

DELHI CRIME

Season 1

Episode 4

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SCRIPT NOTE - Italicized dialogue is in Hindi, the rest in English.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"The Following is Inspired by Case Files"

"Day Three, 7 am"

EXT. KARALI RIVERBANKS - MORNING

Back at the river with Sudhir, Arif, his two other colleagues, and Amar Singh, the suspect, who's swimming away.

Sudhir swims towards Arif, who's struggling, while the others yell from the river banks, unsure of what to do.

Sudhir finally reaches Arif, and pulls him back towards the banks.

They climb up, safe, and all together, while Arif pants.

They look at the fleeing Amar, making progress, and almost at the other side now.

SUDHIR

(screaming)

Amar! Don't be a fool! Come back or there'll be trouble! Come back!

He reaches the other side, and slowly climbs onto the banks.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

Amar - I'll tell your parents the truth about what you and your brother did.

Suddenly, he stops.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

Is that what you want? To bring shame and ruin to your family?

AMAR

(from across the river)

No Sir - please don't do that!

SUDHIR

(to his team)

Let's go.

AMAR

I'll do as you say. Just don't tell my Mother!

SUDHIR
Stay right there!

Sudhir looks at the others and shrugs. They run into the water, back to the shallow part, towards the other side, as Amar patiently waits.

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - MORNING

ANGLE ON: Vartika's bloodshot eyes, as she stares ahead at something.

We then see that she and Bhupendra are looking at the map of India with pins all over the North.

VARTIKA
I don't know how we're going to find
Alok.

BHUPENDRA
Through patience and labour, Madam.

Vartika looks at him, as if they can't afford to be. Her phone rings. She puts it on speaker.

VARTIKA
Yeah, tell me.

EXT. KARALI RIVERBANK - MORNING

Covered in mud, Sudhir, Arif, the two other Inspectors, and their prisoner Amar have reached the unmarked police van. Amar is seated inside, while Sudhir speaks to Vartika on the phone. Behind him, the others prepare to depart, wiping dry mud off.

SUDHIR
We have Amar Singh.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra is elated, while Vartika doesn't show it.

SUDHIR
*Do we have to report this to the
SHO here?*

VARTIKA
No, we don't have time.

Bhupendra cuts off Amar's name from the board.

BHUPENDRA
Getting there.

SUBHASH (O.S.)
*Hello? Yeah, I'm Subhash Gupta,
from the Delhi Police. Who's
this?...*

INT. BHUPENDRA'S ADJOINING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...In the adjoining office, Subhash sifts through all of Jai Singh's call logs.

ANGLE ON: the call logs - with a handwritten note - "from 4 months prior" on top of the page.

Subhash dials a number. A man answers.

SUBHASH
*Bitu? I'm looking for a guy named
Sonu. Do you know Sonu? Any Sonu
will do. You must know someone by
that name?*

He hangs up, and dials another from the same list. This will take forever.

EXT. MANESAR, GURGAON (INDUSTRIAL AREA) - MORNING

A beat up car arrives in Manesar, Gurgaon, in the middle of an industrial zone, clad with workers, iron scrap piles, car parts, and welding shops. The ground is black from pollutants, as is the skin of everyone working there.

Jairaj Singh and Rakesh get out of the car, and look around. Workers are everywhere, the place is open for business.

Nearby stands a man with a blow torch, welding an iron frame (with no eye or face protection of any kind).

JAIRAJ
*Hey, brother, Where can I find
Bhaskar Kumar, the welder?*

MAN ON STREET
No Idea.

JAIRAJ
No?

The guy shakes his head.

They walk around, stopping a young boy walking by, with a tray of chais. Jairaj gives him some coins and takes a chai, as does Rakesh.

JAIRAJ (CONT'D)
*Kid, let me have chai. Do you know
 Bhaskar Kumar, the welder?*

CHAI KID
*No, but he might know.
 (points to a paan stand
 nearby)*

They down their chai, return the glass cups, and make their way. The Paan Man has a few customers, all hanging around in the morning light.

RAKESH
*Brother, where can I find Bhaskar
 Kumar, the welder?*

PAAN MAN
*Yeah, he works at the trolly
 factory.*

RAKESH
Would he be there now?

PAAN MAN
They open after 10am.

RAKESH
*Do you have any idea where he
 lives?*

PAAN MAN
Sure.

RAKESH
Can you take us?

PAAN MAN
Who are you?

RAKESH
Delhi Police...

PAAN MAN
Oh... Brother

The Paan Man leans out of his stand.

PAAN MAN (CONT'D)
Oh... Brother

A man standing by a tree, smoking a bidi, looks back.

JEEJU
What?

PAAN MAN
I'll be back.

RAKESH
 Where?

PAAN MAN
 This way.

The Paan Man leaves his stand and walks off, as Jairaj and Rakesh follow.

INT. CHANDNI'S ROOM - MORNING

Chandni lies awake in her bed, watching the news on her phone - a report about the growing escalation of protests at police stations, and at India Gate (a giant war monument near the parliament buildings), on behalf of women's rights, and law and order. The press is even encouraging citizens to join the protests!

She texts a friend at the same time.

She writes: *"I couldn't sleep. And when I did I had nightmares."*

Her friend responds: *"I feel nauseated. What's your Mom doing?"*

Chandni replies: *"Don't know. She hasn't come home since it happened."*

VISHAL (O.S.)
 Chandu, breakfast!

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY - MORNING

On the way back from Karauli, Sudhir and co. drive in silence, while Amar sits in the back, sandwiched between inspectors.

Sudhir - sitting shotgun - examines the mobile phone they seized from him.

Arif eyes him from the driver's seat, unable to stop glancing as much as he can, via the rearview mirror. He breaks the silence.

ARIF
Why did you do it?

No answer.

ARIF (CONT'D)

(louder)

Hey, I'm asking you! Have you gone deaf? Why did you do it?!

AMAR

Sir we were partying, it just happened. I kept trying to stop them but they didn't listen.

SUDHIR

Whose phone is this?

AMAR

I've had it for years.

SUDHIR

Doesn't look like your kind of phone.

Sudhir takes it apart.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

Where's the SIM card?

No answer.

ARIF

(to the others)

Smack him on the head, he'll hear better after.

SUDHIR

No. We need to deliver him in one piece, physically and emotionally. We've done our job, let the bosses do the rest.

He looks back at Amar, who stares ahead, avoiding eye contact.

INT. MANESAR DWELLING - MORNING

Jairaj and Rakesh burst into a place and find a man - BHASKAR KUMAR, late 30s - sleeping alone. Jairaj grabs him by surprise and picks him up.

JAIRAJ

Wake up.

BHASKAR

What... What do you want, Sir?!

Jairaj's tactics are clearly rougher than Sudhir's. He pushes him against a wall, frightening him to death, while Rakesh looks around.

JAIRAJ
What's your name?

BHASKAR
Sir, who are you?

JAIRAJ
Delhi Police, what's your name?

BHASKAR
Sir, Bhaskar Kumar!

Rakesh picks up a pile of bloody clothes in the corner and holds them up.

RAKESH
Bhaskar Kumar...Where did you get these blood-stained clothes?

BHASKAR
Don't know.

JAIRAJ
You don't know?

BHASKAR
Sir, I'll tell you. I'll tell you. It's my cousin, Alok's. I'll tell you but don't hit me.

Jairaj lets him go and backs a few steps away. Bhaskar heaves from the excitement, catching his breath.

JAIRAJ
Then talk.

BHASKAR
Sir.
(still panting)
Yesterday he showed up suddenly, left those, and took off.

RAKESH
he just come to change? He could have done that anywhere.

BHASKAR
Sir, That's all.

JAIRAJ
You think we are idiots.

He grabs him again and pushes him against the wall, disrupting a shelf that had plates on it.

BHASKAR
Please don't hit me.

JAIRAJ

So tell us. Did you gave him money?

BHASKAR

*Yes, 500 rupees and my phone.
That's all. I swear, that's it. He
left last night with the phone and
money.*

JAIRAJ

You're telling the truth?

BHASKAR

Yes, Sir.

Jairaj let's him go again, and sits him down.

RAKESH

Where did he go?

BHASKAR

*Sir, I don't know. I swear. I
didn't ask, he didn't tell.*

RAKESH

Do you have any idea where?

BHASKAR

*Yes, Sir. To his home village in
Bihar State..*

RAKESH

His parents are there?

BHASKAR

Yes, Sir.

RAKESH

Where exactly?

BHASKAR

Chapara, a village near Aurangabad.

RAKESH

Anyone else is in his family?

BHASKAR

His wife, Pallavi.

RAKESH

He's married?

BHASKAR

*Yes, Sir. She's from Jharkhand
state, she lives with her parents.*

Rakesh looks at Jairaj.

RAKESH

Okay, come to the police station.

BHASKAR

Sir, I didn't do anything.

RAKESH

You didn't?

BHASKAR

No, Sir.

RAKESH

You helped a criminal. You knew he committed a crime and ran.

BHASKAR

No, Sir, I didn't know. I thought he might have run over a cow by accident.

RAKESH

Come, let's meet the cow.

BHASKAR

Please, I didn't do anything.

JAIRAJ

The cow's pressing charges.

He motions him out. Dejected, he follows.

VARTIKA (O.S.)

Where the hell are you guys?

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bhupendra and Vartika sit in the office, speaker-calling Sudhir.

SUDHIR (O.S.)

In traffic, Ma'am. We're just at the city limits, but it might take a while.

INT. POLICE VAN - MORNING

Sudhir and co. are stuck between a wall of trucks, with no end in sight. Sudhir is now driving.

BHUPENDRA (O.S.)

Sudhir come around the back side. The protests are back.

SUDHIR

Okay, Sir.

He hangs up. Everyone is asleep now, except Sudhir and the prisoner.

Sudhir mutters a curse to himself as he looks for a break in traffic. He exhales, they're stuck.

He looks at Amar through the mirror. Amar leaning back, his head to the side, staring into nowhere.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

Tell me something...

Amar's eyes move, clearly he's listening.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

How can two brothers do such a thing together? It's one thing for a gang of friends to do it - but two brothers? It's not like you guys are born into a gangster family. Your parents are simple villagers. So what happened?

AMAR

(still not moving his head)

It was Jai's idea. And you don't say no to Jai.

SUDHIR

You're that afraid of your own brother?

AMAR

Yes, Sir.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CORRIDOR - MORNING

A Duty Officer quickly walks down the corridor with a document in her hand.

She enters Bhupendra's office.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As she walks in, Vartika is on the phone.

She hangs up.

DUTY OFFICER

Madam Sir, I have something that might be important... another victim in this case.

DUTY OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
On the night of Dec 16th, Banke Lal boarded a bus from Munirka bus stand where he was attacked by 6 people.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CORRIDOR - MORNING

Vartika and Bhupendra quickly walk down the corridor and down the stairs with a file in hand with the same Duty Officer as she briefs them.

DUTY OFFICER
He was robbed and beaten before they threw him out at Hauz Khas crossing on Aurobindo marg.

INT. VINOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter Vinod's office, where Banke Lal sits. He's bruised. Whatever his story is, he's had a rough time.

VARTIKA
Banke Lal?

BANKE LAL
Yes, Madam?

She looks at Vinod, her eyes asking if they can question him? Vinod - behind the desk - motions for her to proceed.

VARTIKA
I'm South District DCP. This is Inspector Bhupendra Singh.

BANKE LAL
Hello, Sir.

Vartika leans against Vinod's desk, while Bhupendra leads the session. The Duty Officer and Vinod listen in.

BHUPENDRA
Tell us, what happened to you on the night of Dec 16th.

BANKE LAL
I was waiting at Munirka bus stand to catch a bus home to Sangam Vihar. I found a bus and got on...

BHUPENDRA
What time?

BANKE LAL
Around 8:30 pm?

VARTIKA

Go on.

BANKE LAL

As I got on, the light went off and the bus left. There were six guys on the bus, all around the driver's cabin. They s attacked me saying nothing. They took my wallet and phone. They threw me off the moving bus just by the IIT overpass. If I'd landed on my head, I'd have been dead.

VARTIKA

Could you identify the men?

BANKE LAL

Some of them.

VARTIKA

Where was the driver in all this?

BANKE LAL

He was in on it.

VARTIKA

Why didn't you report it that night?

BANKE LAL

To whom? I asked everyone for help, nobody cared. And then an autowallah stopped, I used his phone on the way and called my brother. He told me to come straight home. I figured what would the cops do? When I saw the news on TV, I realized this had to be the same gang.

Vartika looks at the others. This is good, if it's true.

BHUPENDRA

Describe the inside of the bus.

BANKE LAL

It was a white bus with blue seat covers and yellow curtains. And there was a Shiv-ji idol on the dashboard.

Bhupendra looks at Vartika, that's enough for him. Vartika looks at Banke Lal intently.

VARTIKA
 (to the Duty Officer)
*Register a case against the same
 suspect of dacoity.*

DUTY OFFICER
 Yes Ma'am

VARTIKA
 (to Vinod)
*Let's get him to ID the suspects
 after.*
 (to Banke Lal)
*I'm very sorry you had to go
 through this. And for coming in
 here to help us - Thank you very
 much.*

She leaves the room. Bhupendra follows her into the corridor.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION ENTRANCE - MORNING

BHUPENDRA
 (surprised)
 I wonder if there're are any more?

VARTIKA
 If he had complained that night,
 maybe we could've prevented this.

BHUPENDRA
 We don't know that. It's not our
 fault this happened.

VARTIKA
 Try saying that to Dipika.

BHUPENDRA
 Madam, the good think is we have
 one more witness. Just in case.

She looks back at the office.

VARTIKA
 Take care of him.
 (motions to Banke Lal)
 Make sure he doesn't go to the
 media.

She rubs the bridge of her nose.

BHUPENDRA
 Get some rest, Madam.

Vartika's phone buzzes. It's her daughter Chandni.

VARTIKA

I'm fine.
 (answers)
 Hi baby.

EXT. CHANDNI'S SCHOOL - MORNING

She stands in the courtyard of her school, speaking on her phone as student mull around. Some are even yelling in the background, their own mini protests at what's going on.

CHANDNI

Hey Mom - you called?.

VARTIKA

Yeah, How are you doing?

CHANDNI

How do you think? How is everyone in the city doing?

VARTIKA

Tell me about it. But don't worry...

CHANDNI

How the fuc can I not worry?

VARTIKA

Chandni, don't use that tone with me.

A beat, as Chandni searches for the words.

CHANDNI

So... how's it going? Have you caught them all yet?

They're interrupted by protest sounds from outside Vasant Vihar. Vartika walks away from the entrance, towards the inner courtyard where it's quiet.

VARTIKA

No, working on it. And we'll get them.

CHANDNI

I hope so.

VARTIKA

And please stay away from the protests. Go to school and come back home.

CHANDNI

Why?

VARTIKA

Because things have a way of going wrong without a reason.

CHANDNI

Mom, there is a reason.

VARTIKA

I know, but it doesn't help us when we're trying to do our job.

CHANDNI

That's the point! They're saying if you'd done your job none of this would've happened in the first place!

VARTIKA

There is nothing we could have done to prevent this.

CHANDNI

So everyone in the city is wrong?

VARTIKA

You know what... we'll talk about it later.

CHANDNI

Mom... was the girl really gutted with a rod?

The dreaded question. Vartika exhales.

Chandni wipes tears from her eyes at the thought of it.

CHANDNI (CONT'D)

So is this what you meant when you said you'd show me the good side of Delhi?

Vartika has no response.

CHANDNI (CONT'D)

I have to go.

She hangs up.

Vartika rubs her eyes, not even sure what day it is anymore.

INT. POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sudhir turns around to address everyone in the van.

SUDHIR

Listen, we're hopping this fence and running inside, understand?

AMAR

*First the river, now the fence.
What is this?*

SUDHIR

*We could take you through the front
door, where the crowd wants to
lynch you. It's up to you. You
prefer jail, or being torn apart?
Move it.*

No response.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION REAR JUNGLE - DAY

They leave the car and make a run for the jungle, Amar nestled between them all.

INT. KUMAR VIJAY'S AMBASSADOR VEHICLE - MORNING

Sitting in the back seat of his car, Kumar is chauffeured around while his ASSISTANT sits beside him, shuffling through paper work.

Kumar reads a file on his lap, clearly worried.

His phone rings, he looks at it and winces, as if in pain. HE considers not answering it, but does anyway.

KUMAR (ON PHONE)

Good morning, Minister...

MINISTER

You have a minute?

KUMAR

Yes, Sir.

MINISTER

When can you come to my office today?

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I can come this afternoon Sir...

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Okay good and please bring the DCP South District with you.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON - Vartika's phone, and a text message:

"Meet me at the Ministry of Home Affairs now." - Kumar

VARTIKA
 (to herself)
 What the hell?

Vimla sits across from her, more exhibits packaged in front of her, sealed. She watches Vartika, but says nothing.

Suddenly Sudhir enters with his team.

BHUPENDRA
 Come in. Welcome.

VARTIKA
Sudhir, very very well done.

She sees the mud on their clothes, their disheveled state.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
And looking the part too. Go, freshen up. Have a meal and rest. Come back after.

SUDHIR
Thank You, Ma'am.
 (to Vimla)
Vimla - he's all yours now. He's agreed to be ID'd by the victim.

VIMLA
We'll transfer him to Tihar after his medical.

They hear more ruckus outside, and look out a window.

PROTESTORS
 Delhi Police - Shame! Shame!

EXT. VASANT VIHAR POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGLE ON: Crowds outside. They're becoming rowdier, as they've learned that some of the suspects may in fact be inside. They're pushing against the gate, as more constables run to keep it closed.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra, sitting nearby, looks up from some paper work, reading glasses on.

VARTIKA (O.S.)
 (to Bhupendra)
 Bhupendra - Do me a favour.

BHUPENDRA
 Yes, Madam.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION - DAY

Back with the rowdy crowd, as they hurl insults towards the station, and demand answers. At the same time...

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION REAR - DAY

Bhupendra climbs under the fence, with a constable standing guard nearby, and walks casually around the back, towards the crowd out front. As he is in plain clothes, nobody would ever know he was police.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION - CONTINUOUS

He comes upon the crowds, and makes his way in, joining some of the chants against the police, and for the women of the city.

He maneuvers in.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION - CONTINUOUS

...and pick up the conversation.

BHUPENDRA

Brother... So what's the plan? I'm late, I just got off work. What are we doing?

PROTESTOR 1

We're going to lynch the bastards!

BHUPENDRA

Who?

PROTESTOR 1

The rapists they have inside!

BHUPENDRA

They caught them?

PROTESTOR 1

We think so! When they come out to go to court, we'll charge them and lynch them here. That's justice!!

The crowd screams.

BHUPENDRA

But what if they're not inside?

PROTESTOR 1

We also have people standing outside Saket Court. We'll get them here or there. We won't spare them.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S ADJOINING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vartika watches from the window.

VARTIKA
(to Vimla)
He's good.

VIMLA
(in agreement)
Hmmm.

We see him speaking to a few people.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION ENTRANCE

He joins in the slogans and shouting, subtly making his way out of the crowd.

VARTIKA (O.S.)
So that's their great plan?

INT. BHUPENDRA'S ADJOINING OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Vartika continues to look out the window as Bhupendra stands nearby, safely back inside.

BHUPENDRA
They'll charge at us if they have the chance.

VARTIKA
And if they do it together they might get away with it.

BHUPENDRA
Wouldn't be the first time.

VARTIKA
So, we need to somehow get them to the magistrate, unharmed. I have to go to the MHA. Can you handle this?

BHUPENDRA
Yes Ma'am. Of course.

Bhupendra smiles and nods, excited for the opportunity to play cops.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION REAR - DAY

Bhupendra, Vimla, Jai Singh, his brother Amar, Vikas and Brajesh, and four other officers sneak out the back of Vasant Vihar station, through the jungle bush, back towards the parking lot of the cinema. The prisoners are unbound, they're hands held tightly by the officers.

VIMLA
Go. Hurry, move.

VIMLA (CONT'D)
You see what happens to yoy if you run.

BHUPENDRA
Move. Hold him.

VIMLA
Take care of this guy.

BHUPENDRA
Vimla get in the car.

As they're about to reach their vehicles, a group of protestors/students coming through the same jungle bush (and carrying food for their protestor friends) run into them. Everyone is shocked by the encounter.

PROTESTORS
Hey, It's him!

One of the students is about to yell out when Bhupendra pulls his gun on them.

BHUPENDRA
*Stop, Shut up. What do you wnat?
Don't move! Get in our way and
we'll lock you up too. Move it.*

They're all silent.

The prisoners quickly scurry towards the cars, escorted by the other officers and Vimla, as Bhupendra holds these students in place with his gun.

Once they're in the vehicles, Bhupendra lowers his weapon and runs to the car, as the students exhale, scared to death.

Quickly getting into one of the unmarked vehicles, Bhupendra rides with Jai, while Vimla and the other inspectors take Amar, Vikas and Brajesh in separate vehicles.

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)
(to Jai)
Come on this side.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra starts the car and pulls out of the lot.

BHUPENDRA
*You guys have become celebrities
Everyone wants a piece of you!*

They pull out onto the road, and he looks back.

EXT. DELHI STREETS - DAY

The unmarked car pulls into a small side street, and then another, and another.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra stops the car.

DRIVER
Sir, it's the SUV ahead on the left.

BHUPENDRA
Come on.

He opens the door for Jai, and they run out.

EXT. DELHI STREETS - CONTINUOUS

They run through a small jungle clearing, and reach a road, where another unmarked vehicle waits. They jump in and drive off.

EXT. MINISTRY OF HOME AFFAIRS - DAY

Vartika's car arrives to the grand, regal looking main entrance of the ministry in the Indian parliament block.

INT. MINISTRY OF HOME AFFAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She enters the lobby, and sees Kumar waiting for her.

They walk together down the old musky corridors of the British-built structure.

VARTIKA
What is this about, Sir?

KUMAR

I know it couldn't have come at a worse time - it's about our political masters covering their own hides. I tried to shield you from this, but the Minister insisted. Just answer the questions he asks , it'll be fine.

INT. MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

White and spacious, with only one table, a few chairs, and many awards and photographs, the MINISTER wears a grey suit - common in Indian government - sports a thin moustache, and has a rotund belly. He sits behind his desk, his arms folded over said belly. He has several gold rings as well. An ASSISTANT sits nearby. The Minister in the middle of berating Kumar and Vartika...

VARTIKA

(impatient)

That's not true, Sir. The PCR van was in and out in 7 minutes, we have the logs. They did a great job. They were handling a victim who was bleeding and naked. They had to borrow bed sheets to cover her and make her comfortable. So whatever you're hearing isn't true sir...

Kumar looks at her, as if she needs to finish her sentence.

The Minister is about to respond when Vartika interrupts...

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

In fact, a lot of public vehicles stopped. But No one helped. What is wrong with the people in this city is my question?

Kumar gently motions for her to zip it, and takes over.

KUMAR

I think, Sir, that watching the news is not helping anyone. The facts are being twisted.

MINISTER

(not impressed)

I watch what everyone watches, and if people believe that the crime was preventable, I have to believe that too. The city is plunged into chaos. Civil society is taunting the police force and now there are protests at India gate.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

So tell me why was this bus on the road? Where were your people when the girl boarded the bus? Why couldn't the PCR van see what was happening inside?

Vartika's face is getting red. She's about to respond when Kumar calmly responds...

KUMAR

Imagine, Sir, the cop is standing at an intersection, now thousands of vehicles are passing by. How can a cop see inside an elevated moving bus? And night, with tinted windows and no lights. And I must add that other cars beside or behind did notice anything either. Hypothetically speaking Sir. I don't think these kind of crimes can be ever prevented even if you put 3 million cops on the street, much less our 80,000.

The Minister appears to not be listening.

KUMAR (CONT'D)

Sir, we have already four in custody. Once we have the last two, we'll reveal everything publicly.

The Minister sighs, becoming human for a moment.

MINISTER

It's the dream of every Chief Minister... How do I get the police force under my jurisdiction. This just might be the excuse he needs to get a nod from Parliament. Any kind of anti-police sentiment in the city will help him.

KUMAR

Hmm

MINISTER

God help you if you can't catch these two.

VARTIKA (O.S.)

(incensed)

What just happened in there?

INT. MINISTRY OF HOME AFFAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

Vartika and Kumar emerge from the office, happy to get away. They walk quickly down the corridor.

Kumar is preoccupied with a text.

KUMAR
You need to go to the High Court
right now.

VARTIKA
Now? Sir...

MINISTER'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Commissioner Saab!

Kumar looks back. The Minister's Assistant is waving him back
to the office.

KUMAR
(to Vartika)
I'll call you on the way - just go.
Now.

He pushes her along - and she does so, confused, as he
returns to the office.

INT. MINISTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kumar enters.

MINISTER
Haa, Kumar. Come. Come.

KUMAR
Yes, Sir?

MINISTER
Can we speak as friends?

KUMAR
Of course

MINISTER
You'll have tea or whiskey?

KUMAR
No, thank you.

The Minister presses a button.

MINISTER
Come sit. I do know that you're
doing the best anyone can.

KUMAR
Thank You Sir.

MINISTER
But there are greater powers at
play.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

The CM has named you as the one at fault. He went to meet the PM unsuccessfully, and then he came to see me wanting your head on a platter for all of this.

Kumar doesn't seem fazed. A younger assistant pops his head in to his office.

KUMAR

(to the younger assistant)
Mine? Why Sir?

He disappears.

MINISTER

No, no. You are the detective

Kumar is now worried.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S ADJOINING OFFICE - DAY

Having gone through Jai Singh's call logs all night, a totally exhausted Subhash dials another number.

He hangs up, and calls another number.

INT. UNMARKED VEHICLE - DAY

Bhupendra's phone rings, as sits in a back, holding Jai Singh's hand. He answers.

BHUPENDRA

Yeah, Subhash?

SUBHASH (O.S.)

Yeah, I found Sonu. He used to work for a guy named Bhatia in Karkadhuma. Bhatia is the guy who called Jai Singh about the Sonu loan.

BHUPENDRA

Can you meet to him today?

SUBHASH

Yeah, I am.

BHUPENDRA

Find out everything he knows about Sonu.

SUBHASH

Will Do.

BHUPENDRA

Great.

He hangs up.

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)

(to Jai)

That is great. Soon you'll be reunited with all your friends!

He pats him on the back. Jai isn't amused.

EXT. SAKET COURT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

They drive by the Saket Court entrance, and see that the protestors are there in full force.

BHUPENDRA

(to the driver)

Go around the back.

They move on.

EXT. SAKET COURT REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the back entrance of Saket Court, and drive in, unnoticed, totally avoiding the police smoke screen (and protests) out front.

INT. SAKET COURT - DAY

Jai Singh is escorted down a corridor by Bhupendra, who intercepts a court officer. The officer escorts them into a Magistrate's chamber.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Jai Singh is left standing in the middle of the small but classy room, in front of a Magistrate, and beside his public defender. Bhupendra continues to hold his hand.

The Magistrate stares at Jai, this monster in his office. It looks like Jai's had a rough ride.

MAGISTRATE

This is Mr. Rai, your defense counsel. I have some questions - just formalities. Are you willing to be ID'd by the victim?

JAI SINGH

No.

MAGISTRATE

No, My Lord.

JAI SINGH

No, My Lord.

MAGISTRATE

You realize this refusal can be used against you?

Jai looks at him, not understanding.

MR. RAI

(clarifying to Jai)

...That it looks as though you're afraid to see him.

JAI SINGH

Yes, I understand.

MAGISTRATE

In which language do you wish to have the court proceedings in?

JAI SINGH

Hindi.

MAGISTRATE

Have you been under any pressure or coercion while in custody?

Jai stares blankly at him again.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Has anyone scared you or forced you into saying or doing anything while in custody?

Jai looks down, as if broken, and unable to argue. Mr. Rai looks at him, and back at the Magistrate.

JAI SINGH

No. My Lord.

The Magistrate gives him a look, before carrying on. He looks down at his notes.

MAGISTRATE (O.S.)

I believe the police have applied for a remand...

INT. TIHAR JAIL LINE-UP ROOM - DAY

Amar Singh enters a police line-up of 8 similar-looking men in a Tihar Jail room.

Inside the dark room, Akash watches with another Magistrate beside him, and Vimla nearby.

MAGISTRATE

Do you recognize any of them?

AKASH

(points to Amar)

*Him, My Lord. Third from the right.
He drove the bus when we got on.
He... hit me with the rod, and he
was last to... molest Deepika.*

The Magistrate takes notes.

INT. VARTIKA'S AMBASSADOR VEHICLE - DAY

As Vartika is driven to the High Court, leaning her head back and closing her eyes, Narayan sits in the front, monitoring the radios. Her phone buzzes. She looks at it and answers.

VARTIKA

Yes, Sir.

KUMAR

So the court is looking into Police procedure on this one Vartika?

EXT. HOME MINISTRY BUILDING - DAY

Kumar stands on the steps outside the monolithic building, having just left his meeting with the Minister.

KUMAR

It seems that the Chief Justice has seen the news as well, and she is carrying out her form of 'judicial activism.

VARTIKA

But Sir, I can't deal with this right now. I'm in the middle of conducting a live...

KUMAR

...I know, but we have our defense counsel there. Just chip in with details that they don't know and we'll bandage it for the time being.

VARTIKA

Okay, Sir.

KUMAR

Sorry to put you through this,
Vartika. But we have no choice.

VARTIKA

Sir.

He hangs up.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks out the window, lost in thought. Suddenly, she overhears from the wireless radio that they're calling reinforcement battalions to India Gate, as the numbers are getting unmanageable now. Her phone rings, it's the Joint CP. She answers.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

Yes, Sir...?

INT. SAFDARJUNG HOSPITAL - DAY

Now in uniform, Neeti sits beside Dipika, who is asleep.

She stares ahead, somehow still alert, despite no sleep for several days. She looks like a child, but an incredibly patient one.

She notices Dipika's blanket is skewed. She stands and adjusts it. Suddenly her phone goes off, it's Vartika. She puts it on silent, and is about to answer, when...

Dipika stirs from the noise, and slowly opens her eyes. She sees Neeti, and smiles. Neeti ignores the call.

NEETI

(whispering)

Hey. I'm Neeti....

(to Kiran)

Auntie... Auntie

Dipika manages to smile, and nods a hello. Neeti is overwhelmed.

Dipika's Mother enters the room, and sees that she's awake.

KIRAN

(elated)

Chunnu! You're awake, dear. My
brave child.

Neeti stands back, giving them space. She leaves the room and dials Vartika back.

VARTIKA (O.S.)

Neeti - I want you at India Gate. Protestors have to be pushed back from the parliament. All lady officers have been ordered to the barricade.

INT. VARTIKA'S AMBASSADOR VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

NEETI (O.S.)

Madam, I thought you wanted me to stay here ...

VARTIKA

I do, but this is coming straight from the Joint CP, so... As soon as you get disposed, get back to Deepika.

NEETI

Madam. I wanted to tell you, she just woke up.

Vartika is surprised, and actually cracks a smile.

VARTIKA

How is she?

EXT. GURGAON DHABA - DAY

Jairaj and Rakesh have lunch at a road-side food stand. They're served food by a young teenager. Jairaj stares at the plate in front of him.

JAIRAJ

(to the server)
What the hell is this.

SERVER

Your order.

JAIRAJ

I ordered kidney beans, idiot. You brought chicken? You're giving chicken to a vegetarian.

SERVER

I'm bringing it.

The Server looks at him, annoyed. Jairaj motions for him to take it away. He does so.

JAIRAJ

"I'm bringing it."

RAKESH
 (smiles as he eats)
You have quite a reputation.

JAIRAJ
 (eyeing the server still)
For what, Sir?

RAKESH
*For tracking people. That there's
 no one better.*

JAIRAJ
*Really? Well, I love doing it. AND
 what you love doing, you do best.
 And I've never lost a prey.*

RAKESH
Really?

JAIRAJ
*But it also depends on the
 assignment. If it's a bullshit
 case, it's a different matter.*

Jairaj makes a face, like it drives him crazy.

RAKESH
*Try being a station head, every
 case is like that.*

Rakesh's phone rings. He answers with his pinky finger, as his hands are dirty from food, on speaker phone mode.

RAKESH (CONT'D)
Yeah, go ahead.

PHONE EXPERT (VIA SPEAKER)
*Sir, I've tracked Alok's cousin's
 cell. It's active in Rajasthan near
 the Haryana border. I'm sending the
 exact address on whatsapp.*

Rakesh wipes his hands and they get up.

RAKESH
Great, we're going.

He hands up.

JAIRAJ
 (to the server)
We're leaving now?

RAKESH
Sure, what's wrong?

JAIRAJ
Let me have one roti.

RAKESH
Even I didn't eat one. Come on.

JAIRAJ
Aw, Sir... Are you getting the kidney beans from Mars? Deliver it to my home.

More images of streets...

INT. KARKADHUMA OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON: the street, looking out from a small office.

We pull back to see a man in his mid 50s - another pot belly boss - sits at his desk, texting someone. It looks as though he's socializing rather than working.

Subhash suddenly enters, with two inspectors.

SUBHASH
Mr. Bhatia?

MR. BHATIA
Yes?

SUBHASH
We spoke on the phone. Delhi Police.

He suddenly stands up, intimidated, and switching gears to hospitality mode.

MR. BHATIA
Oh, Sir. Please sit. You'll have some team?

SUBHASH
Yeah, sure.

He's on the phone within seconds.

MR. BHATIA (ON PHONE)
Four teas, quickly... How can I help?

He hangs up.

SUBHASH
Thank You for helping.

MR. BHATIA
Helping the Delhi Police is advantageous to everyone... Tell me

He laughs. Subhash doesn't.

SUBHASH
You're a bus owner?

MR. BHATIA
Yes.

SUBHASH
And you don't know where Sonu is now?

MR. BHATIA
Sir, I swear. I have no idea. I hired him when he was a kid - not even 18. So I had to do his background check from an old employer. One minute... This is his old employers number. Check it, see if it helps...

He hands him a ripped piece of paper with a number on it.

INT. CHANDNI'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Chandni is in her convent school, quietly doing her math work in class, with Smriti beside her. The teachers are a mix of Indian-Catholic, and Irish-Catholic nuns. Chandni looks around, she can feel other students talking about her, looking at her. She notices a few of them reading off their smart phones, and then looking at her.

SISTER MARY approaches Chandni and pats her on the back, knowing what her mother is doing. Chandni smiles politely.

EXT. CHANDNI'S SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

In the courtyard, Chandni (alone with Smriti and Ashita) walk by the same group of girls, clearly talking about Chandni. She passes them.

She then stops, and turns around, walking back to the clump.

CHANDNI
What is it?

They all go silent.

CHANDNI (CONT'D)
You've got something to say?

The RING LEADER speaks up.

RING LEADER
We were just talking about corrupt cops.

(MORE)

RING LEADER (CONT'D)
 My father told me that all the
 crimes happen because your mother
 won't do anything about it

CHANDNI
 (looks her in the eye)
 Tell your dad from me..

Chandni stares at her, stone faced.

CHANDNI (CONT'D)
 Tell your dad, from me...

RING LEADER
 You bitch!

Chandni smacks her across the face. The Ring Leader, and everyone else around her, is shocked. She attacks Chandni.

EXT. DELHI HIGH COURT - DAY

Vartika's Ambassador arrives at the High Court Building, a large complex, modern-day, but built in the old style.

As she gets out of the vehicle, she sees Bhupendra nearby, waiting.

VARTIKA
 Thank you for coming.

They both walk inside, through security, showing their badges.

INT. DELHI HIGH COURT - DAY

They enter the building, and recognize their lawyer, standing council for the Delhi police, BRIJ SHARMA, with another man, ASHVIN.

BRIJ MEHTA
 Hello DCP Ma'am.

VARTIKA
 Inspector Bhupendra Singh, head of
 our special task force.
 (to Bhupendra)
 Mr. Mehta, standing council.

ASHVIN
 Madam, I'm Ashvin, representing
 central.

VARTIKA
 The Ministry's under fire too?

ASHVIN

I just go where I'm told.

They all shake hands and to the court room.

BRIJ MEHTA

It is basically a Public Interest Litigation, taken up by the high court on their own accord. So in there, it's only the judge who is against us. And don't worry, I know the case so far, I'll respond. I may look to you for a few more details, that's all. Make sense?

Vartika and Bhupendra nod as they all enter the courtroom.

INT. HIGH COURT - DAY

They sit, and the case is announced by a court officer.

COURT OFFICER

Serial No. 6 P.I.L. number 3674.

A JUDGE (female, late 50s, distinguished) enters and sits.

They all stand until she settles and let's them sit.

JUDGE

This session has been called in the interest of the public. The court is requesting a status report on the case at hand, the gang rape and attempted murder of a young couple on the night of 16th December in that Mahipal Pur area.

Vartika receives a text message from Vishal: *"Chandni in a fight at school. She and other girl are fine. Just an FYI."*

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Our understanding is that the response time of the police, and the care given by the doctors to the victim have been inadequate. We'd like these claims to be addressed.

Vartika shakes her head, they don't have time for this.

Brij says nothing. Instead, the Delhi Government council, Ashvin, stands.

ASHVIN

My Lord, many assumptions have been made based on newspaper reports, the facts of which have not been verified.

JUDGE

So can we verify them? See, this litigation is about why the lady was not taken to the best hospital. Why to Safdarjung? Where was the PCR? Was there a lapse in response time? Also it seems there was a jurisdictional issue that caused a delay in transferring the victim to the hospital as well? Who will address these claims?

Vartika and Bhupendra look to Brij, who looks down at his notes, saying nothing. He looks up, a pleasant smile on his face, as if everything is fine.

VARTIKA

(whispering to Brij)

Now would be a good time to talk.

He looks at her.

He appears aloof.

Ashvin sees this strange exchange and speaks up.

ASHVIN

My Lord, I can say that the Delhi Police will fully disclose the details that the court is requesting in due time. In fact, we have the DCP South district present.

The Judge is annoyed, and looks at Brij.

JUDGE

I appreciate the government's point of view...

(looks to Brij)

But does the Delhi Police have something to say in this?

BRIJ

No, My Lord.

Vartika shakes her head, annoyed

The Judge looks at Vartika.

JUDGE

Excuse me, You're the DCP, South district?

VARTIKA

(Looking up, suddenly)
Yes, My Lord.

JUDGE

So maybe you would be able to answer some of our queries? Though as a DCP, I suppose you go to 5-star hotels and have fancy coffees with politicians? Tell me, have you ever been to a crime scene?

Vartika is about to blow when Brij quickly stands.

BRIJ MEHTA

My Lord... as a representative of the Delhi Police...

JUDGE

Ahh... He speaks! So will your clients be able to provide adequate answers to our numerous inquiries?

BRIJ MEHTA

Yes, My Lord.

JUDGE

Okay, we'll set a date for the 20th, two days from now.

But it's too late - court's adjourned. They all stand. After the Judge leaves, Brij gathers his papers as people shuffle out.

VARTIKA

(to Brij)

We need more time for this! It's an active investigation and I can't come to court! You're obviously a pathetic lawyer. Why didn't you ask for a list of allegations beforehand. And why didn't you disclose that as DCP South District I can only defend local police, not traffic or PCR, as she identified.

He packs up his suitcase and smiles.

BRIJ MEHTA

That went well, we'll be fine.

Brij starts to leave, but Vartika grabs his arm, hard.

VARTIKA

Stop. If our investigation is hindered because of you...

BHUPENDRA

Ma'am please.

Bhupendra pulls her back from literally going to blows. Brij runs off. Ashvin walks by.

ASHVIN

Good luck, Madam.

He leaves too.

INT. KUMAR'S AMBASSADOR - DAY

Kumar receives call.

KUMAR

Hello Poonam.

POONAM

Hello, Sir. So, I'd like to know will you be resigning your post as police commissioner.

KUMAR

Resigning? What for?

POONAM

My sources tell me that the CM is calling for your resignation.

KUMAR

I am so sorry to disappoint the CM. But I have no plans to give up my post.

POONAM

Would you like to come on my show and we can talk about it.

KUMAR

Noo..

(he thinks for a moment)

Actually Poonam... Yes. My assistant will call you soon.

POONAM

Thank You Sir.

He hangs up. He thinks for a moment, and decides to do it. He dials a number.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - DAY

The Chief Minister has tea at the extravagant five-star hotel with a colleague, when he looks at the display on his ringing phone.

CHIEF MINISTER
 (to himself)
 Interesting.
 (answers)
 Hello Commissioner, I didn't expect
 a call from you today.

INT. KUMAR'S AMBASSADOR VEHICLE - DAY

KUMAR
 Unfortunately Sir the circumstances
 have forced my hand.

CHIEF MINISTER
 So what can I do for you?

KUMAR
 By telling me Sit, why are you
 after me?

CHIEF MINISTER
 How am I after you?

KUMAR
 You are blaming me personally for
 this crime?

CHIEF MINISTER
 Mr. Vijay, somebody has to take the
 blame for this. And if you don't
 have the guts to take the fall,
 just simply give up some lower
 ranks.

KUMAR
 You mean my senior officers?

CHIEF MINISTER
 Why not? Perhaps your SHO at Vasant
 Vihar? Or DCP South? Where were
 they when this happened?

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

KUMAR (O.S.)
 Sir you want me to give up the best
 officers who are actually trying to
 solve this case. And they are
 traveling to different states,
 staying up day and night?

CHIEF MINISTER

I'll leave that for you to decide.

KUMAR

I'm sorry, Sir, I think we'll have to agree to disagree on this.

CHIEF MINISTER

Well, then there's nothing left to discuss. Vijayji, thank you for calling.

RAHUL

Looks like it's working.

He hangs up.

The Chief Minister is lost in thought, but more motivated than ever.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

Bhupendra heads upstairs, back at the station now, and walks by the Phone Expert's office, who's asleep at his desk. His phone ring suddenly, and he wakes, answering it...

PHONE EXPERT

Hello? Yes...

Bhupendra enters his own office.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Vimla shows Banke Lal photographs of the bus.

VIMLA

(to Bhupendra)

Sir...Sir, he had ID'd Amar Vikas and Brajesh. I'm showing him the bus now.

Bhupendra nods.

Bhupendra looks and sees the Phone Expert coming towards him, his hair dishevelled, his eyes sporting massive bags - he clearly hasn't gone home in a while.

PHONE EXPERT

(clearly enjoying this investigation now)

Sir, there's activity on Akash's SIM card. Someone's using it in Kalindi Kunj area now. It could be one of our suspects.

He hands Bhupendra an address.

BHUPENDRA

Lallu, I need you to grab someone.

Bhupendra smiles and runs down the hall to assemble his team.

INT. SMALL FLAT (KALINDI KUNJ) - DAY

ZAKIR ALI (26, an engineer) sits alone in his small apartment, sending a text message on his phone, the TV on. There's a knock on the door.

He opens it. It's 5 Delhi constables.

He looks at them all.

ZAKIR

(frightened)

Yes?

CONSTABLE

Delhi Police!

They grab him, kidnapping style.

EXT. INDIA GATE - DAY

A bruised Chandni walks in front of India Gate with her friends, the national monument commemorating India's involvement in first world war, and emulating the Arc de triumph in Paris.

They see the crowd of protestors nearby, chanting and yelling for justice.

ARUNESH

Awesome. Come on, let's go

They walk towards it, but Chandni stops, hesitating. The others notice.

SMRITI

What?

Chandni looks at them, unsure.

CHANDNI

Maybe this is a bad idea.

SMRITI

Your Mom won't care, Chandu. It's just a peaceful protest. She'd probably agree with it. And it's not like you're not up for a bit of conflict.

Chandni smirks, realizing she looks roughed up.

CHANDNI

Let's go.

They proceed, and enter the ruckus, yelling along with the others.

Nearby (and on the other side of a barricade) Neeti arrives in an autorickshaw.

She sees the crowd a small distance away - people everywhere as police gather by the bus-loads in riot gear off in a corner. They are all behind barricades keeping the protestors behind.

She joins a group of police women, who are putting on riot gear. Neeti recognizes a colleague among them.

NEETI

Keep an eye on it.

NEETI (CONT'D)

Hi.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

Hey, Neeti. How are you?

NEETI

Fine.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

Crazy, isn't it?

Neeti grabs riot gear from the curb, ready for her to use, and puts it on.

NEETI

Ya.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

Do you know about the case?

NEETI

Huh?

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

Do you know about the case?

NEETI

No, No.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

You're in Vasant Vihar, no?

NEETI

I don't know anything.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1
Nobody here knows either. It's all rumours.

A male supervisor comes by.

SUPERVISOR
Okay, Listen up! You all know what's happening here? The people have a democratic right to protest. But they're getting close to the parliament and President's home. We've set up barricades. But, you ladies are the first line of defense. Watch for my signal if anything has to happen. But keep in mind...Do not react unless they are directly attacking. OKay? Move out.

Neeti is so disoriented, exhausted, and scattered. They move out, jogging in formation.

They move towards the barricade, and are then let through, as a crack is opened.

CROWD
 Shame on Delhi Police!

They stop in a line, facing directly opposite the thousands of people gathered, the barricades now behind them. It's clear - if the crowds run for them, there's only so much they can do.

For now, the crowds are not rowdy per se, just protesting. And they're sloganing - *"what are the police doing for the nation? For her?"* Neeti stares at the signs, baffled.

Chandni is among them, going along with it.

ANGLE ON: a TV set, showing the news - footage of the same scene at India gate...

INT. RAJASTHAN SHACK - DAY

... We pull back to see a WOMAN (early 30s) watching the news in her tiny shack of a home in Rajasthan, as she folds laundry, when Jairaj and Rakesh come to the open doorway. She looks up at them.

WOMAN
Yes?

JAIRAJ
*Delhi police.
 (show ID's)
 We're looking for Alok Kumar.*

She's suddenly afraid, but tries to hide it, looking back at her laundry.

WOMAN

He's not here.

JAIRAJ

How do you know him?

WOMAN

I'm his sister-in-law.

RAKESH

Where is he?

WOMAN

I don't know. He came and left in a hurry.

Annoyed, Jairaj takes it out on the woman's wall.

She's even more frightened now.

Rakesh looks around, and back at her.

RAKESH

When did he leave?

WOMAN

About four hours ago.

JAIRAJ

Four hours..

RAKESH

Any idea where he went?

WOMAN

No, he was scared, frantic, but didn't say anything. What's happened? Has he done something?

JAIRAJ

No we're just asking for fun.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bhupendra answers his ringing phone, sitting in his office.

BHUPENDRA

(quietly)

Yes, Sir?

INT. RAJASTHAN SHACK - DAY

Rakesh stands in the doorway of the home on the phone, as Jairaj further questions the Woman inside.

RAKESH

*We got here late. He came and went.
His sister-in-law has no idea where
he is.*

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

BHUPENDRA

(stone-faced)

Understood.

Bhupendra quietly hangs up, and looks ahead.

Zakir sits in front of him in his office. He's already been roughed up a bit. Vartika sits off to the side. The interrogation continues...

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)

So how did you get this SIM card?

Zakir is clearly frightened beyond his wits.

ZAKIR

*I told the constable - I was at a
bus stand. I saw the SIM card on
the ground, picked it up, and used
it. I didn't know this was against
the law.*

BHUPENDRA

*Where were you on the night of the
16th?*

ZAKIR

(thinking back)

Jamia Nagar. Why?

BHUPENDRA

*Because we think you were at
Munirka Bus stand. A woman was
attacked that night. Maybe you were
involved.*

Zakir realizes what this is all about.

ZAKIR

*No, Sir. I's telling the truth, I
wasn't there. I'm an engineer. If I
did this, you think I'd be stupid
enough to use the SIM card from the
crime? I swear I didn't do
anything.*

Bhupendra approaches him and shakes him. He screams.

BHUPENDRA

For the last time, tell the truth.

ZAKIR

I am. I didn't do anything.

EXT. KARKADHUMA CHAI STAND - DAY

ANGLE ON: Subhash, Mr. Bhatia, and a few others speak to another of Lallan's previous employers - a chai-stand owner.

CHAI MAN

... Sonu... I don't know where he is, these days. He used be a fruit seller.

SUBHASH

Where?

CHAI MAN

You know the bus stand - the entrance closest to the railway tracks.

SUBHASH

Yeah

MONTAGE

Subhash speaks to more previous employers of Lallan around the area:

- a fruit seller
- a food-stand owner

FOOD STAND OWNER

There's a fruit cart there. I think that's the one.

- a tobacco-stand owner.

SUBHASH

I've heard you know Sonu.

TABACCO STAND OWNER

From what I remeber, he got a job working for a bus owner.

- A street sweeper.

The last one, we hear the conversation:

STREET CLEANER

I haven't seen him in a while.

SUBHASH

Could you recognize him if you saw him?

STREET CLEANER

Sure.

SUBHASH

Who's the owner?

EXT. SAFDARJUNG HOSPITAL - DAY

Vimla and a group of constables escort Jai Singh, Brajesh and Vikas in a police van to Safdarjung hospital.

INT. POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Traffic is stalled, as they come up to a wall of protestors, who have set up vigils for Dipika, praying for her recovery.

VIMLA

*We have to enter on foot.
(looks at the prisoners)*

BRAJESH

No, Madam, not through that.

They're clearly frightened.

VIMLA

You have no choice.

BRAJESH

But Madam...

VIMLA

*Fine, I'll just tell them who you are, and let them deal with you.
Come on.*

VIMLA (CONT'D)

Be careful. Take it easy.

They look at each other.

EXT. SAFDARJUNG HOSPITAL - POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

They get out, and slowly make their way through the crowd.

The suspects see the public support for their victim as they enter - it's eerie. If the public knew who these guys were, they'd surely tear them apart, as the signs read:

- *Treat those bastards like they treated our sister.*
- *Hang the rapists!*

Vimla is disturbed by some of the things being yelled against the police, grouping them with these rapists:

VIMLA

Please let me through.

- *"Shame! The Delhi Police allows rape."*
- *"Punish the police; eradicate rape!"*

It's all out public rage against law enforcement in Delhi, and extremely tense for everyone.

They walk into the hospital grounds, past the crowds.

INT. DEEPIKA'S ROOM

Kiran sit with the daughter, hopeful.

INT. SAFDARJUNG HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Series of shots inside examination rooms:

- The accused are medically examined by forensics experts.
- They take samples of blood.
- Saliva.
- Nail clippings.
- Pubic hair.
- Penis swabs.
- Their bodies are also analyzed for signs of struggle. They are essentially treated like lab animals.

EXT. INDIA GATE - EVENING

Neeti and her battalion remove their riot gear, luckily not having used any major force. The cops are exhausted, covered in sweat.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1

I'm done. Can't wait to go home and sleep.

Neeti douses her face with a bottle of water.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
*All this for one case - What is
 going on?*

NEETI
 I'm off, bye.

RIOT POLICE OFFICER 1
 Bye

NEETI
 Rick shaw!

Neeti takes a deep breath, looks around, and walks off. The Riot Officer watches her, and returns to removing her gear.

Chandni too, nearby, leaves the area with her friends as it all dissipates for the day. Some get into autorickshaws, while one wanders off, and Chandni descends into a metro station.

ARUNESH
 Bye. Bye Chandu.

SMRITI
 Bye Chandu...

INT. DELHI METRO - CONTINUOUS

Chandni stands in the female section of the metro car, and stares at the men glaring at her at the edge of the male-female protocol line.

They are laughing and we and hear their voices talking.

She's disturbed.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CORRIDOR - EVENING

Jai Singh lies in his cell, his eyes closed.

VINOD (O.S.)
*Jai Singh! An old friend's come to
 visit.*

He opens them to see Vinod standing outside the cell, with Akash.

VINOD (CONT'D)
 (to Akash)
Is that him?

AKASH
 Yeah.

Akash nods, staring. He then walks off. Vinod lingers, also staring at Jai.

VINOD

Had to be sure... Come.

Jai turns around to face the wall, uncomfortable. Vinod stares a moment longer before walking off.

INT. PHONE EXPERT'S OFFICE - EVENING

The Phone Expert - now totally exhausted and slouched over his computer screen - stands with papers in his hand as a print out comes from his dot-matrix printer. He grabs it and walks over to Bhupendra's office.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra sits with an exhausted Zakir, who's been there for hours now.

PHONE EXPERT

This guy's call logs...

He hands over the papers to Bhupendra, who looks over them.

Vartika sits behind the desk. Bhupendra flips a page, looks at the next sheet.

BHUPENDRA

Looks like you're telling the truth.

He looks at Zakir, who exhales.

ZAKIR

You people are crazy.

He stands.

ZAKIR (CONT'D)

Can I go?

Vartika nods, wanting to apologize, but unable to. Zakir heads to the door.

BHUPENDRA

Listen. Next time you find a SIM card on the ground turn it in to the police.

ZAKIR

I'll send it straight to you, you can use it.

He looks back as he storms down the corridor.

PHONE EXPERT
 (looking after him)
*I just saved you neck at least say
 'Thank You!'*

BHUPENDRA
 Thank You!

Vartika watches Zakir disappear, and looks back at Bhupendra, who's looking at another set of logs, having already forgotten about the mistreatment of Zakir.

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)
 Hmmmmmm.

VARTIKA
 What is it?

BHUPENDRA
 Something...

VARTIKA
 What?

BHUPENDRA
 I also had Akash's call logs
 pulled, take a look.

He's sees something interesting. He dials a number. A woman answers.

WOMAN ON PHONE
 Hello?

BHUPENDRA
 Hello, Who is this?

Bhupendra enters the adjoining office for privacy. Vartika then turns to see Vinod standing in the doorway of the office. He looks stern, unsettled.

VARTIKA
 Yes, tell me.

VINOD
 (quietly)
 I found a wedding photographer to
 take pictures of the victim's face.
 The other guy I found doesn't shoot
 digital. And Akash identified his
 mobile phone, the one we found on
 Amar.

VARTIKA
 Good. Very good.

VINOD

Also, ma'am, Akash wants to go, he's tired of being here.

VARTIKA

He can't leave. he is our key witness. We have to protect him from the media...

VINOD

Yes Ma'am, but how long can we keep him?

VARTIKA

He should be kept away from the accused. Is there a place nearby we can put him?

VINOD

We don't have a budget...

VARTIKA

I'll get covered, don't worry. Look for a place nearby.

The Phone Expert walks back in.

PHONE EXPERT

Madam Sir...

He goes and turns on the TV in the corner of the room.

They see Kumar Vijay on a panel discussion, defending the Delhi Police.

The host of the talk-show is aggressive, with a studio audience behind her...

TV HOST

... But isn't it true that Delhi Police have solved or rather let slip through the cracks most of the rape cases that come through?

KUMAR

No, on the contrary - last year, 87% of rape cases registered in Delhi were solved. The judiciary might not have seen them through to their sentences, and most are suspended somewhere in the system, but the police nabbed the right guys, and filed the charge sheets.

Vartika's phone rings - another journalist. She answers.

VARTIKA

Not a good time Dipti.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A print journalist with a major Indian newspaper, DIPTI stands in her office, as the TV show with Kumar plays in the background. It's a busy, and paper-filled newsroom behind her, full of cubicles and dim lighting, and very few windows. It looks like they're in a cave.

DIPTI

I'm sorry Ma'am, I just wanted to ask again if you have any comments on the case you're working on...

VARTIKA

... No, No comment on an active investigation. But I would like to say something to you, off the record. Stop publishing these false stories about our conduct. The victim is on her deathbed, and we're trying everything in our capacity to nab the culprits.

DIPTI

Ma'am, I know you, and I know that you're doing a fabulous job, but my desk editor demands that we publish negative articles about the police. We've been ordered to blow the police apart.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vartika is flabbergasted. She stands.

VARTIKA

What?

DIPTI

Yes, Ma'am.

VARTIKA

Are you serious.

DIPTI

I am. Off the record. And I'm telling you this because I really respect you.

VARTIKA

And what you publish, the BBC picks up, and the world sees. I must be really proud of your journalism - you're doing a great service to the country.

She hangs up, fuming.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

These guys have no integrity what so ever. Fucking zero. And you question them and they say it's their desk editors fault. Fucking motherfucker...

Bhupendra enters the office and tells her what he found...

BHUPENDRA

Umm.. Madam. That night on the bus Akash received a call during the rape. He didn't answer, but guess who it was from?

VARTIKA

Enough with the games...

BHUPENDRA

From a woman. Apparently his girlfriend.

Vartika stares blankly at Bhupendra.

VARTIKA

But Deepika is his girlfriend

BHUPENDRA

I thought the same.

Disheartened, Vartika has to take a seat.

END OF EPISODE 4