

DELHI CRIME

Season 1

Episode 6

Written by
Richie Mehta

CONFORMED SCRIPT as on Feb. 9, 2019

Golden Karavan LLC

SK Global Entertainment

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

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"The Following is Inspired by Case Files"

"Day Four, 6 pm"

INT. AURANGABAD POLICE STATION - EVENING

Sitting around, and having drinks at night, Jairaj and his men are laughing with the local cops, nursing whiskey's.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
(pouring a drink)
How's it been, working with the little cops in the village? We're not so backward, are we?

JAIRAJ
It's been enlightening.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
Enlightening? If you want to be enlightened, go to Gaya. Sit under the Bodhi Tree and your sould will find peace. Right, Upinder?

He looks towards the back door, which is jammed open, as one his men,

UPINDER

, cooks chicken on a coal grill for them all.

UPINDER (CONT'D)
Don't look at me, Sir. I'm not a Buddhist. I eat meat and drink.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
Whatever you are, bring the food.

Kartik brings in a plate of freshly grilled chicken for them. The men happily accept and dig in, except Jairaj.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS (CONT'D)
Yes.

ASHOK
Uh, he's vegetarian.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
*No problem. Just have a little
 then. Just try it.*

JAIRAJ
No way, Sir.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
Come on, another one's coming.

Jairaj is surprised. He looks and sees a live chicken near the grill, walking around.

JAIRAJ
*Hey, hold it. You're going to kill
 him now?*

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
*Yeah, just out back. We can't give
 old, stale food to our guests...
 our Delhi guests.*

The SHO pats Jairaj on the back. Jairaj looks at Ashok, now getting serious.

JAIRAJ
*Come on, leave him. I don't eat
 chicken. Let him go, for me.*

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
*I insist, Sir. Give me a chance to
 be a good host.*

JAIRAJ
*Imagine that you have and that
 we're satisfied.. Now please let
 him go. Wait. brother.*

Kartik literally has the chicken in his hands, but thinks twice about killing it now.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
*We spent our own money on it. We're
 going to kill it, cook it and eat
 it. For my sake.*

JAIRAJ
*You just said that it's for us. We
 want it alive. Let him go.*

He gets up to go to Kartik, but the SHO stands and blocks his way.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS
*Heloo! We paid good money for that
 chicken.*

JAIRAJ

I won't let you kill it.

They stand neck and neck now. The SHO - partly drunk - is not impressed. Ashok and the others look at each other - this could get messy.

Ashok's fingers inch slowly towards his revolver.

Jairaj is sweating now, readying for a fight as well, his fists slowly clenching...

SHO AJAY VISHWAS

So what will you do, Delhi Police?

INT. AURANGABAD POLICE STATION - EVENING

Jairaj and Ajay, the SHO, stand neck and neck, still in a tense stand off. Ashok and the others are silent, waiting for what could be an explosive conflict between two alpha-males.

Jairaj is sweating, readying for a fight as well.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS

What are you going to do now, city cop?.. What will the Delhi Police do?

JAIRAJ

Don't do this, Please.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS

I just wanted to be a good host.

JAIRAJ

Then consider that my soul will be satisfied, as a guest, if you let it go.

Ajay stares at him as the others watch this absurdity.

Suddenly, he bursts into laughter.

SHO AJAY VISHWAS

*For the sake of your soul's peace.
Deal with the bloody chicken.*

EXT. AURANGABAD POLICE STATION BACK FIELD - NIGHT

Upinder releases the chicken into the field. It runs away, past one of the paramilitary guards keeping watch.

EXT. ANAND VIHAR BUS TERMINAL - EVENING

Sudhir and Arif pull up to their mini call centre at the bus terminal, arriving back from their trip out of town.

They go into the mini-bus.

INT. MINI-BUS - CONTINUOUS

Others - including Inspector Bhoose - are hard at work, calling people, while a few of the vendors sit around, dozing off.

SUDHIR

Any luck?

BHOSE

No sir. Every fourth person here knows a Sonu! We've followed up with six so far around Delhi. But none fit our description. Should we call it a day?

SUDHIR

Not until we find Sonu. Keep going.

Sudhir goes back into the terminal, pounding the pavement.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

The HQ is a series of buildings, all surrounding one massive, imposing tower, with a small garden area around it. Officers - both uniformed and plain clothes - walk everywhere.

Vartika and her husband Vishal sit outside on a bench, conferring.

VISHAL

You look good. I was starting to forget what you looked like.

VARTIKA

Very funny.

Vishal smiles, facing her on the bench. She's clearly had a hell of a day again.

VISHAL

Any idea when you'll get a break?

Vartika shakes her head. She's exhausted, letting herself relax for a moment.

VISHAL (CONT'D)

A few affidavits crossed my desk, today. Your name's on one of them.

(MORE)

VISHAL (CONT'D)

The CM's name-dropping you too as a fall-guy, and may try to prove your incompetence.

VARTIKA

(shakes her head)

Why can't they just leave us alone and let us do our investigation.

VISHAL

You've been on this job long enough to realize that the tasks of policing is just a small part of it.

She nods.

A beat.

VARTIKA

Chandu's taking this very hard, no.

VISHAL

If you want to make her feel better, the nab these assholes.

She smiles, but it's forced.

VARTIKA

You know we are under such a microscopic lens. Everyone assumes we're going to catch these guys and convict them, but there are so many factors which are completely out of my hands.

VISHAL

Let me ask you one thing. If you weren't on this assignment, is there anyone else in the city you'd have faith in to apprehend these guys?

She looks at him for the first time.

INT. TIHAR JAIL COURTYARD - DAY

Jai Singh enters through the inner gate of Tihar Jail, escorted by two guards. He holds a standard rolled-up sleeping mat. As he walks in the bright courtyard - it's actually a lush, garden-covered prison, despite housing the city's worst criminals - he passes by other prisoners.

They're all quiet, watching him, clearly informed on what he's done. The difference is, he's not a hardened prisoner like they are.

INT. PRISON SLEEPING AREA - CONTINUOUS

He's escorted to a shared space where they all sleep - a concrete floor where the mats of dozens of others already lie.

Others continue to watch him, saying nothing.

The guards leave him. He sits down, looking around, clearly frightened.

INT. DELHI GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Watching the news, Akash sits in a rented room with his Uncle. It's a small but comfortable room, with two beds and a TV.

On the news, pundits debate how many men have been arrested, as well as the state of female victim - being referred to as "Nirbhaya" (fearless one) since her real name has not been released. Stats run on the bottom of the screen about how last year there were 568 reported rapes in Delhi alone, and probably twice as many unreported.

UNCLE

*They keep talking about her,
nothing about you. You're the one
who saved her, and they're calling
her the hero.*

There's a knock at the door. The Uncle opens it, it's a feast of chicken and drinks. The server comes in and places it on a table. He hands the bill over to the Uncle, who doesn't know what to do with it.

WAITER

Room Service.

UNCLE

Come in.

Akash's uncle takes the food. The waiter hands him the bill.

UNCLE (CONT'D)

(pointing to the
constable)

Ask him, he'll cover it... Go,
he'll sigh.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Vartika enters Vasant Vihar Station, and sees Chandni sitting near the entrance! She's surprised.

VARTIKA

Baby, you okay?

CHANDNI

Ya.

VARTIKA

What are you doing here?

CHANDNI

I was just... was nearby...

Vartika looks around, and back at her.

VARTIKA

You want to hang in my office?

CHANDNI

(shrugs, playing it cool)

Okay.

Vartika's stress levels rise, but she's also relieved that Chandni is safe.

She leads Chandni upstairs to the command center.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They enter, and Bhupendra is there, along with Kumar and Vimla. They're in the middle of a call on a speaker phone, and don't seem bothered about Chandni's presence. Vartika motions for her to sit in the corner.

Bhupendra's on speaker phone with Rakesh, who's reached the village of Naharpur, Gurgaon. Vartika quietly listens as they monitor.

RAKESH (ON PHONE)

We're going towards the house...
Going in now...hey, where are you
going? Where's Alok?

ALOK'S RELATIVE (ON PHONE)

I don;t know, he's gone.

RAKESH (ON PHONE)

Tell me!

ALOK'S RELATIVE (ON PHONE)

He's not here.

Sounds of breaking into the house, commotion, yelling. After a few minutes, he's back.

RAKESH (O.S.)

Bhupendra - Alok's not here.
(yelling)
Hey, when did he leave?

VARTIKA

Bhupendra...

Vartika signals to Bhupendra to finish the call privately. He takes it off speaker, and goes into the adjoining room.

KUMAR

Where is this happening?

VARTIKA

Naharpur, in Gurgaon. Alok's relatives are there. We're getting close

KUMAR

Good.

VARTIKA

I didn't realise you were coming here, Sir.

KUMAR

I came to tell you that the charge sheet must be completed by January 3rd.

Vartika is shocked, as is Vimla.

VARTIKA

But that's too tight Sir

KUMAR

I know. But you have to.

VARTIKA

Am I missing something, Sir?

KUMAR

Okay, let me put it this way. Put it this way - when was the last time a local police matter was on CNN? The Taj Hotel attacks - that was as it was an act of international terrorism. But this is a local crime, under our jurisdiction. So the investigation and the charge sheet have to be flawless.

VARTIKA

Sit, we will get it right, Sir

Bhupendra walks back into the room, listening in.

KUMAR

Good. Any idea when the victim will be ready to give a statement?

VARTIKA

No yet Sir, she's not in good shape.

KUMAR

Okay so whenever she is ready, have a magistrate take her statement.

VARTIKA

That not necessary? We will do it...

KUMAR

No. We want her statement to hold as the gospel truth. In this climate, any statement given to a cop is bound to be questioned in court. If she dies... our case will reply on it. Please...

He leaves, no goodbye, no nonsense.

INT. VASANT VIHAR CORRIDOR

As he leaves, he walks by the tiny cell block, where Vikas and Brajesh sit in connecting cells, quietly, under blankets in the cold air. Across from them sit two constables, GIRISH (36) and AVINASH (45), watching over them.

Kumar doesn't stop, but stares at them as he passes by.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Vikas is fiddling with something - a small pin that he found on the ground.

GIRISH

(watching Kumar walk off)
That was the commissioner.
 (looks at the prisoners)
Big people working on this. Now the whole world knows what you did. Everyone wants to hang you.

The prisoners don't engage, don't make eye contact.

AVINASH

You're families must be ashamed. I wonder what your mothers are thinking.

Vikas and Brajesh now look at the Constables, confused.

Brajesh finds a pin on the floor

INT. DELHI GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Akash, sitting in his hotel room, with plates of food and drink everywhere, watches TV, as his Uncle is on the phone.

UNCLE

I don't know it's a sensitive issue.

VOICE ON PHONE

If it's a matter on money then...

UNCLE

It has to be right for Akash. He wants to tell his story to the world

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes of course. They late reaction of the police, and the way they treated him... These things need to get out.

UNCLE

Hmm... Let me think about it.

VOICE ON PHONE

Sir, we'll make it worth your while.

Akash is stone-faced as he watches TV, listening to his Uncle.

EXT. DELHI STREETS - NIGHT

The Markets are active, people mull about their business, cops are on the streets, and vigils are still on for Dipika.

ANGLE ON:

EXT. CHEMIST - DELHI STREET - NIGHT

Vinod exits a sculpture shop, a bag of Plaster of Paris in his hands.

SHOP OWNER

Plaster of Paris. This'll work for dental casts.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vartika and Bhupendra go over details on the map. Chandni watches.

BHUPENDRA

They're here now.
 (pointing to Aurangabad)
 And Alok's in-laws live here.
 (pointing to a village in
 Jharkand.)
 If they leave first thing in the
 morning... that's our best bet

VARTIKA

Okay. Is Sudhir still at Anand
 Vihar bus terminal?

BHUPENDRA

Yes, he'll be there all night.

Vimla comes by, another report in hand.

VARTIKA

Any other leads?

BHUPENDRA

Nothing right now.

She hands the report to Vartika, who sits back down at her
 desk. Vartika looks it over.

VARTIKA

*The English here is terrible. Show
 this to Rakesh when he comes back.
 He'll type it out properly.*

VIMLA

Yes, Madam.. Uh, may I go home now?

VARTIKA

Why?

VIMLA

I haven't been home since Sunday.

VARTIKA

*So? None of us have. And we're
 staying until we catch them all.
 Take a nap if you need.*

VIMLA

Yes, Madam Sir.

VARTIKA

*Vimla, Work on your English. It is
 the language of the judiciary,
 you're going to need it. Maybe...
 actually Chandu can help up.*

Chandni smiles, still watching, and now eating carrot halwa
 under a blanket as she sits.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

Have some carrot pudding, it's really nice.

VIMLA

Madam Sir, I'm the one who brought it in. My husband got it.

VARTIKA

Oh... It's very nice. But at this point of time in the year we prefer ice cream at India Gate.

VIMLA

Ice cream in the winter, Madam Sir?

Bhupendra's phone rings. He answers, going into the adjoining office.

BHUPENDRA (ON PHONE)

Hello. Yes... yes speaking... My daughters name is Rebha she's 21. yes she's fair and... educated, she cooks... does household chores. She does it all.

Vartika can hear the conversation, and looks at Chandni who smiles, realizing what Bhupendra's talking about.

CHANDNI

You want more?

VARTIKA

You want to read this?

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Vinod comes back, bag of plaster of paris in hand, and before entering his office, walks towards the cell block, where Girish and Avinash are asleep outside. He walks by, and sees that Brajesh and Vikas are also asleep. He then sees something on the wall, and squints. He screams for the constables to open the door immediately.

VINOD

Motherfucker - open the gate!

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The work continues in the office...

CHANDNI

(to her mom)

So is this like a normal day here?

VARTIKA
 (nodding)
 Yeah, these days. But once we get
 the last man I'm out of this
 madhouse.

Suddenly, a duty officer barges in.

DUTY OFFICER
Ma'am, something's happened!

VARTIKA
 Shit! Bhupendra!

Vartika, Vimla, Bhupendra - hanging up his call - and even
 Chandni run downstairs.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the cell block, where Vinod, Girish and
 Avinash tend to Vikas and Brajesh, who are semi-conscious,
 covered in small streams of their own blood - having
 attempted to slit their wrists! Vinod wraps bandages around
 their wrists tightly.

Girish holds up the small pin.

GIRISH
*Sir, they must have found this pin
 on the ground.*

Chandni stands back, in shock, and stares at the wall, where
 it's written in blood:

"Ma, forgive me."

EXT. AURUNGABAD - DAWN

Day Five - 6 am

The sun rises in the Bihari town.

INT. RUNDOWN AURUNGABAD HOTEL - DAWN

Early in the morning, Jairaj Singh and his men sleep in a
 rundown hotel room - all they can afford on their budget.

Jairaj's cell phone rings. He immediately answers, as if
 waiting for it.

VARTIKA
 Jairaj.

JAIRAJ (ON PHONE)
Long Live India, Madam.

VARTIKA (O.S.)

Were you asleep?

JAIRAJ

No, Madam.

VARTIKA

Okay - Go to Alok's in-laws' home in Palamu.

JAIRAJ

But that's in Jharkand

VARTIKA

yeah. Leave now.

JAIRAJ

Madam, that's even deeper into Naxalite territory.

VARTIKA

Yeah, so?

JAIRAJ

(still groggy)

Madam, I feel that this entire trip is a waste of time. We could be following leads in Delhi. My entire operations team is being wasted here. And we're miserable. The people are weird, the food is terrible...

VARTIKA

The food is terrible?

JAIRAJ

Yes. Last night the SHO tried to force me to eat chicken. It almost led to a fight.

VARTIKA

Have you completely fucking lost your mind.

JAIRAJ

Why, Madam?

VARTIKA

A prime suspect is missing and you're complaining about the food? I've sent you to Naxal territory for professional reasons, not for a food review. Get to Palamu. And if Alok's not there, set up an informant. Is that understood?

JAIRAJ

Of course.

She hangs up. Sitting in front of the other guys, who are all awake, Jairaj is about to let out his anger, but instead saves face.

SHUKLA

What happened, man?

JAIRAJ

Madam said we shouldn't come home yet. And I agree.

SHUKLA

Oh yeah?

JAIRAJ

Get up. Come on.

SHUKLA

Yeah. Getting up.

The other look at each other, knowing he's just been humiliated and has no choice.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - DAWN

Vartika is angry, the phone still in her hand. Bhupendra sits nearby.

VARTIKA

I can't believe these guys. I pulled favours to authorize plane tickets to get them there faster, to do their jobs. And he tells me that the food sucks. Dipika will never eat again. This is exactly why these protests happen... This bloody...

She's about to throw her phone against the wall, when Bhupendra grabs her arm, stopping her.

BHUPENDRA

Please, Madam, your signature's already on the wall from your shoe - we don't need a duplicate.

He motions to the mark on the wall left by her shoe, when she threw it at Jai Singh.

She starts to laugh. The mood is lighter. Her phone rings, she looks at it.

VARTIKA

Yeah.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Dipti, the same reporter from before, in the same dingy newsroom.

DIPTI
Hello Madam, it's Dipti

VARTIKA
Yeah, I know.

DIPTI
Um, I just wanted to say sorry for our last conversation. I was just doing what I was told. As you can see, we've not been very kind to the police.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VARTIKA
Thank you very much for that.

DIPTI
Madam, I'm sorry. But I have information that may be of help. Apparently, D-City TV has contacted the male victim to do an interview about his experiences.

VARTIKA
You can't be serious.

DIPTI
I am, Ma'am. Thought you should know.

Vinod enters the office. She waves him in to sit down.

VARTIKA
Okay. Thank you.

She hangs up and looks at Vinod.

VINOD
Ma'am, they'll be okay. The Doctor came, they didn't lose much blood. The bandages will hold, and they're fine.

VARTIKA
Okay.

VINOD
Madam, one more thing. I know everything that occurs in this station is my responsibility.
(MORE)

VINOD (CONT'D)
 I thought about it all night, and
 I'm willing to take the fall for
 this.

Vartika is confused.

VARTIKA
 What?

VINOD
 When they come looking for us
 someone needs to be the scapegoat.
 I'll take the blame.

VARTIKA
 So you want to volunteer as a
 martyr?

Just then, her phone rings. She answers.

VARTIKA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Yes, Sir.

INT. KUMAR VIJAY'S RESIDENCE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kumar is back in his private control room in his pyjamas,
 with the wireless operator sitting beside him.

KUMAR
 What happened last night?

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VARTIKA
 Sir, two of the accused in custody,
 Vikas and Brajesh, they tried to
 commit suicide.

KUMAR
 Shit... how are they now?

VARTIKA
 They'll be fine.

KUMAR
 And where was the SHO in all this?

Vinod watches her.

VARTIKA
 Sir, it could not have been
 prevented. They used a small pin in
 they found in the cell.

KUMAR

Okay. Keep this under wraps,
Vartika.

VARTIKA

Sir.

He hangs up. She stares at Vinod.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

Asshole - if you take the fall,
what does this say about me, and my
team's competence?

Vinod was not prepared for this.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)

I know you don't want these
prisoners harmed. Just do one thing -
keep everyone in this building
safe. Understand? Or I may shoot
you myself one day. But I'll stand
in between anyone else who tries to
shoot you.

He nods and salutes before leaving. She looks at Bhupendra
and rolls her eyes.

INT. VASANT VIHAR CELL - MORNING

Vikas and Brajesh both lie in their cells, under blankets.

Vinod arrives. A constable stands by them, saluting Vinod as
he enters. It all seems more professional now.

The guard leaves.

Vinod sits on the chair across from them, exhausted. He looks
at them both, these monsters who are now like broken
children. In his hand, he fiddles with a plastic container
with the pin they used to slit their wrists inside.

He looks at it, and back at them, just staring.

EXT. VASANT VIHAR STATION ENTRANCE - MORNING

The police lawyer from court - BRIJ - finagles his way
through the crowds outside the police station, mutters
something to the gate guard, and enters.

BHUPENDRA (O.S.)

Madam... about Akash.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bhupendra and Vartika confer in the office.

VARTIKA
I'll talk to him.

BHUPENDRA
You think that'll work?

VARTIKA
What else can we do? He's our key witness. He must have a conscience. I'll appeal to that.

BHUPENDRA
I was thinking of a stronger tactic.

VARTIKA
No, Bhupendra. He's a trauma victim. He's witnessed his friend getting gang raped. And I'd like to believe that there must be a part of him that wants to do the right thing.

BHUPENDRA
And his Uncle?

VARTIKA
I'll send him out of the room.

Bhupendra's not convinced, but accepts this as he sits down, his back still strained from the crappy chair.

There's a knock at the door.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
Come in...
(to Bhupendra)
I'll talk to Akash in private.

A constable pops her head in.

CONSTABLE
Ma'am, the lawyer's here.

VARTIKA
Get me a cup of tea.

CONSTABLE
And the lawyer?

VARTIKA
Get him, too.

CONSTABLE

Yes, Ma'am.
 (to RAJIV)
Please come in, Sir.

She ushers RAJIV CHAABRA in, and leaves.

RAJIV CHHABRA

Hello, Madam.

VARTIKA

Hello, where's Brij?

RAJIV CHHABRA

He is my senior Madam. He had another case pending.

VARTIKA

Oh. Thank God... Sit, sit

Brij sits across from Vartika, while Bhupendra leans on the desk nearby. He removes a file from his old briefcase.

BRIJ MEHTA

So we are due in court today, may I have an update on the case, please?

VARTIKA

Good to know you're on top of things.

BRIJ MEHTA

Of course, Ma'am.

She shakes her head, amused by him.

VARTIKA

Okay, so we have caught the four accused, and we're close to catching the last two. You'll have a report soon, but I don't have the time to come to court right now, not when there are two criminals at large. So I'd request you to buy some time please.

She looks to Bhupendra, as if giving a signal.

BRIJ MEHTA

I'm sorry Ma'am, I'm not sure that's possible. You see, the Magistrate is in a bit of a hurry...

Bhupendra stands and starts to usher him out to the corridor.

BHUPENDRA

Sir, Excuse me Sir. Excuse me. Your bag. You can take this. Sir, it's possible, it's no big deal. Use all the legal tricks you have. Just give us some more time. And talk to the SHO on your way out. He can help. Thanks for coming. See you soon.

By this time, he's out of the office, and Bhupendra shuts the door.

Silence for a moment as Vartika stands in the middle of the room. They burst out laughing.

INT. VASANT VIHAR STATION CORRIDOR - MORNING

Brij walks downstairs, and pops his head into Vinod's office, where he sits behind his desk, rubbing his temples.

RAJIV CHHABRA

SHO, Sir, I'm Rajiv Chhabra, standing counsel for the Delhi Police.

VINOD

(looks at him)
Oh, yes. Hi, please...

RAJIV CHHABRA

Sir, I'm representing the police in the high court enquiry. Sir, I'd like to meet...

(he consults his notes)

Yeah, PCR Ram Pratap. I believe he was the first constable to respond to the call and encounter the victims?

Vinod picks up his office phone.

VINOD

Yeah indeed, one minute
(On the phone)
Hello, is Ram Pratap here?... Good, send him in.

He hangs up.

VINOD (CONT'D)

Today's your lucky day. These guys are hard to track down.

BRIJ MEHTA

Actually, Sir, it's your lucky day.

VINOD

No, he is a good man. He may not be very educated or bright, but he knows his job, and did it well.

Vinod is startled by that comment. Ram Pratap - the constable from episode 1 - enters, looking as worn and tired as when we first saw him.

VINOD (CONT'D)

Ram Pratap, this is our lawyer, representing the Delhi Police in this case. There's a the high court inquiry on our conduct. He wants to ask you some questions. Come, sit... Come.

He does so. Vinod motions for Brij to proceed.

BRIJ MEHTA

Ram, can you tell me in detail what happened that night whne you found the victims?

RAM

I got a call at 10:24 pm, Sir...

EXT. ANAND VIHAR BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Sudhir and his team continue chatting intermittently to people at the station, asking about Lallan.

Sudhir looks around, running out of people to speak to. He's exhausted, and sees a street kid, drawing on the dirt with a stick. He joins him, taking a break, and sitting on the curb.

He looks at the kid, and then around again. He wipes the sweat from his brow, and rubs his eyes.

SUDHIR

What are you drawing?

KID

Nothing.

SUDHIR

Can you read and write?

KID

Yeah.

He demonstrates with the stick, writing his name.

SUDHIR

I have a friend named, Sonu. Young guy, He cleans busses around here? Do you know him?.

KID

Nope.
(looks back at his stick
drawing)

SUDHIR

*If you did there'd be something in
it for you.*

KID

What do you mean?

Sudhir holds up a pen. The kid's eyes light up, as if it's gold. Sudhir also holds up a notebook of paper.

SUDHIR

*And if you can help, there's more
where that came from.*

KID

*I don't know any Sonu, but I'll ask
around. Who wants to know?*

SUDHIR

*Just a guy looking for someone who
owes him money.*

KID

(laughs)
*We're all looking for that guy,
brother.*

Sudhir receives a text. He hands the kid the pen and paper.

SUDHIR

I'll see you around.

The Kid is ecstatic.

Sudhir goes to their mini command centre around the corner, where his team confers with a local vendor - a toy seller.

ARIF

*We have a lead, Sir - this guy
knows a Sonu who's a bit crazy. He
thinks it's our man.*

SUDHIR

Where is he now?

ARIF

*In Noida.
(to the Vendor)
And you can ID him?*

TOY VENDOR

Yes, Sir.

EXT. BIHAR HIGHWAY - DAY

En route to Palamu, Jairaj and his team travel in their unmarked van.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Ashok drives, as Shukla sits shotgun, and Jairaj sits in the back, examining a road map. Over the radio, an old Hindi song plays.

JAIRAJ

Shukla... Did you know there's a village in Bihar called "asshole?" (Asshole)

SHUKLA

What the hell? The slang must be from there.

Jairaj tosses the map aside, bored. Exhausted.

JAIRAJ

Yup. Can the radio station?

SHUKLA

No, I like this song.

JAIRAJ

Did I ask for your opinion. Just change it.

SHUKLA

What do you have against old songs?

JAIRAJ

They make me sombre.

SHUKLA

Let's vote then

JAIRAJ

Are we having an election? Change it, I'm still in charge.

SHUKLA

So what? Ashok's the one driving. We need to keep him alert and happy.

Ashok, the youngest of them, stays quiet.

SHUKLA (CONT'D)

What do you think?

JAIRAJ

So tell us, what do you think?

ASHOK
I'm fine, either way, Sir.

SHUKLA
*What the hell? A man has to chose.
 What do you think of this song?*

ASHOK
 (a beat)
I like it.

SHUKLA
 Hear that? What do you say?

JAIRAJ
 Bought your vote.

SHUKLA
 That's how it works.

Jairaj rolls his eyes.

He looks at the map on his phone, and looks at the road ahead
 - barren. He looks back down, confused.

JAIRAJ
*Where are we? I don't see this road
 on the map.*

SHUKLA
 What?

JAIRAJ
 Yeah... Stop the car.

SHUKLA
 Ask someone. Pull over. Stop. Ask
 this villager. Ask him.

Shukla looks back at him, as Ashok does the same in mirror.

They see an old villager walking down the street, stick in
 hand. As if he's a shepherd without a flock. They pull over.

SHUKLA (CONT'D)
*Hey brother. Listen, we're trying
 to get to Palamu.*

He thinks for a moment, his face crumpled into a millions
 wrinkles.

VILLAGER
Palamu?...

SHUKLA
 Yeah.

VILLAGER

(to them)

I think you're going the wrong way.

JAIRAJ

But the last guy we saw said it's this way!

VILLAGER

Where did you meet him?

JAIRAJ

30 minutes ago on this road.

VILLAGER

Yeah, he must be from Pandu village. They would say that.

JAIRAJ

Pandu rhymes with Gandu (ass).. Turn around.

SHUKLA

Take a U-Turn. Careful. How do we know this guys is telling us the truth. It's a narrow road.

He wanders off.

Saying nothing, Ashok does a u-turn and drives back, an old Hindi song blaring.

INT. VASANT VIHAR CORRIDOR - DAY

Vimla walks down the corridor, and arrives in front of the cell block, where Brijesh and Vikas - awake now - lean against the walls, staring, despondent. The constable on duty stands at attention.

VIMLA

(like an annoyed mother)

How are you guy? All good? You're alive?

No response.

VIMLA (CONT'D)

Tell me why you did such a stupid thing? We're trying to keep you safe from the angry mobs, and you go and do this?

Brajesh starts to cry.

VIMLA (CONT'D)

What happened? Will you talk? What's wrong?

VIKAS
*Madam, He thinks his mother
 committed suicide.*

VIMLA
When? What are you talking about?

VIKAS
*Because she must have heard the
 news by now*

BRAJESH
*She won't be able to live with what
 I've done. I know it. She must have
 heard about it and killed herself.
 I know it.*

Vimla shakes her head, frustrated. Brajesh cries louder.

VIMLA
What's your Mom's number?

BRAJESH
Hunh?

VIMLA
Give me her number.

BRAJESH
900-12-22-300.

She dials it. An old woman answers. Vimla puts it on speaker.

BRAJESH'S MOTHER
Hello?

VIMLA
Hello? Is this Brajesh's mother?

BRAJESH'S MOTHER
Yeah.

BRAJESH
Ma! I'm here, Ma!

Vimla takes it off speaker.

VIMLA
*Yeah. Everything's okay. Brajesh is
 fine. I'll call back later, okay?.
 Blessings.*

She hangs up.

VIMLA (CONT'D)
Your mother's alive.

BRAJESH
I want to talk to her.

VIMLA
*Not now. First get better, then
 we'll see. Okay?*

Brajesh starts to sob quietly, while Vikas just watches.

BRAJESH
 (to himself)
Mother...

INT. DELHI GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Akash's Uncle answers, and makes way for her. She walks in and sees the mess - the food plates, booze bottles, and cigarette butts.

VARTIKA
 (to the Uncle)
*Uncle-Ji, Can you step out for two
 minutes. I need to speak to him.*

The Uncle looks at Akash - seated on the bed - who nods. He steps out of the room.

A beat, as Vartika stands in front of Akash.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
*You're going to talk to D City TV.
 Sit down. Sit, sit. It's okay*

No denial from Akash's expression.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
Why ? What do you hope to achieve?

AKASH
*Madam. People should hear my side
 of the story.*

VARTIKA
*Yeah But at the right time, in
 court. You have your whole life to
 go on TV after. You can even write
 a book. But are the verdict is out.
 Id there are any discrepancies in
 your fact the defense is going to
 use it against you. It could
 jeopardize the entire case, and
 those guys will walk free. The
 station you're speaking to has a
 vendetta against us because we had
 a case against their CEO. They're
 just using you.*

Silence.

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
You get what I'm saying, right?

No answer as he looks down.

She leaves. He watches her.

EXT. PALAMU VILLAGE - DAY

Jairaj and his team arrive in Palamu - there are 20 houses in this little village - everyone must know everyone.

They stop the car, and get out, walking. They can't see any big threat here, since every home is visible, and these people are hardly the kind to have heavy artillery.

Walking around, the first person they see is an old man sitting in a small shop.

JAIRAJ
 Shukla, ask him.

SHUKLA
 Greeting, old man.

OLD MAN
 Greetings.

SHUKLA
Where does Pallavi Kumar's live?

OLD MAN
*The third house from the corner.
 But the place is empty.*

JAIRAJ
 (to Shukla & Ashok)
Go, check. I'll stay here.

Shukla and Ashok disappear around the corner, while Jairaj sits beside the old man.

JAIRAJ (CONT'D)
 Greetings, old man.

OLD MAN
 Greetings.

JAIRAJ
*We're from Delhi, we're looking for
 Pallavi Kumar's family.*

OLD MAN
Something's happened?

JAIRAJ
Yeah, I'll tell you.

They sit quietly for a moment, the stillness of the village enveloping them. It couldn't be more different than Delhi. Jairaj actually enjoys the quiet, and takes a deep breath in.

The others return.

SHUKLA
It's empty.

JAIRAJ
 (to the old man)
Do you know where they might be?

OLD MAN
 I don't know. They've been gone for a while.

JAIRAJ
The thing is Pallavi's husband, committed a crime in Delhi and fled.

OLD MAN
 Really?

A couple of young guys walking by stop to see what's going on.

JAIRAJ
He robbed and tried to kill two people. So, we're looking for him. We thought he might come here.

OLD MAN
 No, he didn't.

EXT. NOIDA COLONY - DAY

From a distance, a car pulls up in front of a small alleyway. Two people emerge - Sudhir and the Toy Vendor informant.

They walk down the alleyway, towards camera, stopping everyone they meet, and asking if they know Sonu

They turn a few corners, as people point them in certain directions, eventually reaching one corner with several entrances to small homes.

SUDHIR
 Brother, do you know where Sonu lives?

MAN ON STREET
 Sonu? This way.

SUDHIR

There?

MAN ON STREET

Yeah, down that alley.

A woman hangs laundry outside one of the homes.

SUDHIR

Madam, do you know a Sonu around here?

She points over to an old man sitting on a plastic chair in front of a doorway, playing with a little toddler, crawling around.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

Sir, do you know anyone named Sonu around here?

OLD SONU

Yeah, I'm Sonu. Who are you?

Sudhir looks at the Toy Vendor, who nods and confirms.

TOY VENDOR

It's him.

Sudhir shakes his head.

SUDHIR

This is the guy you said was crazy, who'd commit a crime?

TOY VENDOR

Yeah, why not?

Sudhir rubs his eyes.

SUDHIR

You knew that the guy we're looking for is young? In his 20s? this Sonu can'y even stand on his own, much less commit a crime.

The Toy Vendor shrugs.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

What did he do to you? Tell me!

TOY VENDOR

He is always making fun of me. Embarrassing me in front of others. He once embarrassed me in front of a woman I liked.

The old Sonu laughs.

OLD SONU

Yeah, I remember! You're that goofy guy!

(he laughs)

You liked that cleaner girl. Taking revenge now? You want to send me to prison?

TOY VENDOR

(now upset)

Shut up! After that day she wouldn't even look at me. Because of you.

SUDHIR

She was saved.

(to old Sonu)

You did good, Old Man.

He grabs the Toy Vendor by the arm.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)

You're lucky I don't beat you.

OLD SONU

That's right.

He drags him away.

SUDHIR

You're lucky I don't break our bones.

(muttering)

Where the fuck is Sonu.

EXT. PALAMU VILLAGE SHOP - DAY

Jairaj, Ashok, and Shukla are still sitting with the old shopkeeper, now having chai, with a crowd gathered around them. It's pretty much the entire village listening to these cops...

JAIRAJ

They've commuted a heinous crime, which is why it's so important to find them. We need to protect them, too. If the public find him, what will they do? We can't have that.

One group of Young Villagers take an active interest in asking questions.

YOUNG VILLAGER 1

When did this happen?

JAIRAJ

Last week.

YOUNG VILLAGER 1
How many others were there?

JAIRAJ
Five or Six.

YOUNG VILLAGER 2
*Does this have to do with the gang
 rape in Delhi, the one on Tv?*

JAIRAJ
*I can't say... That's also a
 sensitive issue.*

YOUNG VILLAGER 2
*Why else would Delhi cops come
 here? You are cops, right?*

SHUKLA
*We're just helping the courts,
 that's all.*

JAIRAJ
*Look, You're overthinking this.
 Just imagine, if this happened to
 your sister, or daughter, how would
 you feel? Wouldn't you want
 justice?*

Many in the crowd mumble indifference, not wanting to help these outsiders. But the young villagers take a keen interest.

YOUNG VILLAGE
*Yeah. Those bastards should be
 punished.*

JAIRAJ
*We agree. That's why we need our
 help.*

VILLAGER 3
*We're simple people, we don't want
 to get involved.*

JAIRAJ
Come on.

SHUKLA
*Hey, listen. If you hear anything
 about Alok, let us know. You'll
 even get a reward.*

Some of the crowd disperses, not interested in being a part of this.

One guy in particular - having watched them intently - runs off, as if on a mission. Jairaj sees this as he drinks his chai.

Shukla pulls the Young Villagers aside, still hanging around.

SHUKLA (CONT'D)

Hey, listen. If you hear anything about Alok, let us know. You'll even get a reward.

YOUNG VILLAGER 1

Sir, We'd do it for free. This kind of thing can't go unpunished.

ASHOK

Absolutely

YOUNG VILLAGER 2

...But we'll take the reward too!

They laugh.

JAIRAJ

(to Shukla)

Shukla... We should go now.

SHUKLA

(to the villagers)

Okay. Take my number.

(hands him a few rupees)

JAIRAJ

(to the old man)

We're off. Our rubbish hotel food awaits.

OLD MAN

I'd ask you to stay, but it's better you leave now.

JAIRAJ

Understood. Goodbye.

OLD MAN

Goodbye.

They get into their car nearby, and drive off.

EXT. ANAND VIHAR BUS TERMINAL - EVENING

Back at Anand Vihar Bus Terminal, the chai-wallah (who worked with Lallan, and who Sudhir already spoke with yesterday) is at his stand, serving chai.

As he hands a cup over to a customer, he looks at a passing bus, leaving the stand, and spots THE Lallan inside! He does a double take.

CHAI MAN
(to no one in particular)
Where's that bus going?

A random chai drinker responds:

CHAI DRINKER
Gurgaon, I think.

He looks at the young boy (12) working alongside him.

CHAI MAN
(to a young assistant)
I'll be back.

He tosses the rag resting on his shoulder, and runs off.

Elsewhere at the stand...

Sudhir is back, and grabbing a bite at a food-stand with a group of other cops.

SUDHIR
(to the cops)
...We got there and found this old man... And he says - "He insulted me in front of a woman I liked!"

The others laugh.

SUDHIR (CONT'D)
Asshole didn't even apologized after.

The chai-wallah approaches, frantic.

CHAI MAN
Sir, are you still looking for Sonu?

SUDHIR
For Sonu and peace.

CHAI MAN
Peace who? I think I just saw him leaving on a bus to Gurgaon.

SUDHIR
(suddenly serious)
You think?

CHAI MAN
I can't be sure.

SUDHIR
A Young bus conductor?

CHAI MAN
Yeah, exactly.

SUDHIR
You're sure it was heading to
Gurgaon?

CHAI MAN
Someone just told me it was going
there.

The Chai man shrugs. Sudhir stares off.

BHUPENDRA (O.S.)
... So we don't know exactly where
that bus went or if it's actually
him? Well done, get him a prize.

INT. BHUPENDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bhupendra is on the phone with Sudhir.

SUDHIR (O.S.)
No, but most buses leaving in the
afternoon return first thing the
next morning.

BHUPENDRA (ON PHONE)
Fine. Let's see if he comes back or
not. If he was working on that bus,
he surely will. Go tomorrow early
morning. Take the Investigating
Officer with you.

INT. SAFDARJUNG HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - EVENING

Neeti - looking thinner, frailer, from lack of sleep and
eating - sits in the hospital waiting room.

A TV plays a talk show where a female politician is under
fire for stating that perhaps "Nirbhaya" deserved what she
got for dressing a certain way.

FEMALE POLITICIAN (ON TV)
... See, I believe that if she
hadn't resisted the assault, she
wouldn't be in such a bad way
now...

REPORTOR
And how can you say that? As if her
fighting back was a bad thing?

FEMALE POLITICIAN

Please don't get me wrong . It happens in our city whereby an innocent women, is being assaulted, fights back and then is brutally beaten up by the assailants.

She's attacked by the host.

Dipika's father, Prem, comes and sits beside her. A simple man, unable to do anything for his little girl, he just stares at the TV, not understanding what's being debated in English.

NEETI

Do you need anything, Uncle?

PREM

*(staring at the TV)
I don't understand what any of this is about. I just want my child back but I'm losing faith.*

Neeti has nothing but sympathy for him.

NEETI

My mother used to tell me a story, about a girl who was terminally ill. There was a tree outside her room which shed it's leaves. She tells herself that the day the last leaf falls, she'll die. So one day her father glues the last leaf to the tree, ensuring it would never fall. Everyday she's look at the tree and see the lone leaf. And because of that lone leaf she built the confidence to survive.

Prem starts to cry. She's about to put her hand on his to console him, but doesn't. She just lets him cry it out.

Vartika arrives, and signals to Neeti to join her in the corridor with Dr. Bhutani.

Prem calms down.

NEETI (CONT'D)

Some water?

He nods. She stands, and joins them in the corridor.

NEETI (CONT'D)

I'll bring it.

VARTIKA

Is she ready to give a statement yet?

DR. BHUTANI

Well... Neeti knows this as well as I do - she's been in and out of consciousness, and when she's awake, it's only for a brief moment.

VARTIKA

Do you have a better idea on her prognosis?

DR. BHUTANI

(she exhales)

The cosmetic injuries are the 15 bite marks on her face. I can even repair the wounds around her vagina but the potentially fatal damage is in the middle of small intestines...

(she motions to her mid-section)

... this means the iron rod was thrust completely in, through her vaginal and anal openings, which have cut the intestines at several places vertically. The worst part about this is that the damage to the organs indicates that the act of insertion and retraction of rod was committed repeatedly. The hook on the end of the rod, along with the serrations has only aggravated the tearing.

Vartika listens calmly, while Neeti is struggling to hold it together.

DR. BHUTANI (CONT'D)

It wasn't just the rod, but the fact that they literally pulled the pieces of intestines out from the vaginal opening.

Vartika nods her understanding. Neeti is going green.

DR. BHUTANI (CONT'D)

We performed a second surgery but it may be irreparable.

Vartika thinks for a moment.

VARTIKA

Let me know when she's ready for a statement.

DR. BHUTANI

I will. And I have to tell you this. I believe with all of my heart in rehabilitation, I do. But I really hope that these people literally hang for this.

VARTIKA

Okay.

INT. RUNDOWN AURUNGABAD HOTEL - NIGHT

Jairaj and his men arrive back at the hotel, but all restaurants and kitchens are closed. They see a loaf of bread and stick of butter sitting on one of the tables in the small sitting area.

SHUKLA

Anybody here?... Kitchen's closed. They left us something. Come on.

He pulls out his pocket knife, sits, and opens the butter, spreading it out on the white bread and handing to the others.

They all sit, and start eating.

JAIRAJ

I spent my whole life serving our nation. This is my reward.

ASHOK

Isn't it like this everywhere?

JAIRAJ

No, brother. Look at America. Cops own homes, cars... They work one shift a day, and weekends off. They have a union that fights for them. And they don't need to take gifts, they're salary is enough. They're even given time workout. They eat well, exercise, perfect life.

SHUKLA

(eating a butter sandwich)
Amazing. And their lady officers - you can't mess with them. One of them could take the three of us down. Not like here. They have martial arts training. Not like ours who come straight from the kitchen to the station.

ASHOK

They all own cars?

JAIRAJ

*...With roads paved in gold...
You're screwed in this life. Pray
you get a better one next time.*

He reluctantly eats his bread.

EXT. DELHI DHABA - NIGHT

Vartika and Bhupendra sit at a road-side food stand, having a simple meal of daal & roti. A small TV plays nearby. Their respective notebooks are open as they update each other.

BHUPENDRA

Ma'am So we have a lead on Sonu. Sudhir and Vimla will try to intercept him at Anand Vihar Terminal tomorrow morning.

VARTIKA

Call Subhash as well in case we need more authority.

Bhupendra looks at the time.

BHUPENDRA

Yes, Ma'am. Excuse me Ma'am, can I make a personal call?

VARTIKA

Is it the same guy you spoke to yesterday?

BHUPENDRA

Yes...
(checking his notes for
the phone number)

VARTIKA

Can I ask you something?

BHUPENDRA

Yeah, Of course.

VARTIKA

I overheard your conversation yesterday. Why were you so hesitant to tell them what work you did?

BHUPENDRA

Ma'am whoever I speak to about my daughters marriage, when they learn I'm a police officer they refuse the proposal. Nobody wants to be associated with the police. I'm proud of my job, and my department.

(MORE)

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)
 But my job gets in the way of my
 daughter's future.

He thinks for a moment.

BHUPENDRA (CONT'D)
 This really hurts me.

VARTIKA
 If someone didn't respect me, I
 wouldn't want to associate with
 them, definitely wouldn't want them
 as in-laws.

BHUPENDRA
 Ma'am, my world is different than
 yours.

Now she becomes introspective.

VARTIKA
 But we're trying to protect our
 daughters.

A beat.

Her eyes are welling with tears, but she pushes them back.
 Bhupendra doesn't know what to say. Suddenly, he looks past
 her. His face goes pale.

She turns around and sees what he sees: a photograph on TV of
 Akash, their key witness!

VARTIKA (CONT'D)
 Yeah, Dipti, isn't it kind of late?

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
 I'm sorry ma'am but it's important.
 I just heard that your male victim
 has closed a deal with D-City TV.
 They're going to do an on-air
 interview.

VARTIKA
 Fuck!

Vartika screams.

END OF EPISODE 6