O.S.)

Open the door! We won't touch your
daughter! Open the door!

Cranking her neck up, Fatima, mind racing, vulnerable, holds her knife to her side. Blood dripping down onto the floor.

FATIMA

I'm opening it!

Fatima inspects her bloody hand and the bloody blade. Using her free hand, she smears her daughter's blood over her face.

Taking a few deep breaths, she prepares for what is virtually suicide. Her quivering hand extends to the lock.

The distant sound of vehicles approaching, engines revving, diesel guzzling.

LEADER (O.S.)

Who is that?

Fatima unlocks the door with a CLINK.

AN ARRAY OF SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUN FIRE. Alarming screams from the Men. Some of the bullets pierce the wood, whizzing past Fatima as she drops to the ground and protects herself.

MAN (O.S.)

Get them all! Get them all!

Some more scattering of selective gun fire.

Pistol shots return the more heavy semi-auto rounds.

A shootout. Helpless screams of pain and desperation.

After a moment, it all subsides and hurried footsteps approach the now unlocked door. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fatima flinches, stands, and retreats, still holding the knife. Her balance dizzied and mind wandering. Focus split between the renewed knocking at the door and her daughter.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're Muslim. We're not going to hurt you. Pākistān Zindābād!

Silence from Fatima.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You don't have to be afraid.

Nothing.

Then the handle jiggles, upon realizing the door is unlocked, the MAN, wielding a military style weapon, swings it open and stands at the entrance.

MAN (CONT'D)
I saw them following you. I just had
to get my friends to help.

The MAN'S FRIENDS arrive behind him, all just as well armed as him.

With a scream, Fatima makes a run for it, charging forward with her head down.

She runs past the Seven Hindu Men, now lying dead or bleeding out on the soil, gripping the crimson dirt, trying to crawl as they take their final breaths.

The Muslim Men move out of the way to let her pass, watching Fatima running towards the trees.

They regard each other with confused glares before one of them points to Aisha dead on the floor.

MAN #1
Look.

Almost simultaneously, the Men turn around and notice the sight. They lower their heads in sadness and respect.

The Man walks towards Aisha, not worrying about his boots getting soaked in the blood.

He kneels over her, staring into her open eyes. Eyes whose last thing they saw was her own mother stabbing her in the heart, whose last feelings they portrayed was that of fear.

MAN (ARABIC)
Allaahum-maghfir lahu
Allaahumma thabbithu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
O Allah, forgive her. O
Allah, strengthen her.

The Man closes Aisha's eyes.

EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE - TREES - DAY (1947)

With no destination in mind, Fatima runs and runs and runs. Blood all over her face. Twines ripping at her shawl. Knife still firmly clutched in her hand.

Her breathing accelerates as her strides quicken. She looks back as if there's somebody chasing her.

But nobody is there.

Fatima looks back ahead, face and eyes of an absolute maniac as she continues to run, run, and run with no end in sight.

CUT TO:

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY (1957)

With shortened breath, Fatima pulls the knife out from furry skin. The old blade is painted with fresh blood. So too is the worn down white silk scarf now in Fatima's hair.

She looks ahead at the bed where Aisha, the dog, takes her final breaths. Blood leaking from her chest cavity, dripping to the floor.

Fatima turns back to where the Jinn was standing, but only to find empty space.

The Jinn is gone.

Fatima takes a deep, elongated exhale of release.

She rubs her hands across the bloody knife then smears it all over her face.

After a moment, Fatima dips her head down as though praying to the dead dog.

FATIMA (ARABIC)

Rabbi inni zalamto nafsi
faghfirli. Astagh firol
lahal-lathi la ilaha illa
howal hayyal qayyoma w'atooba
ilayh. Astagh firol lahal-
lathi la ilaha illa howal
hayyal qayyoma w'atooba
ilayh. Astagh firol lahal-
lathi la ilaha illa howal
hayyal qayyoma w'atooba
ilayh. Subhanakal lahomma
wabihamdik. Ash-hado alla-
ilaha-illa ant. Astaghfiroka
w'atoobo-ilayk. Subhanakal
lahomma wabihamdik. Ash-hado
alla--

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Oh my Lord, I have indeed
wronged my soul! I seek
forgiveness from Allah. There
is no deity but Him, the
Living, the Eternal. And I
repent unto Him. I seek
forgiveness from Allah. There
is no deity but Him, the
Living, the Eternal. And I
repent unto Him. I seek
forgiveness from Allah. There
is no deity but Him, the
Living, the Eternal. And I
repent unto Him. Glory be to
You, Oh Allah, and all
praise! I testify that there
is no deity but You. I seek
Your forgiveness and to You I
do repent. Glory be to You,
Oh Allah--

A deep RUMBLING as the apartment RATTLES. Shakes with fury
like a concentrated earthquake.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Allahu-Akbar. Allahu-Akbar. Allah--

The VIBRATING grows as the home rocks. BUMPS originating from
inside the house are heard.

The chairs in the common area topple.

Speedy footsteps running across wooden floorboards.

Fatima stops her praying in dread.

Sheer hysteria overcomes her. She grabs Aisha from under her
limbs and lifts her up. Blood pouring from the large, open
gash. Inner organs almost visible behind the ruptured skin.

Completely wide-eyed, Fatima, now a lost soul, stripped of
her sanity, stands up, Aisha and the drowned knife in her
arms. The floor creaks.

Trapped in a mental void, she takes slow steps out of the
bedroom. Each stride a challenge, as if her body is fighting
against her mind.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Shoeless, and with a slight limp, Fatima walks on the dirt,
eyes peeled straight ahead.

Behind her, in the far distance, smoke rises from the coal mine accident. Fatima heads away from it.

VILLAGERS continue to rush towards it in a worried frenzy. Hardly anyone pays attention to the deranged Fatima as they power past her, but even those who do notice pass the sight off quickly and continue on ahead.

It's hard to tell if Fatima even notices the flurry of activity surrounding her as she staggers forward.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The deep pounding on brick returns. Each subsequent knock causing Fatima's head to jerk ever so slightly.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Harshly incessant and only growing in ferocity.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Like a beast trying to forcefully escape an enclosure.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Finally, the mud brick caves in and a crack forms.

Then, a ghostly silence takes over the room. But all attention remains on the split in the wall.

A soft hissing proliferates as something dense becomes visible through the wood.

A BLACK SMOKE escapes through the crevice and spreads across the area, causing everything to become hazy.

The smoke doesn't stop, continuing to spread and endlessly pours out of the fissure.

On the floor, a spark flickers and a small, contained fire starts, slowly moving, forming a ring.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

In her trance, Fatima continues her sleepwalk-like trek through the village.

LAXMI (O.S.)

Fatima!

Not even the call of her name draws Fatima's attention as she keeps on moving forward.

Laxmi charges in, extreme worry in her eyes. She sticks close to Fatima and follows next to her, going against the grain of foot traffic.

Her unfocused eyes don't even notice the condition Fatima is in. Instead, she simply attempts to shout for attention.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

Fatima, there was an accident at the mine! Fatima! Fatima!

She tugs at Fatima's shawl.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

Fatima! Hussein could be hurt! We have to go to the mine!

Finally, Laxmi looks down. Sees Aisha and the blood soaked knife in Fatima's grasp, bouncing up and down with the unrhythmic flow of her steps.

Laxmi's attention drifts to behind Fatima, where the smoke from the mine rises and spreads.

She races off towards it.

Fatima moves along as if nothing just happened.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - FATIMA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Drenched in sweat, Laxmi reaches Fatima's home.

The black smoke has completely inundated it, with some of it leaking through the windows and hugging the outside walls.

Frightened, Laxmi slowly approaches the open front door. The black smoke swirls like it's being controlled.

It swirls and swirls until a section of it dissipates, revealing a ring of fire.

And in the center of the ring, on her knees as if praying, is The Jinn, who we now recognize as Fatima's daughter but ten years older.

She freakishly bows up and down in a completely inhumane fashion. Fast, stiff, demonic movements.

Laxmi freezes at the sight.

A vicious CRACK, as the Jinn turns her neck, red eyes wide open. Her pupils dilated in the harsh firelight, absorbing the evil crimson of the iris.

Eyes so sinister only an unearthly diabolical spiritual power could own them.

And they stare right into Laxmi's petrified glare. As if knowing what she's done. Judging her with a thin smile, luring her into a trance.

Not before long, Laxmi's complexion and demeanor matches that of the wandering Fatima. Lost. Like the soul left the body.

Empty and unaware. Nonliving.

Slowly, Laxmi takes a step towards the house. The smoke. The fire. Then another. And another.

The Jinn bends backwards onto all fours with a bone-chilling spine crackle. She glides noiselessly up the wall and disappears into the density of smoke.

Laxmi takes a step into the house, as she also fades into visual obscurity. The smoke surrounding, encapsulating her until she is completely out of sight.

The door SLAMS shut.

Like it's on cue, the black smoke that lines the home now spirals out into the air and rises.

It circulates at a mesmerizing pace, growing blacker and blacker as it gathers, watching it rise as we--

FADE TO:

EXT. SKY - COAL MINE - DAY

Descending down the smoke from the coal mine, an overhead view of the harrowing disaster below.

FIRST RESPONDERS race across the area, aiding any SURVIVORS not trapped underground.

A LARGE CROWD has formed at the cliffside, watching in fear and terror as many of their family members are down there.

A blood-curdling, GUTTURAL MALE SCREAM echoes in a cave.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

Just one quickly fading light illuminates the underground darkness of the collapsed coal mine.

The scream originated from Hussein, who is pinned down by the immovably heavy rocks, crushing his back.

His right arm droops to the side, broken, heavily cut and irreparably damaged.

But the most gruesome sight comes from the left leg, which has completely snapped across the rock.

His fibula pierces out through the skin, visible and covered black with coal. Even worse, is the fractured and dislocated ankle that dangles at a ninety-degree angle.

Coughing bounces around the walls as Chirag rushes over.

He appears to be fairly unaffected with just a few benign scratches and bruises.

HUSSEIN

Chirag...

Hussein lets out a weak, bloody cough as he painfully shakes his head. Surrendering.

With his pick-axe Chirag strikes the coal, trying to find a way to give Hussein an opening to escape.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Chirag... don't.

CHIRAG

*HELP! HELP! THERE'S A MAN TRAPPED
HERE! HE'S ALIVE! HELP!*

HUSSEIN

They can't hear you.

CHIRAG

*They'll come for you. Just hold on.
I'll relieve some of the pressure.*

HUSSEIN

I don't want them to.

Chirag stops, takes a breath, holds the pick at his side.

CHIRAG

*You know that's against your
religion.*

HUSSEIN

It's not against yours.

CHIRAG

The ultimate goal of a Sikh is to discover the purpose of human life and seek union with Akal Purkah, our Timeless Lord.

HUSSEIN

I beg you. This life is not my purpose.

CHIRAG

What about your wife?

Hussein considers as his face twists in pain.

HUSSEIN

She would understand.

Chirag looks away from Hussein.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Tell me how you do it.

CHIRAG

What?

HUSSEIN

How you're so optimistic... despite... everything.

CHIRAG

You are the only one who can allow tragedy to hurt you.

HUSSEIN

You act like there is no tragedy.

CHIRAG

We all have tragedy. Do you think I joke because I want to? Every laugh does nothing but hide the truth.

With a sigh, Chirag reaches back into the dark recesses of his mind. He digs his fingernails into his palms.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

I killed two of my sisters and one of my daughters during the migration. Muslims burned down our home village in Mukstar.

(MORE)

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

*They raped my wife and my daughter
Tabu, then forced us to watch as
they burned them at the stake.*

HUSSEIN

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

CHIRAG

*The rest of my family was next but
the attackers were called away,
praise our Timeless Lord. The five
of us remaining traveled hundreds of
miles trying to find a new home.
Along our journey we saw some of the
worst sights you could ever imagine.
Ghost trains filled with nothing but
the dead. Naked, violated bodies of
women and girls displaced randomly
across trails. Everywhere we looked
there was smoke...*

HUSSEIN

Where did it happen?

CHIRAG

*By a stream. We stopped for a drink
of water... I heard vehicles.*

Chirag takes a sobering breath, holding his composure the best he can as he concludes his tale.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

*The experience of suffering leads to
our ultimate surrender of self to
the will of the creator. But what
happened to my wife and sister was
not suffering. It was not martyrdom.
It was a torture no human deserves
to undergo...*

He stares down at his hands with disgust.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

I drowned them all in that stream.

Clenching his fists, Chirag looks back to Hussein.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

*Then I ran. Completely submitting
myself to judgement. And I have been
punished. Right here and right now.
For the Timeless Being has spared me
from this accident, but torments me
by having to watch you suffer.*

He places his hand gently on the top of Hussein's head.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

My closest friend. Although our gurus say only God gave us human life, and only God gives us the right to take it away, I find that difficult to believe. The amount of power and control I felt when I held my daughters and sisters under that water is unspeakable. I now understand what it means that a little bit of God lives within each one of us. We are given choices in life and death.

HUSSEIN

You act as if it's all forgotten.

CHIRAG

And if it is? Tormenting yourself in this life does not save you from torment in the next. In fact, those who punish themselves the most tend to be those who deny the truth.

Hussein lets out a wheeze. His constricted breathing worsens.

HUSSEIN

You are the philosopher of our times, Chirag Mukkar. Not me.

And trapped in the dark crypt, both men crack a smile.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Please, Chirag. I can feel my chest collapsing.

Chirag nods, understanding.

CHIRAG

Tell Allah about me when you meet Him.

HUSSEIN

I shall. If it gives you any solace, I am confident your God understands.

With a sniffle, Chirag wipes his eyes.

CHIRAG

You are a good man, Hussein Ghaffari. How would you like to die?

HUSSEIN

My throat.

Chirag nods and steps forward, holding the sharp pick tighter. Hussein closes his eyes in anticipation.

HUSSEIN (ARABIC) (CONT'D)
 La ilahah il-lal lahu Halimul
 Karim; La ilaha il-lal lahu
 'Aliyyul 'Azim; Subhana 'l-
 laha Rabbus samawatis sab'i.
 Wa Rabbul ardhinas sab'i; Wa
 ma fee hinna wa ma bayna
 hunna. Wa ma fawqa hunna wa
 ma tahta hunna; Wa Rabbul
 'arshil 'azim; Wal hamdu lil-
 lahi Rabbis 'alameen.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
 There is no god but Allah,
 the Gentle, the Kind;
 There is no god but Allah,
 the High, the Great; All
 praise be to Allah, the Lord
 of the seven heavens and the
 lord of the seven earth's,
 and whatever is in them and
 whatever is between them, and
 whatever is above them and
 whatever is below them; and
 He is the Lord of the Great
 Throne. And all praise be to
 Allah, the lord of the
 Universe.

Hussein surely nods to Chirag who curtly nods back, extending his arms and placing the blade of the pick by Hussein's throat. He carves in deep.

Screaming, Hussein's body tightens and Chirag rips apart his throat. As the slice is half way complete, Hussein's screams becomes drowned out, muzzled and bloody coughs.

Blood spews out from the busted arteries as he quickly loses consciousness. Chirag completes the cut and stumbles back.

Relieved. Breathing heavy. He tosses the pick-axe aside with a CLINK then sits down, burying his head in his hands.

EXT. POND - DAY

Dragging her final, laboring steps through the tall, outgrown grass, Fatima approaches the edge of the pond.

She falls to her knees at the brink and tilts over, analyzing her reflection in the still water.

After gently placing the still sopping knife at her side, Fatima extends her hands and fingers, letting Aisha smoothly roll off them and enter the water with a SPLASH.

She slowly submerges further down, sinking to the bottom. The growing ripples causing her to vanish from sight.

Then Fatima grips the handle of the blade once more and holds it up, allowing the rays of sun to bounce and shimmer off the crimson tinted steel.

In a swift, decisive motion, Fatima brings the knife down with speedy velocity, piercing her own heart.

With almost no physical reaction, Fatima falls forward into the pond, the ripples grow.

INT. POND - DAY

Red streaks of blood residue rise to the surface as both Aisha and Fatima fall to the bottom.

Stretching her arms out, Fatima appears to accept death. Embracing it with borderline pleasure.

But something strange happens under her.

Aisha, the dog, flips backwards. The water around her funnels into a mini-typhoon. The swirls take Aisha with them as she begins rotating around.

Fatima's eyes remain up towards the surface, where refracted light gets dimmer and dimmer as the depths get lower and lower. She doesn't notice the supernatural event occurring just below.

The furs begin to fall off Aisha as her legs stretch out. Her canine nose points up as she continues to wheel around in the watery whirlwind.

The speed of the circulation increases and increases. Until it's almost a blur.

Then in a beautiful, bright and colorful display of metamorphosis, Aisha transforms into a human.

The seven year old Aisha, the one who tragically died that day by the well ten years ago.

Her youthful eyes remain open, her body and expressions not reacting to the fact she's underwater.

Fatima turns around so her face points down. Immediate shock takes over her at the sight.

Her daughter smiling back at her, reaching up as she swims back towards the surface.

Reaching out as well, it doesn't take long before the two grab hands. Fatima pulls her up towards herself and hugs her tight. Inspects her face, touching it all over.

Water bubbles escape their mouths and trickle upwards.

Then, from the depths of the pond, coming out of the darkness with vigorous ferocity, is the Jinn.

Those unmistakable red eyes charging upwards.

And yanking Aisha by the leg, dragging her down and out of Fatima's grasp with no difficulty.

A look of panic as Aisha hopelessly reaches out for her mother. A muffled, bubbled scream.

Desperation on Fatima's face as she swims down towards the bottom, chasing after her daughter.

She approaches the bottom of the sand covered pond. But neither Aisha nor the Jinn are there.

Fatima darts her eyes looking for either of them. Then spots something on the pond floor.

A fissure in the sand, an identical shape and length as in the wall at Fatima's home, closes tight.

Black residue rises from it towards Fatima, she wafts it away then swiftly turns around and swims up to shore.

EXT. POND - DAY

The hand holding the knife comes out first, digs into the soil on the shore of the pond.

Swinging her other arm, Fatima pulls herself out of the pond and crawls a few metres down.

She's absolutely drenched. But one thing is different.

The wound in her chest is completely closed. Not even a trace of blood on her clothing, skin, or knife.

Panting, Fatima rubs her chest with her free hand. Not even she can believe it.

Then she looks up. Above the tree line, two separate parts of the sky contain black smoke.

With her newfound energy, and seemingly out of her trance, Fatima runs towards it.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - DAY

Laxmi, a mangled mess of burnt flesh, lies dead, face first on the wood floor, burning to ashes.

The splinter in the wall closes and the black smoke stops leaking into the room.

Emerging through the haze is the Jinn. Bald and demonic. She wields the energy within her palms once more.

This time they shine orange, reminiscent of the burning flames surrounding her which she languidly walks through.

The front door opens without her needing to touch it, revealing outside Fatima's home a SMALL CROWD watching it succumb to the flames.

They scream in terror as the Jinn steps out, attempting to scatter as they run for their lives.

But there's no escape. Like a fire-wielder, she holds her hands out as flames burst from her palms, setting the ground and neighboring homes ablaze.

JINN

(hoarse, demonic voice)

ALL OF YOU ARE SINNERS! ALL OF YOU
ARE SINNERS! We will do to your home
what you did to our souls!

INT. COAL MINE - DAY

Crouched down, Chirag bawls into his hands, completely broken down. Hussein lies lifeless, pinned between the rocks.

Vague, reverberated shuffling and crashing in the distance draws Chirag's attention up.

Between the tears, Chirag manages to scream out.

CHIRAG

HELP! HELP!

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We're here to help.

A CRACKLE. In the face of the coal, a crack opens. Same size and shape as at the floor of the pond and in Fatima's wall.

Black dust sprinkles out, raining down on Chirag who curiously walks to it.

The black smoke seeps through, spreading, cascading the already dark room in an inky fog.

With wonder and amazement in his eyes, as if witnessing a miracle from God, Chirag inspects the fissure.

He reaches his arm out and through the smoke, drifting it from side to side.

Then suddenly, AN ARM reaches out to grab it, startling Chirag, causing him to jump.

The bony arm of a woman clutches hard to his wrist.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(shriek)
Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!

In a disillusioned panic, Chirag stumbles back, dragging the arm with him. An arm connected to a **YOUNG WOMAN** who appears to be in her mid twenties.

She lets go once her bare feet touch the dirty ground.

Chirag, scared, continues stepping back, until his back presses against the coal face.

The Young Woman remains still. Smiling.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
*Am I like how you remember me,
Chirag?*

The smoke surrounding the Woman swirls, lively figures forming in its vortex.

On either side of the Young Woman forms a **YOUNGER WOMAN** in her early twenties and **A GIRL**, just five years old. Striking, innocent eyes shining in the murk.

THE GIRL
Hi, Papa. Why did you kill me?

YOUNG WOMAN
You deceived Akal Purakh [Timeless Lord].

YOUNGER WOMAN
You deceived us.

THE GIRL
Papa, why did you kill me?

YOUNG WOMAN

*You will be reincarnated as swine as
the Timeless Lord demands.*

YOUNGER WOMAN

*You took the power of God into your
own hands.*

THE GIRL

Papa, why did you kill me?

YOUNG WOMAN

You are a demon.

YOUNGER WOMAN

An ego-centered soul.

THE GIRL

Papa, why did you kill me?

YOUNG WOMAN

*You will suffer our pain in
the next life.*

YOUNGER WOMAN

*You will suffer our pain in
the next life.*

The orange glow manifests in the Women's palms, but not the
Girl's, who can still only say one thing:

THE GIRL

Papa, why did you kill me?

CHIRAG

(panic)

*Oh, Akal Purakh, I see my flaws. I
see my misdeeds. I was wrong to
misjudge you.*

The fire grows in the Women's palms.

CHIRAG (CONT'D)

*Please forgive me. I was wrong to
believe I could harness your power.*

YOUNG WOMAN

*You will feel my power. In
this life, and the next, and
the next, and the next...*

YOUNGER WOMAN

*You will feel my power. In
this life, and the next, and
the next, and the next...*

The Women endlessly recite their menacing, threatening phrase
"and the next" over Chirag and The Girl's dialogue.

THE GIRL

Papa, why did you kill me?

CHIRAG
Please forgive me, dheer (daughter).

THE GIRL
 Papa, why did you kill me?

CHIRAG
I don't know.

THE GIRL
 Papa, why did you kill me?

CHIRAG
I thought it was best for you! For your next life!

THE GIRL
Papa, why did you kill me? Papa, why did you kill me? Papa, why did you kill me? ...

The chorus of phrases increases in speed and intensity, as does the fire burning in the Women's hands.

Chirag surrenders, accepting his fate. He gets small, wrapping his arms around his knees, almost like a child.

The words from his family bouncing around in his head, driving him to the brink of insanity. He lets out a SCREAM.

And immediately after doing so, so do the Women and Girl.

The Women extend their arms forwards and shoot fire at Chirag, burning him alive.

His scream of anguish quickly becomes one of insufferably pain as he rolls around, his manifested family watching on.

A fissure in his chest opens up and black smoke spews out of it. The Women and Girl open their mouths and let it flow inside them, like a dementor sucking out one's soul.

A RUMBLE of the coal face. Shaking. Rattling. Cracking. An avalanche of commotion. Until it all collapses.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

Like a bomb was detonated, the entire mine crumbles onto itself. Fire shooting out into the sky from various rooms.

The BYSTANDERS watching on flinch back, SCREAM in heartbreak. A flurry of names being called out in worry.

BYSTANDERS
Kamilah! Ghatool! Pamir! Rateeb!

Achet! Manmeet! Tapinder! Bikram!

One of the Bystanders turns their back to the mine, only to be facing another fire. This one a bit in the distance.

BYSTANDER
THE VILLAGE! THE VILLAGE IS ON FIRE!

Some of the other Bystanders turn, others continue their cries and prayers to and for their loved ones.

An additional murmur rifts through the crowd as some start walking back towards the burning village.

EXT. PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

The Jinn continues to unleash hellish carnage upon the village, scorching it to crisps.

Villagers run for their lives, trying to avoid the flames.

A BRAVE WOMAN holding a pistol attempts to shoot, but misses, only catching the Jinn's attention who then proceeds to burn her to ash.

A BABY is left abandoned on the dirt, crying. Its naked flesh protected from the elements by a thin, faded cloth blanket. The Jinn stops her torching and kneels down to its level.

She picks up the baby and cradles it lovingly... holding it close to her chest as she rocks it back and forth, humming a rhythmic tune, a melodic lullaby, softly into its ear.

But twenty-five metres behind the Jinn marches Fatima. Knife hanging by her side.

She's primed to attack, taking purposeful step after purposeful step. But then the Jinn turns with a wicked smile, revealing the baby to Fatima who stops in her tracks.

Staring in wonder and fright, the two share a brief moment of stillness in the middle of the surrounding chaos.

The Jinn stops humming, and the baby stops crying. It looks in Fatima's direction.

Gaining a burst of bravery, Fatima hastily continues forward.

The Jinn tilts her head to the side, signaling that was the wrong move to make.

She separates the baby from its blanket, lifts up her shirt, and brings its naked form close to her chest, smothering it against her bare belly.

Flesh on flesh. The baby wails furiously as the Jinn starts pushing it through her skin.

Absorbing it as part of herself.

Freezing at the horror, Fatima simply takes in the sight. Shaken to her core.

The now distorted cries slowly fade as the Jinn completely swallows the baby into herself, a reverse birth that leaves no scars nor hint of its passing in her clean, flawless skin.

And once fully consumed, the Jinn opens her mouth and breathes out a streak of thick black smoke. Her neck cracks as she sharply turns her attention back to Fatima.

A second moment of stillness quickly passes.

Then with a yell, Fatima charges forward, all defenses set aside as she white-knuckles the knife and prepares to stab.

But as she starts her forward motion, the Jinn vanishes into thin air, leaving a residue of the smoke.

And appears right behind Fatima. In the form of the seven year old Aisha.

Fatima pauses in shock for a split second but jumps as she hears the familiar voice behind her:

AISHA

I'll always stay behind you, mama.

Fatima turns, once again taking in the sight of her daughter.

A line of flames starts up behind Aisha, burning bright and heavy. The entire village now tints a slight orange hue.

Aisha starts taking methodical, languid steps back towards the flame. On the cusp of entering her trance-like state, Fatima follows forward.

FATIMA

It's not you in that body, Aisha.

AISHA

It is me, mama.

The flames are just ten metres behind her now. Fatima's feet kick up dust as she drags them through the dirt.

A WOMAN ON FIRE screams and runs behind Fatima, a streak of black smoke escaping her chest.

Aisha walks into the flames, unscathed.

Fatima reaches her arm out towards her, it being the first thing that touches the fire. But she doesn't react..

She walks into the blaze, also untouched.

And there, the two stand across from each other. In the middle of an inferno.

FATIMA

Tell me, Aisha... did you see Jannah?

AISHA

I am in Jannah. In Firdaws. [the highest garden of paradise]

FATIMA

Then why are you doing this? Do you want me to be with you? I'll beg for entrance at the door of Baab-Al-Dhikr. I'm ready to be with you again, Aisha.

Fatima takes a step closer to Aisha.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Do you forgive me?

AISHA

Yes, mama.

FATIMA

Oh, beti. I don't know why I waited so long to be with you again.

Fatima cuts her wrists wide open, blood spills out of the open wound, covering her forearm and raining into the fire.

But she feels no pain. She continues slicing and slicing, faster and faster... but to no avail.

AISHA (DEMON VOICE)

You'll never be with her!

Panicked, Fatima begins brutally stabbing herself repeatedly in the stomach, but not feeling any effect.

FATIMA

TAKE ME! TAKE ME! O ALLAH, TAKE ME!

AISHA (DEMON VOICE)
None of you will be with us!

In a speedy whirlpool of black smoke, Aisha transforms into the bald Jinn.

JINN (DEMON VOICE)
You don't deserve us!

In a last ditch attempt, Fatima stabs the Jinn straight in the heart. But she just smiles back.

Fatima tries again and again.

But eventually, the Jinn tightly grips Fatima's bleeding wrist. She holds it... melting the blade into nothingness.

JINN (DEMON VOICE) (CONT'D)
You destroy us to create us only to try and destroy us again.

FATIMA
I thought I was doing the right thing! I regret it! I regret everything! Please forgive me! Oh, whatever great and powerful being Allah has sent to right my sins, please forgive me! I never forgot! I remembered you every day of my life! I tortured myself in your honor! Please forgive me!

She breaks down into an uncontrollable sob.

JINN (DEMON VOICE)
Aisha is all grown up.

Denying that sentiment, Fatima decisively shakes her head.

FATIMA
No. No. You don't know her.

JINN (DEMON VOICE)
Her body may be in heaven, but her soul...

The Jinn sticks her finger into the open wound in her chest.

JINN (DEMON VOICE) (CONT'D)
Is in me. And it's plagued with death and misery. That is how her soul lives on. That is how you left her.

(MORE)

JINN (DEMON VOICE) (CONT'D)

You stripped her of her humanity and
 took the will of Allah into your
 hand. The hand that holds that
 blade. We are not a demon. We are an
 angel. The angel of Antiqam. We'll
 laugh when we see your bodies burn
 in Jahannam and feast on your souls
 to fuel our quest for justice.
 Now... it is time you feel our pain.

And just like that, the fire starts to burn Fatima, scorching her skin as it dissolves into flesh.

The white silk headscarf ignites in flames and floats away, carried by the wind as it disintegrates.

She starts to SCREAM as the fire takes over her. Then a fissure opens down her torso and out comes the black smoke.

The Jinn opens her mouth and sucks it all in.

Fatima's SCREAM become unbearable SQUEALS of sheer agony. She collapses to the ground, body melting away and splitting apart. The Jinn eating her soul.

She lets out one final shriek.

Taking a look at the village from a distance, a similar sight appears everywhere. Pockets of contained infernos. MOTHERS plead for forgiveness and life to their own JINNS.

Some are in the same position as Fatima. Trapped in the fire. Souls being sucked out of them.

Others are on their knees, kissing the feet of their "angel".

The rest flee from their Jinns, running through the village ablaze, screaming in unparalleled agony.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIA VILLAGE - DAY (1947)

A SHRIEKING WOMAN ON FIRE runs, arms flailing through a village being ransacked by DOZENS OF HINDU PILLAGERS.

They pillage homes, drag SCREAMING and PLEADING MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN out from them, slaughtering the ones they view as threats and dragging the ones they view as property.

The Woman on Fire runs past a disgusting sight.

An INFANT impaled on a metal stick, skewered and left to roast over a fire.

A scattering of GUN SHOTS ring through the village and bodies continue to pile on top of each other in the street as the death count rises exponentially.

In one desolate corner of the village, a NAKED WOMAN lies on her back, a DROOLING MAN over her with a knife as he carves deep cuts into her breasts then begins to slice them off.

Right beside her, is ANOTHER PILLAGER with A BOUND NAKED WOMAN pinned under his arms.

Her face nothing but a bloody mess as the Pillager uses his knife to cut off her nose.

Once done, he lets go of her and she goes stumbling about, dizzy, blood falling everywhere.

He motions to her with the knife.

ANOTHER PILLAGER
Run now. C'mon.

Still bound, she turns and makes a struggling run for it.

INT. INDIA VILLAGE HOME - DAY (1947)

Fatima is wearing the white silk headscarf as she presses herself into a corner, hugging a distraught Aisha in dread.

They cower underneath an open, second-story window. Eyes bloodshot and tears flowing

FATIMA'S HUSBAND kneels on the floor in front of her, a PILLAGER holds a knife to his neck.

TWO OTHER PILLAGERS stand guard at the entrance, also holding sharp weapons of their own.

AISHA

Papa! Papa! Papa! Don't hurt
Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!
Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!
Papa! Papa! Papa!

PILLAGER

Are there any final words you
would like to say to your
wife and daughter before we
can see what they're like for
ourselves?

FATIMA

Please don't! Please--

FATIMA'S HUSBAND

Jump! Jum--

The Pillager stabs Fatima's Husband in the neck repeatedly. He chokes on his blood as he collapses.

Fatima yells out in despair.

AISHA

Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Wake up!
Papa wake up! Papa!

Holding Aisha closer, the Pillager pulls his knife out of Fatima's bleeding and twitching Husband.

He licks the blood off the knife. The Two Pillagers behind him step forward.

Fatima shuts her eyes tight and firmly grabs Aisha. In one swift motion, she stands with her and flips out of the window. The Pillagers rush towards it and look down.

EXT. INDIA VILLAGE - BEHIND FATIMA'S HOME - DAY (1947)

Quickly stumbling back up to their feet, Fatima lifts Aisha and runs for her life.

The Pillagers jump out the window and land safely on their feet, charging after them.

Fatima takes a sharp turn through

A NARROW GAP BETWEEN TWO HOUSES

And escapes with her out onto

THE MAIN PATH

The Pillagers continue their pursuit amidst the absolute carnage of screams, cries, slaughters, blood and guts.

A primal massacre of unimaginably inhumane proportions.

On the run, Aisha starts hitting Fatima's back.

AISHA

PAPA! PAPA! PAPA!

Fire starts to burn everywhere as MORE PILLAGERS set the village aflame.

FIRE-STARTING PILLAGERS intercept the Chasing Pillagers, stopping their pursuit in its tracks. They hand them torches.

FIRE-STARTING PILLAGER

Burn the rest! The army will be here soon!

The Chasing Pillagers watch Fatima run into the distance.
They furiously grab the torches.

EXT. INDIA VILLAGE - BY A PILE OF DEAD BODIES - DAY (1947)

DOZENS OF DEAD BODIES lie piled on top of one another. Fatima dives down at the base, bringing Aisha with her.

AISHA
MAMA! WE HAVE TO GET PA--

Fatima roughly puts her hands over Aisha's mouth.

FATIMA
Shhh! If they hear us they'll do to
us what they did to Papa. So shut up
unless you want to get us killed.

Fatima takes her hand off her daughter's mouth, then starts sifting through the dead bodies, making a type of fortress.

She grabs Aisha by the hand.

AISHA
No. Mama--

Fatima puts her index finger in front of her mouth in the "shh", but with immense urgency... then pushes Aisha into the bodies, squeezing her between the bloody limbs and torsos.

As for Fatima, she gets as low to the ground as possible, covering herself as well, but leaving just enough room to peer out a small opening.

But when she sees TWO RAPIST PILLAGERS dragging a WAILING and KICKING GIRL, as young as twelve, she flinches, but tries to remain as steady as possible.

They grab at her clothes, tearing them open, but her kicking makes it hard for them to gain control.

Fatima cradles Aisha close, hiding her eyes in her chest as she slides her hand up and down her back comfortingly. She softly hums the same tune the Jinn hummed to the baby earlier.

Fed up, one of the Rapist Pillagers takes out his pistol and smacks the Girl in the face with its butt.

Cracking her nose and facial bones as she enters a daze. Her screaming immediately stops, as does Fatima's humming.

He whacks her again, knocking her unconscious. The other Rapist Pillager turns to him in irritation.

RAPIST PILLAGER #1
What are you doing!? I like them
when they scream and fight!

Untying the string of his pants, the Gun Holding Rapist Pillager shrugs and pushes him out of the way.

RAPIST PILLAGER #2
It doesn't matter to me.

Pulling his pants down, he gets on top of the Girl.

Fatima finally looks away from the horrifying scene and hugs her daughter closer, hiding Aisha's face and. She rocks back and forth and starts humming the tune once again.

EXT. INDIA VILLAGE - NIGHT (1947)

Moonlight shines down upon the burnt village. Waning flames take the last buildings left standing.

It's eerily quiet. Some GOATS and SHEEP run through.

By the pile of bodies, Fatima remains, half-hiding and now holding a crying Aisha by her side. She peeks over the pile and takes a careful look around.

AISHA
 We have to go back for Papa.

FATIMA
 We can't, beti. We have to move.

AISHA
 I want Papa!

Grabbing her wrist, Fatima lifts Aisha in the air. She SCREAMS in rebellion as she kicks her legs out.

Fatima drops Aisha to the ground, who lands on her two feet.

AISHA (CONT'D)
 We have to go back for Papa!

FATIMA
 We can't! We have to get on the next train to Punjab!

Without a further word, Fatima drags Aisha behind her as she walks off, Aisha renewing her crying.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
I don't want to hear a word about
Papa. Understand?

Aisha doesn't respond. Just cries.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
UNDERSTAND!?

That striking tone quiets her. She stares up at her hopeless mother and nods.

Easing down a bit, sensing, finally, some security, Fatima takes a deep breath and gets down to eye-level with Aisha.

She wipes away the tears from her daughter's eyes and caresses her face.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
I need you to always stay with me,
okay? I'll protect you.

AISHA
I'll always stay behind you, mama.

And despite the fiery bloodbath behind them, Fatima can't help but smile. She brings up her hands and takes off her white silk headscarf.

Then, with a tender maternal touch, she ties it over Aisha's hair and leans in close, softly placing her forehead against her daughter's.

FATIMA
I promise to never let anything bad
ever happen to you.

With that, Fatima begins to cry. Aisha sniffles.

Smoke rises behind them. Fire burns. Bodies lay dead, littered across the street.

FADE OUT.

THE END