

UDTA PUNJAB

Written by

Sudip Sharma
Abhishek Chaubey

Draft 3.4
December, 2014

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BORDER FARMS, PAK SIDE - NIGHT

A kachcha road cutting through farms. An old Vespa with Urdu number plates bumps and grinds its way through the darkness. On it - THREE FIGURES, covered in blankets.

It comes to a stop, near a milestone that reads -
India - 0 kms.

The men quickly get down. The RIDER takes out a packet from inside his blanket, offers it to the third guy, whispering -

RIDER ON VESPA
Chal bhai, Samsher. Shaabash!

SAMSHER doesn't take it. Instead, he throws his blanket down - like a boxer letting go of the robe before the big fight, revealing a Team Pakistan track suit over his well-built body.

And then he begins to warm up. Stretches. Pulls. As the other guy stands awkwardly with the packet in his hands - impatient, worried.

RIDER ON VESPA (CONT'D)
Bhai chheti kar le thodi...

Finally, Samsher is ready. He takes the packet. Looks in front.

At a distance of 50 feet or so - is a barbed fence. Going right into the horizon. The India-Pakistan fenced border. *

Samsher takes a deep breath. Composes himself. Very sportsman like. And then with full pro-motion, swings around and throws the packet like a discuss.

In SUPER SLO MO glory, it flies into the air. The three men watch with open mouth and wide eyes as the packet hurtles towards the fence.

And just as it crosses the fence -

MATCH CUT TO

2 INT. STUDIO SET - NIGHT

A guitar comes down flying and lands into a man's hands. And OPENING CREDITS KICK IN, along with a SONG.

It's a song about freedom. About whole of Punjab flying 'high' - on drugs and on Tommy's music. Same thing.

And meet the man singing the song and performing on it - TOMMY SINGH. The voice, the energy, the rock-star personality - this man is designed for generating mass Punju hysteria.

At one point, we realise it's a music video being shot as the 'take' is okay-ed and Tommy goes and sits down under a huge backdrop that introduces him as 'The Gabru'.

3 EXT. CONCERT - NIGHT

The same backdrop - 'The Gabru'. Now at a concert stage.

The crowd - in thousands. Some wearing 'The Gabru' t-shirts. Trying to get a piece of -

Tommy. Who is right at the edge of the stage. Like teasing them.

At one point, Tommy stops singing. Turns his mike towards the crowd. And the crowd mouth the hook-line collectively, like they know it by heart.

Pretending to be offended by what he heard - He turns his back to the crowd. Seems to be walking away from them.

But then he stops. Turns. And runs. Towards them. Towards the edge. And then he lets himself go.

Tommy goes flying into the crowd.

4 INT. A NIGHTCLUB IN CHANDIGARH - NIGHT

The same video. On a giant screen.

The crowd dancing to it - young Punjabi boys and girls.

The packed washroom:

Lines on the shut WC.

A SIKH BOUNCER TYPE waits outside collecting money -

As revellers enter in one by one. Snorting a line each.

5 I/E. VARIOUS - DAY

The song continues over -

Images of the drug users of Punjab. In their usual hangouts -

Under a flyover. On a terrace. The tubewell room in a farm. Public toilets. Abandoned bunkers.

Shooting it up. Sniffing it. Popping it.

Heaps of empty vials by the roadside. Discarded syringes.

6 EXT. ROADS - DAY

A cop car - chasing a vehicle.

It finally manages to overtake the vehicle and bring it to a halt.

Meet SARTAJ SINGH, a bright, young, Sikh sub-inspector, early 20s as he gets out of the cop car.

As his CONSTABLES catch up and overpower the driver, Sartaj walks to the boot and opens it.

Spare tire. Sartaj pulls it out. Under it - little packets. About twenty in number.

Sartaj turns and walks towards the arrested driver but just then another cop vehicle comes to a screeching halt.

Inspector JUJHAR SINGH steps out. Signals to Sartaj to let go of the man.

Sartaj doesn't know what to do. But finally wilts under the gaze of Jujhar.

The man gets into his car and drives away - much to Sartaj's disappointment.

7A I/E. VARIOUS - DAY

The song continues over -

Images of the drug delivery chain in Punjab.

Courier boys making their runs through fields - strings of heroin packets wrapped around their bodies, and hidden under a blanket.

7B Stash being hidden - amidst sacks of farm produce in agricultural mandis, inside footballs, in milk-containers.

7C Stash being transported - in hay-filled tractors, in scooter dickets, taped under bullock-carts.

8A EXT. VILLAGE LANES, VARIOUS - DAY

PREET SAHNI, mid 30s, all grace and poise amidst the squalor around her.

She walks through a village, her two assistants - carrying boxes filled with syringes - trying hard to keep up.

Trailed by a bunch of curious kids, they walk through the dusty lanes -

Where women stand with their dupattas spread out to collect the free syringes being distributed...

Past the men lying lazily on the village chaupaal...

8B And outside the government college - where teenage students cover their faces with handkerchiefs to collect syringes...

9A I/E. VARIOUS - DAY

Tommy's 'fly high' song continues as we see -

A protest rally. Preet and people like her. Shouting slogans. Marching down the town square.

The 'Rasta roko' in front of a cavalcade of VIP cars.

The placards they are carrying - of anti-drug slogans and depressing statistics.

9B The 'drug' wards in hospitals - filled to capacity.

9C The mushrooming private rehab clinics - rows of them.

10 EXT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

The highway. A truck.

In its back - About two dozen young men and women. And their luggage.

One of them - MARY JANE, a feisty Bihari teenager.

Sitting next to her trunk, wide-eyed. Clutching on to her hockey-stick for comfort.

The truck crosses a signboard - *Welcome to Punjab.*

The song ends.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD - TWO YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

11 EXT. BORDER FARMS, PAK SIDE - NIGHT

And we go back to the image we started with -

The flying packet. Just as it crosses the fence into India.

12 EXT. BORDER FARMS, INDIA SIDE - NIGHT

A sleepy figure sits on its haunches. It's Mary Jane -
pissing - near a stack of hay.

Closeby - Something lands with a thud. Almost startling her.

Slowly, she gets up. Walks up to it with curiosity.

It's that packet of course.

Mary Jane bends to pick it up when she hears some activity in
the distance.

On an instinct - She quickly picks it up and hides herself
behind the stack of hay.

A blanket-clad man - THE BHAANDI (drug runner) - comes
rushing, looking all around, while hissing into the phone -

THE BHAANDI

Bola tha Samsheer chutiye ko mat
laana. And shand phenkta hai.

He looks a little 'high' - if the eyes are any indicator.

He moves towards the hay. Mary Jane's heart skips a beat.

But just then - from somewhere along the fence - a search
light comes on. And a shrill whistle pierces through the
still night. BSF Patrol.

The Bhaandi panics and scurries away from there.

Mary Jane remains hidden behind the hay as the search light
harmlessly passes over it and then moves ahead.

And she is back in the darkness.

Her breath slowly returning to normal, Mary Jane takes the
packet out from inside her dress.

Observes it. Then - Tears the packaging from the side.

Powder. Brown in colour.

OVERLAY - sudden, sharp kicking in of music.

13 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

BOOM. We are in a music recording. Tommy at the microphone.
Looking fucked - like he hasn't slept in weeks but is still
all wired up.

Hanging behind - his entourage - including JASSI the cousin, an EMO CHICK who is his current flame, and 3 BOUNCER TYPE GROUPIE, probably Brit boys. All of them dressed in identical t-shirts which prominently display - 'The Gabru da crew'.

On the other side of the console - Tommy's manager-cum-TAAYAJI and a couple of NRI PUNJABIS - the boys from Speedy Records. They are listening to the tune very intently as it picks up tempo. And some more. And then some more.

Until - it's borderline cacophony.

And then Tommy's voice creeps in. It's in rhythm with the music for only a few seconds and then it begins to fall apart. And to top it all, the lyrics go -

TOMMY

(singing)
Tommy di boli, Jivein ecstasy di
goli,
Tommy de honth, Jivein heroin de
shot,
Tommy di cock, Jivein chitti chitti
coke,
Cock-coke, coke-cock, Cock-coke,
coke-cock...

His voice chokes a bit at that exertion. Sends him into a fit of coughing.

The Speedy Records boys look suitably aghast by the song. Taayaji too, although he pretends otherwise.

Not the entourage though. They seem to have genuinely gone mad over it.

JASSI

Ae taa gaand-faad maamla ho gaya...

GROUPIE - 1

(thick Birmingham accent)
Cock-coke, coke-cock. I can see it,
mate. It's gonna be an anthem. I
can so fucking see it...

As the high-fives and celebration continues on the other side, the Speedy Record guys turn to Taayaji.

JUNIOR SPEEDY BOY

Can we hear the rest of the songs?

TAAYAJI

Er, woh, work in progress chaal rya
hai. Ek aadh din hor.

The label guys can't hide it any more.

SENIOR SPEEDY BOY
 O taa teen maheenian tohn sun rya
 haan paahji. Do vaari release date
 push ho chuki hai. Do vaari
 hoarding laag chuke ne.

The younger of the two is even more agitated.

JUNIOR SPEEDY BOY
 You know what? Fuck this shit. We
 didn't sign up for this.

The older one signals him to calm down. And turns to Taayaji.
 Awkward. Sincere.

SENIOR SPEEDY BOY
 We are sorry, Paahji. We'll have to
 call this deal off.

Taayaji - stunned. Doesn't even acknowledge the label guys as
 they get up and walk out.

Finally notices - on the other side of the glass - the
 celebrations still going on...

Cock-coke, coke-cock...

Taayaji presses the talk-back.

TAAYAJI
 Tommy yaar...

No response.

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)
 O Jassi...

Still no response.

This time, Taayaji screams into the microphone -

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)
 BHENCHODON!

Startled - they all turn to look at him.

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)
 Ho gayi dealein off. Hun fad lo
 tattey.

Finally - silence. Stunned silence.

And then - the Emo Chick - who was sitting stoned in a corner
 all this while - starts to giggle.

Thoroughly amused. Thoroughly out of place.

14

EXT. MOVING CAR / HIGHWAY ROADS - DAY

A big fat SUV rattles down the roads. Emo Chick and the other groupies sit behind while Jassi drives.

Tommy sits upfront, furiously chopping cocaine lines on the dashboard while barking into his phone -

TOMMY

You fired me, asshole. Yes, you did. Yes, you did.

It's the Senior Speedy Boy on the other side of the line.

SENIOR SPEEDY BOY (O.S.)

Nahi Tommy veerey, aeda na bol. It just wasn't, you know, working out...

TOMMY

Not working out? Pancho, what am I? Your girlfriend?

SENIOR SPEEDY BOY (O.S.)

(tired)

What do you want me to say, Tommy?

TOMMY

Admit it, bitch. You fired me. You. Fired. Me. Say it.

SENIOR SPEEDY BOY (O.S.)

(giving up)

Alright, man. I fired you.

Everything stops. Silence.

Jassi looks at Tommy - *what?*

TOMMY

(shocked whisper)

He fired me.

Stunned silence in the car. Like they just figured it out.

Until - Tommy SCREAMS into the phone -

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Nobody fires me, mate. Nobody.

Jassi tries to snatch the phone from Tommy's hands which Tommy resists, so Jassi shouts out into the phone -

JASSI

Bhenchod, tu Tommy nu fire karenge?
Line lag jaani hai kal jadon market
vich news aayegi.

(MORE)

JASSI (CONT'D)
 Sver di tattī tohn pehlaan agla
 contract sign hoga. Bhushan kad da
 peechhe peya hai, tenu pata vi hai
 gaandu?

A traffic signal. The car has come to a halt. Tommy's eyes go to the car next to them.

Lo and behold - it's the label boys in it.

TOMMY
 (screams)
I FIRE YOU! I DOUBLE FIRE YOU!

Tommy throws his phone at them, forgetting that his car window is shut and the phone lamely skittles off inside the car.

Jassi and the boys won't stop at that. They jump out of the car - ready to beat the shit out of the label guys but just in the nick of time, the label guys' car skids into action.

The groupies jump back into the car. A full on CHASE BEGINS.

Screams and abuses. And screeching and swerves. Chaos.

All Tommy is trying to do is snort the line he has chopped off. But is unable to because of all the action around.

Finally - they try to cut across the other car dangerously but the car just about manages to escape and our boys go hurtling into a ditch.

Thud! Thud! Thuddddddd!

And then - silence. Just the dust flying.

Just the sort of moment that sends the Emo Chick giggling.

Tommy. Seething. Label guys gone. Coke gone. And those damned giggles.

He gets out, opens the back door door and pulls the Emo Chick out of the car, and sends her tumbling down into the ditch.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 You are past your expiry date,
 babe.

The groupies laugh.

Emo chick slowly gets up - hurt, humiliated, straightening her Little Black Dress. And then smirks at Tommy -

EMO CHICK
 And so are you, Tommy. So are you!

Ouch! That surely hurt Tommy.

The groupies pull him in and they drive off. But her taunt has clearly disturbed Tommy.

15 EXT. / INT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy's sprawling farmhouse. The entourage screeches in.

Tommy - in a foul mood. Jumps down from the car.

Storms into the farmhouse. All dark. Tommy stumbles. Curses.

And then - lights come on full blast. And confetti.

And lots of people. Punju singers, actors, musicians.

Screams and shouts of merriment -

CROWD AT PARTY

Happy birthday, Tommy... Janamdin
diya lakh lakh vadhaaiyaan...

Tommy - pleasantly surprised. Turns back.

There stands Jassi - indulgently smiling in a corner.

In his hands - a platter with a cake on it.

We go closer and we realize it's not a cake. It's coke. A mound of coke.

Ooooh. Tommy goes towards it with a light in his eyes.

Someone puts a 100-dollar bill on the 'cake' as a candle. Someone else lights it.

Tommy blows into it - sending some of it flying and some of them coughing.

Laughs. And singing - *Happy birthday to you...*

Someone comes from behind and pushes Tommy's face onto the platter.

Slowly - Tommy looks up. His face - now plastered white.

Tommy lets out a goofy grin. And music kicks in.

And the party swings into action.

16 EXT. POLICE CHECK POINT - NIGHT

Naka bandi. Trucks and tempos entering the city at night.

CONSTABLES stop some of them and peep in, checking their papers.

Sartaj and Jujhar hang by the parked Bolero, sipping tea.
Jujhar fiddles with his phone while talking to Sartaj -

JUJHAR

Tenu pata hai? Mexico vich aise
aise shaher ne jitthe pulce paiyr
nahi rakh sakdi. Poora kanoon
gaandu druglords da.

Sartaj smirks -

SARTAJ

Paahji, don't mind. Par itthe pulce
ne kede jhande gaadte?

Jujhar turns to give him a glare.

Headlamps of another approaching truck light up their faces.
All of a sudden, as if to demonstrate his power, Jujhar gets
into the cop mode. Shouts while still looking at Sartaj -

JUJHAR

Haan rok pen de yaar nu.

In the bg - The constables scamper to stop the coming truck.

THE TRUCK. With distinct decoration and shaayari on the
windscreen - *Meher baabe di, Rani doabe di.*

Jujhar heads straight towards the driver cabin, signalling
the nervous DRIVER and HELPER to get down -

While Sartaj moves towards the back of the truck.

And jumps on it.

Cartons. Sartaj tears through one of them.

Bottles of unbranded medicines. Sartaj picks one up.

A crescent moon ('Chaand') is all it has for information.

Sartaj studies it.

OUTSIDE:

Jujhar's intimidating the driver.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)

Paper kitthe ne tere?

The driver stares back at him stupidly.

SLAP.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
 Tenu pata nhi, election da time
 hai? Bina paper ghoomda hai
 laudu...

Sartaj joins them - brandishing the bottle.

SARTAJ
 Ae vekho paahji, packaging.
 Branding shanding hon lagi hai. Hor
 pehlaan taa tempo aaunde si, hun
 truck de truck aa rhe ne, lad lad
 ke.

JUJHAR
 Baby, aenu hi taa tarakki kehende
 ne. Green Revolution Part Two.

SARTAJ
 Par paahji, saadi tarakki da ki?
 Naake da rate taa o hi hai. Dus
 hajaar.

Hmmm - Jujhar thinks about it. Sartaj is clearly having fun with him.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
 Paahji, mainu lagda hai inna ne
 Punjab Pulce nu take for granted le
 leya ae. Law and order tohn koi
 darda hi nhi. Aes trah taa ae vi
 Mexico ban jaana hai...

Jujhar buys into it. And slaps the confused driver some more.

JUJHAR
 Pancho, Mexico banaayega? Hain?
 (slaps)
 Das de apne maalak nu. Rate vadhaao
 nahi taa kal tohn red light, red
 light, no green light.
 (beat)
 Chal, paj ja, koosya...

Inspired, the constables chase them with sticks till they jump back into the truck and drive away.

Jujhar smirks, points to Sartaj. *See, cop power?*

Sartaj seems unimpressed.

Their game is interrupted by a phone call. Jujhar looks at it and tenses up. Goes to a corner as he picks it up.

JUJHAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Jee janaab... durust... jee.

Sartaj's attention goes to the bottle in his hands. Snaps it open, sniffs it, makes a face, then throws it away.

Which is when an excited Jujhar joins him back.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Chal veerey. Tainu law and order di
pahonch vikhaana.

He jumps into the vehicle, singing -

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Baby baith Bolero mein, tera happy
birthday banaayenge...

17A INT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The happy birthday party. In full swing.

We are witnessing chopping wars now - who can chop and snort the fastest.

Tommy is nowhere to be seen though.

And just then - Jujhar & Sartaj saunter in with a team of cops. Cockroaching their way all over, shouting out instructions so as to be heard over the music -

COPS SHOUTING INSTRUCTIONS
Cocaine seize karo saari di
saari... Tommy nu fad oye... Pencho
music bandh karwao...

Chaos. The 'high' guests don't know how to react. Some run, some rush in for a confrontation.

Amidst all this - Taayaji somehow makes his way to Jujhar.

TAAYAJI
Paahji ki ho gaya? Aao tussi,
aapaan gal karne ha.

JUJHAR
Naa Sirji, aaj koi gal shal nhi
honi. Ut-tohn order aaya hai. Tommy
nu pehj do saade naal, nahi taa
main saareya nu andar kaar dena
hai.

Taayaji comes up with his most sincere face.

TAAYAJI
Tommy? O taa shaami London chala
gaya.

17B INSIDE A BATHROOM:

Music. Subdued inside but still reasonably loud.

Tommy lies passed out near the toilet - his face still caked with cocaine.

Slowly - he opens his eyes. He looks smashed. Tries to get up. Stumbles.

His head spins. He holds on to the toilet for support.

His eyes go to - the toilet waters.

From Tommy's drugged-out POV - his reflection in the toilet waters. Crystal clear.

Tommy takes off a little powder from his face and rubs it on to his gums. It hits him!

And then - he locks his eyes into his reflection's. And breathes out - hard, deliberate.

TOMMY
Who is The Gabru?

Beat.

TOMMY'S REFLECTION
I am The Gabru.

TOMMY
(cupping his ear)
Main suneya nahi...

TOMMY'S REFLECTION
(louder)
I am The Gabru.

TOMMY
O roti nhi khaadi?

17C OUTSIDE IN THE HALL:

Outside - The plug on the music is pulled at this precise point. Sudden silence. For only a beat though. As next we hear a SCREAM -

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I AM THE GABRU.

Sartaj and Jujhar turn to look at a crestfallen Taayaji.

TAAYAJI
(to Jassi)
Tommy gaya nahi abhi tak?
(to Jujhar)
Er, O, Tommy taan aetthe hi hai par
ae cocaine shocaine taan chhad di
oney.

*
*
*
*

As if on cue, out comes Tommy from the door, SCREAMING -

TOMMY
I AM THE FUCKING GABRUUUUUUU...

He stops as he notices -

The stunned cops - staring at his cocaine-caked face with disbelief.

Over this, we OVERLAY SOUND of a TV report -

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
(in Punjabi)
Tommy Singh's arrest is the latest
development in the drug crisis that
Punjab has been plagued with for
the last few years...

20 INT. SARTAJ'S HOUSE - DAY

The news report is playing on a TV in the bg as Sartaj gets dressed - trying hard to get his *pagdi* right.

TV REPORTER (T.V.)
We spoke to the Punjab Home
Minister KS Brar and he had this to
say about the development -

ON TV - A polished looking elderly Sikh gentleman BRAR appears.

Sartaj looks with disdain at the man in the TV.

HOME MINISTER BRAR (T.V.)
(in Punjabi)
It is one thing to be a user. But
people like Tommy Singh - they are
encouraging drug addiction in the
society with their music and their
choice of lifestyle. Punjabi youth
need better role models than Tommy
Singh who is leading them astray...

ON TV - Visuals of a coked-out Tommy led out of a police jeep. Tommy stops to make a 'Yo' pose in front of the TV cameras being being dragged away by Jujhar, Sartaj and party.

SARTAJ'S MOM enters the room in a hurry and thrusts a plate of parathas in his hands.

SARTAJ'S MOM
Balli nu coaching le jaayin. Sut-ta
paya hai.

Sartaj - eating - walks out into the verandah. Early morning hustle-bustle. CHAACHI getting CHAACHA ready for work.

A door - with Tommy's 'yo' poster on it. *

The fragile old BEEJI stares blankly at it, repeating a line which no one pays attention to. *

BEEJI
Ghar vich aenkaa laa ke ghoomda
hai... Ghar vich aenkaa laa ke
ghoomda hai... *

Sartaj walks up to the door and beats on it. *

SARTAJ
Balli! O Balli! Uth oye! Coaching
nhi jaana? *

The door finally opens. BALLI - mid teens - looks at Sartaj with puffy eyes. *

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Chal, tyaar ho.
(beat)
Hor ae fuddu da poster hataa! *

21 EXT. STREETS - DAY *

Sartaj rides the bike with Balli sitting behind him - wearing a pair of cheap shades. *

A rally passes by - Election rally. Slogans, flags and mob. *

Vote for Pehelwan, Vote for Pehelwan... *

Sartaj brakes and Balli goes crashing into him. *

SARTAJ
O tight beh, kaaka. Dhyaan kitthe
hai tera? *

Sartaj slowly makes his way past the crowd. *

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Kedi duniya vich rehenda hai? Hor
beeji das ri si, ghar vich aenkaa
laa ke ghoomda hai? Hain? *

Balli evades it. Looks like he is embarrassed. *

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Kudi shudi da chakkar tey nhi paa
leya? *

22 EXT. SMALL MARKET PLACE - DAY *

One of those ubiquitous coaching centers in Punjab. Signboard guaranteeing admission in Australia. *

Sartaj stops his bike there.

Balli gets down. Sartaj stares at him - forcing him to take off his shades.

SARTAJ
Paihe chahide?

Balli doesn't respond. Sartaj gives him a hundred rupee note anyway.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Je CCD su su dee gaya tey chaped
peni hain.

Sartaj rides away.

Balli stands there - watching Sartaj go. Once the bike has vanished from his sight -

Balli turns and walks away - away from the coaching center - towards the other side of the market.

23 EXT. CHEMIST SHOP - DAY

Balli reaches a chemist shop counter. The chemist notices him coming and fishes out a bottle.

Same unbranded shit we saw earlier in the truck - 'Chaand'.

Balli slaps the hundred rupee note on the counter.

BALLI
Aaj do de bey!

18 EXT. BORDER FARMS - DAY

The farms. Men and women working on it.

One of them - Mary Jane. Her nervous eyes on - the SUPERVISOR who sits on a cot outside his hut.

Mary Jane makes up her mind. Walks up to him and as she waits to get his attention, her eyes go to -

A man in his 20s - probably the OWNER'S SON - buying a little packet from a PEDDLER.

The powder - it looks similar to what she has got.

Her chain of thoughts is broken by the Supervisor who turns to her.

MARY JANE
Daaktar ko dikhaana hai. Pet dukh
raha hai.

He studies Mary Jane as she clutches on to her stomach.

SUPERVISOR

Baarah baje tak naa aayi toh full
day katega.

19 EXT. ROAD BY THE BORDER FARMS - DAY

Still clutching on to the packet inside her dress, Mary Jane walks down the road that runs alongside the farms.

A BSF Patrol vehicle approaches from the other side.

Mary Jane tries hard to appear normal. The vehicle passes by her harmlessly, except for a JAWAAN leering at her brazenly.

Mary Jane increases the pace of her walk.

24 EXT. VILLAGE GROCER SHOP - DAY

A shop counter.

Mary Jane stands in front of the grocer - looking around, like trying to figure out what to buy.

She points to the farthest corner in the shop.

MARY JANE

Wo waala saabun. Wo laal waala.

The grocer moves in the direction, his back to Mary Jane.

Mary Jane quickly takes the packet out from inside her shirt and puts it on the electronic weighing machine on the counter.

It reads - 5.07 kg.

Mary Jane quickly grabs it back. But the grocer notices something's amiss.

To quickly divert his attention, Mary Jane points to the empty tea stall as part of the shop -

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Wo... pehle toh ekdum bheed laga
rehta tha chai dukaan pe...

GROCER

Ab chai kaun peeta hai? Pade honge
khandaron mein nashedi bhenchod...

Mary Jane nods. *Hmmm.*

25 EXT. RUINS - DAY *

In the distance - One of those abandoned pre-partition buildings. *

Mary Jane gets closer to it. Slow. Cautious. *

Tries to peep in. Sees - *

A DOZEN JUNKIES - huddled in small groups of 3 or 4. Some lying wasted. Some shooting up. Pharma stuff. Discarded bottles and syringes. *

And powder. Her attention goes to the powder. Yeah, the shit looks the same that she has got. *

A junkie mixes a little powder with water in a spoon. Then lights the spoon from underneath. The mix sizzles. And is slowly pulled into a syringe. *

A belt is fastened around the arm. Then - Slap! Slap! Slap! The arm is now ready. *

And the needle plunges in. *

IN ANOTHER LITTLE GROUP: *

Balli with his gang. Lying wasted. *

HARPAL, Balli's age - mimics Tommy's 'yo' pose while being arrested. *

HARPAL *

Pose vekhya si Tommy da? Ae, *

pencho! *

GURPAL *

Isi ke bhai ne pakda hai Tommy ko. *

Laudu master! *

He kicks Balli in jest. Balli jerks to life. The others sneer. *

An annoyed Balli staggers to his feet. Stumbles out of there, even as the sneers chase him O.S. - *

GURPAL (O.S.) (CONT'D) *

Bura maan gayi, meri jaan! *

Meanwhile - Mary Jane has been way too fascinated by the whole thing to notice - *

An angry Balli walk out. *

Mary Jane tries to hide. Too late. *

BALLI *

Kaun hai bhenchod? *

Mary Jane - scared. But tries to pretend otherwise. *

MARY JANE *

Maal... maal chahiye tumko? *

Balli looks at her with suspicion. *

BALLI *

Kya hai tere paas? *

MARY JANE *

Powder. *

BALLI *

Heroin? *

Beat. *

MARY JANE *

Haan, wahi. Heroin. *

BALLI *

Paise nahi hain mere paas. Unse *

poochh. *

MARY JANE *

Tum poochho. Kamisan le lena. *

Balli thinks about it - the process slow, given his state. *

BALLI *

Kitne mein bechegi? *

Mary Jane - clueless but trying hard to sound aggressive. *

MARY JANE *

Kitna doge? *

BALLI *

Teen hazaar. *

Mary Jane considers it. *

BALLI (CONT'D) *

Kitni hai? *

MARY JANE *

Paanch. *

BALLI *

Kal aa. Baat kar ke rakhta hoon. *

Poore paanch gram hai na? *

A long beat. Before - *

MARY JANE *

Kilo. Paanch kilo. *

Balli's face slowly registers the info. From behind -

HARPAL (O.S.)

Kaun hai?

BALLI

O main haan. Aa rya haan.

Balli pulls Mary Jane away from there.

BALLI (CONT'D)

Bakwaas na kar. Itna maal - ?

Mary Jane shrugs his hand off.

MARY JANE

Chahiye toh bolo. Time mat khoti karo.

Balli looks at her. Looks like she means it. A million possibilities run through his head.

BALLI

Sun. Yehaan koi nahi khareedega.
Ambarsar mein ek party hai. Uska
chhota bhai school mein padhta tha.
Raja. Usse -

MARY JANE

Number do uska.

BALLI

Dus taka.

MARY JANE

Paanch.

Balli looks at her.

INSIDE THE BUILDING:

Balli's group notices him come back.

GURPAL

(cat-call)

Thulle da bhai!

Balli is too excited to mind it this time. Infact, he's grinning.

He quickly makes a dose from the second bottle.

Harpal notices him. Tries to stop him.

HARPAL

Ruk jaa thoda. Ghanta vi nhi hoya.
Kyun roadie ban rya hai?

BALLI
O jaa oye, lun!

Balli shoots up in his arm. He lies down as the drug takes effect.

From his POV - Up above - lights. Psychedelic.

Infact, too psychedelic. Balli seems uneasy now. The world seems to spin.

FADE TO BLACK.

ON BLACK - Voices. Distant. Like calling out from far.

HARPAL (O.S.)
Balli... O Balli oye...

FADE IN:

27A INT. GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR, WARD - DAY

A naked bulb flickers. Harpal observes it up close with a dazed look.

His eyes go to - Sartaj rushing down the corridor.

Harpal composes himself.

But Sartaj ignores him and rushes into the ward. Harpal follows him in.

27B INSIDE THE WARD:

Balli on a bed - semi-conscious. Convulsing faintly. Blood and vomit all over his clothes. Breathing in short gasps.

A JUNIOR DOCTOR hangs around - looking lost, trying to check pulse and take readings to keep himself busy. Wardboys mill about cleaning the mess.

But Balli - he is clearly sinking.

Sartaj's heart sinks too as he looks at Balli. He doesn't know how to react for a while and then looks around, notices Harpal.

Sartaj slaps him.

SARTAJ
Kanjaraon, ae coaching hai twaadi.

Harpal runs away.

Sartaj rushes to the Junior Doctor.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
 Doctor saab, bach jaayega na?

JUNIOR DOCTOR
 Visiting doctor aa rahe hain...
 (mumbles)
 Main intern hoon.

SARTAJ
 (snaps)
 Toh bulaaao keda doctor hai!

Meanwhile - Balli's breath seems to be getting even shorter.

Just then - Preet saunters into the room, in her usual salwaar kameez but this time with a lab coat.

She's on the phone -

PREET
 (on the phone)
 Nahi, Circuit House se shuru
 karenge, fir DM Office ke saamne
 dharna. Traffic police ko inform
 karo. Aur is baar naye banner...

She looks at Balli and then snaps at the junior doctor.

PREET (CONT'D)
 Side pe toh lita dete. Kitni baar
 bataaya hai...

The embarrassed junior doctor, with the compounder's help, turns Balli on the side.

She checks Balli's eyes and his tongue. Takes the reading sheet from Junior Doctor's hands and quickly glances through it, while continuing to give instructions on the phone.

She turns to the compounder.

PREET (CONT'D)
 Nalaxone Hydrochloride ka injection
 banaao. Double dose.

The compounder rushes to make it.

Sartaj who is looking at all this in a daze, moves towards Preet -

SARTAJ
 Madam, theek toh ho jaayega na?

Preet doesn't even look at him -

PREET
 Baahar baitho aap. Chalo. Out.

Sartaj. Emotional. But awkward. Walks out.

27C IN THE CORRIDOR:

Sartaj sits on a bench. Head in his hands. Gloomy.

A man approaches him - discreetly passes a visiting card.

Sartaj looks at it. It's a cheesy visiting card for a private rehab center. *Apna guarantee card avashya saath lein...*

He pushes the man away without even looking at him.

Finally - Preet walks out, past him - into the corridor.

Sartaj notices, then attempts to follow her, then changes his mind and rushes into the room.

27D INSIDE THE WARD:

Balli. Calm. Sleeping peacefully.

Junior Doctor nods at Sartaj reassuringly.

Sartaj sighs in relief.

28A I/E. GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

Preet walks in the corridors of the hospital. Sartaj catches up with her.

SARTAJ
Madamji. Thank you.

She nods, continues to walk.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Liya kya hai isne? Heroin?

PREET
Abhi kehna mushkil hai. Par itna
bata sakti hoon ki kaafi time se le
raha hai. Dosage bhi high hai.

Sartaj looks in disbelief.

SARTAJ
Nahi, Madamji. Wo laundon ne pakad
ke karwa di hogi aaj. Balli aisa
ladka nahi -

Preet stops. Turns to him.

PREET
Haath dekha hai uska? Nasein kaali
pad gayi hain suiyaan ghusa ghusa
ke.

(MORE)

PREET (CONT'D)

(beat)

'Saade mundey taa theek hain,
haraan de kharaab hain'.

It takes Sartaj a while to recover from that piece of info.

SARTAJ

Koi idea hi nahi tha...

(beat)

Preet sighs. Walks on towards the exit, leaving a dejected Sartaj behind.

28B

PARKING LOT:

Preet gets on her scooty. Just as she is about to start it, Sartaj runs to her. Preet looks at him - *now what?*

SARTAJ

Madamji! Main kya poochh raha tha
ki.. Chhod toh dega na woh?

PREET

Us pe hai. Aur aas paas ke maahaul
pe. Family, yaar dost. Itni high
dependence pe banda sahi bura
sochne ki capacity kho deta hai.

SARTAJ

Chhota hai mera. Baapu mere ute
chadh ke gaya si.

Preet looks at his emotional face.

PREET

Discharge ke baad use mere clinic
pe le aana. Koshish karenge ki
chhoot jaaye. Hmm?

Sartaj finally manages to smile. Preet rides away.

29A

EXT. / INT. MIGRANT HUT - NIGHT

Mary Jane sits outside her hut under the light of a lamp.

In her nervous hands - her cheap mobile phone. She seems to
be considering making 'that' call.

Finally, she does. It rings. And then -

A voice on the other side. Cold. Menacing.

COLD VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

MARY JANE
Maal khareedna hai?

Silence. Followed by -

COLD VOICE (O.S.)
Wrong number.

MARY JANE
(quickly)
Paanch kilo heroin. Dobara phone
nahi karenge.

Silence. Just the sound of breathing as the voice seems to be considering it.

While this side - Mary Jane holds her breath. Finally -

COLD VOICE (O.S.)
Rate bol.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Mary Jane tries hard to not sound excited.

MARY JANE
Teen hajaar.

COLD VOICE (O.S.)
Address likh.

A nervous Mary Jane looks around - disoriented. Then runs inside.

29B INSIDE THE HUT:

Women making food, preparing their beds.

Mary Jane tries to find a piece of paper. Finally finds a notebook and a pen in her trunk.

She runs out again.

The women exchange looks and smirks. One of them mutters -

MIGRANT AT HUT
Paglait.

29C OUTSIDE THE HUT:

Outside. Mary Jane cuts the phone with trembling hands. In her hand - the notebook with a scribble on it -

Pind Chugga. Lahoriyon da dhaba. 2 baje.

Underneath it, her fingers still trembling, she tries to do a multiplication. 3000 X 1000 X 5. Whatever it is has lots of zeroes in it. Mary Jane counts it backwards.

Then looks up. A moment passes.

She lets out a silent scream of excitement.

30 EXT. COP STATION / LOCK UP - NIGHT

Another scream. This time - from Tommy, who occupies the VIP lockup, all by himself.

He sits on the ground - flailing his tired legs. Then gets up. Then sits down again. Rubs his throat. Tugs at his hair.

Restlessness. Nervous energy. Or - Withdrawal symptoms.

A constable walks past the lock up. *

TOMMY *

O hello! Sun oye. Meri Brar saab *
naal gal karwa de! Main oudi kudi *
Manpreet dey vyah vich perform *
kitta si! O sun le yaar! *

His plea goes unheard. *

Tommy starts to pace up and down. Goes to the earthen pot. *

It's empty.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

O paani taa de de.

No response.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hai koi?

Nope. Still no response.

Anger rises on Tommy's face.

He picks up the earthen pot and with a SCREAM flings it on the iron bar. It breaks with a loud crackle.

Just then - Sartaj enters the station.

Their eyes meet - Tommy and his.

Tommy screams - like a wounded beast in a cage.

Sartaj goes straight for the keys hanging on the wall. Opens the lock up.

SARTAJ

Kee hoye? Kaar jaana hai? Jaa na.

Tommy looks at him with doubt.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Arey bail wail taa hodi rahegi.

Tussi taa celebrity ho. VIP.

(shouts at a constable)

Kartarey, jeep kad. Saab nu kaar
chhadna hai.

Tommy looks at Sartaj. Evaluates. Looks like he means it.
Finally, Tommy takes a step.

SLAP! It sends him tumbling back into the lock up.

Before Tommy can recover from the shock of it, Sartaj rushes
to him and kicks him in the gut. Once. Twice. Then again.

Until - Tommy passes out.

Sartaj grabs his hair and pulls him out of there.

Drags him to the other lock up - the general, over-filled
one. The detainees step aside hurriedly to make way for the
angry Sartaj.

Sartaj throws Tommy in there.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Pehlaan banda ban ja, fer VIP bani.

Fuddu saala!

He walks out. Bang. The doors shut on Tommy.

31 INT. GENERAL LOCK UP - NIGHT

Tommy lies in the middle of about thirty odd people in the
cramped room.

Hardened faces covered in blankets. All staring at him.

Dead silence.

Evading their eyes and clutching to his still hurting
stomach, Tommy squeezes himself into a corner.

Stifles a cry of pain.

Then looks up again.

Still - all eyes on him.

Tommy - now scared. Paranoid. Shuts his eyes.

Dead silence again. Until - from somewhere - a voice -

JUNKIE BOY IN PRISON - 1 (O.S.)

Boom chika chika boom, chika boom
boom...

Is that... is that someone beat-boxing? Yes, indeed. And it's the same tune we heard in the opening song - Tommy's song about 'flying high'.

Tommy opens his eyes. Looks around. Spots the face.

It's a boy in his school uniform - probably 16 or 17. Hollow eyes. Dark circles. Protruding bones.

A certified junkie.

The beatboxing continues, right until the cue for the lyrics kicks in. *What now?*

Wait a minute. There's another young junkie - probably his friend or brother - and this one is the singer.

JUNKIE BOY IN PRISON - 2
(singing Tommy's lyrics)
Ambarsar ud-da, Jallandhar ud-da,
Ud-da Ludhiana Moga,
Tu vi ud le Gabru mere, Ki soche
hun ki hoga.
Baapu ud-da, Launda ud-da,
Ud-dey chaache maame,
Rustam ud-dey, Daarey ud-dey,
Ud-dey pehelwan Gaamey.

The two finish the musical jugalbandi with a flourish.

Then smile at Tommy.

JUNKIE BOY IN PRISON - 1
Asi aathvin vich seege, paahji.
Jadon twaada gaana aaya si. Tadon
da bas... twaade varga banna si.
The Gabru.

JUNKIE BOY IN PRISON - 2
Pehli baar jab sui andar utari
thi... aapki jaan kasam, aap hi ki
fotu aayi thi saamne.

He smiles like how you smile at a beautiful memory.

Tommy doesn't know how to react to that.

Out of nowhere, a *chappal* comes flying and hits one of them on the face. It's an old prisoner glaring at them.

OLD PRISONER
Maayi hove, maa nu maarta, te hun
gaane gaa rahe ne.

Tommy's shocked eyes go from the old prisoner to the junkie boys.

One of them finally comes around to meet his eyes.

JUNKIE BOY IN PRISON - 2
(murmurs)
Paise nahi de rahi thi. Talab lagi
thi.

Fuck. Tommy can't believe what he just heard.

Tommy continues to sit frozen. His eyes - fixed on an invisible dot on the floor. His face - hard as a stone.

SOUND OVERLAY - Faint strains of the song. That song.

32 INT. MIGRANT HUT - DAY

A cracked mirror. Mary Jane puts a bindi on her forehead. Admires herself.

And then with the dupatta, covers her face. Almost terrorist-like. Almost playful.

33 EXT. VILLAGE LANES - DAY

Mary Jane struts down the street. A boy passing by on a cycle checks her out.

She knows she's being checked out, and likes it.

34 EXT. MOVING BUS / HIGHWAY - DAY

The song - playing in an ST bus as it chugs down the highway.

Mary Jane - sitting by the window on the last seat. Clutching on to her jute hand-bag.

Outside - Advertisements on hoardings throwing images of a good life at her -

Fancy women wearing Levi's jeans. Juicy McDonald's burgers. Even a Goan holiday.

She looks excited. Nervous energy making it difficult for her to sit still.

The bus slows down. Mary Jane looks ahead - a police *naakabandi*.

Slowly, her excitement begins to fade away.

TWO CONSTABLES jump on to the bus.

Mary Jane's grip on her hand bag tightens even more - as she tries hard to not look at the cops.

The cops do a walk-through, tapping at over-head luggage which the respective travellers identify as theirs.

Mary Jane continues to stare out of the window doggedly.

A tap on her shoulder. Pretending to be cool, she turns -

To see a constable staring at her.

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! - Her heart thumps.

The constable points to a bag overhead - *yours?*

Mary Jane shakes her head ever so slightly.

Just then - to her rescue - a fellow passenger owns up to it.

The constables turn around and walk out.

The bus moves on.

But Mary Jane's spirit is no more the same.

35 EXT. HIGHWAY / DHABA - DAY

A signboard - *Pind Chugga*.

The bus stops. Mary Jane gets down.

Looks around. Outskirts of a small village.

And there it is - *Lahoriyon da dhaba*.

A few trucks and buses parked there.

Mary Jane begins to walk towards it cautiously.

AT A HANDPUMP:

A couple of Sikh drivers - bathing in their underwear. As they notice her, they rub their crotches and whisper something to each other. It doesn't help her state of mind.

She crosses a theka. 3 JATT BOYS sit on the bonnet of their Bolero, sipping cheap beer. Mary Jane - conscious of their eyes following her. She hastens her walk - clutching on to her bag tightly.

Hastened walk, eyes darting around - she trips a bit and a little scream comes out from her.

More heads turn to look at her.

Those guys on the bike. That puncture wala. That guy painting election slogan on a wall.

Faces. Suspicious looking. Covered in blankets and beards.

Drops of sweat appear on Mary Jane's forehead.

The bike guys start their bike and begin to ride towards her.
 Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Mary Jane starts walking as fast as she can, turning back every now and then to check on them.

Which is when - she bumps into someone and falls down with the impact - the bag also falling out of her hands. Fails to realize that the bike has passed her innocuously.

She looks up - A Sikh man wrapped in a blanket stares at her. Anger in his eyes.

That's it. Mary Jane loses it completely and gets up and runs - away from there.

The man watches her run away, still angry but confused.

SIKH PASSERBY

Khoti.

At some distance - a parked car. Four men in it. We will meet them again soon but for now, let's call them THE DEALERS.

One of them notices Mary Jane running away - away from the dhaba, towards the fields behind.

He quickly brings it to the attention of the others. They jump out of the car and follow her.

36 EXT. FIELDS / WILDERNESS - DAY

Mary Jane runs through the thick fields, still clutching on to the bag.

Tears in her eyes. Fear on her face.

Her phone begins to ring. More panic. Mary Jane looks at it - unknown number. She cuts the call.

Not much visible through the vegetation. Mary Jane continues to run - looking behind every now and then.

She is breathless by the time she reaches a well. She leans on the boundary wall to catch some breath.

And slaps herself. And again.

Her phone begins to ring again - that same unknown number.

Mary Jane stands there holding it. Then looks down into the well.

Muddy waters. More garbage than anything.

She lets go of her phone. Plop! It drops in. And disappears.

She stands there - looking at the dirty waters.

Next we know - the packet is out of her bag.

With nervous hands, she tears through it frantically.

And lets the content fly into the well - shaking it to make sure it's all gone.

And just then - a SHOUT from somewhere closeby.

She turns. The dealers. About twenty feet away.

They stare at her with disbelief. One of them drops on to his knees - with a mix of exhaustion and disappointment.

Mary Jane freezes. And the packet slowly drops from her hands.

And quietly makes its way down.

37 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE IN THE FIELDS - DAY

Chop. Chop. Chop.

Meat. Fresh. Red. Being chopped.

Lucky, a 30-year old Sikh, finishes it and throws it in front of a chained Bully Kutta.

LUCKY

Ae le pra, Jackie Chan.

Chomp chomp chomp - the ferocious Jackie Chan gobbles it down.

It's a house in the middle of nowhere. A scooter drives towards it and enters the gates.

The Bully Kutta lets out a raucous bark at Bhaandi. But Bhaandi is way too pre-occupied to even notice. He drops his scooter inside the compound - not bothering to even park it - and rushes inside.

38 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - DAY

A large hall, furnished in the way of most small-town middle class homes.

PARJAAYI - a middle aged Pehndu *janaani* sits on a cheap sofa, *
cutting vegetables.

The Bhaandi comes rushing in.

BHAANDI

Sat sri akal Parjaayi.

PARJAAYI

Sat sri akal veerey. Lassi lussi
peeni hai?

The Bhaandi shakes his head and rushes upstairs.

39 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

The angry Bhaandi stands looking at -

Mary Jane - who sits shell-shocked on the ground. She has been beaten up already. Cuts and bruises.

VEERJI - an avuncular Sardar with a long grey beard occupies a plastic chair - the only furniture in the room.

Three gang members - SONU, KUKU and KAAKA - mill around his powerful presence.

The Bhaandi kicks Mary Jane in the gut - sending her doubling over in pain. Drools of spit.

BHAANDI

Biharan hai. Karnail Singh de
khetan vich kaam kardi hai. Poori
planning kitti honi hai haraamjaadi
ne. Taa hi main sochaan ki pancho
delivery gayi taa gayi kitthe -

What he doesn't realise is somewhere through his rant, Veerji just nods ever so slightly at Kuku -

Who swings his baseball bat hard at the Bhaandi's knee.

CRUNCH! - Completely taking him by surprise.

The Bhaandi crumbles down with a SCREAM.

VEERJI

Taa fer tu kis gal da bhaandi?

Mary Jane winces every time the baseball bat comes down alternately on the two knees of the Bhaandi, while Veerji muses with a sense of nostalgia -

VEERJI (CONT'D)

Tera peo kaam karda si meri leyn.
Os tohn pehlaan, ouda peo, mere peo
leyin. Kadi koi bhasudi payi?

The Bhaandi has passed out. Kuku stops. Looks at Veerji - *should I keep going?*

VEERJI (CONT'D)

Jackie Chan de aage paa de.

Kuku drags Bhaandi by the broken leg, towards the door.

VEERJI (CONT'D)
 (after-thought)
 Sun. Maari na. Family relation hai.

Kuku nods and is out of there.

Kaaka looks at Mary Jane trembling in the corner.

KAAGA
 Aeda ki karna hai, veerji?
 (chuckles)
 Aetthe tey koi relation nahi.

Veerji stares at Mary Jane. Then slowly gets up.

Mary Jane's eyes follow him as he walks up to her. And sits down next to her.

He touches her vulnerable face.

And then he says softly, almost kindly.

VEERJI
 Phenkna hi tha toh churaaya kyun?

Beat. And Mary Jane breaks down.

Veerji lets out a sad sigh.

Looks at Kaaka. And walks out.

Kaaka approaches Mary Jane, bends over and starts undressing her.

Mary Jane realizes what he is trying to do and in reflex, hits him on his testicles.

Kaaka doubles over in pain, screaming -

KAAGA
 Bhenchod gashti!

Sonu hobbles towards her. There seems to be some problem with his leg.

He jumps over her. Mary Jane fights him off.

Sonu tries hard to pin her down by her thighs - but can't.

She kicks him away.

Kaaka recovers and goes for her again but Mary Jane flails her body about violently, not letting him get a grip.

Kaaka smacks her in the face - busting her lip. And then goes for her throat but Mary Jane bites hard on his palm. Kaaka screams in pain, holding on to his bloodied hand.

Even together - the two can't hold her down. She keeps throwing them about, biting, snarling, kicking.

Which is when Kuku enters the room back.

Watches the show. Then rushes out again.

Meanwhile - Mary Jane throws the two men about and manages to get up.

They surround her and try to pounce on her from either side.

She screams and flails about her arms violently. They try to come near but she pushes them away by the sheer viciousness of her defence.

Kuku enters the room again. In his hand - a syringe.

Mary Jane notices that. Confused. A moment of distraction -

And Kaaka jumps on her, bringing her down. Before she could do anything, Kaaka and Sonu jump on her too.

Mary Jane - crushed under the weight of the three male bodies. They hold on to her arm.

She lets out a wild scream. As Kuku pushes the syringe into her arm.

Mary Jane continues to try and wriggle out of their grip. But her efforts become weaker and weaker and weaker.

Until - she can barely move.

Kuku starts undressing her.

The men descend on her - all three at the same time.

As Mary Jane lies staring at the ceiling.

A distant, blank look in her eyes.

EXT. COP STATION - DAY

The same distant, blank look in Tommy's eyes as he is escorted out of the police station.

TV REPORTER

(in Punjabi)

Controversial singer Tommy Singh's
bail plea was finally accepted by
the courts today...

Taayaji and Jassi try to keep the reporters and cameras at bay even as the insensitive reporters hound Tommy with -
'Tommy, who is the gabru? Who is the gabru, Tommy?'

40 INT. GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL - DAY *

Balli. He sits on a bench waiting, as Sartaj finishes up the paperwork at the reception. *

41 EXT. STREETS - DAY

Sartaj on his bike. Behind him - Balli.

SARTAJ
Tu tension na leyi. Main sab theek
kar dyaanga.

Balli doesn't respond. His attention is elsewhere.

A string of chemist shops. Balli's eyes are fixated on them like a lovelorn puppy.

42 INT. SARTAJ'S HOUSE - DAY

Sartaj. Sitting on the edge of his bed. Staring at the floor.

In front of him - the family. Chaacha and Chaachi - tense, Mom - sobbing.

From behind the locked door with Tommy's poster on it -

O.S. Sounds of BANG. BANG. BANG.

And false pleadings and incoherent curses.

BALLI (O.S.)
Veerey... Veerey khol de veerey...
Bas ek vaari len de... last last...

Sartaj stares at an invisible dot on the ground, as -

From behind the door - the pleadings now turn to curses.

BALLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
KHOL BHENCHOD! MAADARCHOD!

Anger rises on Sartaj's face. He rushes towards the door, even as the family tries to stop him.

Sartaj enters and catches hold of Balli and gives him a thrashing -

SARTAJ
Bhenchodaan, kee karaan main
tera...

Before his Chaacha and Mom manage to separate the two.

Sartaj screams at his family -

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Svere jaanda haan, raati aanda
haan... mainu ki pata ki chal rya
hai... tussi taa khyaal rakh sakde
si...

He pushes his Chaacha away and storms back into the room.

Shuts the door.

Sits down.

And breaks down.

More sad than angry.

Back with Balli:

He too breaks down.

More angry than sad.

SOUND OVERLAY -

PREET (O.S.)

Nasha kalla banda karda hai, par
ouda effect poori family te honda
hai. Shuru vich taa banda shauq
shauq vich karda hai, par os toh
baad drugs hi oudi life da maqsad
ban jaandi hai. Yaar dost, kaam
kaaj, family, saare parey.

43 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, HALL - DAY

Preet sitting around in a circle with her recovering patients.

PREET

Bandey vich jo vi khoobsurati hai,
oudi life vich jo vi soni cheez
hai, nasha saara kuchh khatam kar
denda hai...

Preet. A beat passes as we stay on her face.

PREET (CONT'D)

Ae main suni sunaayi gal nahi kar
rhi... aap vekhya hai...

Her eyes go to the door - Sartaj with Balli and family there.

A little surprise comes up on her face as she notices
Sartaj's cop uniform.

A little disoriented, she takes a moment to recover before
turning to a colleague -

PREET (CONT'D)
Gursimran, please take over...

44 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, OFFICE - DAY

SHYAM, Preet's assistant, finishes the paperwork as the family sits awkwardly in the cramped space.

Sartaj's eyes travel to a soft-board on the wall behind where a few newspaper cuttings of Preet's interviews are pinned.

Illegal pharmaceutical drugs as big a threat to Punjab as heroin from Pak: Dr Preet Sahni

A generation lost: Dr Sahni

Balli. Pale. Dazed. Mumbles incoherently to his mother -

BALLI
Main ghar jaana hai... Maa, main
ghar jaana hai...

Who shushes him up.

Sartaj signs up at a couple of places and turns to Preet.

SARTAJ
Thank you, Madamji. Ab aap hi theek
karo ise...

Preet forces a formal smile.

PREET
Shyam, in ko ward mein le jaao. Jaa
bachche, vekh le, aena vi maada
nahi saada clinic...

*

Sartaj too gets up to leave but Preet signals him to stay back. She shepherds the rest out of the room before shutting the door and turning back to Sartaj.

The smile is gone from her face now.

PREET (CONT'D)
Aage se yehaan na, apni is vardi
mein mat aana.

Sartaj looks at her - confused. Preet's eyes glare with sarcasm.

PREET (CONT'D)
Kya bol rahe the aap us din? Ki koi
idea hi nahi tha bhai ke saath kya
ho raha hai... Jashanpura mein jo
ho raha hai uska idea hai? Amritsar
ka? Tarn Taran ka? Punjab ka? Hai
idea aapko?

(MORE)

PREET (CONT'D)
(checks his lapel)
SI ho na aap? Kaun sa department?

SARTAJ
Kya ho gaya, Madam? Aap aise kyun
baat kar rahe ho?

PREET
Kitna bhatta milta hai SI ko idea
na hone ka? Hafte ka dus hazaar na?
Toh yehaan kyun le ke aaye ho?
Dilli le jaate, kisi private waale
clinic mein.

SARTAJ
(losing it)
Baat kya hai, Madam? Chadhe hi jaa
rahe ho aap toh. Main kuchh bol
nahi raha matlab...

PREET
Kya bologe? Poori nasal kharaab kar
di toh theek tha, bhai pe baat aayi
toh fat gayi na?

Preet scrambles to fish something out of her cabinet. She
slides it across to Sartaj.

PREET (CONT'D)
Yeh leta hai aapka bhai.
Pheniramine aur buprenorphine ka
combination.

Sartaj looks at it. It's a bottle of 'Chaand'.

PREET (CONT'D)
Kahin toh dikhi hogi ye botal, ya
iske baare mein bhi koi idea nahi?

Sartaj - realisation slowly begins to sink in.

PREET (CONT'D)
Do alag alag drugs hain, jo sirf
prescription pe bikni chahiye. Par
aap logon ki meherbaani hai ki
banaane waale ye cocktail bana bhi
rahe hain aur bechne wale khule aam
bech bhi rahe hain. Chaand naam se
har chemist shop mein bikti hai,
pachaas rupaye mein.
(beat)
Aapke bhai ke jaan ki keemat.

Sartaj remains standing there - stunned and speechless. His
eyes - on that bottle.

45 EXT. POLICE CHECK POINT - DAY

The checkpoint. Vehicles slow down and manoeuvre their way past the barricades.

Sartaj there - lost in his thoughts.

A Bolero arrives. Jujhar steps down from it - while busy typing into his phone.

JUJHAR

Jaan de baby, jaan de... truck
jaange taa hi teri tarakki honi
hai. Nahi taa naake hi sambhaalde
reh jaayenga poori jindagi.

He comes and stands next to Sartaj, still busy with his phone.

We peep into Jujhar's phone - a whatsapp chat with 'Kuku'. A picture arrives.

Of Mary Jane.

Sartaj's eyes are elsewhere though -

On one of the trucks being stopped. It's the truck from earlier - the one with the distinct decoration and shaayari.
Meher baabe di, Rani Doabe di...

Jujhar shows Sartaj his phone -

JUJHAR (CONT'D)

Leni hai aedi?

No response from Sartaj. His eyes are stuck on the truck. And on the sight of the constable being bribed by the driver.

Anger slowly rises on Sartaj's face. And before anyone can understand -

He rushes towards the truck, then jumps on it -

To pull the driver down.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Sartaj hits the man with a manic intensity. Beating his face to a pulp.

Until - Jujhar and the constables spring to his rescue.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)

Sartaj! Kee kar rya hai? O chhadh
oye! Kee hoya kee?

They somehow pull the bleeding driver away from Sartaj.

But Sartaj is not done yet. Still fuming - he snatches the stick from the hands of one of the constables.

Phat! Phat! Phat! He hits at the truck with it. A headlight gone. Slight cracks on the windshield.

This time Jujhar is far more serious as he grabs hold of Sartaj tightly.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Damaag bund vich hai tera? Pehelwan
di gaddi hai penchodaa.

Sartaj finally calms down.

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD:

The truck driver. Still bleeding. And crying.

Jujhar is ordering around the constables.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Nopi, ley jaa aenu patti putti kara
de. Chal Bihari, shaabaash, koi
na... Haan bhai, Joginder, gaddi
Pehelwan de godown ley jaa.

One of the constables jumps on to the truck with the Cleaner and they pull it away from there.

Jujhar turns to Sartaj now.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Kee hoya kee tainu?

Sartaj. Quiet. Just staring away.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Damaag control vich rakhya kar. Ik
system honda hai. Saare oude hisaab
naal chalde ne. Driver nu kut-ta,
koi nahi. Gaddi te maal nu haath
nahi lounde. Pehelwan MLA hai, par
naake da rate denda hai. Denda hai
ki nahi? Aeda matlab ae nahi ki o
fuddu hai. Ik mint vich suspend
kara dega -

SARTAJ
Paahji, main kaar jaana hai.

Jujhar looks at him for a while. Then nods with empathy.

JUJHAR
Haan tu jaa Balli da take care
karin. Koi problem hoye taa whatsapp
kar deyi.

Sartaj gets on to his bike and leaves. Jujhar watches him go.

46 INT. PREET'S CLINIC - DAY

Balli. Dazed. Fidgety. In a counselling session with Preet.

BALLI

Master aaunda nahi si... Vele
baithe kee karde... Baaki munde vi
lende si... Main keya main vi try
kaar laan.

PREET

Kinne saal ho gaye?

She notices - Balli's toes twitching.

PREET (CONT'D)

Ik?

BALLI

Do.

PREET

Tu mainu do maheene de de bachche.
Vekh, jhooth nahi kahaangi. Mushkil
te honi hai. Laatein tootengi, pet
dukhega, sir fatega.

*

She gently puts her hand over Balli's.

PREET (CONT'D)

Par main aettthe haan. Chaubees
ghante. Tainu kujj ni hona.

Balli moves his hand away.

PREET (CONT'D)

Ghar vich saare tainu inna pyaar
karde ne. Karde ne ki nahi? Maa
hai... pra hai...

Balli looks at her for the first time.

BALLI

Pra maarda hai.

47 EXT. HIGHWAY / GODOWN - DAY

A godown.

Standing at a little distance away, with his bike parked
nearby - Sartaj.

His eyes - on the shut gates of the compound.

48

EXT. / INT. GODOWN - DAY

A high wall.

A head pops up - only enough to peep in. Sartaj.

TWO LABOURERS load boxes on to a parked truck.

As soon as they are gone in - Sartaj jumps over.

The godown. An ajar window.

Sartaj tip toes his way to it. Peeps in cautiously.

5-6 workers sitting on the ground. Stacks of pamphlets. Heaps of little plastic bottles.

The workers are picking up a bottle, wrapping it in a pamphlet and are tying a rubber band around it.

And there, at the doors of the godown - Pehelwan with his entourage.

Sartaj takes out his service revolver. He jumps over the window to get closer to his target.

He walks lightly, hiding behind the trucks and the many cartons by the side of the godown. Closer to Pehelwan. Still closer.

Now close enough.

He rests his hands on a box and steadies his aim. His eyes locked on to Pehelwan's head.

Just as he is about to pull the trigger -

MAN IN GODOWN (O.S.)
Aa jao bhai, chaa chu pee lo.

The workers leave their task and walk out.

They greet Pehelwan on their way out. It stalls Sartaj's shot.

As he waits for them to leave, Sartaj is distracted. His gaze shifts to the plastic bottles the workers were busy stuffing.

Walks up to the work in progress.

Picks up a tied bundle. Unties the rubber band. And the pamphlet that reads - Vote for Rajveer Singh (urf Pehelwan)

Beat. Sartaj looks at the thousands of such bundles. Walks up to the stack of pamphlets.

Picks up a few more. They all say the same thing.

Fuck. Now it strikes him.

He looks at Pehelwan who has now been joined by his family.
His 6-year-old daughter in his arms.

49 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Creak. Creak. Creak. A distant sound. An unclear image.

Which finally reveals to be a creaky old ceiling fan.

Lying watching it - Mary Jane. Bruised. Puffy eyes.

Everything hurts as she tries and sits up. With her back to the wall.

Her eyes - nothing in them. They just stare out of the window.

Outside in the distance - A hoarding. Blue waters. Go Goa.

Mary Jane's gaze fixed on it.

The door opens and Sonu hobbles in - chewing upon a chicken leg and wearing a cheesy smile.

SONU

Hello, Meri Jaan.

He comes and sits down next to her, puts an arm around her.

Mary Jane resists just that bit.

SONU (CONT'D)

Aise kyun kar rahi ho? Tum toh
jaanti ho... Sonu loves you. And
only you. Jaanti ho na?

He pulls her in his lap. Kisses her neck.

SONU (CONT'D)

Dekho, Veerji ke saamne jo bhi
karna padta hai woh toh formality
hai. Ek baar main Roadies ban
jaaunga na, Bombay chale jaayenge.

Quite clearly, he is going for that girlfriend experience.

SONU (CONT'D)

Kuchh bhi chahiye toh bolo.
Anything.

His hand - crawling towards her breast.

Mary Jane catches hold of it. Then takes his finger to press it on her arm. *Inject me.*

Sonu laughs.

SONU (CONT'D)
Bigad gayi ho hamaare saath.

He throws the chewed chicken bone away and hobbles out.

Mary Jane's eyes go to the discarded bone. She crawls up to it. Picks it.

Not much left. But she still chews the thing out like a hungry beast.

The door opens again and Sonu hobbles in. And this time, behind him is Jujhar - in his cop uniform.

He walks closer, checking her out all the time. He seems disappointed.

JUJHAR
Photo vich better lag ri si.

Sonu lets out a polite laugh.

Jujhar takes his pants off, then looks about. A nail on the wall. He hangs his pants there.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Munh vich paavanga taa kategori tey
nahi.

SONU
Naa paahji. Trained ho gayi hai.

Mary Jane doesn't even look up as Kuku ties a belt around her arm and slaps it a few times to find a vein.

Her eyes - fixated on the blue waters. Go Goa.

The popping vein. The needle goes in. And the liquid slowly enters her vein.

And EVERYTHING GOES SLOW.

Mary Jane's eyes - still fixated on the blue waters - begin to droop. Until - they shut.

50

ALL BLACK.

A falling figure.

It's Mary Jane - slowly falling into a dark abyss. Her eyes staring right at us as -

The slow free fall continues.

Until - SPLASH! She hits the waters.

51 INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

And she is underwater. Swimming languidly.

Past a floating turtle.

In the distance - a light.

Mary Jane starts swimming towards it.

Getting closer and closer.

She can now make out a vague figure but the light shining into her eyes is making it difficult for her to see his face.

She continues moving towards it.

The light only getting brighter as she gets closer.

And just before she could get to the figure -

52A EXT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE, SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

BOOM.

We are out of waters with a loud gasp. It's Tommy, in his pool at night, wearing a torch helmet. Why? Don't ask!

He floats on the surface on his back - brooding, looking at the stars.

52B LATER BY THE POOLSIDE:

Tommy lies on the wet floor reading a book of Punjabi poetry. The torch helmet - finally coming to some use.

But more than for reading, it seems like the book is a device to avoid someone.

We now notice Taayaji standing by the poolside - looking tired of Tommy's antics.

TAAYAJI

Bas ik vadiya gaana banaa de yaara.
Baaki tatti vi honge taa main o
Speedy Record waaleya nu settle kar
laanga. Bas ik gaana.

No response from Tommy. He continues to just float.

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)

Ik gaana. Hor ae anti-drug
concert. PR vaaste the best rehna
hai. Case vich vi help karega.
Judge di permission ley lu ke tu
nikal jaayi Manchester.

(MORE)

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)

Saare rockstar os hee clinic vich
jaande ne - Michael Jackson, apna
Mick Jagger, O Oasis haale munde...
Number one jagah hai. Mheene vich
clean clun kaar dende ne...

This time - Tommy brings the book down to look at Taayaji,
who shields his eyes from the torch light.

53 INT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE, RECORDING ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy. In a bathrobe. Hair still wet.

Sitting with a guitar in his hands. Console in front.

All around him - Taayaji, Jassi, the groupies.

All looking at him.

Tommy sighs. Shuts his eyes. Strums the guitar. Tries to hum
something.

It's a different texture than what we have heard of Tommy's
music so far - mellow and melancholy. Like his mood.

But it's not quite flowing.

He stops. Then restarts.

Same thing.

A few more attempts and Tommy gives up.

Opens his eyes. They are all still looking at him.

Tommy throws the guitar away - in anger.

TOMMY

Keya si na. Nahi ho reya matlab
nahi ho reya.

One of the groupies looks at Taayaji and clears his throat,
like to say something. Jassi signals him to shut up but he
says it anyway.

GROUPIE - 1

Taayaji. I think our bro here needs
some inspiration.

Taayaji turns to glare at him. And then - just what Jassi was
fearing - Taayaji gets super-violent.

He starts to thrash the groupie. Even as Jassi tries to pull
him back.

TAAYAJI
 Bhenchodon. Twaadi inspiration de
 chakkar vich saada munda jail ho
 aaya. Je hun naa vi leya taan bund
 vich chakku paa dyaanga...

As this commotion is going on -

TOMMY
 (mutters)
 Main London jaana hai.

Obviously - no one hears him. Taayaji goes about his thing -

TAAYAJI
 Jhaantu saale! Munde de goteyaan
 naal chimde paye hain. Pajo
 penchodon itthon...

TOMMY
 (louder)
 Main jaana hai.

Still - no one hears him. The chaos continues in the bg -

GROUPIE - 1 (O.S.)
 Sorry Taayaji, sorry sorry...

Tommy sits there holding his head. The VIOLENCE from Taayaji.
 The PLEADINGS from the groupie. The SHOUTS from Jassi. It's
 just adding up to a pressure-cooker that Tommy just can't be
 in any more.

He just gets up and TAKES OFF, SHOUTING -

TOMMY
 MAIN JAA RYAAN!

Running right past them out of the room.

It takes everyone else a moment or two to realise.

And then they run after him, shouting and screaming.

54 EXT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy runs out of the porch and rushes towards the main
 gates.

The crew emerges a moment or two later.

TAAYAJI
 (shouting)
 Bhenchodon, roko onu...

AT THE GATES:

Bouncers and security.

They rush towards Tommy. Try to grab him. He hits and pushes. But they are way too many.

Until - Tommy's hand lands on a gun that one of the guards has in his holster.

Tommy plucks it out. Points it randomly.

TOMMY

Khol darwajja! Main London jaana hai!

Taayaji - trying to calm him down.

TAAYAJI

Tommy, puttar, hun tu kitthe jaana hai, kitthe nahi, judge decide karega. Bas tu ae concert kar le...

But Tommy's not listening. He's in a zone, mumbling to himself, his eyes moving manically.

TOMMY

Main jaana hai...

Taayaji moves closer to him. In response, Tommy points the gun towards Taayaji.

At this - Taayaji loses it completely.

TAAYAJI

(shouts)

Bhenchod! Mainu goli maarenga tu? Mainu? Saale star banaaya tainu. Waiteri kaar rya si Birmingham vich.

Jassi tries to control him but Taayaji is on fire. The nervous energy - rising with every word of Taayaji. And so is the anger on Tommy's face.

TAAYAJI (CONT'D)

Tera peo bhenchod tur gaya si chhad chhud ke. Main teri pen da vyaah karaaya penchodaya... tu mainu goli maarenga? Mainu? Chala goli penchod...

That's it. Tommy fires!

It whizzes just past Taayaji's ear.

Something crashes behind Taayaji - a window pane.

But everyone remains standing where they are - stunned.

55 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, WARD - NIGHT

Preet. On her last round of check up.

Some of the patients are already sleeping.

Not Balli.

He lies writhing on his bed. Grunting. Abusing.

Preet walks up to him. Touches his forehead gently.

Balli pushes it away.

Preet signals Shyam who pours a liquid medicine in a glass and mixes it with water.

PREET

Le, dawaayi le le.

Balli just stares at her with angry eyes.

PREET (CONT'D)

Le le bachche, aaraam milega.

*

Shyam brings it closer to Balli's mouth. Balli resists. Shyam persists.

And most of it gets spilled.

Balli turns and buries his face in the pillow.

Preet watches him for a while. Then walks away into the corridor -

As Shyam switches off the lights behind her. And locks the door from outside.

56 INT. PREET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late at night. A tired Preet at her work desk.

In a singlet and shorts - looking very different from what we've seen her so far.

On her laptop - a blog being written.

Champion Discus Throwers being used to smuggle drugs across the border fence

A mail announces its arrival on the laptop.

Preet clicks.

Someone has sent a photograph.

As it slowly downloads on her laptop screen -

We see Preet's expression change.

The picture - A blast from the past. Of a party. Preet, in her early 20s, with a bunch of gora friends. Living it up.

Preet's eyes go to a particular face. A handsome white man who has got his arms around her.

We go CLOSER and CLOSER to the IMAGE -

And a SHARP, SURREAL CUT - the same boy, but this time his face is hollow, his eyes drugged out.

SLAM! Preet shuts the laptop.

It has clearly left her a little shaken.

Ting! Tong! The doorbell rings.

Preet - surprised.

AT THE DOOR:

Preet slowly approaches it.

PREET

Kaun?

(no response)

Kaun hai?

Still no response. Her eyes go to the wall clock.

10.45 PM.

Ting tong! Ting tong! - The doorbell rings again. Preet tenses up.

The door. She puts the safety latch on. And opens it just a peep.

Sartaj there.

Preet's surprised to see him. And still tense.

SARTAJ

Ghabraao mat, Madam. Pulce aayi
hai, daaku nahi aaye.

57

IN THE ROOM:

Preet's got the bottle of 'Chaand' and the pamphlet in her hands.

Vote for Rajveer Singh (urf Pehelwan).

Sartaj sits opposite - looking at her face, as she tries to connect the dots.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Is election mein daaru kambal nahi,
yeh baantne wale hain.

Preet snaps the bottle open. Checks it, sniffs it. Slowly realization begins to sink in.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Truckon mein lad ke aa raha hai.
Godown bhar rahe hain. Full
organised maamla hai. Party worker
baantenge pind pind jaa ke...

Preet looks at him. But her mind is lost in some serious thoughts.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Saale Pehelwan ki guddi pakad ke
ghused doonga thaane mein. Ab yaa
toh naukri jaayegi, ya goli
lagegi... Aap dekh lo, media mudia
mein uchhalna hai toh. Shaayad fer
maamla dabaana mushkil ho.

(beat)

Aur aapka bhi naam chhap jaayega.

Preet notices - his eyes glaring at her.

Sartaj gets up.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

System mein reh ke kuchh karna aur
baahar se ho halla karne mein jo
farak hai na, wo aapko isi case se
samajh aa jaayega.

Sartaj storms out of there. Banging the door behind him.

Preet - Shaken. Overwhelmed. Her mind - racing.

Somewhere outside - the O.S. sound of an Enfield engine
coming to life. And then receding away into the night.

And then something comes upon Preet.

She quickly grabs a jacket and her keys.

Sartaj's Enfield bhut-bhuts its way on the empty streets.
When a scooty pulls up next to him.

Sartaj's surprised to note - Preet on it.

PREET
(loudly)
Sirf Pehelwan ko pakadne se kya
hoga?

SARTAJ
Hain ji?

Sartaj slows down. Preet stops her bike just ahead of him.

PREET
Har seat pe, har shaher mein ek
pehelwan baitha hai.

Sartaj looks at her blankly.

SARTAJ
Toh?

Preet gets off and walks up to him. Excited.

PREET
Pehelwan to sirf yeh drugs baant
raha hai. Pakadna toh unhe chahiye
jo ye drugs bana rahe hain. Unki
factory ka pata lagao. Wahaan raid -

Sartaj snorts a self-deprecating laugh.

SARTAJ
O Madam, ye vardi dekhi hai meri?
Two star. Kaun hota hai? DIG?
Commissioner? Tuchcha sa SI hoon.
Meri kaun sunne-

*
*
*

Preet cuts him.

PREET
Tumne kaha ye maal election ke liye
ban raha hai. Toh koi political
connection toh hoga na?

SARTAJ
Connection? Yeh political
connection nahi hai Madam, yehi
politics hai. Jo aap log bhaashan
dete ho TV pe, narco politics, yehi
hai. Wo Bhullar, Transport
Minister, Revenue haala Gill, Home
Minister Brar, sab ko cut jaata
hai. Kitne MLA toh khud dealer
hain. Aise mein meri aapki kaun
sunne wala hai?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PREET
Election Commission.

*

Beat. Sartaj looks at her.

PREET (CONT'D)

Ek maheene mein election hai. Is
waqt state mein EC active hai, aur
powerful bhi. Saath mein media se
bhi pressure daalein toh unhe kuchh
action toh lena hi hoga. All we
need is some evidence. Par jo karna
hai election ke pehle karna hoga
Sartaj.

*
*
*
*

For the first time, Sartaj seems to buy into her reasoning.

*

59A EXT. STREETS - DAY

A dispensary. A man with a freshly bandaged face walks out.

The Bihari Truck Driver. Walking slowly. Wincing in pain.

His eyes spot someone on the other side of the road.

Sartaj. Staring straight at him.

The Truck Driver panics. And turns around to run.

Sartaj chases him.

And catches him pretty easily.

59B A TEA STALL BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD:

The Truck Driver sits in front of Sartaj. Scared.

TRUCK DRIVER

Hum toh driver aadmi hain,
Maharaj... Factory se godown,
godown se factory, hum kaa jaanein
ee sab khela...

SARTAJ

Barotiwala mein hai na teri
factory, Himachal border par? Chal,
ek gedi maar ke aate hain.

*

The Truck Driver begins to pleads.

TRUCK DRIVER

Naukriya chali jaayegi, Maharaj...
Saharanpur se aaye the, socha dus
bees kamaa ke gaaon waapas chale
jaayenge...

*

Sartaj hands over a plastic bag to him.

The Truck Driver peeps in - Money. About fifty thousand.

He looks at Sartaj - confused. Then gets it.

Then decides to try his luck out some more.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Wo bitiya ka saadi bhi karaana
tha...

Phat! Sartaj slaps him.

60

INT. PREET'S HOUSE - DAY

Pictures on Preet's computer. Of the outsides of a factory.

Non descript. Looks like a regular manufacturing unit.

Sartaj finishes showing the pictures to Preet.

SARTAJ
Kahin company ka koi naam, koi
board board, kuchh nahi. Lagta nahi
yehaan se maalkon ka pata chalega.

Preet nods, thinking.

PREET
Hmmm...

She comes up with a file from inside the desk. Full of
printouts from the internet, research papers etc.

She shows some papers to Sartaj. Sentences underlined, words
circled. She has done her homework!

PREET (CONT'D)
Yeh saare chemicals lagte hain is
drug ko banaane mein. Ethanol,
Hydrochloric Acid, Methyl Paraben,
Maleic Acid, Opium...

Sartaj looks at the research papers with confusion - Chemical
compositions, processes. Hardcore stuff.

PREET (CONT'D)
Sab aasaani se nahi milte. Kuchh
import hote hain. Kuchh controlled
hain. Jaise ki opium. India mein
afeem legally sirf do jagah banti
hai, Ghazipur aur Malwa mein.
Government controlled. Wahaan se
maal sirf licenced pharmaceutical
companies ko hi milta hai.

She looks at Sartaj who seems totally lost in the spiel.

SARTAJ
Matlab?

PREET

Matlab yaa toh koi pharma companies
hain jo inhe supply kar rahi hai.
Yaa fir inhone koi front create
kiya hai, jiske naam pe yeh
paperwork kar rahe hain. Agar uska
pata laga lo Sartaj toh...

SARTAJ

Hello, Madam, main jatt buddhi
haan. Correspondence mein BA kari
hai, third division mein. Jinni
tafteesh mere se honi thi, ho gayi.

PREET

Kisi ki help le sakte ho.

SARTAJ

(shrugs)

Kiski? Department mein toh kisi ko
pata bhi lag gaya na...

PREET

Socho, Sartaj. Koi toh milega.

They look at each other. Sartaj - thinking.

Preet - encouraging him to think.

And then - a sudden realization on Sartaj's face.

61 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - DAY

Preet rushes down the stairs, putting on her lab coat. Sartaj
chases her.

SARTAJ

Madam, aap hi ko pata hain yeh
chemical chumical.

PREET

Tumhaara dimaag toh theek hai?
Sawaal hi nahi uthata!

SARTAJ

Shift bandh hogi tab jaayenge. Ek
do watchmen chhod ke koi nahi hota.

PREET

Yeh sab mera kaam nahi hai, Sartaj.
Main ek doctor hoon, lady hoon.

SARTAJ

Madam, Punjab ke saare gabru toh
suiyaan lagaa ke tight hain. Toh
ladies ko hi kuchh karna padega na?

This makes Preet stop. She turns towards Sartaj. Conflicted.
Sartaj walks up to her. Looks her in the eye.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)
Aapne Balli ki jaan bachaayi hai,
Madam. Aapko kuchh nahi hone dunga.

Preet. Still conflicted. But considering.

62 INT. / EXT. TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Late evening.

The window with the glass broken from the bullet.

Tommy stands behind it. Wearing a hoodie and a blank look.
Observing -

Trucks being loaded. Entourage filing out in SUVs. T-shirts
and vehicle stickers proudly proclaiming - The Gabru da crew.

A grim Taayaji giving out last minute instructions, making
sure everything is in order -

TAAYAJI
Tommy di gaddi vich Diet Coke rakhi
ke nahi?

Tommy looks at his hassled face. His heart melts.

OUTSIDE:

An exhausted Taayaji turns - to find Tommy standing there.

Tommy gives him a tight hug.

Taayaji. Emotional. Ruffles his hair.

A smiling Jassi joins them. Hands Tommy a cap.

63 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Late evening. A bike makes its way down the dusty highway.

Sartaj and Preet.

As the sun sets in the distant horizon, they cross a convoy
of cars.

Bang in the center of the convoy - a limo.

64 EXT. HIGHWAY / MOVING LIMO - DAY

Tommy's limo.

Behind - Tommy sits alone, sipping Diet Coke.

Wearing the stupid cap that reads - *Drugs di maa di.*

INTERVAL

65 EXT. HIGHWAY / INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Late evening. An industrial area. Blocks after blocks of industrial plots. Mostly small-scale and cottage industry type.

Somewhere - A bush. Hiding behind it - Sartaj and Preet, with Sartaj's bike hidden closeby.

Preet looks nervous. Out of place.

A truck appears down the road. It comes to a stop a little way before the factory.

SARTAJ

Chalo, Madam. Yehi truck hai.

An unsure Preet remains where she is.

Until - Sartaj takes Preet by the hand. She gives in.

Sartaj leads her to the truck. Helps her climb in.

Then jumps in himself.

Sartaj knocks behind the driver's cabin.

The Bihari truck driver - looking as nervous as Preet - puts the truck in motion again.

Sartaj and Preet hide behind the empty cardboard boxes and the tarpouline sheets.

66 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The truck parks close to the watchman cabin.

The driver and the cleaner get down.

Then walk towards the TWO WATCHMEN.

WATCHMAN AT FACTORY

Dose chahiye? Ramavtar laga raha
hai peechhe ki taraf.

The driver and the helper refuse and walk out of the factory.

The watchmen sink back in their chairs, muttering -

WATCHMAN AT FACTORY (CONT'D)
 Saala double kar diya hai shift.
 Jaanwar samajh rakha hai.

Sartaj and Preet quietly jump down from the truck.

Sartaj looks around. All quiet. Mostly dark.

He starts to click pictures of the premises from his mobile.

67 EXT. CONCERT ARENA, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Several mobiles. Around Tommy's limo. Which is surrounded by young Punjabi boys.

We are outside the concert venue and they won't let the car pass easily.

Some slam the windows. Others jump over the bonnet. Tommy's bouncers working hard to push them away.

Noise. Chaos.

Inside the car - Sudden silence.

Tommy looks stoic. Looks disconnected. And with that cap - looks stupid.

His eyes go to -

TWO TEENAGE BOYS IN SCHOOL DRESS who press their faces at his window. Drugged out. Hollow eyes.

Tommy and their eyes meet. And hold.

For an uncomfortably long time.

68 INT. CONCERT ARENA, GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Taayaji overlooks last minute touchup to Tommy by the makeup artist as Jassi hovers in the bg.

A nervous Tommy sits fiddling with his guitar. That melancholy tune! Damn, he just can't seem to get it right.

Uncomfortable mood. The buzz and roar of the crowd can be faintly heard in the bg. *Tommy, Tommy...*

In front of Tommy - several mannequin heads with wigs of different hairstyles.

TAAYAJI
 Ae lambe baal waala look try karin
 aaj. Suit karega.

No response from Tommy.

Again - awkward silence.

Taayaji presses Tommy's shoulder -

TAAAYAJI (CONT'D)
Aaj rock kar deyin...

And makes an awfully awkward EXIT.

Jassi and Tommy's eyes meet in the mirror. Tommy puts down his guitar. Looks at Jassi nervously.

TOMMY
Mere se nahi hona.

Jassi can see Tommy means it.

A moment of panic but then he recovers. Plays it cool.

JASSI
Bas yaar, Dilip. Saari kalaakari
aaj hi dikhaayega.

DILIP, the make up boy, continues with a "he he he".

This time, Jassi glares at him.

JASSI (CONT'D)
Kat le, bhenchod.

Dilip EXITS in a hurry.

Jassi quickly shuts the door and returns to Tommy.

JASSI (CONT'D)
Main samajhda haan veerey! Gaddi
vich petrol nahi houga taa ki lun
chalegi. Hor fer, saadi gaddi taa
Hummer hai. Petrol vi jyaada peendi
hai.

He takes something out of his jacket. Puts it in front of Tommy.

A packet of coke.

JASSI (CONT'D)
Hun das. Who's The Gabru?

Tommy looks at him in the mirror. Jassi winks. And EXITS.

Leaving behind -

Tommy. And that packet of coke in front of him.

Tommy's hand slowly moves towards the packet. With shaking fingers, he picks it up.

Smells it. Ooooooh, that feeling!

But then - throws it away.

Yeah, fuck this shit!

We STAY ON Tommy as he WAITS.

Silence. Just the faint roar of the O.S. crowd.

Tommy, Tommy...

In a flash, Tommy jumps up and rushes to pick up the packet.

69 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Mary Jane slowly opens her eyes.

Groggy.

Sonu sleeps with his arm around her.

Mary Jane pushes him away.

Smacks her dry mouth. Itches her arm.

Looks around.

That syringe lying on the floor. She picks it up.

Only to discover - it's empty. She throws it away in frustration.

Shakes Sonu up a bit. Then more vigorously.

He barely opens his eyes.

Mary Jane shows him the empty syringe. A wasted Sonu puts his arm around her, trying to make her lie down again.

Mary Jane pushes him away.

Restless. Gets up.

Walks up to the door. Pulls it. It opens.

Mary Jane staggers out. Down the corridor.

A locked door.

She bangs on it. Several times. No one answers.

Distraught.

Sound of a TV playing somewhere. Perhaps, downstairs.

She looks around. The stairs.

She climbs down. Almost trips. Recovers.

70 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mary Jane reaches the ground floor.

Looks around.

Parjaayi sleeps on the sofa - *Grahshobha* on her chest.

Despite the TV playing at a loud volume.

ON the TV - Home Minister Brar at an election rally. Talking about the war they are fighting on drugs.

70INS

HOME MINISTER BRAR (T.V.)

Twaadi Pulce, twaadi government te
haath paiyr maar hi rhi hai. Par
main Punjab de ik ik youth nu ae
kehna chahanda hai ki ae jeda war
on drugs hai, ae twaanu
individually vi fight kaarna paina
hai...

Mary Jane looks around. No one else there.

She spots a half-open door.

She staggers towards it.

Opens it. And walks out -

71 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE IN THE FIELDS - NIGHT

- only to realize she has come out in the courtyard.

A tubelight flickers above her.

She stares at it - dazed.

No one around. Except for -

The Bulli kutta sleeping in the cage.

Her eyes go to the main gate. It's open.

A few moments pass as she continues to stand there in the courtyard - dazed.

And then she hears a SHOUT from above.

KUKU (O.S.)

OYE!

She looks up.

UP ON THE TERRACE:

Kuku. Looking down at her with panic. Shouting -

KUKU (CONT'D)
O Kaake! Sonu, oye...

She sees Kuku's eyes darting.

From her - to the open gate.

From her - to the open gate.

Fuck. Realization hits Mary Jane.

And she bolts.

Out of the gates.

Into the fields.

She turns back to see -

Kuku emerging out of the gates, screaming -

KUKU (CONT'D)
Kaakey, gaddi kad oye...

She turns back towards the highway. And runs and runs and runs.

72

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Preet and Sartaj. Their eyes on - the two watchmen. Stretched out on their chairs, dozing off.

Sartaj signals to Preet. They emerge out and start moving towards the factory entrance, taking cover every now and then so as to not be exposed for long.

Just when they reach close to the watchmen cabin and are about to cross over -

One of the watchmen stirs to life.

Sartaj immediately pulls Preet behind a wall. They tense up - *

But the watchman goes back to his sleep. *

Preet sighs in relief. Sartaj takes Preet's hand and they move out, past him - towards where the shutters are. *

AT THE SHUTTERS:

Sartaj pulls the shutter up slowly - so as to not make a sound. And only a bit - for Preet and him to squeeze in.

His eyes are on the dozing watchman all the time - until Preet manages to squeeze in.

*

73

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Inside - A cluttered warehouse area.

With hundreds of boxes and cartons casually stacked around. They quickly check some of the stuff. Bottles of *Chaand*.

Sartaj quickly takes pictures from his mobile.

They move ahead.

And reach - a factory floor.

Grinders and mixers and machinery.

And chemicals and powders stacked in containers and gunny sacks.

It's a small scale but almost professional set-up.

SARTAJ

Dekho Madam, kuchh milta hai toh.

Preet starts to check out the details on the containers and the sacks - trying to push and turn the heavy stuff around so as to read the labeling and the content.

Sartaj tries to help out with the menial stuff.

Preet goes about diligently, moving from one lot to the next.

But can't seem to find what she's looking for.

PREET

Yehaan toh nahi hai kuchh bhi.

Sartaj notices - the mezzanine floor with a little cabin.

SARTAJ

Wahaan dekhte hain.

They quickly climb up the stairs and enter the cabin.

MEZZANINE FLOOR:

In the dark, Preet quickly goes through the files and documents on the desk with the help of the mobile light.

She doesn't seem to be finding what she's looking for. She shakes her head at Sartaj.

Just then - lights come on all over.

Shit. Sartaj and Preet rush to the little window to peep out.

The factory has come to life and the workers are walking in - about 15-20 of them.

PREET
(panicking)
Tumne toh kahaa tha abhi koi shift
nahi hai.

Even Sartaj seems taken aback. But he signals Preet to relax. Looks around. Nowhere to go. Or hide.

They notice - a man, possibly the MANAGER, walking towards the staircase of the cabin.

Sartaj picks up the scissors lying on the desk and takes Preet's hand. They hide behind the door.

Step! Step! Step! They can hear the man climbing the iron steps.

A hand appears at the door and pulls it open.

Sartaj clenches the scissors in his hands.

But just before the man could enter, a voice from below -

FACTORY WORKER (O.S.)
Sirji, Ghazipur tohn maal aa gaya.

The manager turns around and walks down.

Sartaj sighs in relief but Preet rushes to the window excitedly to see -

DOWN BELOW:

8-10 LOADERS walk in, carrying three different containers one after the other.

These look different from the rest - let's just say more pro.

And have this stamped all over them -

Warning: Grade A Classified Substance. Strictly for consignee only.

PREET
Sartaj, shaayad yehi wo consignment
hai. Isi ki details chahiye.

The containers are heavy and the loaders carry them slowly, with some difficulty.

UP ON THE MEZZANINE FLOOR:

Preet watches with confusion as Sartaj makes a little hole on his shirt pocket with the scissors. Then switches on the video mode in his phone and puts it into the pocket.

He looks at Preet -

SARTAJ

Jaisa hi mera phone aaye, seedhe
baahar aa jaana.

Preet still doesn't quite get it. But then, to her utter
dismay, Sartaj turns around and walks out -

Out of the cabin.

Down the steps.

DOWN BELOW:

The containers being carried in. One of them gets placed in
the designated area. The next one is on its way.

The attention of most people is around there.

Benefitting from this, Sartaj makes his way down the stairs
and onto the factory floor.

From above - Preet watches with sheer horror as Sartaj walks
towards all the activity near the entrance of the warehouse.

The factory workers... the loaders... confusion... a drum
slips...

Just then, Sartaj moves in to lend a helping hand.

We SWITCH TO Sartaj's camera POV.

The drum. With the distinctly official labelling on it -

*Issued by: Government Opium and Alkaloid Works, Ghazipur.
Consignment for: Deluxe Pharmaceuticals. XXXX (address).*

The drum is finally placed next to the other two.

The loaders turn around and start walking out. Sartaj follows
them.

74 EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Sartaj walks out and notices the loaders heading towards the
exit.

He looks around - notices the electric mains on the other
end.

*

75 INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Preet. Alone. Panicking. And just then - the lights go off.

Preet panics further.

PREET
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Just then - her phone buzzes silently. *Sartaj calling...*

Preet takes a deep breath. And steps out in the little light of her mobile.

DOWN BELOW:

Chaos. Scrambling. Shouts.

MANAGER (O.S.)
O light nu kee ho gaya? O vekh oye
Jogi...

Preet almost bumps into someone who grunts but Preet continues to walk towards the exit.

Just as she walks out, someone puts a hand over her mouth and pulls her into a corner.

Preet. Freaking out. Until the lights come on.

And she realises - it's Sartaj.

They're hiding in a corner - as the manager walks towards the mains where the two watchmen are.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Kee hoya si?

WATCHMAN AT FACTORY
Pata nahi. Down thha.

Sartaj takes Preet's hand and they make their way towards the back of the factory.

76

BACK OF THE FACTORY:

They come running but stutter to a stop as they notice -

AN OFF DUTY SECURITY GUARD sitting with his back to the wall.

But he doesn't move or look at them.

Preet notices - an open bottle of 'Chaand' and a used syringe lying next to him.

They slowly walk past him - towards a heap of sacks.

Sartaj helps Preet climb it, so as to get on to the wall.

Just before jumping down - Preet looks back at Sartaj. And freezes.

Right behind Sartaj - someone zombie-walking towards him.
ANOTHER OFF DUTY SECURITY GUARD.

Sartaj notices her expression and just when he is about to turn -

Whack!

The man fists Sartaj on the back of the neck.

Sartaj lets out a little yelp in pain. Turns and pushes the man away.

The man falls down and passes out.

PREET

Shit! Chalo yehaan se.

Sartaj climbs up the sacks, on to the wall.

Preet and Sartaj jump out of the factory walls.

77

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

They run towards the bike parked behind the trucks.

Sartaj feels a little woozy and stops. His head spins a bit.

Preet notices.

PREET

Chalo, Sartaj!

Sartaj composes himself somehow. Reaches up to the bike.

He takes it off the stand and tries to kickstart it -

But misses it completely and stumbles, falling on the bike.

Preet panics.

PREET (CONT'D)

Sartaj! Theek ho tum?

Sartaj tries to stumble back on his feet. Preet looks at his state - worried.

She composes herself. Somehow pulls him up.

Then picks the bike up and starts it.

PREET (CONT'D)

Baitho.

Sartaj continues to stand there - looking dazed.

This time, Preet commands him -

PREET (CONT'D)
Sartaj! Baitho!

Sartaj shakes his head to clear it. Climbs on.

She rides away.

But what's that we see sticking out from Sartaj's nape?

Damn, it's a syringe!

78 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mary Jane runs down the highway.

Tired. Breathless. She stops for a second to catch her breath.

She looks back -

A bus approaching. Behind the bus, the smugglers' car, about a hundred metres away.

Mary Jane starts to run down the road. Trying to get to the bus before it zips past her.

She only just about manages to make it and jump on to the ladder behind the bus. She hangs on to it, as the bus speeds away from the car.

*

80A EXT. HIGHWAY/ABANDONED DHABA - NIGHT

Preet rides. Sartaj behind her.

PREET
Tum theek ho?

Sartaj sits behind - drooping.

PREET (CONT'D)
(louder)
Sartaj?

Sartaj snaps to attention briefly -

SARTAJ
Ik gal dasaan, Madamji? Maine na...

Preet waits for him to continue. But he goes quiet again.

Next - she feels his weight on her. Sartaj seems to be passing out and tipping over from the bike.

She tries hard to stop him. But loses control of the bike.

It careens off the highway -

Towards an ABANDONED DHABA in the nearby fields -

And topples over.

The two get thrown off the bike and Sartaj lands over her.

Preet recovers. Somehow tries to push him away. Only to realize -

Sartaj's droopy eyes are looking straight into her.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Maine na... Madamji... twaadi vargi
lady nahi vekhi... Twaade chaare
paase gandh hai... nashedi,
charsi... par tussi fer vi... ik
dum clean... dignity. Main aap o hi
taa nahi kar paaya. Pressure vich
aa ke apni duty chadh di. Par tussi
na... aisi chapet maari pancho
ankhaan kholti...

Preet laughs; tries to push him off her.

PREET

Achcha chalo, ab side ho.

SARTAJ

Twaanu pata hai... sab tohn maadi
joon... life ki worst tragedy hai,
Madam... kisi apne nu jaande
vekhna... apni akhhan de saamne.
Hor kujj na kar paana.

Beat. Preet looks at Sartaj. He is emotional. There's something off about him.

And then she notices - the syringe stuck in his neck.

Preet pulls it off, as Sartaj winces.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Bapu taa gaya hi si... hun je pra
jaanda na... Tussi onu nahi, mainu
bachaaya hai. Hun onu theek kar do
bas...

Sartaj chokes. Tries to control himself. But can't help the sobs.

Preet grabs hold of his face. Tries to calm him.

PREET

Sun. Dekh meri taraf. Aankhen khol.

*

Sartaj looks at her. Preet looks carefully.

*

She touches his neck to feel for his pulse.

*

PREET (CONT'D)

Ab jeebh dikha... Muh khol Sartaj.

He sticks his tongue out. Looks pretty stupid. Preet smiles and grabs hold of his face.

PREET (CONT'D)

Sun, Shaheed Sartaj Singh. Kuchh nahi hoga Balli ko. Pakka.

SARTAJ

Pakka?

PREET

Promise.

SARTAJ

Thank you, Madamji. Tussi hero ho mere. Jung e bahadur Madam Preet Sahni. Commander, drugs on war.

Preet laughs.

PREET

War on drugs. Aur hero wero kuchh nahi. Bas koshish kar rahi hoon.

A handpump nearby. She goes to it.

As she works the handpump and washes her hands -

PREET (CONT'D)

Do jung chal rahi hain Punjab mein. Jo main aur tu lad rahe hain, Pehelwan jaise logon se, system se... wo toh fir bhi aasaan hai. Asli war on drugs wo hai jo Balli jaise drug addicts lad rahe hain, apne aap se.

INSERT IMAGES -

80B Balli. Violent. Throwing himself against the door.

80C Mary Jane. Hanging on to the bus.

80D Tommy. Snorting a line.

80A Preet walks up to Sartaj.

PREET (CONT'D)

Wo jeetenge toh hum jeetenge. Wo haare, toh Punjab haar gaya.

She looks at Sartaj. He has passed out.

She smiles it off. Then as she turns away, he comes to a start and kisses her abruptly.

Preet - taken aback by the sheer unexpectedness of it.

Takes her a while to recover. She gently pushes him away.

Conscious - she gets up. Unsure how to react.

Turns to look at Sartaj - who's now mumbling an incoherent apology, while trying to get up.

Sartaj stumbles. She holds him.

Makes him sit down. Next to her.

Sartaj protests. Tries to get up again.

She shushes him up. Pulls him down.

Puts his head on her shoulder. Calming him.

She remains there - looking at the stars. As Sartaj continues to mumble incoherently.

An amused smile plays on her lips.

81 EXT. CONCERT ARENA, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The bus makes a slow turn and Mary Jane gets off in a crowded area. Bright lights. People jostling. Much like a 'fair'.

She feels safer somehow. Safety in numbers. She joins in the hustle bustle.

It's Tommy's concert venue.

From inside the arena - chants of *Tommy, Tommy...*

She looks around - Lost. Holding on to her stomach.

Notices - Cops. That Sikh one in the distance. Is that Jujhar? Maybe.

Fuck. Mary Jane turns around.

Only to see - Kuku, Kaaka and Lucky. Looking around for her.

Mary Jane runs away from there.

Towards where the parking is.

She jumps over the parked bikes and vanishes into the darkness that lies beyond.

As the chants continue in the bg - *Tommy, Tommy...*

82 INT. CONCERT ARENA, GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

And they can be heard here as well.

In the Greenroom. There's something off about the greenroom. It just looks different. Oh yeah, the furniture has been completely rearranged.

And there's Tommy.

Sitting on the floor. Bombed out. Wearing his "Drugs di maa di" cap.

Mannequin heads rolling all around him.

In his hand - an ustara from the makeup artist's kit, with which he is chopping a wig to pieces with manic intensity.

The door opens and Jassi walks in.

His jaw drops as he surveys the scene.

Tommy looks at him. Smiles.

TOMMY

Chalein?

83 INT. CONCERT ARENA, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The long corridors.

Bouncers lead Tommy who walks like a man on a mission. Jassi follows Tommy with panic on his face.

JASSI

Bhai tu theek hai na bhai?

TOMMY

Rock and roll.

The roar of the crowd - becoming louder and louder.

Tommy begins to jump up and shadow punch - the way boxers do to pump themselves up before a fight.

And before Jassi knows, Tommy breaks out of the cordon and runs.

It takes a moment for Jassi and the bouncers to realize. They chase.

But they come to a screeching halt when they realize Tommy has run up to -

84 EXT. CONCERT ARENA, STAGE - NIGHT

The stage.

To a boisterous roar of the crowd.

Tommy continues to run even when on the stage.

From here to there. And this end to that one.

All over.

Doing somersaults. And cartwheels.

Manic fucking energy.

Making the crowd go mad.

Until - he trips on a cable. And falls hard - face down.

To a collective gasp from the crowd.

Tommy remains lying there.

Across the stage - Taayaji gestures furiously to Jassi - *what the fuck is going on?*

To pump Tommy up, the crowd now begins to chant -

Gabru! Gabru! Gabru!

Tommy slowly lifts his head up. Still breathless. Jumps up. Runs up to the mike.

The crowd roars in approval.

Tommy. Dripping with sweat. Manic eyes. Takes a few seconds to collect his breath.

Even as the crowd continues to chant - *Gabru! Gabru! Gabru!*

TOMMY

Dikha koi? Haan, dikha koi Gabru?
Tch! Kahaan se dikhega? Kuchh naalo
mein pade hain... koi apni hi ulti
mein lote raha hai... aur kaiyon ka
toh already waheguru ho gaya.

The crowd chuckles. Somewhere, someone screams -

VOICE FROM THE CROWD (O.S.)

Chal gaana suna de yaar!

TOMMY

Gaana vi sunaunga pra. Pehlaan gal
taa sun le!

He just wants to say it all today -

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yaar, main na bhot chhota aadmi
haan. Chutiyaa haan! Ae haa main -

He takes off his cap.

Fuck, he's gone completely bald. Er, except for a hair tattoo
that says -

FUDDU.

Yes, that's what the tattoo says. Check the image being
displayed on the giant screen.

The crowd doesn't really know how to react. Some boo.

Tommy's not bothered by it -

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuddu! Main fuddu haan! O taa
dukaan chal gayi music di, nahi taa
waiteri kar rya hunda, yaa fer
kitthe taxi chala rya hunda. High
school mar mura ke paas kitti si.
Bas ik cheej di knowledge si.
Drugs. Hor os baare mein gaa ditta.
Tussi onu philosophy maan leya?
Tussi taa pancho mere tohn vi vadde
fuddu nikale.

The crowd - silent.

Then a few chuckles. *Saada Tommy!*

The ORGANISERS by the aisle - they seem impressed.

Taayaji mock-punches one of them. *See my boy?*

In the front rows:

The VIP section. A bunch of RICH JATT BOYS there.

One of them SHOUTS -

JATT HECKLER

Chal, chal. Bhot ho gaya. Hun gaana
suna de.

Tommy looks in the direction - trying to see beyond the
lights.

TOMMY

Hor tu taa sab tohn vadda fuddu hai
veerey. Je hun vi tainu gal samajh
nhi aa rahi.

The jatt boys don't like it one bit. They begin to rile the
crowd up.

JATT HECKLERS
 (chanting)
 Gaana gaa yaa waapas jaa...Gaana
 gaa yaa waapas jaa...

The crowd takes to it - like it always does.

CROWD
 (chanting)
 Gaana gaa yaa waapas jaa...

It becomes louder and louder.

By the aisles:

The organisers - now glaring at Taayaji. Who seems confused.

Tommy - on the stage. He just stands there - watching the crowd chant against him.

Anger slowly rising on his face.

And then - a plastic bottle comes and hits him on the head.

That's it!

TOMMY
 Gaana sun-na hai? Taa ae lo. Suno.

Next - Tommy pulls down his zipper. Pulls his dick out. And starts to piss.

Yes, Sir. Right there.

Stunned silence from everyone. Just the collective dropping of the jaws.

And everything goes SUPER SLO MO.

Taayaji running towards the cameras, gesticulating wildly -

TAAYAJI
 Cut karo! Cut karo!

Organisers run past him - towards Tommy.

Followed by the cops.

Random stuff comes flying towards Tommy now - shoes, more bottles, lighters.

In response - Tommy picks up the mike stand. And throws it back at the crowd.

It goes flying - as the crowd ducks. But it manages to hit one of the jatt boys - right in the head.

The guy goes down. Blood. Blackout.

The enraged crowd charges towards the stage.

Cops charge towards Tommy.

Jassi runs with his bouncers. Trying to be the shield between Tommy and the crowd.

But they are just way too many.

Jassi shouts -

JASSI
TOMMY! BHAAG!

Tommy remains rooted. Jassi pushes him violently. SCREAMS AGAIN.

Tommy snaps out of it. And runs.

The crowd chases him. The cops chase the crowd.

Free for all.

Tommy jumps down the stage. Into -

85 EXT. CONCERT ARENA, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The open area behind.

Tommy turns to see - some of the crowd coming after him. Especially the jatt boys.

Who pick up stones and start throwing it at him. One just misses.

Tommy panics. Runs.

This time - A stone gets him in the back.

Tommy screams in pain. Runs faster. Towards -

The parking area.

Tommy jumps over the bikes parked there.

And vanishes into the darkness that lies beyond.

86 EXT. SMALL TOWN LANES - NIGHT

Narrow lanes of a small town. Mostly dark and empty since it's late at night.

Tommy comes running from a lane and enters another.

Looks around.

He spots - a small under-construction site.

87A INT. UNDER-CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Even darker inside. A figure scrounges through the rubbish - discarded bottles, syringes.

Mary Jane. In the hope of finding something.

Picks up a syringe. It's empty.

Mary Jane grunts in anger and pain. Throws it away.

Scratches her arm. Holds on to her stomach. Tight.

Spots - a half-eaten packet of biscuits. She gobbles it down.

She feels something. Turns.

A figure runs in. Tommy.

Mary Jane quickly picks up a broken beer bottle from the ground.

And charges at Tommy with a SCREAM.

Who freezes in fear.

The glass stops right next to his throat.

Tommy and Mary Jane look into each other's eyes.

MARY JANE
Kaat denge, bhenchod.

Tommy just stares at her - dazed. Scared.

Mary Jane looks at his face. He seems harmless.

She brings down the bottle.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
Bhaag yehaan se.

TOMMY
Please... chhupne de.

Mary Jane considers.

MARY JANE
Kaun ho?

TOMMY
Main... Tommy.

MARY JANE
Kutta?

TOMMY
Tommy Singh. Singer.

Mary Jane gives a second look to his fucked up state.

MARY JANE
Chupchaap koney mein baith jaao.

87B INSIDE:

Two corners. Where the two sit.

Both holding their heads. Cringing. Withdrawal symptoms for both.

Their eyes meet. And the two go together -

| | |
|-----------|--------------------|
| TOMMY | MARY JANE (CONT'D) |
| Maal hai? | Maal hai? |

Sigh! They go quiet again.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
Kisse bhaag raha hai?

Tommy looks away.

TOMMY
Apne aap se.

Despite herself - Mary Jane blurts out laughing.

MARY JANE
Chutiya.

Tommy looks at her.

TOMMY
Duniya ka sabse bada.

Mary Jane gives him a look of disdain.

MARY JANE
Humse bada nahi ho sakte.

TOMMY
Chal, oye. Chutiyon ka champion
hoon main. His Highness Chutiya
Number One. Dekh chutiyaapa kar ke
kahaan se kahaan pahunch gaya.

MARY JANE
Hum bhi rasta bhool ke nahi aaye
hain yehaan... hamaara sunoge na...

TOMMY
O rehen de. Meri toh khopadi pe bhi
likha hai. Dekh.

He proudly displays his head to Mary Jane.

MARY JANE
Yeh to fuddu likha hai.

TOMMY
Ek hi baat hai.

MARY JANE
Kaisa ek hi baat hua? Fuddu fuddu
hota hai, chutiya chutiya hota hai.

They settle at that. Silence for a while.

Tommy looks at Mary Jane. Considers. Then says it.

TOMMY
Ek cheez soch raha tha... mere se
akele se hoga nahi...

Mary Jane looks at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Saath mein suicide karegi?

MARY JANE
Bhaag.. itna bada chutiya bhi nahi
hain.

Tommy's face drops in disappointment.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
Aur tum saala yeh sab baat daalo
mat hamaara dimaag mein. Manhoos
saala.

She finds a rock and throws it at Tommy.

It hits Tommy. And hurts.

TOMMY
Haan maar le. Pancho tu bhi maar le
ab.

MARY JANE
Toh kaahe manhoosiyat batiya rahe
ho?

TOMMY
Haan te hor kee karaan? Pancho
changi gal sunni kine hai? Aaj kari
toh ande phenkne lage gaandu...
vekh...ae vekh...

He shows her his splotchy shirt. Sniffs it. Yuck, it stinks!

There is a faint sound of feet in the distance. Approaching.
But Tommy doesn't seem to notice.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Aur jo pichhle 4 saal se bakwaas
kar raha tha woh sab sahi tha inke
liye.. pancho star bana diya
mainu.. Mainu!? 22 saal mein, pop
fuckin' star! Lakkhan CDiyan bechi
from London se Ludhiana. Asian
Underground number teen. Tommy!
Gabru! Tommy! Gabru! Tommy! Gabru!
(beat)
Aur uske baad... phusss! Soch ke
dekh. Koi tere ko bole ki teri life
mein jo nikal gaya wo tera sabse
achcha time tha. Ab isse achcha
time nahi aane waala. Finished.
Maal khatam. Party over..

Tommy finishes his speech and turns to Mary Jane.

She's not there.

88 EXT. SMALL TOWN LANES - NIGHT

Mary Jane is out in the lane. Three figures come running
towards her. One of them carries a hockey stick.

Mary Jane runs in the opposite direction.

She runs a hundred yards or so and then realizes no one is
following. She stops.

Looks back to see -

Tommy - being dragged out into the lane and being bashed up
by those three men.

We realize now - These are the Jatt boys from the concert.

Mary Jane remains standing there. Watching - Tommy being
thrown about on the ground. Kicked. Thrashed with the hockey
stick.

And then - something comes upon Mary Jane. She charges at the
men.

The men are completely taken by surprise as -

Mary Jane slams the bottle into the thigh of the man wielding
the stick. He falls down. Mary Jane grabs his hockey stick.

She hooks it on to the second guy's leg and tugs viciously.
The man loses balance and falls. Mary Jane hits him again and
again. Wild and violent.

She charges at the third guy with the raised stick and a
violent SCREAM.

And then from somewhere in the distance - faint strains of music. It's the tune Tommy had been trying to compose for a while. The mellow one!

His dazed POV in SLO MO -

Mary Jane. Hair flowing all over. Mouth open for that violent scream. Blood in eyes. Hockey stick in hand. Raised like that of a goddess out to slay the demon.

The men retreat in sheer fear. Mary Jane chases them - till they disappear down the lane.

A bruised, beat up Tommy remains lying on the ground - looking with disbelief - as she walks back up to him.

The music ends abruptly when she raises her hockey stick - threatening to hit him.

MARY JANE

Manhoos, saala. Kaise nahi aayega
achcha time bey? Saala achcha time
khojte khojte toh yeh haal ho gaya.

A stunned Tommy looks at her - she's seething in anger.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Chutiya nahi hain hum. Hockey
champion hain. District player.
Socha Bihar ke liye khelenge toh
achcha time aayega. Tab bhosadi
baap mar gaya. Sarhota aaye, khet
mein hansiya chalaane lage. Saala
ek din aasmaan se wo packet aa ke
gira. Socha bech denge toh achcha
time aayega. Ho gaya chutiyapa.
Dharaa gaye saala. Jaanwar banaa
diya humko. Kutta ka jindagi. Kabhi
yeh chadhta hai, kabhi wo chadhta
hai, kabhi maadarchod sab saath
mein chadhta hai. Pataa hai tumko
kya hua hai hamaare saath?

She tries to think of how to tell it.

Then goes ahead and kisses Tommy - taking him totally by surprise.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Yeh. Yeh chhod ke sab kuchh hua
hai. Samjhe?

Tommy just remains there looking at her with incredulity. He can't even blink.

Just then - a light in the distance. An approaching car maybe.

Mary Jane takes Tommy's hand. And runs from there.

89 EXT. SMALL TOWN LANES - NIGHT

Another lane. They are still running. And hobbling. And panting.

Tommy keeps looking at her as they run. She's still blabbering - but all he can hear is the damned music!

They run. And run.

Down sleepy lanes.

Until - they reach a garbage dump. Dark. Quiet. Just the sound of their panting.

MARY JANE

Khidki mein se Goa ka ek adotise
dikhta hai, usi ko taadte rahte
hain. Kyunki wo hamaara achcha time
hai. Aur wo aayega. Aana padega
bhosadi usko. Hum le ke aayenge.
Aur jab aayega toh poochhenge usko
ki itna time kahaan thha be tu
maadar-

Mary Jane chokes. And breaks down.

Tommy holds her, preventing her from collapsing.

And slowly makes her sit down. With their backs to the garbage bin.

And the music surrounds him -

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Saala paanch kilo heroin... pachaas
kilo ka aadmi se jyaada jaroori ho
gaya? Humko toh nahi jamaa tumhaara
Punjab. Kabhi beedi nahi piye
thhe... saala sui ka aadat laga
diya humko idhar...

TOMMY

Chhod kyun nahi deti?

MARY JANE

Punjab? Ya sui?

Tommy smiles at her.

TOMMY

Tera naam?

Mary Jane looks at him. About to answer when -

Her expression changes as she sees -

Three figures emerge out of darkness. Kuku, Kaaka and Lucky.

Mary Jane SCREAMS but all we can hear is the MUSIC.

The men pounce on Mary Jane.

Tommy reacts. Goes after them.

They are one too many. But Tommy puts up a fight.

Until - WHACK!

An iron rod lands on his head.

The music continues...

90 EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Over the image of -

Preet on the bike. Behind her - a sleepy Sartaj.

Tied to her with her dupatta so as to prevent him from falling off the bike.

She rides on - slowly but surely.

It's a cute sight.

91 INT. PREET'S HOUSE - MORNING

Preet enters the house holding on to Sartaj. Somehow.

She drags him to the bed and makes him lie down.

Exhausted, she sits down.

Looks at him as he sleeps peacefully.

BY THE WINDOW:

Preet stands by the window. Sipping wine. Lost in thoughts.

91INS An IMAGE - the white boy we had seen earlier. Trying to reach out. Like calling for help.

Preet snaps herself out of it.

The sun begins to come up on the distant horizon.

The music ends.

92 EXT. ROAD / GARBAGE DUMP - DAY

A garbage bag. It dangles as a man walks towards a large, overflowing garbage bin with the bag in his hand.

The damned thing stinks. The man throws the bag in from a distance.

INSIDE THE GARBAGE BIN:

The bag lands in. On someone's face.

The man stirs to life. Slowly looks up.

It's Tommy. Dried blood all over his face. Groggy.

He sniffs. Yuck! And wretches.

Tommy gets up with much difficulty.

The head hurts real bad. He touches the wound. Winces.

Then suddenly remembers something. Looks around in panic.

Fuck. No sign of Mary Jane.

TOMMY

O!

We can see he's trying hard to remember something. *Her name, maybe?*

But can't. Shouts out.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

O... O ladki!

He can't see her anywhere.

And all Tommy can hear is - Honk! Honk! Paaain! Puuunn!

The early morning chaos of traffic.

Tommy shuts his ears in disgust.

93 THE ROAD:

Tommy hobbles down the road. The body hurts. The knee wobbles. Pieces of garbage stick out of him. Clothes - torn, bloodied, smelling.

Anything but a rockstar.

Stray dogs bark at his sight.

Tommy stops. Looks around.

Traffic. People.

Who evade him because of the smell.

Fuck. Where is he?

He checks his pockets - nothing there.

His eyes go to - a PCO.

Tommy walks up to it.

Picks up the phone.

Dials 9. Then 8. Then stops.

His fingers hover over the buttons.

Damn! He can't remember any numbers.

Tommy slams the phone down.

His eyes go to -

A TV playing in the shop. News report.

Images of Tommy's antics last night at the concert. Blurred out, of course. A reporter's voice runs over it -

TV REPORTER (T.V.)

Punjab Pulce ne Tommy Singh ute
obscenity te public nuisance da
case file kitta hai. Court ne case
admit karde hoye Tommy Singh de
khilaaf non bailable warrant jaari
kitta hai. Home Minister Brar ne
ghatna di nindya karde hoye pulce
nu nirdesh ditta hai ki Tommy nu
jald toh jald...

Tommy stares at the TV with dazed eyes. And mutters a -

TOMMY

Fuck.

94 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Mary Jane sits in a corner against the wall - staring at the ground.

Sonu stands in front - trying hard to be the shield between her and the rest of the gang - Kuku, Kaaka and Lucky.

KUKU

Bhenchodaa. Je Veerji nu pata lag
gaya na...

SONU

Kuku yaar, main aenu samjhaa
dyaanga. Chhad hun.

KAAKA

Hun aede vich kee reh gaya hai?
Choosa aam. Katt ke sut deneya
saali nu.

SONU

Pakka, yaar. Hun pakka nahi karegi.
(to Mary Jane)
Chalo, guarantee do inko. Nahi
karogi na?

Mary Jane keeps staring at the ground.

Kuku moves towards her threateningly but Sonu holds him back.

SONU (CONT'D)

Bhai, please bhai. Please.

A staring match later - they give up. And walk out angrily.

Sonu sighs.

*

SONU (CONT'D)

Bahot naaraz hu main tumse. Kahaa
tha na. Ruk jaao, Bombay le
jaaunga.

He moves close to Mary Jane. Reprimanding her -

SONU (CONT'D)

Baby, samjho baat ko. Baahar nahi
manage kar paaogi. Tumhe to pata
hai heroin kitni mehengi hai.
Paison ke liye kisi bhi laude
lahsun ke saath sona padega toh
achcha lagega? I toh love you. Woh
toh sirf use karenge tumhe.

Mary Jane - despite her state - seems to be processing what
Sonu just said.

Her eyes on - the syringe in Sonu's hands.

95

INT. PREET'S HOUSE - DAY

Sartaj stirs to life. Slowly opens his eyes.

His eyes go to -

A picture on a side-table. Preet.

Realization. Fuck, he's in Preet's house.

Sartaj looks scandalized now. Gets up in a flash from the sofa.

His head spins at the sudden exertion.

He sits down on the arm of the sofa.

Holds his head. Cursing himself.

He notices - A door that leads to insides of the house.

He walks up to it. Slow. Tentative.

Peeps in.

There she is - Preet - her back to him, furiously scribbling something on a sticky note -

That goes and joins others at a pinboard. The chain - leading up to two big question marks - '*Deluxe Pharma???*' & '*Virender Singh???*'

Her work-desk seems busy - Laptop displaying pictures clicked last night, papers sticking out of a file, her phone lying around, open notepad, bottle of 'Chaand'.

Sartaj. Awkward. Conscious.

Takes a deep breath to compose himself.

And knocks on the door.

Preet turns.

PREET

Sartaj!

Sartaj tenses as she rushes up to him -

But only to take his hand and pull him to the work-desk.

She seems excited.

PREET (CONT'D)

In sab ke peechhe koi Virender
Singh hai, Deluxe Pharmaceuticals
ka owner.

Sartaj. No response. He just blinks in confusion.

Preet looks at his state and blurts out laughing.

PREET (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry. Bataati hoon. Dekh...
Deluxe Pharmaceuticals hi wo front
hai jiske naam pe inko government
controlled opium supply ho rahi
hai.

(MORE)

PREET (CONT'D)

Farji company hai, internet pe koi
ata pataa nahi, label pe diye phone
number bhi kaam nahi kar rahe. Par
Registrar of Companies ki website
pe iske owner ke details mil gaye.
Koi Virender Singh hai, Pind
Haveliyan mein.

Sartaj thinks about it.

SARTAJ

Yeh Virender Singh kaun...? Mujhe
toh laga thha koi bada neta nuta
hoga...

PREET

Ho sakta hai kisi neta ka khaas ho.

Dead end in their thought process.

Sartaj steals a glance at Preet. Braces himself. There's
still something awkward he needs to mumble out -

SARTAJ

Madamji... wo... kal raat...

Preet cuts him -

PREET

Tu theek hai na ab?

Sartaj looks at her face. No hint of anger or anything else.

Not quite sure what to make of it - he nods.

Just then - O.S. SCREAMS and SHOUTS.

Preet - alarmed. Runs out.

Sartaj follows.

96 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, CORRIDORS - DAY

Preet runs down the steps. And reaches the corridors. To
witness -

Mayhem.

Balli. Mad and violent.

Wardboys try hard to restrain him. Shyam, Preet's assistant,
moves in close and Balli socks him in the jaw, sending him
writhing in pain.

The wardboys are distracted and Balli manages to wriggle out
of their grip.

Now he comes straight at Preet -

Who tries to calm him down with her gestures and soft talk.

PREET
Balli... sun...

Balli doesn't slow down. But just before he can reach up to Preet -

Sartaj emerges from behind and grabs him tightly.

The wardboys catch up in the meanwhile and somehow pin him down.

Preet turns to a shaken Shyam -

PREET (CONT'D)
Shyam!

Shyam still stands holding his jaw.

PREET (CONT'D)
Thorazine. Quick.

Shyam - Angry. Hurt. He doesn't budge.

ANOTHER ASSISTANT comes to the rescue and rushes in.

Preet watches Balli throw his arms and legs about violently, screaming, his eyes glaring at her all this time.

The Assistant emerges back with a syringe.

Preet takes it from him.

Injects Balli in the arm.

Whose movements begin to slow down.

The struggle of the feet. Now reducing in intensity.

The tension finally releases in the corridor.

Preet sighs. Looks at Sartaj -

PREET (CONT'D)
Sartaj, Balli bahot resist kar raha hai. Hum uski help tabhi kar sakte hain jab wo khud chhodna chaahe.

Behind - A pissed off Shyam presses his hurting jaw.

SHYAM
Hamaare yehaan nahi hota woh koot kaat ke chhudaane waala treatment.

Preet signals him to let it go but Shyam won't.

SHYAM (CONT'D)

Aaya jab se yehi haal. Kal raat ko
toh aisa kaata Balbir ko ki...
baaki patients ka morale down hota
hai, Madam...

The assistant finally manages to pull Shyam away from there.
Preet turns to Sartaj, who looks worried.

SARTAJ

Madam, isne baahar na khatam ho
jaana hai. Aapko toh maahaul pata
hi hai...

PREET

Haan, main kuchh sochti hoon. Baaki
doctors se baat karni hogi...

Sartaj thinks. Then comes up with -

SARTAJ

Madam, main Jujhar paahji se
request kar ke do constable laga
deta hoon. Aap isko alag kamre mein
daal do. Bas din mein do ek chakkar
maar lena. Par please, iska
treatment mat roko.

*

Preet - reluctant. But looks at Sartaj's pleading face. And
nods her approval.

Balli's fading POV - Preet and Sartaj. As they discuss his
fate.

97A EXT. OUTSIDE TOMMY'S FARMHOUSE / MOVING TRUCK - DAY

A truck makes its way down the road.

Squeezed between the driver and the helper - Tommy. His
hoodie covers most of his face.

He sees in the distance - his farmhouse.

And what's that circus outside it?

OB Vans. Cop vehicles. The whole jambooree.

Shit.

Tommy looks at the truck driver.

TOMMY

Bas paahji, aethhe hi chhad do.

The truck driver pulls over. As Tommy jumps down -

TRUCK DRIVER
Tommy nu vekhan aaya hai? Laude
laag gaye oude taa.

Tommy watches the truck drive away.

97B THE FARMHOUSE:

The gates open. An SUV rolls out.

The media persons give it chase for a bit and then give up,
probably realising no one important is in it.

The SUV drives away from there.

97C DOWN THE ROAD / INSIDE THE SUV:

Jassi drives alone. He looks hassled.

As he rams up the speed on the road - suddenly someone
appears from behind a bush and jumps in front of the SUV.

Fuck. Jassi brakes hard.

Screeches to a halt just in time.

Jassi. Breathing hard. Looks.

It's Tommy in front of him.

97D BY THE BUSH:

Jassi and Tommy stand in front of each other.

Tommy rambles out instructions to Jassi - just the way he is
used to.

TOMMY
Vekh. Pehla taa kisi hotel chalde
aan. Fresh hona hai. Fer tu London
di ticket book karaa de. Raati hi
nikal jawaanga main. Hor sun. Ik
kaam hor hai. Ik kudi -

Out of nowhere - Jassi slaps Tommy.

JASSI
Kadey taa dujeyaan de vaare vi soch
liya kar.

Tommy - stunned. But Jassi is not done yet. He keeps pushing
Tommy back in agitation -

JASSI (CONT'D)
Daddy nu jail ley gaye. Pulce dande
maar maar puchh rhi honi hai 'Tommy
kitthe hai, Tommy kitthe hai'.
(MORE)

JASSI (CONT'D)
 Jee taa chahanda hai ki tainu sut
 deyaan pulce de saamne...

One more push and Tommy falls down. Jassi glares at him.

JASSI (CONT'D)
 Par tu vekh le tainu kee theek
 lagda hai.

Jassi turns back to the car. Tommy recovers. Rushes to catch up with him.

TOMMY
 Jassi. Sun, yaar. Ik kudi hai.
 Sarhota di. Heroin sherooin de
 chakkar vich fans gayi hai
 bechaari. Ouda pata laga le. Paihe
 puhe de ke oonu chhudana hai. Fer
 tu jo kahenga main oh hi karanga.

Jassi looks at him with disbelief.

JASSI
 Tu hero si mera. London waala cool
 coujin. Teri vardi... The Gabru da
 crew... Chhaati fulaa ke payi si.

Jassi takes off his t-shirt. Throws it on the ground.

JASSI (CONT'D)
 Hun utaar di bhenchod.

The bare-bodied Jassi jumps into his car. And drives away.

Tommy remains standing there - watching the car go.

Until - he spots in the distance - a police van approaching.

Tommy quickly hides behind a nearby rock.

Slumps down.

Brooding.

As the cop car drives by - siren blaring and all.

Tommy sits there for a long time - his back against the rock.

98 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Exactly how Mary Jane sits - her back against the wall.

Her eyes on -

Sonu. As he fixes two doses of heroin.

He spreads the two syringes on his palm. Smiles at Mary Jane.

SONU

Come, baby.

Mary Jane crawls up to him.

Sonu takes Mary Jane's arm. Is about to inject her when -

Mary Jane takes the syringe from his hands. And instead starts to slap his arm.

Like a pro. Looking into his eyes all the time.

Her own eyes - glazed. Her face - inscrutable.

Sonu - pleasantly surprised.

SONU (CONT'D)

Kabhi kabhi naa tum touch kar deti
ho.

As Mary Jane injects him -

He relaxes back, mumbling incoherently.

Mary Jane pretends to be fixing her dose. Her eyes on Sonu all the time.

She notices - Sonu's eyes slowly shutting.

He passes out.

Mary Jane looks at the syringe in her hands. Squirts it out on the floor.

Then wipes out the liquid on the floor with her foot.

More than she needs to.

Almost like 'destroying' it. Maniacal.

*

100 EXT. HIGHWAY / MOVING VEHICLE - MORNING

A tempo traveller chugs down the highway.

In the back - Tommy. Sitting huddled. Feeling the cold and the loneliness.

Ironically, one of Tommy's song plays in the vehicle upfront.

101 EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

It's daybreak when the vehicle comes to a stop. The DRIVER looks behind at a passed out Tommy.

TEMPO DRIVER

Chal pra. Aa gaya tera Sarhota.

Tommy stirs to life.

102 EXT. VILLAGE LANES - MORNING

The village is just about coming to life as Tommy limps down the narrow lanes.

A few school-going kids pass him by, giggling at his state.

Tommy notices - a shop opening up.

103 EXT. VILLAGE GROCER SHOP - MORNING

Tommy approaches the grocer doing his morning *agarbatti*.
We've met him before with Mary Jane.

TOMMY
Paahji. Ik kudi hai. Twaade pind
di.

The grocer looks at him.

GROCER
Mohalla?

Tommy has no answer.

GROCER (CONT'D)
Naam?

Tommy shakes his head.

GROCER (CONT'D)
Chal oye! Svere svere...

Tommy has to fast think of something...

TOMMY
O... UP Bihar di hai shaayad.

GROCER
Achcha, biharan. Border de naal
Karnail Singh de khet ne. Otthe
kaam kardi hain biharanein.

The grocer turns back to his prayer.

Tommy's eyes go to - the cookie in the jar. He steals one.

104 EXT. MIGRANT HUT BY THE BORDER FARM - DAY

Tommy stands in front of a couple of Mary Jane's hut-mates as they go about brushing their teeth.

MIGRANT AT HUT

Arey ou to bhag gayi. Saamaan bhi nahi le ke gayi, bataao.

TOMMY

Kiske saath gayi thi? Kuchh idea hai?

MIGRANT AT HUT

Kya jaanein! Sumdahi thi. Apne mein hi ghusi rehti thi.

TOMMY

Uska naam?

MIGRANT AT HUT

Arey kya toh naam rahe uska. Ajeeb sa kuchh toh tha. Arey Puspa, ou hockey waali ka naam bataao toh.

MIGRANT AT HUT - 2

Hum toh pagli pagli bulaate the.

Tommy's eyes go to - inside the hut.

In a corner - Mary Jane's corner - stands a hockey stick.

A little smile of a fine memory comes up on Tommy's lips.

105 EXT. RUINS - DAY

The junkie boys we've seen before. Some tripping. Some passed out.

Someone approaches them, limping with the help of a hockey stick.

Tommy, of course.

TOMMY

Itthe maal kaun vechda hai?

They eye him suspiciously. No response.

Tommy picks up the hockey stick. Moves towards Harpal. Trying to pass off for threatening.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bol bhenchod!

Harpal cowers. Relents -

HARPAL

Thoda bhot chahida taa mere tohn le le, veerey. Supply down hai.

TOMMY

Ki hoya?

HARPAL

O jeda bhaandi si... aspataal vich
peya hai. Koi deal dool vich haath
godey toot gaye oude.

Tommy processes the information. As Gurpal observes him carefully and mutters -

GURPAL

Saala bilkul Tommy dikhta hai,
nahi?

Tommy's heard that. He gives the kid a glimpse of the famous Tommy 'yo' pose.

106 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - DAY

Two constables outside a shut door. One of them reads a newspaper while the other dozes off.

A wardboy appears with a plate of food.

The constable opens the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM:

Balli. Sitting next to the window in the small, gloomy room.

His icy gaze staring right out of the window, as he sits clutching the iron bars on it.

The wardboy puts the plate in front of him and exits but Balli's gaze remains where it was.

The road outside - Preet waits there.

A bike comes to a stop. Sartaj.

Preet gets on the bike.

Balli just continues to stare at them. Cold.

Oblivious to it - Sartaj and Preet ride away.

We now notice - one of Balli's nails. Digging into the iron bar. Hard. So hard that it's bleeding.

107 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The bike on the highway.

The wind makes Preet's hair blow all over Sartaj's face. He is too conscious to point it out to her.

They ride past farms and little roadside villages.

The abandoned Dhaba from the other night. Where Sartaj tripped out.

They ride away.

108A EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

The bike enters a small village.

Narrow lanes with bad drainage. Crumbling houses.

Kinda fucked up.

PREET

Deluxe Pharmaceuticals ka Managing
Director yehaan rehta hai?

Sartaj is too busy avoiding a litter of pigs to answer.

108B VILLAGE CHAUPAAL:

A group of men sitting and playing cards. Sartaj stops the bike near them.

SARTAJ

Ae Virender Singh ji da ghar kitthe
pehnda hai?

The men look at him and then at each other. Like trying to figure out.

MAN AT CHAUPAAL

Virender Singh? Aetthe taa koi
Virender Singh nahi hai.

SARTAJ

O Deluxe Pharmaceuticals de maalik?

MAN AT CHAUPAAL

Hain? Kaun?

They seem lost. Mumble incoherently among themselves.

Sartaj starts his bike. And is about to ride away when -

MAN AT CHAUPAAL - 2

Tussi Veeru chammaar di gal taa nahi
kar rahe?

Preet and Sartaj look at each other.

109 EXT. VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

A brightly painted house. Not immodest, but the recent construction still makes it stand out amidst the poverty all around.

Sartaj and Preet sit on a cot. In front - on another cot - an elderly man. Veeru's father.

Women peep out from behind the doors. Village kids - from behind the boundary wall.

Awkward silence as Sartaj and Preet sip their tea.

Sartaj clears his throat.

SARTAJ

Kothi taa changi banaayi hai.

ELDERLY MAN

Maalkaan di mehr hai.

Silence again.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

Pind vich mobile taa chalde nahi.
Par andar phone haiga. Tussi chaaho
taa gal kar sakde ho Veeru naal.

SARTAJ

Nahi jee, theek hai. Aettthe aaye si
taan sochya vekh laan Veeru haiga
taa. Muddat ho gayi.

It's not going anywhere. Both Preet and Sartaj realise it.
Preet prods -

PREET

Waise Veeru aajkal karda ki hai?

ELDERLY MAN

Ohi. Driveri. Set hai kaam ouden.

SARTAJ

Private hai?

ELDERLY MAN

Haan. Apne Amar Pal Singh ji kol.

Preet and Sartaj exchange a glance. The name doesn't ring a bell. Until -

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

O apne Brar saab hain na? Ohda
damaad.

What? Did they hear it right???

PREET
Apne Home Minister?

Before the elderly man can reply, Sartaj takes over.

SARTAJ
Oh ho. Haan jee, haan jee. Aa gaya
yaad. Veeru ne daseya si, family
relation hai.

The elderly man smiles with a touch of pride. Picks up a photo album lying on the table and passes it to Sartaj.

ELDERLY MAN
Aaho. Veeru di baraat vich poori
family nachi si Brar saab di.

Sartaj opens the album. The first picture on the first page - the newly married couple with Brar and his family.

Fuck.

Moments pass.

Then the glass of tea in Preet's hand begin to tremble in nervous excitement.

She puts it down clumsily. Looks at Sartaj -

PREET
Chalna chahiye, nahi?

Sartaj doesn't reply as he continues to flip through the rest of the album quickly. Until he reaches the end - there is a reel of the negatives stuck in the jacket.

He smiles. Looks at Preet.

SARTAJ
Chalo jee.

110 EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Sartaj and Preet ride out of the village.

In complete silence. Still shaken.

Until they are at a safe distance.

Sartaj takes out the reel from his pocket. Hands it to Preet -

Who observes it in the fading light.

And then Preet lets out a wild cry of joy!

Sartaj too laughs out loud.

As she hugs him from behind. Tight.

They ride away. Laughing and shouting. Woohoo!

111 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tommy walks down the hospital corridor with a hockey stick in his hands. Alongside him - the junkies from the bunker.

Obviously attracting weird looks.

Tommy spots - TWO CONSTABLES outside the Emergency Ward.

And immediately brings up his hoodie.

The junkie boys move towards the constables - crowding them, blocking their view.

Tommy rushes down the corridor.

But just before he could turn the corner -

The constables get annoyed and chase the junkies away.

CONSTABLE IN HOSPITAL
Bhaago! Sheeshi Kapoor saale!

Which is when his eyes go to - the man disappearing down the corridor. In a hoodie. A hockey stick in his hands.

112 INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

The Bhaandi. Bruised and bandaged and plastered. Looking seriously fucked.

He lies on the bed with one of his legs supported on a sling.

Someone barges into the room and shuts the door behind him.

The Bhaandi painfully cranes his neck to look.

Sees - A man with a hockey stick.

Fuck. The Bhaandi panics. Blabbers -

BHAANDI
Hor na maaro... Hor na maaro...

Tommy rushes up to him. Comforts him.

TOMMY
Nahi yaara. Asi taa pra haan. Bhai
bhai. Hai na?

The panic on the man's face slowly settles down. And turns into something emotional.

BHAANDI

Bhot kuteya yaar mainu. Bhot kuteya
tere pra nu.

TOMMY

I know, bro. I know. Sun. Bhai. O
kudi nu kitthe rakhya hai... o jedi
kudi heroin de chakkar vich fans
gayi si... o kitthe hai?

The man is on his own sob trip. Begins to cry now.

BHAANDI

Jackie Chan de saamne sut ditta
yaar. Pen da shola... haddi haddi
khaa gaya penchoda...

TOMMY

Bhai, main samajh reya haan. Par
vekh, mera ohnu milna bada jaroori
hai. Main kadi kisi de leyi kuchh
nahi kitta. Ik vaari kar len de
yaar. Mukti mil jaavegi.

Just then - BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Knocks on the door. Shouts from the other side.

Fuck. Tommy panics.

Oblivious - The Bhaandi continues to cry.

Frustrated - Tommy shakes him up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bhai, sun na...

The Bhaandi winces and ooh-aah-ouches in pain.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry. Vekh. Bhai. Muddat
baad dhun vaji hai kannaan vich. Os
kudi di meherbaani hai. Jis din
tohn mainu mili hai, ik vaari vi
mann nahi kitta cocaine len da.
Mojo waapsi aaya hai yaar mera.

Looks at the man to check if he got it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mojo...?

The Bhaandi's looking back at him too. With sudden
realisation.

BHAANDI

Tommy?

O.S. - The bangings now replaced with THUDS! Damn, they are trying to break in.

BHAANDI (CONT'D)
Ik gaana suna de yaara.

Tommy looks at him - *Are you fucking serious?*

Looks like he is, as this time he says with authority -

BHAANDI (CONT'D)
Gaana.

Tommy glares at him in frustration. Unable to believe what's happening to him.

Then thinks. Can't figure out what to sing.

Thud! Thud! Thud! - The damned door is threatening to give away any moment.

Tommy shuts his eyes. Concentrates.

And amidst all the noise in the bg -

Begins to sing.

TOMMY
(singing)
Ik kudi jida naam mohabbat,
Gum hai, gum hai,
Saad muraadi, soni phabbat,
Gum hai...

The moment - Funny. But sweet. But funny.

And, we realise, it's the same tune that he earlier 'heard' playing while he was with Mary Jane. *The soothing one!*

Seems like the Bhaandi is liking it too. He taps along.

They've got a good thing going. But just then - CRASH!

The door flies open and the constables barge in, followed by the junkies, who're trying hard to stop them.

Tommy snaps out of his state. Looks around. Spots a window. Tommy rushes to the window and climbs over.

Just before he is about to jump out - his eyes meet that of the Bhaandi.

BHAANDI
(shouts)
Sultanpura.

And the song that Tommy was singing now continues in the bg.

The constables are almost there.

Tommy has just about enough time to nod at the Bhaandi -
Before jumping out.

He lands on the parapet of a window below.

The Constables look down, considering the option to follow Tommy.

Nah, too far down!

They turn around and rush out of the room.

113 EXT. HOSPITAL PREMISES - DAY

Tommy jumps down on the ground.

Loses balance. Falls over.

Hurt. Wincing.

Somehow - struggles up.

Limps towards the exit. Which is when he hears from above -

HARPAL
Cycle, Tommy paahji! Cycle!

Tommy's eyes follow what he is pointing at - a cycle.

The owner - at a distance. Chatting with someone.

Tommy jumps on to it.

The men notice and give him chase.

But Tommy manages to ride away.

114 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

His mission - Mary Jane. Lying on the floor.

Writhing. Doubling in pain. Clutching on to her stomach.

Her legs - flailing. Like a fish out of water.

She bites hard into her arm. So as to stop herself from screaming.

Something riles up inside her.

She wretches. Vomits.

The cheap, dirty bedsheet on the floor.

Mary Jane cleans herself with it.

Then looks at the bedsheet.

Tears it apart from the side.

About a meter long.

She ties it around her hurting stomach.

Tight. Real tight.

It's still hurting real bad.

Mary Jane takes one corner of the tied bed sheet. And stuffs it in her mouth.

And lets out a SCREAM of pain. Muffled.

There she sits - with her back to the wall.

Her eyes fixed on -

The solitary light outside. Far in the distance.

The hoarding.

115 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Busy highway. Trucks and buses zipping by.

Amidst all this - a lonely bicycle.

Tommy. Pedalling hard.

On his face - the look of a man on a mission.

The milestone reads -

Sultanpura - 108 kms

99 EXT. SMALL TOWN ELECTION RALLY - NIGHT

A cavalcade of mini-trucks parked in a school ground.
Pehelwan election posters and banners all around.

Men queue up to a truck - where bottles of 'Chaand' wrapped
in 'Vote for Pehelwan' pamphlets are being distributed.

Jujhar leads the police *bandobast* making sure the drug
distribution goes on without a hitch.

SWITCH TO a CAMERA POV. It's Sartaj with his phone in his
hand - discreetly recording it. Preet is by his side.

The song fades out as we cut to -

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

116 INT. PREET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late night. Cluttered work desk. Empty coffee mugs. Open laptop. Printer cranking out pages.

Preet's going through a CHECKLIST and Sartaj is helping her arrange evidence in a file as per the checklist -

All the pictures they have clicked and other evidence they have collected - pamphlets, vials, lease document of factory, Brar's pictures with Viru, et al.

Once done, Sartaj gets up, ready to leave -

SARTAJ

Toh kal 7 baje Chandigarh?

PREET

Haan. Election Commission ko ek do din dete hain. Koi action nahi hua toh media ko approach karenge.

SARTAJ

Thank you, Madamji.

Preet stops. Turns to look at him. *What?*

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Ab jab pagg baandhne ke liye sheeshe mein dekhunga... sharam nahi aayegi.

Preet smiles. Sartaj walks towards the door.

Then turns one more time. Awkward.

SARTAJ (CONT'D)

Madamji, ek gal main tab se bolna chahta tha. Us raat na mere se gadbad ho gayi. Wo kya hai na... aap itne perfect ho ki...

He blushes. Then exits awkwardly.

Leaving behind a beaming Preet. She stands there for a long time - smiling.

And the smile continues on Preet's lips as she finishes up the file. Pulls down her laptop.

She walks up to the washroom. Picks up her toothbrush.

Looks at herself in the mirror.

Damn, she is still smiling.

O.S. - Sound of Sartaj's bike starting.

Something comes upon Preet. She runs out.

117 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Preet runs down the stairs and crosses the dark, empty corridor.

Far down the corridor - the two constables outside Balli's room are dozing off. No one else around.

Preet runs out towards the courtyard where stands her scooty.

118 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Bhut bhut bhut. Sartaj rides on his old majestic bike.

Slow. Easy. Smiling.

Just then - a vehicle pulls up close to him.

It's a Scooty. And Preet's on it.

Sartaj - surprised. Stops. So does Preet.

PREET

Main bhi ek baat bolna chahti hoon.

Sartaj looks at her.

PREET (CONT'D)

Kal yeh sab hone ke baad...
Chandigarh mein... coffee peene
chalega? CCD mein.

Sartaj doesn't quite get it. And then he does.

And just nods like a shy schoolboy.

Preet nods too. And begins to turn around her scooty.

SARTAJ

Bas yehi bolne aaye thhe?

PREET

Haan.

SARTAJ

Ok.

PREET

Ok.

She rides away with a smile -

Leaving a beaming Sartaj there.

119A INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Balli. In his room. Restless. His eyes - blood red.

Gets up. Heads to the jug of water on the table.

It's empty.

Checks the glass. It's empty too.

Balli throws the glass down in anger.

It shatters to pieces.

Balli stands there - looking at the mess.

119B OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR:

The two constables. Dozing off. One of them stirs. *Did he hear something?*

Just then - knock on the door from inside.

BALLI (O.S.)

Paani khatam hai. Pyaas lagi hai.

One of the constables gets up, mumbling grumpily. Unlatches the door from outside, saying -

CONSTABLE

Laa, jug de.

He enters the room. Dark. He looks around. Balli isn't there.

Instead - he is right behind the door. He pushes the constable, sending him tumbling on the floor.

Balli runs out, hastily latching the door.

The other constable outside snaps to attention at the commotion.

Notices Balli. Goes for him.

Balli threatens him with something - the jagged piece of glass in his hands.

The constable retreats a little.

CONSTABLE AT REHAB - 1

Kaake, vekh, aedaan na kar...

Balli keeps pushing him back.

Bang! Bang! Bang! - The door is being beaten from inside.

Balli turns and runs down the dark, sleepy corridor.

The constable goes after him. Then changes his mind. Turns to first open the door to release his partner. Losing precious time.

120A INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Preet locks her scooty. And heads towards the corridor.

A spring in her steps. A smile on her lips.

Just as she is about to reach the stairs -

Someone comes hurtling down O.S. and turns the corridor.

Balli.

Only to come face to face with Preet.

Preet. Balli. Both startled.

On a reflex - Preet opens her mouth to scream.

On a reflex - Balli swings his arm.

Swish! The jagged piece of glass finds Preet's jugular vein.

Sending - A sudden spurt of blood on Balli's face.

Preet. Bleeding. Grabs Balli's arm in desperation. Balli presses even further in response. The glass cutting in deeper and deeper.

Preet falls - hits the wall and slumps down.

Balli remains standing there - Shaking. In shock and horror.

Preet. Sitting with her back to the wall. Fading.

Her eyes - almost like she knows it's over. Fixated on - somewhere in the distance.

120B There in the distance:

INSERT: PREET'S VISION -

SAM. The boyfriend from the picture we saw in her mailbox. Lying drugged out. ODing.

Preet gets up. Puts him on his side. Comforts him.

Sam gently opens his eyes to look at her.

The two smile at each other.

120A BACK IN THE SCENE:

Preet. Sitting with her back to the wall. And the smile - playing on her lips.

When - The two constables appear from behind.

One of them catches hold of Balli who doesn't even resist.

The other walks up to Preet.

There she sits. Covered in blood.

Not struggling any more. Not breathing either.

Dead.

121 EXT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

A Bolero comes to a halt outside. A tense Jujhar gets down from it. His track suit tells us he is probably coming straight from home. He is still carrying his gun though.

122 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Jujhar enters the corridors. Stops as he notices the scene. Winces.

His eyes go to - Balli sitting in a corner - dazed. Shaking. And the constables hovering around him.

They rush towards Jujhar as soon as they spot him.

Jujhar - Angry. Exasperated. But in control.

JUJHAR

Hor kise nu taa nahi dasya na?

CONSTABLE AT REHAB - 1

Kee gal kaar rahe ho, janaab.

Twaada coujin, saada coujin.

Jujhar nods. Then walks up to Balli.

Who's still shaking. Jujhar melts when he sees his state.

He sits down next to Balli. Pats him.

JUJHAR

Koi na, Kaaka. Honda hai. Tu
tension na leyi... apni kothi hai
Sultanpura vich... outthe bas
underground rehna hai... theek hai?
Main vekh laanga saara kuchh...
chal uth, jaa...

(shouts at a constable)

Munde nu Veerji de safe house le
jaa oye. Main phone kar dyaanga.

The constable comes and picks up the stunned Balli and takes him away from there.

Jujhar sighs. Then turns to the other constable.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Chal bhai, Nopi. Ho jaa shuru.

123 INT. PREET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jujhar and the other constable drag Preet's body up the stairs and into the house.

They dump the body in the middle of the room.

JUJHAR
Puttar, main aetthe scene create
karda haan. Tu jaa vekh, bathroom
vich balti kapda hona hai. Thalle
jeda gandh macheya hai, o saaf kar
de. Jaa, saabash!

The constable goes about as instructed.

Jujhar gets on to his bit -

Takes the jewellery off Preet's body.

Opens almirahs, throws stuff out, depositing whatever cash or valuables he finds in a polythene bag.

Basically trying to make it look like the place has been robbed.

Jujhar's phone begins to ring. *Sartaj calling...*

He picks it up - irritated.

JUJHAR (CONT'D)
Kitthe hai yaar? Kadon da phone try
kar rya haan!

SARTAJ (O.S.)
O paahji main drive kar rya si!

JUJHAR
Aa jaa aetthe. Clinic. Tere Balli
ne kaand kaarta.

A long pause. And then a worried -

SARTAJ
Paahji sab theek hai na? Kee hoya?

JUJHAR
Tu aa taa sahi yaar!

Jujhar cuts the phone. Goes back to his business.

Now - He moves towards her work table. Messes it up.

Throws stuff down on the ground.

Something catches his attention. A bunch of photographs that spill out of a file.

Curious - Jujhar picks them up.

As he goes through them, his expression changes.

He checks the other stuff in the file. The evidence. The report.

Fuck.

Just then - Another phone begins to ring on the desk. Preet's phone.

Jujhar looks at it. *Sartaj calling...*

He looks back at the pictures. *That truck that he and Sartaj had caught. That bottle of pill that Sartaj was checking.*

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. The whole thing hits him now.

124 INT. PREET'S REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

A nervous Sartaj comes running in.

A constable. Shirt off. Pants folded. Wiping the floor with a *pochha*. Last remnants of Preet's blood getting wiped off.

CONSTABLE AT REHAB - 2
Sirji, dhyaan naal. Paudi geeli
hai.

Ignoring him - Sartaj runs up the stairs. His heart thumping in his chest.

125 INT. PREET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sartaj enters the house. And stops.

There she is. On the floor.

The slit on her neck. The glass sticking out. The blood on her clothes.

Sartaj's knees wobble. And give away.

He slumps down on the floor.

He remains there. Unable to swallow. Unable to react.

He doesn't even look at Jujhar as he walks up to him.

Jujhar throws the file in front of Sartaj. *Explain this!*

In Jujhar's eyes - Anger. Betrayal.

But Sartaj is lost. The world doesn't make sense to him at this point.

Jujhar socks him in the jaw with the gun.

Sartaj falls down. And remains lying there.

Jujhar picks him up by the neck.

And socks him again. And again. And again.

Until - Sartaj passes out.

126 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Early morning sun rays peep into the room.

Mary Jane slowly opens her eyes.

The bedsheet still stuffed in her mouth. She takes it off.

Unties it from around her waist.

Mary Jane staggers to her feet.

Walks towards the window.

Slips on her vomit.

Ignoring it - she moves to the window.

Looks out.

The early morning sun. The hoarding in the distance.

She stares at it for a long time.

Seems like she has come to a conclusion.

She looks around.

Spots - the nail on the wall. *Where they hang their pants when they come to rape her.*

Mary Jane walks up to it. Tries plucking it out.

It's stuck deep and hard.

Mary Jane pulls at it with all her strength.

It still won't give away.

But neither will Mary Jane.
She pulls and pulls and pulls at it.
Her face - blood red.

127 EXT. SULTANPURA VILLAGE - DAY

A cycle. On the road by the fields. Wavering.
Tommy on it. Tired. Exhausted.
Tommy's eyes - they droop.
And then - they shut.
The cycle hurtles down the road. Wavers. Loses direction.
Goes off road.

CRAAAAAASSSSHHHHH!

Tommy lands up in a field.
There he lies on his back - looking at the sky.
Slowly - he lifts his tired head.
Spots in the distance - a handpump.
Tommy staggers to it.
As he bends over to pump it -
His eyes spot something.
Far off in the distance - a hoarding.
Go Goa!

Tommy looks around.
In the opposite direction - a solitary house.
Tommy just stands there looking at it.
Too tired to react.

128 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

The open courtyard. Surrounded by a high wall on three sides
and the back of the house on the other.
Early morning routine being performed with daily casualness.
Sonu makes tea on a stove. Kuku and Lucky brush their teeth.

*

Veerji lies resting on a cot, still not fully awake. His gun rests next to him.

Amidst all this - Sartaj sits on the ground. Badly bruised and beaten. One eye - barely opening.

Jujhar - sitting on a chair in front - stares at him. Behind Jujhar stands Kaaka. Reading from the file in his hands.

KAACA

(broken English)

Today, 70 percent of Punjab youth
is in drug addiction... 3 out of 5
houses have at least one drug
addict...Sir, if this
vi...vici...vicious narco-politics
is not stopped, Punjab will soon
become like Mexico.

He stops as Sonu arrives with tea for Jujhar and Kaaka.

Jujhar's icy gaze - fixed on Sartaj's face as in the bg -

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

Main suneya Mexico di kudiya badi
tote hondi ne.

SONU (O.S.)

Jennifer Lopez. Inni vadiya toohi
ya taa Mexico vich hondi hai yaa
Punjab vich. Hai ki nhi, paahji?

*

As Kaaka goes back to reading in the bg -

JUJHAR

List vichon mera naam taa chadh
denda.

Sartaj looks at him. Barely manages to speak -

SARTAJ

Mera vi hai.

JUJHAR

Luli vekhi hai ik dooje di. Vekhi
hai ki nahi? Naukri lawaayi main,
bachaayi vi main. Aaj o raand
jyaada sagi ho gayi?

SARTAJ

Ae gal meri te twaadi nahi.

JUJHAR

Taa kee di hai?

Sartaj looks at him for a long time. Then mumbles -

SARTAJ

Punjab di.

Jujhar throws the content of his tea cup on Sartaj's face.
Growls -

JUJHAR

Tu Punjab da theka leya hai
penchodaya?

It burns. And hurts. Sartaj writhes in pain holding on to his face.

Veerji grunts from his sleeping position sympathetically -

VEERJI

O puttar, kuj nhi hona Punjab da.
Jameen banjar te aulaad kanjar.

| | | |
|-----|---|-------------|
| 130 | EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE - DAY | * |
| | The gates. Someone outside it. Trying to peep in. | * |
| | Tommy. | * |
| | And just then - BOO! | * |
| | Jackie Chan - the Bulli Kutta - jumps on to the gates with a snarl. | * * |
| | A startled Tommy falls back. | * |
| | It snarls at Tommy from behind the bars. Its mouth - drooling. Ferocious. | * * |
| 129 | INT. SOLITARY HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR - DAY | |
| | Sonu opens the door from outside and enters the room with two cups of tea. | |
| | SONU | |
| | Good morning, baby. Bed tea. | |
| | He can't see her. | |
| | And just then, Mary Jane comes from behind and throws the bedsheet on his head. Tightly grabbing the end in her hands, she wraps Sonu's head in it. | * * * |
| | And then - swings at his skull with her hand. | * |
| | It's the nail in her hands. | * |
| | Aaaarrrrrggghhhh! - Sonu's scream is muffled. | * |

Sonu goes crashing on the ground. Mary Jane jumps on to Sonu's back. Stuffs the bedsheet in his mouth.

And goes - WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The nail. Biting into Sonu's skull with every hit. *

The white bedsheet slowly turns red. *

131 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE, BACK WALL - DAY

Tommy. Out in the field. Looking at -

The back wall in front of him. About six or seven feet.

Tommy steps back. Looks at the wall.

Nah, Not enough.

He steps even further back.

Then secures his hockey stick behind in the hoodie - like a warrior's sword.

And runs. Jumps.

Grabs the top of the wall.

Somehow pulls himself up.

And over.

And manages to -

132 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

- land on the ground with a THUD!

Only to find himself -

Staring at a gun.

Poor Tommy has landed right next to Veerji's cot. And Veerji's gun is pointing straight at Tommy.

And - they're all looking at him.

Veerji. Lucky. Kuku. Kaaka.

And Jujhar.

Sartaj - on the ground, eyes barely open - notices this too.

Jujhar. With his back to Sartaj. Gun pointed at Tommy.

Sartaj quietly stumbles to his feet. No one notices him.

He looks around. Spots - the chair on which Jujhar was sitting.

Sartaj musters all his strength to pick up the chair.

And then - he swings it.

The sharp end of the chair-leg gets Jujhar on the back of his neck - right under his turban.

Jujhar hits the ground - the gun skittling away from his hands.

The others notice. Veerji turns - so does the gun in his hands.

The others run towards Sartaj.

As Sartaj stumbles towards the fallen gun.

Just then - BANG!

Veerji fires. Gets Sartaj in the leg.

Aaaarrrrrggghhhh! Sartaj falls down.

Tommy - shitting bricks. Notices -

The others jumping out, away from the line of fire. As Veerji gets ready to fire again at Sartaj.

In one instinctive reflex - Tommy pulls out his hockey from both his hands. And WHACKS it on Veerji's head.

Hard.

Splitting Veerji's head open.

Veerji flops over to a side.

Fuck. Tommy just stands there - shaking.

Stunned silence in the courtyard.

Until the men recover and run again towards Sartaj.

But they stop in their steps mid-way.

For - Sartaj has turned around. And he has got the fucking gun in his hands.

His leg bleeding, he sits with his back to the courtyard wall.

The men remain standing there - frozen.

The moment lingers.

No movement. No sound. Just breathing.

Until - Jujhar - lying on the ground - stirs. Tries to get up.

BANG!

Sartaj fires. Jujhar goes down again, this time for good.

The men think it's distraction enough to run. And they do - towards the house.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Sartaj fires.

*

Kaka and Lucky go down before they could enter the house.

*

But Kuku manages to sneak in.

*

Tommy. Stunned. Recovers.

Goes into the house.

Sartaj slowly gets up. Somehow. Limp. Follows. Dragging his injured leg.

133 INT. SOLITARY HOUSE - DAY

Mary Jane comes rushing down the stairs. In her hand - the bloodied nail. Her clothes - bloodied as well.

And runs straight into - Kuku.

*

Mary Jane attacks him with the nail. But Kuku catches hold of her hand just in time.

*

They struggle.

Until - Tommy comes from behind. Hockey stick in hand.

And starts hitting Kuku - just like Mary Jane once did for him.

*

*

Mary Jane looks at Tommy with confusion and faint recognition.

*

*

But Kuku is a tough motherfucker. And is too much for Tommy to handle himself. So Mary Jane jumps in the fray too.

*

*

The three go tumbling down on the floor - a big fat human ball.

The moment - Raw. But funny.

Sartaj enters - his eyes searching for someone. He limps past them - looking into this door and that.

O.S. Sound of a TV playing - coming from the drawing room.
Sartaj walks towards it - his gun cocked.

He enters the drawing room to see -

Balli sitting on the floor. A gun trained on his head. It's
Parjaayi - the only woman of the house.

Their eyes meet - Balli and Sartaj. And hold.

Parjaayi presses the gun on Balli's forehead. Like
threatening Sartaj!

She's herself sweating bullets though. Her hand - shaking
nervously.

Sartaj slowly begins to bring his gun down. His eyes on Balli
all the time.

Balli looks at Sartaj. In his eyes - Regret. Shame.
Hopelessness.

Parjaayi swings the gun back towards Sartaj, but Sartaj is
quick enough to pull the gun back up and fire. *

Bang! Parjaayi flops over to the side. *

Sartaj stands there - looking at Balli. *

For a long time.

134 BACK IN THE GALLERY:

Tommy and Mary Jane have finally managed to knock Kaaka out.

They sit there on the ground - Spent. Breathless. *

And look at each other. Panting. *

TOMMY *

Pehchaana? Wo us din raat ko... *

MARY JANE *

Fudduwa? *

Tommy smiles, nods. *

MARY JANE (CONT'D) *

Yehaan kya kar raha hai? *

TOMMY *

Tere ko bachaane aaya hoon. *

Mary Jane looks at him. Surprised. Charmed. *

MARY JANE *

Tu sachchi mein duniya ka number
one chutiya hai. *

Tommy grins, like she just paid him the greatest compliment. *

He takes Mary Jane's hand and the two rush out. *

135 EXT. SOLITARY HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY *

Dead bodies. Tommy and Mary Jane run past them. To the back wall.

Tommy drags the cot back. So as to help them climb up.

She climbs on to the wall. And jumps over to the other side.

Tommy climbs up after her.

Just then - his eyes go to - Sartaj - limping out of the house.

Their eyes meet. A nod.

Tommy turns. Looks.

Mary Jane is already a few meters down the fields. Running.

Tommy jumps down. Runs after her, shouting -

TOMMY
O... O ladki, o ruk jaa... O tera
naam toh bataa de.

*

No response. She just keeps running.

He chases her.

136 IN THE BACKYARD:

Sartaj. Barely alive. Stands there amidst all the dead bodies.

His eyes find - the file.

He drags himself to it.

Picks it up with some effort.

Walks up to the cot.

Sits down.

All around him - the mess.

Balli emerges out of the house. *

And slumps on the floor, his back to the wall. *

And breaks down. Almost cathartic. *

Sartaj remains seated. On his face - a calm.

*

FADE OUT:

ON BLACK - Sound of a T.V. playing somewhere.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

For the third day in a row, the opposition MLAs refused to allow any legislative work in the Punjab Assembly. These MLAs have been demanding the resignation of Home Minister KS Brar...

A phone begins to ring too.

FADE IN:

137A EXT. A BEACH, SHACK - DAY

Someone answers the phone. Jassi. He's in a shack. Somewhere on the beach.

*

The TV plays in the bg. It's got Brar on it now - with RUNNING TICKERS and SPLIT SCREEN IMAGES on the TV updating us about the progress on the Punjab Drug Scandal.

*

Minister's son in law arrested... Minister denies allegations... CBI to investigate role of minister... Several top cops dismissed...

137INS

BRAR (T.V.)

Punjab government extends full co-operation to the CBI and we are confident that together we shall bring to justice the real culprits behind this deed. In the meanwhile, I appeal to the media to refrain from any speculations regarding the involvement of my family...

*

Back on Jassi. He laughs into the phone.

JASSI

Main kyon dassan? Ouda naav hai.
Ounu hi poochh.

He walks out of the shack.

137B OUTSIDE: Sunset. Blue waters. Golden sands.

Mary Jane sits there on the sands, in her usual blue shirt and red skirt, kinda out of place. Happy, but yet to belong.

She feels a presence to see Jassi offering her the phone.

JASSI (CONT'D)
Naam poochh raha hai tera.

Mary Jane smiles. Takes it. And then says softly -

MARY JANE
Mary Jane.

138 EXT. JAIL - DAY

Tommy smiles. A gang of inmates stand behind him. Tommy's prison entourage.

He turns around to face them.

TOMMY
Mary Jane.

The gang jumps and excited screaming follows. A shy, beaming Tommy is lifted up by one of them.

139 BACK ON THE BEACH:

A laughing Mary Jane simply tosses the phone back at Jassi. *

And gets up to walk away.

The sand on her feet. The wind in her hair. She's smiling as *

she continues to walk towards the waters.

Not stopping even when she gets there. Going further and *

further in.

And as she jumps into the waters - swimming -

Music kicks in. A song.

And on this image of her swimming in the blue waters, INSERT -

SUPER #1 -

Tommy is serving a 6-month sentence in Amritsar prison. He has started making his music again.

This is his song.

SUPER #2 -

Balli went home. *

No one knows where Sartaj is.

FADE OUT

ROLL IN END CREDITS

THE END