

IN PURSUIT OF LOVE
a Spec Screenplay
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. KABUL STREETS - DAY

SUPER: KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - 1996. Days after the Taliban's first capture of the Afghan capital.

The camera glides through war-torn Kabul streets—crumbling walls and buildings with gaping holes.

A SHATTERED CINEMA MARQUEE, its letters hanging like broken teeth. Faded posters of Naseeb and Sholay flutter in the dusty wind.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ek zamana tha jab Kabul gaata tha...
Mohabbat ke sher galiyon mein goonjte
the. Aur Bollywood ke chalakte reelon
se raaton mein sapne bunte the.

A DISTANT RATTLE OF GUNFIRE. A PATROL of TALIBAN MILITANTS marches past, their AK-47s slung over shoulders like grim trophies. BURQA-CLAD WOMEN scurry past, their footsteps silent, their faces unseen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Lekin Ab... sirf sargoshiyan hain.
Aur saaye...

EXT. ABANDONED CINEMA - DAY

A TALIB in a black turban KICKS the boarded-up doors. The wood SPLINTERS inward.

INT. ABANDONED CINEMA - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ruins, DUST MOTES swirl in the dim light. Tattered posters cling to the walls - Amitabh Bachchan frozen mid-action, Hema Malini smiling eternally.

TALIB #1

(mocking)

Kya socha tha in logon ne? Film dekh
kar jannat milegi?

TALIB #2

(softly)

Lekin Amitabh... uska style hi alag
tha.

His fingers brush a poster of REKHA, her eyes smoldering through the grime. Then, with a sudden jerk, he RIPS it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAZIR AKBAR KHAN NEIGHBORHOOD, KABUL - NIGHT

A wide, tree-lined avenue under a still Kabul sky.

Two TALIBS move with purpose along the road. Ornate lampposts flicker overhead. Hedges trimmed. Gates tall. Shadows long.

They pass stately villas and homes - arched verandahs, wrought-iron gates, crumbling symbols of a once-prosperous elite.

A TOY TRICYCLE lies overturned on a tiled path, its plastic wheel spinning lazily in the breeze.

The TALIBS stop outside a large VILLA - the MALHOTRA HOUSE.

Muted yellow light seeps from behind heavy curtains.

From a cracked window upstairs, the faint sound of an old Hindi song drifts into the night.

MUSIC: "Zindagi ke safar mein guzar jaate hain..." plays softly.

TALIB #1
(ears perked)
Suna?

TALIB #2
(nods)
Chaliye.

He unshoulders his rifle. They move toward the gate.

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HAROON MALHOTRA (12) lies on a polished wooden bed, chin on folded arms. A cassette player hums. Eyes closed, lost in the music.

MUSIC CONTINUES: "Zindagi ke safar mein..."

INT. MALHOTRA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MADAN MALHOTRA (40s) sits in a wooden armchair, a book open in his lap. His wife, SHANTI (30s), crochets quietly beside him.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

They flinch. Malhotra rises, startled. Another BANG ECHOES through the walls.

EXT. MALHOTRA HOUSE - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Malhotra crosses the tiled courtyard, silent in kurta-pajama. He reaches the side door, opens the viewing slot.

A voice from the other side - deep, calm, dangerous.

VOICE (V.O.)
(in Pashto, subtitled)
We are Taliban. Open the gate.

He hesitates. Then slowly - unlocks the bolt, and swings the iron gate open.

Two TALIBS step inside. AK-47s slung, eyes sweeping the courtyard with practiced ease.

TALIB #1
(in Urdu)
Aapka naam?

MALHOTRA
Madan Malhotra.

TALIB #1
(leaning in)
Aapke ghar mein gaana baj raha tha.
Mausiqi... haram hai.

MALHOTRA
(pleading)
Mera beta hai... bewakoofi mein chala
diya hoga. Is baar maaf kar dijiye...

TALIB #2
(smirking)
Maaf kar denge... lekin jurmana dena
padega.

TALIB #1
Warna-jail jaana padega.

MALHOTRA
Kitna?

TALIB #2
Dus hazaar. American.

MALHOTRA
(staggered)
\$10,000?

TALIB #2
Woh kahawat toh suna hi hoga-
(MORE)

TALIB #2 (CONT'D)

(softly)

"Kuch paane ke liye, kuch khona padta hai."

MALHOTRA

Ji. Yeh kahawat kaafi mashhoor hai.

TALIB #2

(nostalgic)

Mujhe bhi bohot pasand hai. Purane zamane ki yaad dilati hai. Jab is mulk mein andhera nahi, roshni thi. Dushmani nahi, dosti thi. Takalluf nahi, saadgi thi... Aur hamari bhi achhi zindagi thi. Kabhi-kabhi cinema jaate the. Hindi filmein dekha karte the...

MALHOTRA

Aapko... pasand thi?

TALIB #2

(smiles faintly)

Bohot. Purani filmon mein kya gaane hote the, kya tarane! Heroines kitni khoobsurat saariyan pehenti thi. Suna hai aajkal ki filmon mein jism zyada dikhaya jaata hai.

(shrugs)

Khair... ab in baaton ka kya faayda... aapko toh jurmana... nahi, nazrana dena hoga.

MALHOTRA

Theek hai, Mawlawi Sahab.

TALIB #2

Kal raat bara baje. Tayyar rakhiye.

They EXIT. The gate CLANGS SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. MALHOTRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Shanti shakes Malhotra awake.

SHANTI

Uth jaiye. Haroon school ja raha hai.

MALHOTRA

Aaj se kuch dino tak school jaana, radio, tape recorder chalana, ya koi geet gungunana - sab kuch band hoga.

SHANTI

Kyun? Kya hua?

MALHOTRA

(bitter)

Ab humein yeh mulk chhodna hoga...
Waise bhi, Taliban ke baad, schools mein
preaching zyada hai... teaching kam.

He stands, weary.

MALHOTRA (CONT'D)

Raat mein baat kareinge. Abhi office
jaana hai.

EXT. KHAN & MALHOTRA AUTOS - DAY

A TOYOTA COROLLA pulls into the dealership. Malhotra steps
out and walks to the showroom.

INT. SALES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ZALMAY KHAN (50s), shrewd yet warm, looks up.

ZALMAY KHAN

Namaste bhai sahab. Thode pareshan
lag rahe ho... sab theek hai?

MALHOTRA

(leaning in)

Khan sahab, mujhe Afghanistan chhodna
padega. Canada ka visa hai, jab main
pichhle saal family ke saath Toronto
gaya tha...

ZALMAY KHAN

(nodding)

Tumhara hissa Dubai wale account
mein transfer kar doonga. Wahan se
used Toyotas bhejna. Main yahan ka
dekhta hoon. Partnership qayam rahegi.

(beat)

Ghar ka koi kharidaar mila?

MALHOTRA

(shaking head)

Nahin. Market down hai.

ZALMAY KHAN

Property ka kaarobar bimaar ho sakta
hai, magar marta nahi. Power of
Attorney de do... main kisi NGO ko
kiraye par de doonga.

(leans in)

Aur asli pareshaani?

MALHOTRA

Do Talib aaye the... das hazaar dollar
maange.

ZALMAY KHAN

Paisa de. Raat mein tere ghar jaake
un dono ko dekh lenge. Tu jaanta
hai... Kandahar se hoon main. Taliban
se purani jaan-pehchaan hai.

They SHAKE HANDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD, MALHOTRA HOUSE - NIGHT

The gate CREAKS open. Two TALIBS enter.

TALIB #1

Nazrana tayyar hai?

MALHOTRA

(hands over a small
bag)

Yeh... Yeh Lijiye.

ZALMAY KHAN (O.S.)

(in Pashto, subtitled)

Put the guns down.

Zalmai and his MEN step out, rifles raised. They disarm the
two Talibs. Zalmai Khan takes the money bag from them...

TALIB #1

Yeh paisa hamare liye jahiz hai!

ZALMAY KHAN

Chup khabeeth! Tum jaise munafiqon
ne Islam ko badnaam kiya hai.

TALIB #2

Musalman hote hue bhi aap Hindu ke
saath?

ZALMAY KHAN

Woh Hindu hai, lekin apne Bhagwaan
ko ta-e-dil se maanta hai. Tum toh
dollar ki ibaadat karte ho.

(beat)

Namaz padte ho?

TALIB #2

Haan... paanch waqt.

ZALMAY KHAN
 (quoting Iqbal)
 "Tera Dil To Hai Sanam Ashna, Tujhe
 Kya Mile Ga Namaz Mein."
 (to men in Pashto, subtitled)
Take them to the car.

He gives the money bag back to Malhotra.

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)
 Yeh lijiye... aapka paisa.

CUT TO:

INT. KABUL AIRPORT - PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

CHAOS. A crush of passengers in dusty shawls and worn jackets surge against rusted barricades. A baby wails; a suitcase tumbles off an overloaded luggage trolley.

Malhotra hands passports to a YOUNG OFFICIAL (stone-faced).

YOUNG OFFICIAL
 (Pashto, subtitled)
Purpose?

MALHOTRA
 (accented Pashto)
Business. Family to Toronto.

The official's gaze lingers on Shanti's uncovered face, then Haroon's Nike sneakers—Western contamination.

YOUNG OFFICIAL
 (Pashto, subtitled)
What business?

Beat. Malhotra's pulse throbs at his temple—

BAM! A black-turbaned force barrels through the crowd.

ZALMAY KHAN
 (booming Pashto,
 subtitled)
He's my business partner!

Zalmay's grip vises Malhotra's shoulder. A show for the guards.

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)
*Auto parts. Used Corollas. Our
 children's bread.*
 (MORE)

ZALMAY KHAN (CONT'D)
 (switches to Hindi,
 lethal calm)
 Uski biwi ke baap ki aakhri saansen
 Toronto mein hain.

THAP! Stamp. THAP! THAP!

YOUNG OFFICIAL
 (Hindi, dismissive)
 Jao. Peechhe mat dekhna.

Malhotra exhales—his first full breath since the Taliban rolled into Kabul. Zalmay raises a hand in farewell. No smiles. This is how men grieve.

INT. ARYANA AIRLINES - AIRBORNE - DAY

Kabul shrinks to specks beneath the clouds. Malhotra's fists unclench.

Shanti's fingers brush her uncovered hair—a forgotten sensation. Haroon's smile streaks the window, mirroring the snow-capped Hindu Kush peaks.

EXT. DUBAI AIRPORT - GATE B23 - NIGHT

The MALHOTRAS wait in business-class seats, their worn Samsonites conspicuous against polished marble.

Haroon rubs a Canadian flag sticker on his backpack.

SHANTI
 (soft Hindi)
 Kal se... ek naya janam.

A boarding CHIME cuts through the Arabic murmur.

INT. EMIRATES A380 - MORNING

SUPER: 15 HOURS LATER

Haroon wakes to Toronto's skyline—glass shards slicing through morning fog.

HAROON
 (whisper Hindi)
 Itni baraf... ghar jaisi hai.

Shanti's lips curl—her first real smile since the Taliban banned music.

EXT. RICHMOND HILL - DAY

SUPER: 14 YEARS LATER

A 5,000 sq ft mansion. A Toyota Highlander and BMW glint in the driveway.

MONTAGE - WALL PHOTOGRAPHS:

1996 - ARRIVAL

Faded Polaroid: All three squinting under Pearson Airport's fluorescent buzz. Haroon's mittens clench an IKEA welcome packet.

2000 - FOUNDING

Framed newspaper ad: "Richmond Hill Toyota - Grand Opening, March 2000!"

Beneath it, a glossy press shot: The family in front of the dealership, Malhotra gripping oversized scissors mid-ribbon cut. Haroon, 14, fidgets in a stiff collared shirt.

2010 - DOCTORATE

University of Toronto portrait: Haroon's graduation cap frozen mid-toss. Degree close-up: PhD English Literature (Postcolonial Studies).

2011 - SUCCESS

Daily Mail headline: "FROM KABUL TO KING STREET: Madan Malhotra's Unstoppable Rise." Photo: Madan shaking the Mayor's hand, his watch glinting brighter than the chandelier.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

A framed black-and-white photo: Zalmay & younger Madan (30s) in front of Khan & Malhotra Autos, Kabul.

Older Malhotra runs his fingers over the glass. The plaque gleams: KHAN & MALHOTRA AUTOS - EST. 1980, Kabul.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Malhotra sips chai, scanning the Financial Post. Shanti glides in.

MADAN

Kahan hai aap ke sahabzade?

SHANTI

(smirking)

Main dekhti hoon.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Haroon, now 26, handsome and athletic, strolls through a lush, sunlit garden.

A graceful girl (24) peeks from behind a blooming rose bush, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

THE GIRL

Hi, handsome... aa jao, mujhe gale lagao. Agar pakad liya, toh main tumhari ho jaaungi.

Haroon laughs and runs toward her. She giggles and darts away, disappearing behind the flowers.

He slows to a stop. Sunlight filters through the trees.

HAROON

(singing softly)

Tere khwab ke phoolon mein, main khushbu ban jaaun...

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Posters of Bollywood and Hollywood films and actors cover the walls. Haroon lies curled around a pillow, asleep.

Shanti, his mother, walks in with a warm smile.

SHANTI

Haroon beta, uth jao. Nau baj gaye hain. Office nahi jaana?

Haroon stirs, groggy.

HAROON

(murmuring)

Oh Maa... kitna accha khwab dekh raha tha. Aapne kharaab kar diya...

SHANTI

Sapno se bahar niklo. Haqeeqat ka samna karo.

HAROON

Woh pyaar ka sapna tha, Maa...

SHANTI

Kaun hai woh ladki? Naam kya hai?

HAROON

Pata nahi. Middle parting baal, moti daant... chehra jaise shahkaar.

SHANTI

Bas karo shayari. Tum apne daddy ki tarah businessman ban jao.

HAROON

Main tejarat aur mohabbat mila ke logon ki khidmat karna chahta hoon...

SHANTI

Jo chahe karo. Par ab uth jao, jaldi se tayyar ho kar neeche aao aur nashta karo.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Malhotra reads the paper. Shanti sips tea.

Haroon enters - in jeans, crisp shirt, and Nike sneakers. A GOODLIFE GYM BAG on one shoulder, GUITAR slung over the other.

HAROON

Good morning, Dad. Morning, Maa.

He gently places the guitar aside and tosses the bag onto another chair before sitting down.

SHANTI

Wah, aaj toh time pe tayyar ho gaye.

HAROON

Time is money, Maa...

MALHOTRA

Jo tum kar rahe ho, woh time ka investment hai ya waste?

HAROON

Dad, main shauq se padhta hoon.

MALHOTRA

Music aur literature padhne ka kya faayda? Aaj kal ke music... singer gaane ke beech mein baatein karta hai—sab bakwaas lagta hai!

HAROON

Woh RAP hai, Dad.

MALHOTRA

RAP nahi—music ke chehre pe SLAP hai. Sur aur taal ke beech TRAP hai.

HAROON
Come on, Dad. Aapki soch toh textbook
'generation gap' hai.

MALHOTRA
Businessman nahi toh doctor hi ban jao.

HAROON
(sipping juice)
Dad, main ban gaya—Doctor of English
Literature!
(rises)
Main rehearsal ke liye jaa raha hoon.

SHANTI
Naashta theek se kar lo. Phir jao...

HAROON
Doston ke saath new song ki rehearsal
hai. Phir Aikido class bhi hai.

He slings the bag and guitar and heads out.

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

Haroon sings into a mic. His band surrounds him—drummer,
keyboardist, saxophonist. He strums passionately.

HAROON
(singing)
*Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai,
Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai...
Bhaag jaati woh mere yaadon se. Phir
bhi dil koshish-e-baatil mein hai...*

CUT TO:

INT. AIKIDO DOJO - DAY

Under humming fluorescents, Students in white KEIKOGI move
in sync, BOKKEN slicing the air. Haroon, set apart, flows
through precise KATAS with a gleaming IAITO. His SENSEI(60s,
silver ponytail) watches in silent approval.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Under a steamy shower, Haroon refreshes.

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Towel around his waist, he opens his closet. Chooses a
tailored suit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Haroon—sharply dressed, guitar slung over his shoulder—calls out:

HAROON

Mah! Main graduation party ke liye
jaa raha hoon! Late aaoonga.

SHANTI (O.S.)

Theek hai beta. Apna khayal rakhna.

INT. GRAND BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Crystal chandeliers shimmer over a sea of sequined saris and tailored suits. Bhangra beats thump. Glasses clink.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR -

A 20-something guy - SRK charm, JT swagger - backflips, body rolls, freezes mid-air. The crowd ERUPTS.

AT A TABLE - Four Indian girls watch. One elbows her friend, smirking.

GIRL

Simran, oye Simran! Tera singer dost
Haroon kahan hai?

SIMRAN

He should be here by now.

She turns—spots Haroon entering.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)
Woh raha!

She gets up and walks toward him.

SIMRAN (CONT'D)

Hi Haroon. Tumne toh badi der laga di!

HAROON

Sorry, traffic tha. Bumper-to-Bumper!

SIMRAN

(playfully grabs his
hand)
Chalo! Tumne wada kiya tha graduation
party mein ek naya Hindi song gaane
ka. Aaj apna wada poora karo!

HAROON

Haan haan... mujhe yaad hai...

They approach the stage. Simran grabs the mic and addresses the crowd.

SIMRAN

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!
Aaj ki shaam Hindi music ke naam.
Aur ab stage par aane wale hain mere
dil ke rockstar— Dr. Haroon Malhotra!

Applause. Haroon adjusts the mic, guitar on his shoulder.

HAROON

Yeh gaana ek Farsi geet se prerit hai,
jo Afghanistan ke mashhoor gayak Ahmad
Zahir ne kai saal pehle gaya tha.

He strums his guitar. A gentle melody begins. The hall quiets.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai.
Ke meri zindagi mushkil mein hai.
Bhaag jaati tu/woh mere yaadon se.
Phir bhi dil koshish-e-batil mein hai.*

Crowd begins to dance.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing passionately)

*Bakht agar mujhse jafa karta hai,
Tum ko yeh mujhse juda karta hai.
Aye Sanam tum toh wafa kar do zara,
Warna aashiq yeh tear marta hai.
Apne hoton se pilao aab-e-hayat,
Pyaar ke fasl bhi hasil mein hai.
Kaisa yeh pyaar...*

— HANDS CLAP. A dozen gold bangles shiver down a waitress's arm mid-pour.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Door hai pyaar ki manzil mera,
Pur-khatar amn ka saahil mera.
"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna" ab tak,
Yeh mera rooh, mera dil mein
hai. Dekhna hai mujhe kitna power...
Woh tera "baazu-e-qaatil mein hai."
Kaisa yeh pyaar...*

— BASS DROP. A boy's chair legs stutter against the floorboards, his laugh swallowed by the kick drum.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Pyaar jab hadd se guzar jaata hai,
Har taraf noor nazar aata hai. Aao ek
baar wida karke jao. Jab mera waqt-e-
safar aata hai. Mere aansoon ke musaafir
dekho. A'b rawana soye-manzil mein hai.
Kaisa yeh pyaar mera dil mein hai...*

Haroon finishes the song. Thunderous applause.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Haroon walks to his sleek BMW. Streetlights flicker.

FAINT VOICE --

VOICE (O.S.)

Help! Ouch! Please stop!

Haroon freezes. Another cry. He pivots and slips between parked cars.

REVEAL: A group of Indian men beating a lone figure. One man, wearing a Sikh PAGRI, raises a hockey stick— Haroon bursts in—sidekicks him, disarms another, takes control...

HAROON

Indian hoke Indian ko maar rahe ho?
Sharam nahi aati?

MAN IN SUIT

Fuck off! Teen hazaar udhaar hai iska!

Another man charges—Haroon ducks and strikes.

HAROON

Agar paise lene hain, toh maar-peet
se nahi—kanuni tareeke se lo.

PAGRI MAN

Teen mahine se chhup raha hai yeh!

Haroon tosses a business card.

HAROON

Main iski zimmedaari leta hoon. Ek
hafte mein paise mil jaayenge. Deal?

Man in suit takes the card...

MAN IN SUIT

(reading)

Haroon Malhotra, Richmond Hill Toyota?

(MORE)

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)
 Deputy Sales Manager?
 (nods)
 Let's get out of here boys...

They leave. Haroon kneels beside the man.

HAROON
 I'm Haroon Malhotra. U of T alumnus.

SOORAJ
 Sooraj Singhanian... Ph.D. student.
 Law School.

HAROON
 Let me call 911.

SOORAJ
 Nahi sir... jaana hai. Doosra part-
 time shift hai—downtown mein.

HAROON
 At least let me drop you.

SOORAJ
 (points to an old
 Honda Civic)
 Woh meri hai—Civic. Old hai toh kya
 hua... abhi bhi gold hai! Chalayegi.

Haroon chuckles. Hands him a card.

HAROON
 Monday ko dealership aa jaana.

SOORAJ
 Thank you, sir. Main zaroor aaoonga.

INT. RICHMOND HILL TOYOTA - DAY

Sunlight pours in. Cars gleam under spotlights. At reception—

SOORAJ
 Morning. I'm Sooraj—10 a.m.
 appointment with Mr. Haroon.

RECEPTIONIST
 (on phone)
 Sir, Mr. Sooraj is here.

HAROON (V.O.)
 Send him in.

RECEPTIONIST
 (smiling)
 Second door on your left, please.

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Modern. Minimalist. Shelves lined with books, trophies, and framed memories. A soft tabla track hums in the background.

Sooraj enters. A small bandage peeks under his cap.

SOORAJ
 (salutes)
 Good morning, sir!

Haroon looks up, notices the bandage, smiles gently.

HAROON
 Zakhm kaisa hai?

SOORAJ
 (taps cap)
 Thik ho gaya, sir. Sar pe lagi thi...
 dil pe nahi.

Haroon chuckles. Slides open a drawer, hands over a folder.

HAROON
 Yeh contract hai. Dekh lo. Agar theek
 lage toh sign kar do. Tum hamare
 legal advisor ban rahe ho-part-time.

Sooraj flips through. Eyes widen.

SOORAJ
 CAD 3000? Sir... yeh toh meri soch
 se zyada hai.

HAROON
 Main tumhari skills ke liye pay kar
 raha hoon. Waise bhi- India trip ke
 liye legal support chahiye.

SOORAJ
 Sir, aapke liye toh jaan bhi hazir hai.

HAROON
 Ph.D. kab complete ho raha hai?

SOORAJ
 Maximum, one more month sir...

HAROON
 Perfect.

(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)
Weekend Niagara jaa rahe
hain-farmhouse, BBQ, clay shooting.
Aayega?

SOORAJ
Man karta hai... par thesis pe thoda
aur kaam baaki hai.

They both sign. Haroon leans back.

HAROON
Ab toh bata de... un logon se qarz
kyun liya tha?

SOORAJ
Papa ke marne ke baad koi support
nahi tha. Maa ne apne zevar bech
diye... lekin kaafi nahi tha. My
part-time job ki income bhi kam pad
gayi. Isliye udhaar lena pada...

Haroon nods, calm.

HAROON
Main woh debt cover kar dunga. Salary
se adjust ho jayega.

SOORAJ
Thank you, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALHOTRA DINING ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

Morning light spills into a cozy dining room. Outside, nearly
bare trees shed their last golden and crimson leaves.

Haroon sits at the table with his parents, eating breakfast.

MALHOTRA
(to spouse)
Toh beta, kab shaadi kar raha hai?

SHANTI
Mujhe kya pata? Kehta hai India jaake
karega.

MALHOTRA
(looking at Haroon)
India mein tujhe kaun jaanta hai? Kahin
kisi chakravayuh mein phas gaya toh?

HAROON

Dad, main akela nahi hoon. Sooraj ab vakil ban gaya hai. He'll handle things. Waise bhi—uski shaadi next Sunday hai.

MALHOTRA

Toh tu bhi kar le. Lata se. Apne partner ki beti hai—seedha rishta, safe investment.

HAROON

(smiling)

Shaadi pyaar se hoti hai, Dad. Balance sheet se nahi.

Haroon sips his coffee. Silence falls. Shanti exchanges a look with Malhotra.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR INDIA FLIGHT - DAY

A massive Air India A380 pierces the clouds, descending over Mumbai.

INSIDE:

Haroon, weary but polished, stares out the window. Around him, a mix of INDIAN AND INTERNATIONAL PASSENGERS chatter in multiple languages.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

(over PA, accented English)

Welcome to Chhatrapati Shivaji International Airport. Local time is 4:32 PM...

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

Travelers surge past baggage claim. Sooraj scans the crowd—spots Haroon. Grins.

SOORAJ

(embracing him tightly)

Welcome to India, Sir!

HAROON

(pulling back, firm but warm)

Not 'sir' anymore. Call me Haroon.

SOORAJ
 (teasing)
 Theek hai... Haroon.

INT./EXT. HONDA CIVIC (MOVING) - DAY

The car swerves through Mumbai traffic. SHAMLAL (40s, driver) honks at a rickshaw.

SOORAJ
 (leaning forward)
 Shamlal! Seedha ghar chalo.

HAROON
 Nahi. Taj Hotel.

SOORAJ
 Hotel kyun? My home is ready for you!

HAROON
 Later. I booked a room—five days.

EXT. TAJ HOTEL - DAY

Sooraj's Civic pulls up. A BELLMAN (red uniform) opens the door. Haroon's LUGGAGE is loaded onto a trolley.

INT. TAJ HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Golden light filters through curtains. They sip chai.

HAROON
 Place an ad: 'Afghan landowner's son seeks medical interpreter. Fluent Farsi preferred. Generous salary.'

SOORAJ
 (pulls out phone)
 Done. My friend at Times of India will fast-track it.
 (hands Haroon his phone—their fingers brush)
 Agle Sunday—meri shaadi hai. You're singing.

HAROON
 Chinta mat karo. I'm ready.

CUT TO:

INT. TATA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Three resident female doctors in scrubs and stethoscopes huddle around steaming cups of chai.

DR. NAZNEEN ROY (25)—striking, composed—sits at the table, facing us. Her face is hidden behind a folded Times of India, only her two elegant hands visible, holding the paper. A hint of her vibrant blue sari peeks from beneath her white coat.

Beside her, DR. MARYAM (26)—feisty, quick with a comeback—leans over. Next to them, DR. PRIYA (27)—sharp-eyed, sarcastic—peers at the newspaper.

DR. MARYAM
 (snatching the
 newspaper, slapping
 it down)
 Kya kar rahi ho, Nazneen? Yahan padhne
 nahi aaye—hum Sunitee ki shaadi plan
 kar rahe hain!

The paper drops, revealing Nazneen's unamused face—the same woman glimpsed in Haroon's Toronto dream sequence.

NAZNEEN
 (stabbing a classified
 ad with her pen)
 Job dhundh rahi hoon. 20 days till
 graduation—I need a part time job now.

DR. PRIYA
 (squinting at the
 paper)
 Afghan interpreter scams patient—uses
 elevator ride as MRI.

The table LAUGHS. Nazneen doesn't. DIALS. EXITS.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAMPUS - DAY

Under a BANYAN TREE, Nazneen listens:

SOORAJ (V.O.)
 Interview tomorrow. Taj Hotel lobby.
 10 a.m. sharp.

A NURSE runs up, waving papers...

NURSE
 Dr. Roy! Your mother's biopsy
 results... See Dr. Raaj.

Nazneen's smile DIES.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nazneen sits beside her mother (50s), who sleeps fitfully, an IV drip attached to her arm.

Dr. RAAJ (60s) enters, flipping through a chart.

NAZNEEN
(standing abruptly)
Good afternoon, Dr. Raaj. Maa kaisi hai?

DR. RAAJ
Early-stage breast cancer. Surgery is urgent. We must remove the tumor—quickly.

NAZNEEN
Kharcha?

DR. RAAJ
80,000 rupees minimum.

NAZNEEN
Aap tayyari kijiye. Main paise ka bandobast karungi.

DR. RAAJ
Parson operation karenge...

NAZNEEN
OK sir. Ab main ghar chalti hoon.

EXT. RAHMAT NAGAR LANE, PANT NAGAR - DUSK

A RICKSHAW glides to a stop outside a modest two-storey home. Nazneen steps out, hands the driver some cash, and pushes open a creaking metal gate.

INT. NAZNEEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RAWUL (17, in sportswear) watches cricket on TV. He jumps up as Nazneen enters.

RAWUL
Maa kaisi hain?

NAZNEEN
Achhi hain.

RAWUL
I miss her.

NAZNEEN
Focus on studies. Maa ka illaj mujh par chhod do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAJ HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A whirl of red silk cuts through the bustling lobby. Nazneen strides forward, the sunlight glinting off her crimson sari like a warning flare.

Haroon freezes mid-sip of chai. His gaze locks onto her—

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TORONTO PARK - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The same woman—NAZNEEN—glides behind a rose bush in full bloom, vanishing like a half-remembered dream.

BACK TO PRESENT

Haroon blinks, rattled. Before he can react—

Sooraj slides up beside him, nodding toward Nazneen.

SOORAJ

(gesturing)

Haroon Khan needs a medical interpreter.

NAZNEEN

I'm a doctor-in-training.

HAROON

(in broken English)

Talk Farsi?

NAZNEEN

(in Farsi, subtitled)

Dar Kabul wa Tehran dars khanda ham. Pedaram diplomat bood.

(My father was a diplomat in Kabul and Tehran. I've studied there.)

Haroon subtly presses Sooraj's foot under the table.

NAZNEEN (CONT'D)

(in Hindi)

Aapko kuch aur poochhna hai?

SOORAJ

No questions if you satisfy him.

HAROON

(mixing English & Hindi)

Aap good. Yeh kaam aap. 8 hours. \$100. OK?

NAZNEEN

Shukriya.

HAROON

Kal, Bombay Hospital, 2 PM. OK?

NAZNEEN

OK.

HAROON

(scribbling number)

Mera mobile. No ghair hazri. No kaam,
no paisa.

They nod. Nazneen leaves.

SOORAJ

(whispering)

Ladki ko 2 baje kyun bulaya?

HAROON

Hum dono ek baje jaake registration
karenge - ladki ke bina. Passport
dena padega... nahi chahta meri
asliyat uske saamne khule.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Nazneen arrives. Sooraj hands her contracts.

SOORAJ

Sign these. We're registered.

She reviews, signs. Haroon FAKES illiteracy while signing.

NAZNEEN

Ab kaam shuru karein?

HAROON

(clutching head)

Sar mein bohot dard. Mood kharab.
Kal check-up. Aaj... beach!

NAZNEEN

(angered)

I'm an interpreter, not a guide!

HAROON

(in broken Hindi)

Aapne contract sign ke 8 ghante kaam.
Contract mein no specify ke aapka
kaam sirf interpreter.

NAZNEEN

Yeh to cheating hai, khud gharzi hai.

SOORAJ

Yeh employer ki marzi hai.

HAROON

Sau dollar bahot badi raqam. You
kaam no. Me bring dusri interpreter.

NAZNEEN

(taking deep breath)

OK. Aapko kahan jana hai?

HAROON

Bombay sahil...

Nazneen slings her handbag over her shoulder. Haroon signals Sooraj to move.

EXT. CHOWPATTY BEACH - AFTERNOON

The trio walks along shoreline. Haroon spots young men playing volleyball and veers toward them.

NAZNEEN

(sarcastically to
Sooraj)

Yeh aapka pagal dost kahan jaa raha hai?

SOORAJ

Bahar se pagal hai, andar se theek.

One player, LONG-HAIRED MAN notices Nazneen.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

(to friend)

Arey Rocky! Udhar dekh - pariyon ki
raani cartoon ke saath!

ROCKY

(staring)

Kya India mein mard kam hain jo hamari
ladkiyan ghair mardon ke saath ghoom
rahi hain?

Long-haired man spikes ball high. Rocky jumps - ball smashes into Haroon's leg.

Haroon picks up ball, shrugs off coat, rolls up sleeves.

HAROON

Ball out. Now, ball mera.

He SMASHES ball straight at Rocky's face. Rocky charges - Haroon sidesteps - Rocky CRASHES into steel post. Loud CLANG. Fight breaks out. Crowd gathers.

NAZNEEN

(pulling Sooraj)

Tumhare dost ko maar rahe hain - aur tum tamasha dekh rahe ho?

SOORAJ

Main usse jaanta hoon. Akela dus aadmiyon ke liye kaafi hai.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN (25) emerges, recording on phone. Grabs Haroon mid-punch.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

(grabbing Haroon's wrist)

Kaun ho jo Havaladar Sahil Khan ke saamne iss sahil kaa aman bigaad rahe ho? Chalo, THANE.

The rest scatter. Sooraj steps up.

SOORAJ

Salaam Havaladar Sahab. I'm Advocate Singhania. He's my friend. Kabul se medical check-up ke liye aaye hain.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

(scoffs)

Wakil Sahab, aapko lagta hai mujhe English nahi aati? University graduate hone wala tha, par financial crisis ki wajah se police join ki. Ab jaldi sub-inspector banne wala hoon.

HAROON

(smiling)

Wah, Havaladar Sahab. Wah!

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN

Tumne yeh sab kyun kiya?

HAROON

(broken)

Jung hum nahi...

SOORAJ

(interrupting)

Lafda un logon ne shuru kiya. Miss Nazneen - interpreter - gawah hai.

CONSTABLE SAHIL KHAN
 (releasing Haroon)
 Is baar chhod raha hoon.
 (reverts to English)
 But remember, this is India, not
 Afghanistan.

He slips away, vanishing into the bustling crowd. The trio resumes walking.

HAROON
 (to Nazneen)
 Aap naraaz?

NAZNEEN
 (softly)
 Nahi toh.

HAROON
 No na-raaz. Magar pareshan?

NAZNEEN
 Maa hospital mein hain.

Haroon presses a folded \$100 bill into her hand.

HAROON
 Go see Maa. We see kal.

Nazneen tucks the bill into her purse and hurries off.

INT. NAZNEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nazneen COLLAPSES onto the bed, staring at the ceiling, eyes burning with unshed tears.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SURREAL

Golden hospital light floods the room like fog. Her MOTHER lies skeletal, IVs trailing from translucent arms.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Nazneen... mujhe bacha lo...

NAZNEEN REACHES OUT-

Her hands pass through like smoke.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. NAZNEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She JOLTS upright, gasping. DIGITAL CLOCK: 3:17 AM

NAZNEEN
 (whispers)
 O Rabba... ab kya karoon...

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Dr. Priya, amused, scans a newspaper.

DR. PRIYA
Afghan interpreter scams patient—uses
elevator ride as MRI.

BACK TO PRESENT - BEDROOM

Nazneen BLINKS. Silence presses in.

She grabs her phone. Fingers trembling.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Hi Mr. Haroon. Please bring \$1000 for MRI & Ultrasound.

She taps SEND.

INT. MODERN HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

A sleek, sterile chrome elevator hums quietly. Inside:
Nazneen, calm but alert; Haroon, trying to play along; PATEL,
30s, blue hospital uniform – secretly an elevator technician.

NAZNEEN
(smiling)
Dr. Patel, please begin the MRI.

Patel nods – a beat too eagerly – and inserts a service key,
switching the elevator into MAINTENANCE MODE. He presses
buttons for floors 5 and 9.

Nazneen gently nudges Haroon to the center.

NAZNEEN (CONT'D)
(in Farsi, subtitled)
*Raast istaad shoe. Harakat nakoo,
warna MRI kharaab misha.*
(Stand still. Don't move –
you'll ruin the MRI.)

DING. The doors open at 5th Floor – an Indian couple waits
to enter. Patel steps forward, blocking them with an
outstretched arm.

PATEL
(awkwardly stern)
Sorry. Lift reserved for MRI patients.
Please use another.

The doors close. The elevator JERKS. Then rises. Drops. Halts.
Haroon's face reddens as he fights laughter. Patel presses
more buttons: 5, 7, 9, 2.

The lift bounces up and down like a confused yo-yo. Haroon's eyes water from suppressed giggles. Patel checks his watch. Nods subtly.

NAZNEEN

Are we done?

PATEL

Yes, ma'am.

Behind her back, a quiet rustle – Nazneen slips him a wad of 500-rupee notes.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY – MOMENTS LATER

They step out. Nazneen gives a polite nod.

NAZNEEN

Thank you, Dr. Patel.

HAROON

Me coffee.

NAZNEEN

(smiling)

Let's go.

INT. HOSPITAL COFFEE SHOP – DAY

Haroon and Nazneen sit across from each other. Coffee steams between them.

NAZNEEN

Paisa laya?

HAROON

Why paisa?

NAZNEEN

For the MRI.

HAROON

(grinning)

Kahaan MRI?

NAZNEEN

(exploding)

Gawar! You don't even know what MRI stands for? Magnetic Resonance Imaging!

HAROON

(teasing)

Wohi – chhoti camera, up-down ride?

NAZNEEN

Exactly.

HAROON

Okay, okay. Kitna paisa?

NAZNEEN

(in Farsi, subtitled)

Deeshab, payam-e-maraa nagrefti?

(Didn't you get my
message last night?)

Haroon chuckles, reaches into his jacket, and places a neat bundle of bills on the table.

HAROON

(in broken English)

Here \$1000.00. You take.

Nazneen quickly grabs the cash and slips it into her handbag.

NAZNEEN

Thanks. Main hospital ko de doongi.
I have to go. Meri maa beemar hai.

CUT TO:

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Sooraj, sharply dressed, flips through a legal file. His phone lights up: Haroon calling. He answers instantly.

SOORAJ

Hey Haroon. How'd it go with that girl?

INT. TAJ HOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

Haroon, alone in a velvet armchair, leans back with a sigh.

HAROON

Not bad. But she vanished. Doubt
she's coming back.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SOORAJ

Call kiya usse?

HAROON

Phone switched off hai.

SOORAJ

Chhod na. Ab apne vaade pe dhyaan de.
Shaadi mein tu gaa raha hai, yaad hai na?

HAROON

Relax. Ek nahi, do gaane hain mere paas.

SOORAJ

(laughs)

I'll send my driver to pick you up.

HAROON

Done.

EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A white MERCEDES rolls down a tree-lined avenue, its hood draped with marigold garlands. Behind it: a BOLLYWOOD-STYLE BAARAT - dancing guests, a BLARING BRASS BAND.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj, in ornate groom's attire, sits between his elegant Mother SARIKA (50s, silk sari), and Haroon, sharp in a black tux. The CHAUFFEUR, in white livery, drives calmly.

EXT. MANSION GATES - MOMENTS LATER

The car halts before grand wrought-iron gates. A LIVE BAND plays "Shadmani O." Sooraj, Sarika, and Haroon step out.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - NIGHT

Guests in radiant traditional wear mingle. WAITERS circulate with drinks. A stage banner reads: "SOORAJ WEDS SUNITEE."

GROOM'S SEATING AREA

Sooraj's father-in-law DR. SHARMA (50s) and mother-in-law SUMAN (40s) guide Sooraj to a throne-like seat. Haroon mock-inspects the cushion.

HAROON

(aside)

Safe hai. Koi prank nahi. Par yeh bata- yeh jagah rent pe hai ya ladki ke baap ki?

SOORAJ

(smiles)

Sasur ki. Chain of pharmacies, private hospitals... Main unka lawyer tha. Ab damaad hoon.

PROF. KARAN SINGH (60s), scholarly, approaches.

PROF. KARAN

Shubh vivaah, beta.

SOORAJ
 Sir, meet Dr. Haroon Malhotra—friend
 from Canada.

HAROON
 (folding hands)
 Namaste, sir.

PROF. KARAN
 (returns gesture)
 Pleasure, young man.
 (looks around)
 Venue top-class hai. Singer kahan hai?

SOORAJ
 (slyly)
 Dulhan ke saath ek surprise bhi hai.

SHANAI MUSIC erupts. All turn.

EXT. GARDEN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

EMERALD-CLAD DANCERS twirl in. The BRIDE, SUNITEE (26,
 radiant), glides in flanked by DR. Maryam, Dr. Priya, and
 striking Nazneen—who stops Haroon cold.

HAROON
 (urgent whisper)
 Mujhe chhupna padega—meri interpreter
 Nazneen uske saath hai!

SOORAJ
 (grabs him)
 Ruko! Tumhe stage pe bulana hai.

INT. STAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sooraj grabs the mic. Guests hush.

SOORAJ
 Tonight's gift — my friend, Dr. Haroon
 Malhotra! Businessman... singer!

Haroon steps up. Takes a guitar from one of the guitarists,
 nods to the drummer. A beat drops. Then, strums the guitar.

HAROON
 (singing)
*Aye dost tumhare ye hasseen raat Mubarak.
 Sar pe tere ye khushiyoun ka barsaat mubarak.
 Aye jaan-e- tamanna, tujhe meri taraf se.
 Yeh jashn, yeh shaadi, yeh baraat mubarak.*

Haroon dances lightly to the music, and some of the audience
 in front of the stage join in.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (resuming his singing)
*Mehboob ke moon se jo nikalti hai woh awaaz.
 Jo pyaar se kehte hain, woh har baat mubarak.
 Sar pe tere yeh khushiyoun ka barsaat mubarak.
 Aye dost tumhari...*

ANGLE ON: Dr. Maryam pulls Nazneen to the dance area. They twirl gracefully.

BACK TO: Haroon, now off the stage, walking toward the bride and groom with a cordless mic.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (pointing to bride's outfit)
*Bhabhi woh tere shaadi ka jora, woh kangan.
 Mehndey jo lagaya, teri uss haath mubarak.
 Kudrat ne diya phir bhi teri saath mubarak.
 Aye dost tumhari yeh hasseen ...*

He finishes. Loud applause. Nazneen turns to leave. Dr. Maryam stops her.

DR. MARYAM
 Kahan jaa rahi ho, Nazneen? Let's request another song!

HAROON
 (overhearing)
 Main gaaunga agar tumhari yeh Nazneen friend khud maange toh.

Nazneen says nothing.

DR. MARYAM
 Her silence means YES.

HAROON
 (smiling)
 Toh ek aur sahi.

He returns to the stage, picks up a guitar.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentlemen! Maine apne gumshuda ko is mehfil mein paaya hai. Yeh geet... us Nazneen ke liye hai.
 (strumming, singing)
*Saare duniya chor kar, Hindusitan mey aagaya,
 Hindusitan mey agaya. Ek bulbul ke tara, iss gulsitan mey agaya, iss gulistan mey agaya.*

He grooves with the beat, glancing at Nazneen.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Too agar mera na hota, hum yeh khud se poochthey.
Iss tarah behooda kyun main iss jahan mey agaya,
main iss jahan mey agaya. Saare duniya...*

Haroon steps off the stage. He bows before Nazneen, extending his hand to dance— A MAN intervenes. Haroon gently steers him aside and takes Nazneen's hand.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(resumes singing)

*Sirf main marta hoon iss naz-o- ada pe aye sanam.
Dusira aashiq kahan se, dar-miyan mein aagaya...
O' darmiyan mein agaya. Sarey duniya...*

He twirls Nazneen gently. Then pulls Sooraj onto the dance floor. Sooraj dances with flair. Guests cheer. He returns to his bride..

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Husn ki tareef karna yeh kabhi mumkin nahi.
Phir bhi yeh gustaakh dil, lafz-o- bayan mein
gaya, lafz aur bayan mein gaya. Sarey duniya...*

CAMERA PANS across vibrant crowd shots—guests dancing, laughing, clapping in rhythm.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Ham nahi samjhe, badi mehfil mein mere dostoun.
Kaise unka naam, yeh meri zuban main agaya,
meri zuban main agaya. Sarey duniya...*

He ends with a final strum. Bows. THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE follows.

CUT TO:

INT. TAJ HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Haroon flips through muted news channels—CNN flashes "India's Economic Reforms: Turning Point?" His phone BUZZES: "Sooraj Calling." He answers.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - HAROON / SOORAJ

HAROON

Acha hua call kiya. Nazneen ka address chahiye. Uske mohalle mein flat lena hai.

SOORAJ (V.O.)

Pant Nagar. Kal subah tak confirm karke bataunga.

HAROON
Perfect. 9 baje milte hain—breakfast
ke baad flat dekhne challenge.

SOORAJ (V.O.)
Done.

END INTERCUT.

INT. TAJ HOTEL RESTAURANT - NEXT MORNING

Chai STEAMS as Haroon and Sooraj pick at half-finished plates.

SOORAJ
Nazneen ke ghar ke saamne nayi
building hai. Second floor pe
furnished flat khaali hai—do bedroom,
bada kitchen. Shanti se rehoge.

HAROON
Business ke liye?

SOORAJ (grinning)
Thoda rough hai. Hafta vasooli chalti
hai.

HAROON (deadpan)
Pyaar ke liye kuch bhi saha jayega.

Sooraj LAUGHS. Haroon stares into his chai—lost.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAZAAR ROAD - PANTH NAGAR - MORNING

SAMOSAS HISS in oil. AUTO-RICKSHAWS SWARM like angry bees. A
JEEP PLOWS through the chaos—

INT. JEEP - MOVING

MATOR (28, scarred) TILTS a whiskey bottle to his lips. His
THUGS lean out, KICKING a fruit cart—MANGOES EXPLODE across
the street.

VENDOR
(dodging)
Saala madarchod—!

Mator HURLS the bottle. The Jeep SWERVES—

—LEFT: A bicycle SMASHES into pottery.

—RIGHT: A spice stall ERUPTS in red dust.

LABORER strains against his rice-cart—SUN GLINT off the Jeep's windshield DAZZLES him—

MATOR (slurring)
Oye gaandu, HAT!

CRASH! The Jeep RAMMES into SURESH GROCERY.

GLASS SHATTERS. BRICKS RAIN. A COKE FRIDGE BURSTS open.

Mator STAGGERS out, LAUGHING, his gold chain swinging.

INSIDE: SURESH (50s) crawls from syrup and debris.

SURESH (shaking)
Yeh kya kiya?!

MATOR
(grabs collar)
Shukar kar... dukaan gaya, tu nahi.
(leans in)
Warna tera janaza nikalta.

HE SHOVES Suresh into the fridge.

NEARBY— KARIM (25) Dials, eyes BLAZING.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDIEVAL HOUSE - COURTYARD - DAY

YOUSUF KHAN (27, razor-sharp jawline) sits cross-legged beneath a wide neem tree, working intently on his laptop.

Around him: A man POLISHES a curved blade. Four PLAY CARDS, lazy in the shade. A guard WATCHES the rusted gate.

PHONE BUZZES: "KARIM."

YOUSUF (calm)
Haan bolo.

KARIM (V.O.)
Bhai, badmaashon ne Suresh ki dukaan
tod di... maar-peat chal rahi hai!

YOUSUF
(rising)
Kabir. Jeep nikalo.

HIS MEN SNAP TO ATTENTION— like hounds unleashed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SURESH GROCERY - DAY

Mator's gang kicks debris. Suddenly - ENGINE ROARS. A JEEP skids to a halt.

Yousuf steps out. Rolls sleeves. Four men FLANK him. The crowd parts like the Red Sea. Mator's grin vanishes.

MATOR
(nervous)
Yousuf bhai! Kaise-

Yousuf GRABS his throat, SLAMS him onto the Jeep.

YOUSUF
(low, deadly)
Yeh sheher ke kanoon ka maamla hai...
ya mohalle ke rivaaj ka?

Mator GASPS. Yousuf pulls a wad of cash from Mator's pocket, tosses it to Suresh.

YOUSUF (CONT'D)
Lo bhai sahab. Aapka nuksaan pura.

MATOR'S GOON SWINGS A ROD -

Yousuf DODGES. ELBOWS ribs (CRACK!). SPINS, KICKS another into the Jeep. A third pulls a KNIFE - Yousuf SNAPS his wrist.

USMAN (30s) smashes a STICK down - knife drops.

The crowd CHEERS. Mator crawls away. SURESH rushes forward with cold drinks.

SURESH
Yousuf Bhai, thanda lo...

YOUSUF
(raises hand, smiles)
Shukriya. Nahi chahiye.

VOICE FROM CROWD (O.S.)
Aap aur un logon mein kya farq hai?
Woh nuksaan karte hain, aap hafta
lete ho!

RANJEET (30s, bulky, thick moustache) steps up, sword drawn.

RANJEET
Kaun bola?

GOMEZ (60s, mechanic uniform, cross locket) steps out.

GOMEZ
Main bola. Kya kar loge? Maroge?

RANJEET RAISES SWORD —

YOUSUF KHAN
(commanding)
Ranjeet! Chhoro.
(to Gomez)
Aap sahi keh rahe ho. Magar aap nahi
jaante... hum bhi kisi aur ke liye
hafta bharte hain.
(to crowd)
Agar kal kisi aur gang ko yeh area
mil gaya... toh Yousuf ki dua karoge.

GOMEZ
Phir bhi galat toh galat hota hai.

YOUSUF
(sincerely)
You're right. Magar mera khair tab
tak samajh nahi aata... jab tak kisi
ghair ka saamna na ho.

Yousuf heads to the Jeep. Sits. His men follow. Kabir drives.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Yousuf stares out the window. Thunder rumbles.

FLASHBACK:

INT. MODERN SOFTWARE COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sleek glass room. AC hums. Yousuf, sharp in a suit, sits
before a panel: three senior men and a poised young woman.

WOMAN
(flipping file)
Mashallah. B.A. in Software—with
distinction.

INTERVIEWER 1
Mr. Khan, difference between stack
and queue?

YOUSUF KHAN
Stack: Last In, First Out—like plates.
Queue: First In, First Out—like a
bank line.

INTERVIEWER 2
Polymorphism in OOP?

YOUSUF KHAN
 Same name, different forms.
 Overloading or overriding— for
 flexibility and reuse.

The woman smiles. The panel nods.

INTERVIEWER 2
 Welcome to the team, Mr. Khan.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - DAY

City streaks past. Yousuf stares ahead.

KARIM
 Kya soch rahe ho, bhai jaan?

YOUSUF
 (sighs)
 Soch raha hoon... yeh zindagi bhi
 koi zindagi hai?

KARIM
 Toh chhod dijiye yeh sab.

YOUSUF
 (bitter grin)
 Ab iss duldul mein kamar thak gayi
 hai. Malik aur unke Mafia Group se
 nikalna - Pul-e-Siraat se guzarne ke
 barabar hai. Phir bhi, agar Khuda ne
 chaha, ek na ek din, yeh sab chhod
 denge...

CUT TO:

INT. FURNISHED FLAT - DAY

Modest, clean. Lived-in. Haroon and Sooraj step inside.

HAROON
 Bura nahi. I'll take it.

SOORAJ
 (checking watch)
 Great! Mujhe nikalna hai - emergency
 meeting.

HAROON
 (smiling)
 Ek aur flat chahiye.

SOORAJ
(confused)
Kyun?

HAROON
Ghareebon ke liye English class shuru
kar raha hoon. Aur... mehboob ke
gali mein rehne ka bahaana bhi milega.

SOORAJ
(laughs)
Toh saamne wala le le.

HAROON
Perfect. Ek kaam aur - ek ad chhapa do:
(mimicking announcer)
"LEARN ENGLISH FROM A NATIVE SPEAKER"

SOORAJ
Aur neeche?

HAROON
"Affordable Classes - Beginner to
Advance. Grammar, Poetry, Romance
Writing tak."

SOORAJ
Done.

HAROON
500 copies chhapwa ke mohalle mein baant
dena. Aur haan - chairs, whiteboards,
markers bhi arrange kar de.

CUT TO:

EXT. TATA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MAIN GATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Haroon loiters by the gate, eyes locked on every exiting face.
Nazneen emerges - poised, elegant. He steps into her path.

HAROON
Nazneen. Mujhe tumse baat karni hai.

NAZNEEN (tense)
Kya? Ke maine dhokha diya? Paisa
lekar bhaagi? Tum bhi to natak kar
rahe the. Maa ki jaan daav pe thi...

HAROON
Mainne bhi jhoot bola. Pyaar mein.
(beat)
Mohabbat aur jung mein sab jaayaz hai.

Nazneen SCOFFS, keeps walking. Haroon matches her pace.

NAZNEEN

Do din... aur pyaar ho gaya? Tum
jaante kya ho mere baare mein?

HAROON

Sab jaanna zaroori nahi.
(locking eyes)
Jo ladki apni maa ke liye itna risk
le... woh achhi patni ban sakti hai.

NAZNEEN

(cold)
Mr. Haroon... mere sar pe zimmedariyaan
hain. Na pyaar, na shaadi meri priority.
(sharp)
Woh hazaar dollar... pandrah din mein.

She strides to the BUS STOP. Haroon rooted.

THE BUS DOORS HISS SHUT. Through the grimy window - Nazneen's
STONY FACE as the bus PULLS AWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAROON'S ENGLISH CENTER - ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: TEN DAYS LATER

Haroon works on his laptop. Ranjeet and Kabir storm in.

RANJEET

Yeh center ka malik kaun hai?

HAROON

Main hoon.

RANJEET

License kisne diya?

HAROON

Sarkar ne. Government of India.

RANJEET

Yousuf Khan is area ka baadshah hai.
Aur uski taraf se tax lagta hai -
pachaas hazaar.

HAROON

(smiling)
Agar na doon toh?

RANJEET

Toh yeh center rahega nahi.

HAROON
 (faux surrender)
 Cash nahi hai... ATM se lana padega.

RANJEET
 (nods)
 Toh chalo, bank chalte hain.

They leave. Haroon's eyes darken.

HAROON
 (shouting)
 Ramoo Kaka!

RAMOO
 (elderly, soft)
 Ji, Haroon Sahab?

HAROON
 Thodi der ke liye jaa raha hoon.
 Dhyaan rakhna.

RAMOO
 Theek hai, Sahab.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE ENGLISH CENTER - LATER

Haroon twirls his ATM card like a toy. Ranjeet and Kabir approach.

HAROON
 (mocking)
 Aajkal toh hawa bhi free nahi milti...
 (offers the card)
 Lo... ATM se paisa nikaal lo.

They reach—SLASH! Haroon slices their hands with the card. A fight erupts. Swift. Surgical. The crowd circles.

RANJEET
 (panting)
 Tu nahi jaanta kis se panga liya
 hai! Yousuf Khan tujhe zinda nahi
 chhodega!

HAROON
 (calm, cold)
 Woh Khan nahi... nadaan hai. Be-imaan
 hai.

Ranjeet and Kabir slip away into the crowd like shadows.

INT. HAROON'S ENGLISH CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

Golden light spills in. Workers arrange classroom chairs.

Haroon marks layout spots with chalk. The door opens. Sooraj enters, surveying with a grin.

SOORAJ

Lo bhai... ab toh coaching center lagta hai.

HAROON

Padhai shuru nahi hui... magar action zaroor ho gaya.

SOORAJ

Action? Kya?

HAROON

Tu Yousuf Khan ko jaanta hai?

SOORAJ

Haan... IIT topper. Phir?

HAROON

Phir gunda kyun ban gaya?

SOORAJ

Raaz hi toh hai. Ab Pant Nagar ka Bhau ban gaya hai. Har dukaan se hafta.

HAROON

Subah do aadmi aaye the—Bhau ka tax maang rahe the.

SOORAJ

Toh?

HAROON

Seedha bhaga diya.

SOORAJ

Sambhal ke rehna. Log khatarnaak hain.

HAROON

Na system se darta hoon, na Bhau se.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - EARLY MORNING

Dew glistens on marble steps. Devotees move in silence.

INT. MANDIR

Nazneen lights a diya. The flame glows in her eyes.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Haroon jogs up, pulls out earbuds. Stops. Eyes the temple.

HAROON
(softly)
Aaj...

He ascends.

TEMPLE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Nazneen exits. Haroon enters. Almost collide. Eyes meet. Time slows. Then—she walks past. Silent. Graceful. Gone.

Haroon stands still, caught in her wake.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon types at a modest desk. Books line the walls.

Gomez enters with his son, ANTONY (16).

GOMEZ
Sir, andar aa sakte hain?

HAROON
Aaiye.

GOMEZ
Main Gomez hoon. Beta Antony...
English mein kamzor hai.

Haroon opens Excel, types: "ANTONY GOMEZ", clicks SAVE. Hands him a form.

HAROON
Yeh form bhar ke Monday 10 baje
laaiye. Pehle placement test.

GOMEZ
Fees kitni, sir?

HAROON
Aap kya kaam karte hain?

GOMEZ
Mechanic hoon. Yahin garage hai.

HAROON
Do hazaar per semester. Special rate.

GOMEZ
Shukriya, sir.

HAROON
Business card milega? Aapka garage
dekhna hai.

Gomez gives a smudged card.

GOMEZ
Aapka aana izzat ki baat hogi.

HAROON
Kal milte hain. Khuda Hafiz.

GOMEZ
Khuda Hafiz.

They exit.

Moments later, Karim, Ranjeet, and Usman burst in.

HAROON
(grins)
Hafta lene aaye ho kya?

KARIM
(draws revolver)
Hafta nahi... tujhe le jaane.

HAROON
Kyu?

RANJEET
Khan bhai milna chahte hain.

Haroon eyes the gun, calm.

HAROON
Relax. Gun ki zarurat nahi. Main
chalta hoon.

EXT. STREET - ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon crosses the road. Karim nudges him with the gun.

They stop at a weathered iron gate.

EXT. GATE - YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A guard watches silently and opens the gate.

KARIM
(cocking gun)
Andar chalo.

INT. COURTYARD - YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Four boys play cards. A man oils Yousuf's hair on a sofa.

KARIM

(pushing Haroon)

Bhai jaan, yeh hai Haroon. Aapka
"mujrim."

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiles)

Accha kiya. Le aaye...

HAROON

(steps forward)

Kisi ne leke nahi aaya. Main khud
aaya hoon. beat Aur main sabit kar
sakta hoon...

YOUSUF KHAN

Kaise?

IN A FLASH -

Haroon twists KARIM's wrist, disarms him. Fires - hits
ASHRAF's hand as he reaches for his pistol.

ASHRAF

(shouting)

Khan bhai! Pistol le lijiye!

With his injured hand, Ashraf hurls the gun toward Khan.

BANG! - Haroon shoots midair - the gun spins off course and
lands in the dirt behind a rose bush. All freeze.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

SUPER: MALHOTRA'S FARMHOUSE - SIX MONTHS AGO

Haroon hits flying clay targets. Calm. Deadly.

BACK TO COURTYARD

AIKIDO moves. Flips. Takedowns. Three men down.

YOUSUF KHAN

Band karo sab!

His men stop. Haroon steady. Breathing even.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Toh tum ho Haroon. Afghan-Canadian. Aur
yahan... ladki ke liye social worker?

HAROON
Tumhe meri info kisne di?

YOUSUF KHAN
(smiling)
I decode people.

HAROON
Aur meri love story?

YOUSUF KHAN
Tumhare dost ki shaadi mein tha. Jab
kaha-Nazneen kahegi tabhi geet gaaunga-
tabhi samajh gaya. Lover ho.

HAROON
Mere baare mein sab kuch jaante ho.
Ye bhi jaan lo ke main tumhe hafta
aur commission nahi doonga.

YOUSUF KHAN
Sab kuch akela khaoge?

HAROON
Yeh English Center gareebon ke liye
hai. Not for profit...
(beat)
Tum jaise padhe-likhe Musalmaan se
ye umeed nahi thi-extortion,
robbery... haram kamaayi se rozi?

YOUSUF KHAN
Mujhe insaaf chahiye tha. System ne
chor bana diya.
(stares into space)
Main ek software developer tha...
magar jhoot bolke mujhe phasaya
gaya. Ek jhooti FIR... aur sab kuch
barbaad...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. SKYCODE TECH HQ - MUMBAI - DAY

A towering glass building. Inside, a buzzing modern office.
Young Yousuf Khan (24) sits at a triple-monitor setup, coding
intensely.

CO-WORKER
Bhai, tu toh machine hai! Kal ka
code bhi aaj likh diya?

YOUSUF

(smiles)

Client ne Monday ko demo maanga hai.
Time kam hai.

Across the partition, SAANA MEHRA (22) watches him hiding a smile.

INT. RAJEEV MEHRA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Saana faces her father, RAJEEV MEHRA (50s).

SAANA

Papa, Yousuf brilliant hai. Apne dum
pe yahaan tak aaya hai.

RAJEEV

(smirks)

Beta, tumhara dil coding se zyada
coder pe aa gaya hai? Woh ladka hamare
level ka nahi.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Lights flicker. Yousuf types alone. Suddenly -

ON SCREEN: "Data Breach Detected. Unauthorized Access Logged."
Yousuf freezes.

INT. SKYCODE TECH HQ - YOUSUF'S CABIN - NEXT MORNING

A sleek glass cubicle in the open-plan office. Screens glow
with half-written code.

POLICE OFFICERS BURST IN. A soft alarm BEEPS. Coders glance
up, confused.

POLICE OFFICER

(blocking Yousuf's
cabin entrance)

Mr. Khan, aap pe hacking, corporate
espionage aur data theft ke aarop
hain. Aapko giraftaar kiya jaata hai.

YOUSUF

(being handcuffed)

Main nirdosh hoon! Mujhe phasaya
gaya hai!

SMASH CUT TO:

SAANA BURSTS through the crowd—chest heaving. Before she
reaches him—

Rajeev's HAND SNAPS OUT, clamping her wrist. She FREEZES. He
doesn't blink.

RAJEEV
 (whispering, venomous)
 Saala harami... do kodi ke aadmi...
 mera damaad bane waala tha?

His stare bores into Yousuf—masking fury behind a stoic face. Yousuf meets his gaze. A terrible realization dawns.

INT. MALIK'S LUXURY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal chandeliers. Antique decor. A wall-sized TV. Malik lounges on a leather sofa, sipping whisky. Erfan, sharp-suited, pours another glass in silence.

The TV flashes: BREAKING NEWS.

ON TV - ZEE NEWS ANCHOR
 Skycode ke lead programmer Yousuf
 Khan giraftaar kiya gaya hai.
 (Khan's photo fills
 half the screen.)
 Alleged espionage in favor of rival
 companies aur data theft ke liye
 blacklist kiya gaya hai.

MALIK
 (smirking)
 Erfan, lawyer ko bulao.
 Yeh ladka... kaam kaa hai.

INT. POLICE LOCKUP - DAY

Dim. Damp. Yousuf sits in a corner. Malik enters, flanked by Erfan and a lawyer.

MALIK
 Tum jaisa dimaag zaya nahi hona chahiye.

YOUSUF
 Aap kaun hain?

MALIK
 Tumhara naya raasta. Bail, kaam,
 pehchaan... sab dila sakta hoon.

YOUSUF
 Kyun?

MALIK
 (leaning in)
 Pehla—dimaagwaalon ki kadar karte
 hain. Doosra—tum mazhabi scapegoat
 banaye gaye ho. Teesra—agar hamare
 saath aaye, toh milega power, paisa,
 pehchaan...

YOUSUF

(pause)
Agreed.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Glowing monitors illuminate Yousuf's hollow eyes as he types mechanically. Behind him, Malik and JAGATPAL, late 40s, watch like overseers.

MALIK

Bank records. Call logs. Emails.
(leaning in)
WhatsApp... agar hosake tho...

JAGATPAL

(licking lips)
Aur... spicy recordings. Neta log
hamare pair chhoenge.

Yousuf's hands freeze.

YOUSUF

(voice cracking)
Yeh sab... ghalat hai.

Malik's gold watch GLINTS as he SLAMS a file open - property deeds cascade.

MALIK

(smiling)
Kiya tumhara arrest sahi tha?
Jab sab tumse mooh mod lete hain...
(tapping the deed)
...sahi-ghalat ek ho jaate hain.

CLOSE ON the deed: "KHAN HAVELI - LOAN PAID IN FULL"

MALIK (CONT'D)

(grabbing Yousuf's
shoulder)
Ghar... girl... gaadi...
(whispering)
Aur woh glory jo tumhare baap ne
kabhi na dekhi.

LONG BEAT. Then— YOUSUF SMASHES ENTER - MONITORS FLASH RED:

"ACCESS GRANTED - MINISTER CHOUDHARY'S PRIVATE NETWORK"

MONTAGE - SNAP SHOTS:

HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Jagatpal's thick fingers fasten a ruby pendant locket around a young woman's neck. The ruby GLOWS faintly as she enters-

ADJOINING SUITE

Minister Choudhary (60s, kurta half-open) rises from the rumpled bed. The woman drops the locket on the nightstand-

CLOSE-UP: The ruby's hidden lens PULSES like a heartbeat.

BASEMENT LAB

On Yousuf's monitor- Grainy footage of the minister pulling the bikini-clad woman onto his lap.

BACK ALLEY

Jagatpal palms a flash drive to a shadowed figure. Receives a briefcase that clicks open-stacks of Rupees...

24-HOUR NEWS CHANNEL
Jagatpal elected unopposed after
choudhary's sudden 'health retreat'...

CUT TO:

PRESENT - INT. KHAN HAVELI COURTYARD - SUNSE

Yousuf stares at his calloused hands.

YOUSUF
(bitter laugh)
Computer programmer tha... ab ek
hacker aur lootera.

HAROON
(placing a hand on his
shoulder)
Don't be disappointed. Winning side
is not always the right one. Despair
not of the mercy of God.

YOUSUF
Great Mr. Haroon. You're a good
preacher too.

HAROON
Jo kaam aapko karna chahiye tha, woh
ab humein karna pad raha hai. Come
work with me. Start a course for low-
income families.

YOUSUF

Main kya karunga?

HAROON

Instructor. Apne log le aao. English, software, programming, repair... sab kuch sikhayenge.

YOUSUF

It's not that easy. Jin logon ke liye kaam karta hoon... woh khatarnaak hain. Woh aapka center tabah kar denge.

HAROON

Let them come. Jab logon ke dil aur dimaag jeet lenge, tab koi kuch nahi bigaad sakta.

YOUSUF

Main aapki soch se mutaasir hoon. Yeh meri aakhri koshish hogi.

HAROON

(extends hand)

Toh yeh dosti ka haath le lo. Izzat wapas layenge, milke.

YOUSUF

Main aapke saath hoon. Aaj se sab ghair qanooni kaam band.

They shake hands. Firm hug.

YOUSUF (CONT'D)

(to his men)

Main seedhe raste pe chalna chahta hoon. Jaise bure kaam mein saath diya, acchhe kaam mein bhi saath do. Warna ek din kisi goli ka shikaar ban jaaoge.

KHAN'S MEN

Yousuf Khan zindabad! Yousuf Khan zindabad!

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A sleek, high-ceilinged space. Modern art on the walls. At the head of a black-glass table sits Jagatpal, immaculate in a white suit, cigarette lazily between fingers.

To his right is Malik, calm but calculating. Opposite them, on leather couches, sit Mator and two suited men in their 40s.

JAGATPAL

(turns to Mator)

Mr. Mator, hotels aur casinos ka
karobaar kaisa chal raha hai?

MATOR

Bahut accha, Jagatpal Sahab. Pichhle
teen mahine mein das percent ka growth
aaya hai.

JAGATPAL

(satisfied)

Excellent. Lekin hoshiyar rehna...
naya Home Minister ek pakka deshbhakt
hai. Smuggling aur illegal dhandho
ke khilaaf elan-e-jang kar diya hai.

Mator nods cautiously. Just as he's about to respond,
Jagatpal's phone BUZZES. He answers, calm.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Bolo Number 9.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sir... Yousuf Khan aur uske log aapka
kaam chhodkar nayi zindagi shuru kar
rahe hain.

JAGATPAL

(sits forward)

Kya?!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Jee sir. Khan kisi Haroon naam ke
aadmi ke influence mein aa gaya hai.
Uske English center se hafta lena
band kar diya hai... aur dosti bhi
kar li hai.

JAGATPAL

(grim)

Khan aur uske saathiyon ko hum sambhal
lenge. Tum bas unki har move pe nazar
rakho... waqt par mujhe inform karo.

He ends the call. Slowly turns to Malik.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Malik Sahab... suna hai aapka tota
pinjre se nikal kar khuli hawaon
mein udne laga hai?

MALIK
 (smiling faintly)
 Kahin aapka ishara Yousuf Khan ki
 taraf toh nahi hai?

JAGATPAL
 Toh tumhe sab pata hai.

MALIK
 Jee, sahi kaha. Bas chahta tha ki aapse
 thodi der akelay mein baat kar loon.

JAGATPAL
 (sits back)
 Toh ab kya karna hoga?

MALIK
 Yeh kaam mujh par chhodiye, sir.
 Khan ko main sambhal loonga.

JAGATPAL
 Theek hai. Khan ke har raste band
 kar do. Agar aaj woh sudhar gaya...
 toh kal hamara dhandha band ho
 jaayega.

CUT TO:

INT. NAZNEEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modest, slightly cluttered living room. Rawul sprawls on the couch, glued to a cricket match. Nazneen enters, clearly annoyed.

NAZNEEN
 Rawul! Cricket ka bhoot sir pe chadh
 gaya hai? Tumhare English teacher ne
 complain kiya hai!

RAWUL
 Main toh pass ho raha hoon.

NAZNEEN
 Sirf pass hone se kuch nahi hota.
 Achi university chahiye toh ache
 marks lao. Ghar ke samne naya English
 course shuru hua hai. Kal tumhara
 admission karwa rahi hoon.

Rawul sighs. Picks up the remote and switches off the TV.

RAWUL
 Theek hai. Aaj ke baad serious ho
 jaunga. Happy?

NAZNEEN
 (smiling, hugs him)
 That's my good boy.

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - ENGLISH CENTER - DAY

Haroon and Yousuf sit across from each other, sipping tea.

YOUSUF
 Main apne doston ke mustaqbil ko
 lekar baat karna chahta hoon.

HAROON
 Fikr mat karo. Das logon ke liye
 kaam hai—cleaners, guards, drivers.
 Aur ek auto repair garage mein bhi
 invest kar raha hoon.

YOUSUF
 Woh garage kis ka hai?

HAROON
 Ek aadmi hai—Gomez. Uska beta yahan
 padhta hai.

YOUSUF
 Gomez ko jaanta hoon. Badiya aadmi
 hai.
 (beat)
 Computer course kab shuru ho raha
 hai?

HAROON
 Bahut jald. Uske baad plan hai ek
 medical clinic ka—isi area mein.
 Jagah dekh raha hoon.

YOUSUF
 India mein yeh sab aasaan nahi hai.

HAROON
 Tabhi toh karna hai.

YOUSUF
 (chuckles)
 Duniya ummeed pe qayam hai. Main
 chalta hoon.

Yousuf rises. They shake hands firmly.

EXT./INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S SUV - DAY

Yousuf sits in the backseat, flanked by Karim and Usman.
 Kabir drives, alert.

YOUSUF KHAN

(faint smile)

Waise... tumhara medical clinic wala
idea yaad aaya. Haveli ka pehla floor...
woh theek jagah hogi, nah?

HAROON

Pehle computer course. Phir Gomez ka
garage. Clinic... uske baad.

(pauses, tone turning
serious)

Lekin abhi... humein chaukanna nahi
hona chahiye.

YOUSUF KHAN

(leaning in, intent)

Batao—aage ka plan kya hai?

HAROON

Licensed guns. Sooraj handle karega.
Aur... sticks, swords. Main tumhare
logon ko Aikido sikhaunga. Bulletproof
vests, helmets... jab bhi bahar
nikalna ho, full gear.

YOUSUF KHAN

Can't wait to learn Aikido.

HAROON

(dialing phone)

Let me call Sooraj.

INT. SOORAJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Minimalist. Modern. Files stacked neatly. Sooraj, sharp in a
suit, flips through a case folder. His phone BUZZES.

Screen: HAROON CALLING.

SOORAJ

(picking up)

Hi Haroon. Kya haal hai?

INT. KHAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dimly lit. Khan lies resting. Beside him, Haroon sits, calm
but purposeful, phone to his ear.

HAROON

Gomez ke garage ka kaam ho gaya?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SOORAJ

Renovation done. Machines installed.
 Legal paperwork bhi file ho gaya.
 Aur kuch?

HAROON

Haan. Mujhe do-teen licensed guns
 chahiye - security ke liye.

SOORAJ

Three-four days max. Main dekh loonga.

HAROON

Thanks, bhai.

SOORAJ

(smiling faintly)
 Anytime.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURIOUS VILLA - BACKYARD POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sun-drenched luxury. Malik lounges in designer shorts,
 sunglasses on.

A GORGEOUS MASSEUSE rubs his shoulders. Erfan walks up with
 a silver tray - Crystal decanter and whisky glass.

ERFAN

Salaam, Malik Sahab... sharbat laaya
 hoon. Glass mein daal doon?

MALIK

(eyes closed)
 Baad mein. Pehle Yousuf Khan ko phone
 lagao.

ERFAN

Jee, Malik Sahab.

INT. KHAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Khan's phone BUZZES. Screen: ERFAN CALLING. He answers.

YOUSUF KHAN

Phone apne malik ko de do, kutte.

EXT. MALIK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Erfan, nervous, hands Malik the phone.

ERFAN

Malik Sahab...

MALIK

(taking phone)

Aadab, Khan Sahab... suna goli lagi.
Lagta hai warning thi. Warna sar bhi
ud sakta tha.

INTERCUT - KHAN'S BEDROOM / MALIK'S BACKYARD

YOUSUF KHAN

(cold)

Main us din kafan khareed chuka tha,
jab tum jaise ghaddaron ke saath
kaam shuru kiya tha.

(beat)

Tayyar rehna. Waqt kam hai.

MALIK

(laughs darkly)

Main toh rahunga. Tum aur tumhara
Canadian messiah-mitti mein mil jaoge.
Tumhe hamari taqat ka andaza nahi...

YOUSUF KHAN

Tum log safed kapdon ke peeche kale
iraade chhupa ke baithe ho. Lekin
main woh sipahi hoon jiske paas...
tumhare har jurm ka video, har sazish
ki recording... sab hai.

MALIK

Aur woh sub sarkari files mein gaddari
ke roop mein bhi likhe jaa skate hain.

YOUSUF KHAN

Jab awaam jaanege tumhara asli chehra
toh sirf kursi nahi jaayegi, Malik.
Gali-gali mein log tum par thookenge.

Khan hangs up.

EXT. MALIK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Malik glares at the phone. Tosses it to Erfan.

MALIK

Driver ko bol. Jagatpal ke ghar chalte
hain.

ERFAN

(stammering)

J-jee, Malik Sahab.

Malik rises, kisses the masseuse.

MALIK

(smirking)

Whisky tu le le, Erfan. Aaj ke liye...
Shabnam ke hothon ki sharab kaafi hai.

EXT. PALATIAL MANSION - DAY

A silver BMW glides up to towering gates. Two ARMED GUARDS stand alert.

INSIDE THE BMW - Malik sits in the back. Erfan lowers the window. A guard peers in, sees Malik, nods. The gates swing open. The car rolls up the tree-lined driveway.

INT. JAGATPAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Italian leather. Chandeliers. Massive art. Jagatpal lounges on a plush sofa. Across him, MR. MEHRA - suave, in a tailored suit.

Malik enters, nods politely.

MALIK

Namaste, Jagatpal Sahab. Tabiyat
kaisi hai?

JAGATPAL

(to Mehra, ignoring
Malik)

Fikr mat kijiye, Mehra ji. Kal tak
kaam ho jaayega. Contract aapka.

(beat)

Bas hamari commission time pe chahiye.

MEHRA

(smiling)

Zaroor. Partnership bhi de sakta
hoon... fifty-fifty?

JAGATPAL

Sirf commission.

MEHRA

Jaisa aap kahein.

(stands)

Good day, gentlemen.

Mehra exits. Malik steps forward.

JAGATPAL

(to Malik, coldly)

Ab bolo. Tabiyat poochh rahe the, na?

(MORE)

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(leans in)

Agar Khan ka case jaldi close nahi hua,
toh meri tabiyat aur bigad jaayegi.

MALIK

Goli lag chuki hai uske haath pe.
Strong warning thi.

JAGATPAL

(sarcastic)

Warning? Sir pe kyun nahi?

MALIK

Agar aap chahen, uski kahaani wahi
khatam kar doon. Lekin hamara kaale
kaarnamo ki recordings hain uske
paas. Audio bhi, video bhi.

JAGATPAL

(smirk)

Yeh Yousuf Khan hai ya James Bond?

(beat)

Tumhara mess hai, Malik. Tum hi saaf
karoge. Aur yeh Haroon kaun hai?

MALIK

Naya player. Canada se. Social work
ka junooni. Usne Khan ko illegal
kaam chhodne pe convince kiya. Meri
soch hai—Haroon, Khan se bhi zyada
khatarnaak hai.

JAGATPAL

(smiling darkly)

Toh cancer ka ilaaj karo, Malik. Jab
zakhm nasoor ban jaaye... kaatna
padta hai.

MALIK

(nods)

Samajh gaya, Sahab.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A modest meal. Khan, Karim, Kabir, and Ranjeet eat together.
Khan's phone BUZZES. Screen: HAROON CALLING. He picks up.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hello, Bhai Sahab. Aaj kaise phone?

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Haroon stands at the window, city lights behind him.

HAROON
Kal subah free ho?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

YOUSUF KHAN
Aapne toh hamara har kaam band karwa
diya. Ab busy kaise hoon?

HAROON
(laughs)
Toh naya kaam shuru karo. Kal garage
ka opening hai—tumhare das aadmiyon
ke liye naukri pakki.

YOUSUF KHAN
(sarcastic)
Wah—ek aur capitalist ne gareeb ka
dhanda chheen liya?

HAROON
Gomez ki ijazat aur partnership mein
invest kiya. A'b wahi jagah naye
sapno ka adda banegi. Kal milte hain.

YOUSUF KHAN
(smiling faintly)
Theek hai. Shab bakhair.

Khan hangs up. Ranjeet looks uneasy.

RANJEET
Khan bhai... aap bahar mat jaiye.
Jaan ko khatra hai.

YOUSUF KHAN
Toh kya chudiyaan pehen ke underground
rahoon? Corrupt netaon se darr kar?
(turns to Karim)
Snow, Karim.

KARIM
Jee bhai jaan?

YOUSUF KHAN
Hamare sabse laachar saathi... garage
ke kaam ke liye tayaar karo. Ranjeet
bhi chalega.

KARIM
Samajh gaya.

RANJEET

Aaj rata, ghar jaana chata hoon? Kal
noh baje milta hoon.

YOUSUF KHAN

Zaroor. Aaj raat biwi ke saath bitao.

RANJEET

(smiling)
Shukriya, Khan bhai.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Khan, Kabir, and Karim take their seats. Haroon enters with
a parcel, unpacks bulletproof vests, helmets, and hats –
laid out with military precision.

YOUSUF KHAN

(surprised)
Yeh sab... kahan se laaye ho?

HAROON

Custom order. Online.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aur inka kya plan hai?

HAROON

Zindagi mehngi hai, Khan. Bulletproof
sab kuch. Hamaari hifazat ke liye.

He hands out vests.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Pehno. Main bhi pehn raha hoon. Ek
vest Sooraj ke liye hai.

Khan and Karim suit up, adjusting to the weight.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Thoda heavy hai, par aadat ho jaayegi.
December ki sardi mein kaam aayega.

He dons his own gear, camouflages the helmet with a hat.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Karim bhai, aap bhi.

Karim nods, follows suit.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Ab hum India mein kahin bhi jaa sakte hain.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOMEZ & MALHOTRA'S GARAGE - DAY

A freshly painted sign: GOMEZ & MALHOTRA'S GARAGE.

Locals sit on folding chairs. Haroon and Khan are front row. Karim, Ranjeet, and others are stationed strategically—eyes scanning.

GOMEZ

(beaming at the mic)

Bhaiyon aur behno, yeh garage mera sapna tha. Aur Haroon Sahab ki wajah se yeh sapna poora hua. Zor-daaar taali ho jaaye Haroon sahab ke liye!

APPLAUSE. Haroon stands, climbs the makeshift stage, adjusts the mic.

HAROON

Bhaiyon aur behno... yeh garage sirf ek repair shop nahi hai. Yahan hum aapke bachchon ko training denge—mechanics, diagnostics... Jaise hamare English Center mein woh English seekhte hain, yahan skills seekhenge. Future banayenge.

(beat)

Agar aapka saath raha... toh main wada karat hoon— Pant Nagar se sharab, juwa, aur gunda-gardi mita kar rahenge.

The crowd murmurs, hopeful. Then—

CRACK! CRACK! GUNSHOTS. Haroon jerks back—falls from the stage. Khan collapses.

PANIC. Screams. Chaos erupts. Gomez and Kabir spot snipers fleeing from a rooftop.

Karim and his men shield Khan, others drag Haroon inside.

INT. GARAGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Haron sits upright, gasping. Rips open his shirt—

BULLET IMPACT on the vest: a sharp DENT over his heart. The Kevlar's frayed, but unbroken.

HAROON

Karim! Khan ko andar le aao. Aur agar police aaye—sirf main aur Khan baat karenge. Kisi aur ko kuch nahi kehna. Karim nods. They carry in Khan—semi-conscious but alive.

EXT. GARAGE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A police jeep and news van screech to a halt. Sirens. Inspector PANDEY (40s) steps out.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Garage in-charge kaun hai?

GOMEZ

Main, sir.

INSPECTOR

Firing kidhar se hui?

GOMEZ

(pointing)

Uss building ke rooftop se.

INT. GARAGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pandey strides in, notepad already open. Haroon sits stiffly beside Khan, subtly rubbing his chest where the bullet impacted his vest.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

(pointing at Khan)

Inko hum jaante hain. Aapke ta'reef?

HAROON

Haroon Malhotra. Canada se.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Passport dikhaiye.

Haroon produces a Canadian passport. Pandey flips through, pauses at a page.

INSPECTOR PANDEY (CONT'D)

(grinning at the visa)

Business visa. Six months stay. Awesome.

He snaps the passport shut, returns it. Closes his notepad.

INSPECTOR PANDEY (CONT'D)

Kisi se dushmani?

HAROON

Nahi. Kisi se nahi.

INSPECTOR PANDEY

Please don't leave Bombay until the investigation is complete.

HAROON

Understood.

WIDEN TO:

The garage compound - a graveyard of dented cars. A ZEEL NEWS REPORTER weaves through the wreckage, mic clutched tight, closing in on the office.

ZEEL NEWS REPORTER

(breathless, urgent)

Pant Nagar mein garage inauguration ke dauraan goli-chalaayi! Haroon Malhotra aur Yousuf Khan par jaanleva hamla... par dono bach gaye!

She BURSTS into the office just as Pandey exits. The CAMERAMAN jostles for position.

ZEE NEWS REPORTER

Sir! Incident ke baare mein kuch details de sakte hain?

HAROON

Police ko sab bata diya. Unse puchiye.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MALIK'S VILLA - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Malik sprawls shirtless across the brown leather couch, silk shorts clinging to his powerful frame. SHABNAM (late 30s), her hennaed hands kneading his shoulders with practiced ease-

The glow from a 65" PLASMA TV washes over them. ON SCREEN:

GRAINY SECURITY FOOTAGE of HAROON and KHAN in the garage office. INSPECTOR PANDEY exiting frame.

NEWS TICKER (LOWER THIRD):

BREAKING: Pant Nagar garage attack - Businessman Haroon Malhotra & associate Yousuf Khan targeted (both survived)

Malik tenses. Shabnam's hands freeze on his shoulders.

CLOSE ON MALIK'S FIST

squeezing the remote until the plastic CREAKS. SMASH!

He HURLS it- the TV SCREEN SHATTERS in a burst of static.

Shabnam STAGGERS back, hands flying to her mouth.

A BLACK IPHONE SCREECHES. Malik SNATCHES it.

MALIK
(growls)
Kaun?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Mator bol raha hoon, sir. Kaam ho
gaya—ek ko seenay pe, doosre ko sar
pe bithaa diya.

MALIK
(exploding)
TV dekh raha hai behenchod?!

Shabnam BACKS AWAY as Malik's rage fills the room.

MALIK (CONT'D)
(hissing)
Phone pe kabhi aisi baatein nahi...!

He SMASHES the phone against marble. SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. MALHOTRA RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: RICHMOND HILL, TORONTO, CANADA

A sleek dining table. MALHOTRA eats silently. SHANTI watches
CBC News.

TV NEWSCASTER
A failed assassination attempt was
made on Canadian social worker, Haroon
Malhotra, during his Mumbai visit...

ON SCREEN: Haroon's photo.

SHANTI
(panicked)
Phone lagaiye! Haroon theek toh hai?
Agar mere bete ko kuch ho gaya toh...
main mar jaungi!

MALHOTRA
(calming)
Shanti... news mein bola gaya hai—he's
safe. Par tumhare liye main abhi
call karta hoon.

He dials.

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MUMBAI

Haroon sits with Khan, Karim, Ranjeet, Usman—tense and quiet.

HAROON

Kisi ne hamari movements leak ki hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Main us gaddar ko dhoondh ke laaunga.

BUZZ. Haroon's phone: "Dad Calling."

HAROON

Hello Dad! Mom kaise hain?

INTERCUT - TORONTO / MUMBAI

MALHOTRA

Tum safe nahi ho beta. Canada laut aao.

HAROON

Kaam khatam kar ke aata hoon. Mom se baat kara dijiye.

SHANTI

(taking the PHONE)

Haroon beta! Tum wapas aa jao. Dil ghabra raha hai.

HAROON

Mom... agar maut likhi hai toh woh Toronto mein bhi mil sakti hai.

SHANTI

Marein tere dushman...

HAROON

Maa! Tumhare liye ek khoobsurat bahu pasand kiya hai. Thodi ziddi hai... lekin bilkul tumhari tarah.

SHANTI

Khush raho beta. Apna khayal rakhna.

MALHOTRA

(back on phone)

Tum wapas nahi aoge, theek hai. Ek bulletproof car bhej raha hoon. Jab tak aaye—safe jagah mein raho.

HAROON

Done, Dad. Bye.

MALHOTRA

Bye, mere sher.

END INTERCUT

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A dim, flickering basement. Shelves overflow with junked electronics. Silence, except the soft hum of electricity.

Boot thuds echo as Khan enters. He surveys the clutter, then walks to a dusty corner shelf.

With one grunt, he pushes—the shelf creaks open, revealing a hidden passage. He vanishes into the dark.

INT. SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A totally different world—clean, sleek, surgical. Monitors blink. Desks aligned with modern gear—headsets, thermal printers. No chaos.

Khan sits. Flicks on a lamp. Taps the keyboard—

ON SCREEN - LOGIN: ACCESS GRANTED

He opens a folder: "RANJEET" A new message pops up:

ON SCREEN (IN HINDI):

"Sirji. Khan aur Haroon kal 10:00 AM Gomez's body shop jaa rahe hain."

He scribbles attached numbers on a slip of paper. Logs off. Stands. Moves out. Behind him, the shelf slides shut. Silent.

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haroon lowers the phone, thoughtful.

HAROON

Mom dar gayi thi. Baba se bhi baat ho gayi.

(looks at Khan)

Khan bahi! Aapne kaha tha—gaddar ko dhoond nikaalenge?

YOUSUF KHAN

(rising)

Give me ten minutes.

He strides out. The room stiffens.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Khan steps back into the gloom—paper in hand.

He climbs the stairs.

INT. KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Haroon, Karim, Usman, and Ranjeet sit tense.

Khan storms in. Without a word—SLAPS Ranjeet hard.

YOUSUF KHAN

(furious)

Toh tu hai woh ghaddar?! Bol—kis ke liye kaam karta hai? Sach batayega toh chhod dunga...

RANJEET

(frightened)

Woh log... woh bahut khatarnak hain. Mujhe zinda nahi chhodenge!

YOUSUF KHAN

Toh samajh le—agar tu cooperate nahi karega, toh hum bhi tujhe zinda nahi chhodenge!

RANJEET

Main... main nahi bol sakta...

YOUSUF KHAN

Mujhe Gabbar Singh banane pe majboor mat kar! Bol de — paisa bhi milega, jaan bhi bachegi!

RANJEET

(sinking)

Ek shart hai... agar mujhe kuch ho gaya, toh aap... meri biwi aur bachche ka khayal rakhoge?

HAROON

(interrupting, softly)

Hum tujhe vachan dete hain.

RANJEET

Main Malik aur Jagatpal ko info deta tha...

YOUSUF KHAN

Malik toh radar pe hai pehle se...
Lekin Jagatpal toh gayab tha...
Shayad wahi purana Malik ka saathi—ab neta ban gaya...

RANJEET

Main sirf itna jaanta hoon ki woh Malik ke zariye kaam karta hai. Mere phone mein uska naam sirf "J.P." hai... aur Malik ka "M.K."

YOUSUF KHAN

(grinning)

Toh Jagatpal aur Malik ke naye numbers
bhi mil gaye!

He pulls out his phone. Saves both contacts.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

Karim... Ranjeet ko do lakh rupaya
de do.

KARIM

Achha bhai jaan.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - AFTERNOON

Haroon stands before a whiteboard. A mixed group of
students—from teens to middle-aged adults—watch attentively.

HAROON

I don't see Manjeet again. That's
three days in a row. Anyone know why?

Silence. Students exchange uneasy glances.

RAWUL

(slowly raising hand)

Sir, I know. I'll tell you after class.

HAROON

Alright. Let's begin.

He wipes the board. Picks up a marker.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Today we're learning about phonemes
and allophones.

Phonemes are the smallest units of sound that carry
meaning—like [t], [d], [g], [m], [p].

He writes them across the board.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Allophones are variations of the
same phoneme. They don't change the
meaning—just how the sound is
produced.

He writes "prepare" on the board.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Let's take /p/ in "prepare". The
first /p/ is aspirated—[pʰ]. Say
"prepare"—you'll feel a puff of air.

He demonstrates: Puff. He writes the symbol with a small raised 'h' as a superscript to the right—indicating aspiration [ph]—then underlines the second 'p.'

HAROON (CONT'D)

Second /p/—unaspirated [p]. No puff.
Say "pre-pare" again—see the difference?

STUDENT

Sir, how do we know if we're aspirating or not?

HAROON

Easy trick. Put your finger in front of your lips. Say "pot"—feel the air? Now say "spot"—less or none. That's unaspirated.

He demonstrates again.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Last one—"stop". Final /p/—unreleased. Lips close, but the puff of air doesn't come out.

He mouths "stop" with lips sealed. He turns to the board, writing: /p/ - Allophones:

1. Aspirated [ph] - "Prepare" (initial)
2. Unaspirated [p] - "prepare" (medial)
3. Unreleased [p] - "Stop" (final)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Ye teeno alag-alag sounds hain, par ek hi phoneme ke allophones.
(smiles)
Any questions?

Students scribble. Engaged. Inspired.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Alright. Review this at home. Bring your doubts tomorrow. Class dismissed.

Bags zip. Students rise. One stays—Rawul.

RAWUL

(coming near Haroon)
Sir... Manjeet addicted ho gaya hai gambling se. Apni maa ka paisa uda raha hai "The Rose" naam ke casino mein.

HAROON
 (placing a hand on
 Rawul's shoulder)
 Thanks, Rawul. I'll take care of it.

INT. CASINO - DAY

A luxurious casino club. Patrons of all ages gamble at tables. Laughter, clinking chips, and live music fill the air. A dancer in a red dress twirls on a stage, musicians playing beside her.

The camera tracks through the crowd, landing on MANJEET (20)—slim, dark-haired—seated at a card table with older men. A towering stack of casino chips sits before him.

Nearby, a well-dressed old man (60s) in a chapeau, gripping a black cane, watches silently. This is Haroon, disguised.

Manjeet deals the cards with cool confidence. A mustached man sitting to his left reads his cards...

MUSTACHED MAN
 (slamming chips)
 Yeh das hazaar... mera chaal.

MAN IN BLACK
 Aur yeh mera.

He matches the bet with his own chips.

A third man in jeans grins, pulls his girlfriend close, kisses her, reads his cards—then tosses in chips worth 10,000.

MAN IN JEANS
 Mera bhi 10 hazaar.

MANJEET
 (reading his cards,
 sliding forward a
 stack)
 Aur yeh das hazaar mere taraf se...

The pot swells—10k, 10k, 10k, 10k in chips. Tension crackles.

MAN IN BLACK
 (flinging in another
 10k)
 Chalo, ek aur das hazaar mera...

The mustached man and the man in jeans drop their cards. Now it's just Manjeet and the Man in Black.

Manjeet grins, slides in more chips.

MANJEET
Yeh das hazaar aur...

The Man in Black hesitates, then adds a couple of chips with forced bravado.

MAN IN BLACK
Chalo... show kar de.

Manjeet reveals: Two Aces. A King.

MANJEET
Lagta hai aaj Lady Luck ka haath
mere sar pe hai.

HAROON
(placing a hand on
Manjeet's head)
Jaise ki mera haath.

Manjeet freezes. Turns—Haroon stands behind him, still disguised.

MANJEET
Sir... aap?

HAROON
Chalo. Yeh tumhara aakhri din hona
chahiye yahaan.

Manjeet gathers his winnings. They move to leave—but the Man in Black blocks them.

MAN IN BLACK
Aise nahi jaa sakte!

MANJEET
Tum kaun hote ho humein rokne waale?

MAN IN BLACK
Tumhara baap.

WHAP! He slaps Manjeet. Manjeet HEADBUTTS him. CHAOS ERUPTS. Haroon blocks a punch, twists a wrist, shoves a man back.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)
(yelling to others)
Rocky! Sam! Suneel! Aa jao!

Three men rush from the bar counter. Haroon raises a hand, calm.

HAROON
Dekhiye, bahiyon! Aapke dost ne jhagra
shuru kiya hai. Phir bhi... I wanna
make peace.

They ignore him. One SMASHES a wooden table over Haroon's head.

CRACK! The table splinters—but Haroon removes his chapeau, revealing a hidden helmet.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Main tayyar ho kar aaya hoon.

He re-dons the hat, grips his steel cane like a sword, and dismantles the goons with Aikido-like precision.

CRASH! BAM! SMASH! Chairs fly. Glasses shatter. A sudden lull.

BASHIR KHAN (50s), the club's owner, strides toward Haroon, eyeing the wreckage.

BASHIR KHAN

(stern)

Main hoon Bashir Khan—iss club ka maalik. Magar yeh toh bataiye, aap hain kaun...?

HAROON

(smiles)

Bata doon?

BASHIR KHAN

Zaroor.

Haroon walks to the stage, picks up a guitar, and strums a chord. The band joins in as he sings:

HAROON

(singing)

Main kya hoon, main kaun hoon? Main tan hoon ke/ya jaan hoon? Yeh koi na-jaane, ke main kya bala hoon...

He dances a little as the music builds.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Agar koi pooche ke main hoon kahan se.
Kahoonga ke main aaya hoon Canada se.
Agarche main Kabul mein paida hua hoon.
Magar mera khoon hai iss Hindustan se.
Main kya hoon, main kaun hoon...*

Some of the earlier goons get back on their feet and charge at Haroon. Without missing a beat, Haroon continues to sing while fending them off with swift moves guitar in one hand, cane in the other.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Kabhi din mein apne sheher se juda hoon.
Kahi raath-o mein apne ghar se juda hoon.
Main hoon shaam-e- taareek, sahar se juda
hoon. Qana'at ke saahil pe jab tak rahunga.
Hamesha main mouj-o-khatar se juda hoon.
Main kya hoon, main kaun hoon...*

The music continues. Customers who were about to leave settle back into their seats, enjoying the spontaneous concert. Staff begins tidying the mess.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Jo patthar ko todta hai sheeshe se yaaro.
Bohot tez hoon main a'pne peyshe se yaaro.
Kahi din se bhaga hoon main apne ghar se.
Mohabbat hui hai mujhe is safar se. Main
kya jaanoo yaaro, qaza aur qadar se. Ke
shayad miloon main kisi humsafar se. Main
kya hoon, main kaun hoon...*

Final strum. Applause. Haroon bows slightly, preparing to leave. Bashir Khan steps in his path, visibly moved.

BASHIR KHAN

Wah sahab Wah! Kya awaaz hai, kya andaaz hai! Kamaal kar diya. Aap ke tareef?

HAROON

Naam hai Haroon. Gaana mera shauq...
Business aur social work, mera pasha.

BASHIR KHAN

Toh Haroon sahab, is behtareen performance ke liye main aapse club ke nuqsan ka koi compensation nahi lunga. Lekin ek darkhwast hai...

HAROON

Batayiye Khan sahab.

BASHIR KHAN

Aap har hafte kam se kam ek baar humare club mein aakar perform karein.

HAROON

Khan sahab, main sharab aur juye ke hadde mein kaam nahi karta. Yeh dono naslein barbaad karte hain.

BASHIR KHAN

Aap theek keh rahe hain.

(MORE)

BASHIR KHAN (CONT'D)

Mujhe sab maloom tha, par kabhi himmat nahi hui badlaav karne ki. Yaqeenan, yeh sharab peena aur juwa kehlna bohot bure kaam hain.

HAROON

Bilkul. Inmein logon ke liye kuch faida ho sakte hain, lekin inka nuqsan inke faide se bohot bada hai.

BASHIR KHAN

Aaj ke baad, main is casino ka naam aur kaam dono badal dunga. Is jagah ko 'Rose Restaurant' banaunga. Sirf khana, gahna, aur family-friendly mehfil.

HAROON

Toh us surat mein, main Saturday nights ko yahan gaane aa jaunga.

BASHIR KHAN

Shukriya, Haroon sahab!

HAROON

Phir milte hain, Saturday evening paanch baje. Khuda Hafiz.

Haroon, still in disguise, signals Manjeet. They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP, MUMBAI - DAY

A sleek, high-end showroom. Haroon stands at the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST looks up with a practiced smile.

HAROON

(handing her a document)

Good morning. Haroon Malhotra. My father, Mr. Madan Malhotra, had ordered a bulletproof Land Cruiser from Japan. According to this, it should've arrived.

RECEPTIONIST

(scanning the paper,
nods)

Yes, Mr. Haroon. It's here. Passed all inspections. You're clear for delivery.

She taps the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sir, Mr. Haroon Malhotra is here for the pickup.

MANAGER'S VOICE (O.S.)

On my way.

A beat. MANAGER DEEPEN PATEL (50s, polished, courteous) arrives, clutching a folder and key fob.

MANAGER

Mr. Haroon! Welcome. I'm Deepen Patel, the dealership manager. Your vehicle's ready—please, this way.

EXT. DEALERSHIP - PARKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

They step outside. A gleaming silver bulletproof Land Cruiser glints under the sun—a beast on wheels.

MANAGER

(handing over keys
and folder)

All set—keys, paperwork, license plate installed as per your father's instructions. Wishing you safe and powerful drives.

HAROON

(taking them)

Thanks, Mr. Patel. Much appreciated.

MANAGER

Pleasure's ours, sir. Have a great day.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Haroon slides into the driver's seat. Starts the engine and it ROARS to life. He grabs his phone.

HAROON

(into phone)

Sooraj, abhi Bombay Hospital aa jao.

INTERCUT - INT. HONDA CIVIC - MUMBAI STREET - DAY

Traffic creeps under a red light. In the backseat, Sooraj, startled, clutches his phone.

SOORAJ

Kya hua? Sab theek hai na?

HAROON (V.O.)

Main theek hoon. Par tumhara aana zaroori hai. See you there.

The call ENDS. Sooraj leans forward.

SOORAJ
(to driver)
Shamlal, Bombay Hospital. Jaldi!

SHAMLAL
(swerving the wheel)
Yes, sir.

INT. BOMBAY HOSPITAL - MENTAL HEALTH WARD RECEPTION - DAY

Haroon slouches in a wheelchair, eyes vacant—the picture of delusion. Sooraj strides to the front desk.

SOORAJ
Sir, yeh mere dost hain. Kuch dinon se bilkul badal gaye hain—apne aap se baatein karte hain, kisi se aankh tak nahi milate. Dr. Nazneen ke under admit karwana hai.

INFORMATION DESK MAN
(nodding, sympathetic)
Of course, sir. Ek minute.

SOORAJ
Main INR 50,000 ka deposit kar deta hoon. Treatment mein koi kami nahi honi chahiye.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - MENTAL HEALTH WARD - MORNING

Haroon maintains his act - hunched, unresponsive. The slanted December sunlight filters through the barred windows.

Dr. Nazneen enters, calling out as she walks.

NAZNEEN
Asha! Asha, kahan ho?

ASHA
(30s, rushing over)
Yes ma'am?

NAZNEEN
Mausam khoobsurat hai. Sab patients ko garden le jao. Main kuch hi der mein aati hoon.
(beat)
Suna hai ek naya patient admit hua hai. Usse garden mein dekhungi.

ASHA
Yes ma'am.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - MORNING

A serene oasis—flower beds, patients in wheelchairs. A middle-aged man strums a guitar wildly.

GUITARIST LUNATIC

(grinning)

Main duniya ka number one guitarist hoon!

Asha studies Haroon, intrigued.

ASHA

(calling out)

Sheetal! O Sheetal!

SHEETAL

(from across the garden)

Kya hua?

ASHA

Iss patient ko dekho. Kitna handsome hai. Jitni tareef karo, kam hai.

SHEETAL

(teasing)

Tum har handsome patient pe fida ho jaati ho!

ASHA

Main sab ka dhyaan rakhti hoon. Par yeh case kuch alag hai. File kehti hai—bewafa pyaar mein pagal ho gaya hai.

Before Sheetal can reply, Nazneen approaches.

NAZNEEN

Kis ke baare mein baat ho rahi thi?

Haroon lowers his gaze, playing coy.

ASHA

Iss naye patient ke baare mein, ma'am. Kehte hain kisi ladki ne dil toda.

(clenching fist)

Agar woh ladki mere saamne aaye, to ek tamacha maarungi usko!

Nazneen kneels, lifts Haroon's chin—and GASPS.

NAZNEEN

Tum?!

HAROON

(soft smile)

Jahan tum, wahan main.

ASHA

(clapping)

Wah! Madam, aapne to jaise jaadu kar diya!

NAZNEEN

Yeh koi jaadu maadu nahi. Main isse jaanti hoon. Aur yeh bilkul theek hai. Yeh pagal nahi hai.

HAROON

(grinning)

Main pagal hoon... tumhare pyaar ka.

NAZNEEN

(flustered)

Main abhi tumhe discharge karti hoon!

HAROON

Aisa mat karo. 50,000 mein yeh mulaqat kari hai maine. Tum nahi jaanti tum mere liye kitni keemti ho.

Nazneen walks away, checking other patients—but Haroon stands, strides to the lunatic guitarist, and takes the guitar.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(strumming, to Nazneen)

Dekho Nazneen. Iss hospital mein, hum bhi teri bemaar hain.

(plays a chord)

So come and examine me. Take my hand, check my pulse—Kyun ke main jaanta hoon tumhare dil mein bhi mere liye pyaar hai, par hoton pe kyun inkaar hai?

NAZNEEN

(rolling eyes, hiding a smile)

Tum jaise pagal se koi pagal hi pyaar karega. Main nahi.

HAROON

(singing passionately)

Tree baghair aye Nazneen, jeena mera dushwar hai. Is hospital mein dekh lo, hum bhi terey bemaar hain. Dil mein tere iqrar hai, hoton pe kyun inkar hai. Mujhko bata aye jaan-e-man, aakhir yeh kaisa pyaar hai?

The garden erupts into musical chaos. Staff, nurses, even some patients start clapping and dancing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

*Aao mera saath dedo, dosti ka haath
dedo, dosti ka haath dedo. Meri chahat
ke chaman mein, ek pal barsaat dedo.
Tere baghair aye Nazneen...*

Camera circles Nazneen, caught between emotion and denial.
Haroon moves closer.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Dekho idhar, aye jan-e-man. Aye nazneen,
aye gulbadan. Tumse hai mera shayari.
Tumse hai har lafz-o-sukhan. Tumse
mera har jeet hai. Tumse mera sangeet
hai. Sadiyon se tumse pyaar hai. Mujhko
tere upkaar hain. Kehdo ke mujhse pyaar
hain. Dil mein tere iqraar hai, honton
pe kyun inkaar hai? Mujko batao, aye
jaane man, aakhir yeh kaisa pyaar hai?*

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haroon types furiously at his computer. The door bursts open—
Yousuf Khan strides in, Karim and Usman flanking him.

HAROON

(rising, calm)

Khush amadeed, Khan bhai. Zara
baithiye.

YOUSUF KHAN

(eyeing the screen)

What are you writing?

HAROON

Ek proposal complete kiya hai. UNESCO,
IRC aur USAID ko bhej raha hoon. Shayad
koi hamare Language Center ko support
kare.

YOUSUF KHAN

Hamein phone par kyun bulaya?

HAROON

Dad ne mere liye ek bulletproof gaadi
bheji hai. Uski protection ke liye
mujhe kam se kam do aadmiyon ki
zarurat hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

(grinning)

Dou kyun? Teen le lo.

HAROON

Dou kaafi hain. Kyun ke dou wafadar
aur daleer log, sau buzdelon se behtar
hote hain.

(beat, quoting Ferdosi)

*"Seyahi lashkar naya-yad ba kaar. Do
sad mard-e-jang beh az sad hazaar."*

(translating)

A crowd of followers is of no use;
two hundred warriors are better than
a hundred thousand.

YOUSUF KHAN

In that case, tum mera bhai Karim
aur uska dost Usman ko apne saath
rakho. They're brave, dependable—aur
driving bhi kar lete hain.

HAROON

Phir tumhare saath kaun hoga?

YOUSUF KHAN

Mera cousin Kabir, aur do-teen door
ke rishtedaar. Kaafi hain.

HAROON

(nodding)

Shukriya. Mujhe kal raat party mein
jaana hai—Jagatpal ki. So Karim and
Usman will accompany me.

INT. MALIK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Malik lies shirtless in bed, tangled in soft
sheets. A woman presses close, awake, kissing his chest —
their bodies entwined in slow, lingering motion.

The phone BUZZES on the nightstand. He ignores it at first.
It buzzes again and again. Malik groans, eyes half-closed,
and reaches for it—careful not to break the moment.

CALLER ID: Jagatpal.

MALIK

(sighs)

Uff... yeh Jagatpal sahab bhi hamesha
ghalat waqt par phone karte hain.

He answers.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Namaste, Jagatpal sahab.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - MALIK'S BEDROOM / JAGATPAL'S STUDY

INT. JAGATPAL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jagatpal sits behind a massive desk, cigar smoke curling around him.

JAGATPAL

(cold)

Kya kar rahe ho Mr. Malik? Aaj kal hamare phone ka bhi der se jawab dete ho.

MALIK

(chuckling)

Aap to meri sabse zoordar kamzori se waqif hain, Sir. You know my strongest weakness...

Jagatpal exhales smoke slowly.

JAGATPAL

Aurat sirf tumhari kamzori nahi hai, haramkhor. Tumhari asli kamzori yeh hai—tum kaam kabhi poora nahi karte.

MALIK

Kya kiya hai maine?

Jagatpal crushes his cigar, leans forward.

JAGATPAL

Maine tumhe ek kaam diya tha—jise tum anjaam tak nahi pohncha paaye.

MALIK

Talash jaari hai. I'm working on that.

JAGATPAL

Ab tum kuch nahi karoge. Main khud kuch karta hoon. Main uss saamp ko doodh pilane ka bandobast kar chuka hoon.

(beat)

Aur suno—kal raat mere farmhouse pe party hai. Aana mat bhoolna.

MALIK

(nodding slowly)

OK, sir.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S FARMHOUSE - EXOTIC HALL - EVENING

A grand party in full swing. Chandeliers glitter. Waiters weave through politicians, tycoons, celebrities.

Haroon enters—sharp suit, quiet confidence. Jagatpal, standing with Malik and a couple of well-dressed men, notices Haroon.

JAGATPAL
(to his guests)
Excuse me, gentlemen.

He strides over to Haroon, arms wide.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)
(booming)
Haroon Sahab! Aap hamarey party mein
aakar hamein bahut khush kar diya.
Humne socha tha ke aap nahi aayenge.

HAROON
(smiling)
Jagatpal sahab! Aap bulaayein aur hum
na aayein—yeh kaise ho sakta hai?

Jagatpal chuckles, guides Haroon toward a VIP circle.

JAGATPAL
(introducing)
Yeh hain Mr. Sharma... Union Minister
for Commerce. Mr. Raza, Reliance ke
Strategy Head. Aur Mr. Pillai, Bharat
Production ke Managing Director.

Haroon greets them with a warm, respectful nod and a firm handshake.

HAROON
Pleasure to meet you all, gentlemen.

Jagatpal turns to the group with a touch of flair.

JAGATPAL
(to the group, flair)
Aur yeh hain Mr. Haroon Malhotra—Afghan-
Indo-Canadian businessman, social worker,
singer, aur songwriter. Inki jitni tareef
karein, kam hai.

HAROON
(modest)
Jagatpal sahab, aap hamein sharminda
kar rahe hain. Main toh ek bohot
chhota aadmi hoon.

MALIK
(smirking)
Chhota aadmi? Aap ke aane ko abhi
teen mahine bhi nahi hue, aur aapne
toh Pant Nagar kaa naksha badal diya.

HAROON

(laughs)

Aisa kya kar diya maine?

MALIK

Ek language center khola, ek bhatke hue ko raasta dikhaya, aur ek club ke malik ko jua aur sharab chhod kar halal kamaai ki taraf mod diya. Kaafi kuch kar diya.

HAROON

(raising a brow)

Aap hamare baare mein kaafi jaankari rakhte hain.

MALIK

Aur yeh bhi jaante hain... ke pyaar ke maamle mein aap business jitne successful nahi hain.

Jagatpal cuts in with a diplomatic smile.

JAGATPAL

Khana lag gaya hai. Baaki baatein dinner ke saath karenge.

INT. DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A sumptuous buffet under warm lights. VVIP table: crystal glasses, silver platters.

Jagatpal seats Haroon with the elite. Dinner begins.

Later—Haroon places an orange, grapes on his plate. A waiter refills his water. Jagatpal approaches, offering wine.

JAGATPAL

Yeh lijiye, Haroon Sahab. Special wine sirf aap ke liye.

HAROON

(politely declining)

Shukriya, Jagatpal sahab. Main sharab nahi peeta.

JAGATPAL

(to Malik)

Lagta hai aapki Haroon Sahab ke baare mein file adhoori thi. Unki na-peene ki aadat chhupi nahi rehni chahiye thi.

HAROON

Aur bhi kuch aadatein hain jo waqt aane par samajh mein aayengi...

MALIK

(pointing to grapes)

Lekin Haroon Sahab, abhi aap angur kha rahe the—aur sharab bhi toh unhi anguron se banti hai. As Omar Khayyam calls it 'Dukhtar-e-Raz'—Daughter of the Vine.

HAROON

(countering smoothly)

Malik sahab! People sleep with their wives, but they don't sleep with their daughters. In the same way, I don't drink the daughter of the vine—because when it ferments, it's no longer the same grapes.

JAGATPAL

Baat toh sahi hai. Lekin, Khayyam ki sharaab par shayari laajawaab hoti hai.

Haroon recites Khayyam in Persian, then translates:

HAROON

"Im-shab Mai-e- jaam-e- yak-mane khaham khord. Khud raa ba do jaam-e-mai, ghani khaham kard. Awwal Seh Talaaq-e- a'ql-o- deen khaham Guft. Pas, dukhtar-e- raz raa ba zani khaham kard."

((then in English))

"You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse, I made a Second Marriage in my house; favored old barren reason from my bed, and took the daughter of the vine to spouse."

JAGATPAL

(clapping softly)

Wah, Haroon Sahab. Wah! You're a genius.

HAROON

Isi liye, Jagatpal Sahab, mere liye sabse bada nasha hai tandurusti. Aur aapki sharab sehat ki dushman hai.

Jagatpal leans in, dropping the charm.

JAGATPAL

Mr. Haroon... Aap ek businessman bhi hain aur ek social worker bhi. Yeh dono linein kabhi milti nahi—jaise railway ke track. Toh main keh raha hoon... join us. Invest in our ventures—profits in crores, overnight.

(MORE)

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Aap kyun apna waqt aur paisa in chhoti-moti social schemes mein barbaad kar rahe hain?

HAROON

(firm, quiet)

Main un schemes mein invest karta hoon jo garibon kaa sahaara ban sakein. Aapka business model middle class ko mita kar, rich ko richer aur poor ko poorer banaata hai. Hamare raaste kabhi mil nahi skate.

He checks his watch, stands.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Jagatpal Sahab, ab mujhe ijazat dijiye. Shukriya for the delicious dinner. Have a great night.

He walks away—unshaken. The camera holds on Jagatpal's face: amused, yet flickers of annoyance.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - DAY

Haroon reviews documents on his LAPTOP, fingers flying across the keyboard. A KNOCK at the door.

Nazneen stands in the doorway—elegant, composed, holding a small envelope.

NAZNEEN

May I come in?

HAROON

(standing, surprised)

Please. Honestly, I didn't expect to see you here.

Nazneen extends the envelope.

NAZNEEN

I brought your money—the loan. One thousand dollars.

HAROON

(gently pushing it back)

Yeh lene ki zarurat nahi. I never asked for it back.

NAZNEEN

(firm)

But I promised to repay it. A loan
is a loan...

HAROON

(smiling)

Toh aap meri taraf se yeh paisa Rawul
ke liye gift samajh ke le lijiye.

NAZNEEN

(shaking head)

Nahi. That wouldn't be right.

She places the envelope on the desk, turns to leave—

HAROON

Zara rukiyege... I wanted to say
something.

NAZNEEN

(turning, playful
smirk)

Let me guess—another "I love you,
Nazneen" speech?

HAROON

(grinning)

Not this time. This is about
work—serious work.

(leaning in)

We're opening a community clinic.
I'd like you to be part of it.
Volunteer a few hours... or we'll
hire you.

NAZNEEN

(softening)

That's... wonderful. I'll check my
schedule. I'd love to help.

She heads out. Haroon swiftly pulls three VVIP passes from
his desk.

HAROON

One more thing...

Nazneen pauses, turns.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(handing them over)

Saturday night—Rose Restaurant. I'm
performing. These are for you, your
brother... and Dr. Maryam.

NAZNEEN

(smirking)

Wada toh nahi kar sakti... but I'll try.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ambient lighting glows over white-linen tables. The VVIP section buzzes with Sooraj, his wife Dr. Sunity, Nazneen, Dr. Maryam, and Yousuf Khan—all dressed to impress.

Security teams (Karim, Usman, and restaurant guards) scan the crowd, discreet but alert.

ON STAGE - BASHIR KHAN steps to the mic.

BASHIR KHAN

Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, we host a remarkable artist-businessman, social worker, singer... Mr. Haroon Malhotra!

APPLAUSE ERUPTS. The curtains part—

Haroon stands center stage with a small troupe. A graceful young woman in a college uniform, walks across the stage holding books, mimicking a bus stop setting.

HAROON

(chasing, calling out)

Renu! O Renu! Zara meri baat suno!

RENU

(turning, annoyed)

Why are you following me?

HAROON

Because I love you... and I want to marry you.

RENU

(scoffing)

Look, Mr. Haroon, I'm not your type. Leave me alone. Mere peechey mat aao.

HAROON

Kaise chhod doon? Main tumse pyaar karta hoon.

RENU

Yeh pyaar nahi, deewanagi hai.

HAROON

Yeh deewanagi nahi, meri zindagi hai.
Dekho Renu, tum mere pyaar ko sweekar
karo, aur mera jahan gulo-gulzar karo.
So-pyaar dedo, pyaar lelo... kyunki
pyaar achha hai.

RENU

Main kaise maanoon ke tera pyaar
sachha hai?

HAROON

Main qasam khata hoon—mera pyaar
sachha hai.

RENU

Arre O deewane aashiq! Thoda sharm
karo. Yeh saare bazaar mein pyaar ka
izhaar? Log kya kahenge?

HAROON

Pyaar zindagi hai, pyaar bandagi hai.
Aur pyaar mein koi sharmindagi nahi
hoti. Isliye—pyaar dedo, pyaar lelo!

With that, music swells as the performance launches.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing passionately)

*Pyaar dedo, pyaar lelo, pyaar achha hai.
Main qasam khata hoon, mera pyaar saccha
hai. Pyaar dilon ka manzil-e-maqsood hai,
maqsood hai. Pyar hamare khoon mein maujood
hai, maujood hai. Pyaar zindagi, pyaar
bandagi, pyaar mein nahin sharmindagi.*

BACKUP SINGERS

(in chorus)

*Pyaar, pyaar chahiye, pyaar chahiye
Pyaar, pyaar chahiye, pyaar chahiye.*

Haroon dances while playing the guitar. Others, including
the lead girl, follow suit. Haroon resumes singing.

HAROON

*Pyaar mein hargeez, sanam dhoka nahin karte.
Jab qadam aage badha, roka nahin karte.
Jab commitment kar diya, socha nahin karte.*

BACKUP SINGERS

Ha ha ha ha...

HAROON

Teri chahat mein, sanam had se guzar jaaon.
(MORE)

HAROON (CONT'D)

Tum kaho to tere qadmon mein mar jaaon. Is tarah main aye haseen, tum se bichhad jaaon. Pyaar duniya ka bada dastoor hai, dastoor hai. Pyaar hamare hauliya ka noor hai, ha noor hai. Pyaar mein is zindagi ijaad hai, ijaad hai. Pyaar mein saare jahan aabaad hai, aabaad hai. Pyaar zindagi, pyaar bandagi, pyaar mein nahin sharmindagi.

Dance and music in full swing, and the camera pans to take some shots from different angles.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Pyaar karke humko apna ghar basana hai. Saari rasmein, saari qasmein ko nibhana hai. Pyaar mein khamoshiyaan bhi gungunata hai. Pyaar mein tanhaaiyan bhi muskurata hai. Pyaar humko pyaar karna bhi sikhata hai. Pyaar zindagi, pyaar bandagi, pyaar mein nahin sharmindagi.

Spotlights swirl. The camera captures wide-angle shots of the cheering crowd, then glides in slow-motion across Haroon's expressive face, the girl's delighted laughter, the live band rocking, and the audience swaying in rhythm.

Haroon strums the final chord, breathless but grinning. The crowd erupts in applause. He bows.

INT. BACKSTAGE - PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Haroon enters briskly. He removes his performance jacket, quickly dons a bulletproof vest under his shirt, and pulls on a tactical helmet—disguising it under a wide chapeau.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A silver bulletproof Land Cruiser cruises down a dimly lit road. The moon glows overhead, casting a surreal light on the asphalt.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Haroon sits in the back seat—calm, composed, alert. Usman drives. Karim rides shotgun, a pistol resting loosely in his lap, another slung across his shoulder.

INT./EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

Yousuf Khan and Ranjeet ride in the back. ASHRAF (25) and KAPIL (early 30s) up front, with Kapil behind the wheel.

Khan dials Haroon.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT - BACK SEAT

Haroon answers, eyes still scanning the road.

HAROON
Hey bro. Kya baat hai?

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

YOUSUF KHAN
Ambush ki information mili hai. Exact jagah nahi pata, lekin ho sakta hai aage kahin ho. Sambhal ke.

HAROON (V.O.)
Don't worry, Khan bhai. Agar maut likhi hai, toh road accident mein hi mil jaayegi.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Land Cruiser slows down.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

HAROON
Kya hua Usman? Kyun roki?

USMAN
Rasta band hai, Haroon sahab. Koi van se road block kiya gaya hai. Kya karein?

HAROON
Seedha van ko maaro. Land Cruiser hamara bulldozer hai.

Usman hits the gas. Before impact—FOUR GUNMEN pop out from behind the van and OPEN FIRE with machine guns.

The Land Cruiser slams into the van, knocking it sideways. One THUG is crushed beneath the van. Usman reverses, then rams again to push the van aside.

BULLETS RICOCHET off the Cruiser's armor.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

HAROON
(snarling)
Karim bhai, tumhara shotgun chahiye.

KARIM
(turning)
Le lo, bhai sahab.

Haroon takes the gun, unlocks the sunroof, pushes it open, rises halfway out—and FIRES.

One THUG is shot in the eye. Another drops with a clean chest shot. The third dives behind a tree.

Haroon ducks back inside. His phone rings—KHAN flashing.

HAROON

(answering)

Accha hua phone kiya. Teen aadmi gaye. Ek baaki hai—ped ke peeche chhupa hai. Uska khayal rakh lena.

Usman slams into the van again, finally clearing a path. The land cruiser speeds away.

The last THUG steps out and fires at the fleeing vehicle.

Just then, KHAN'S TAXI screeches in.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Khan, Ranjeet, and Ashraf leap out, guns blazing. The thug goes down—riddled with bullets.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Khan dials a number.

YOUSUF KHAN

(into phone)

Hello Kabir. Udar sab theek?

EXT. HAROON'S RESIDENTIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Kabir stands guard outside the building.

KABIR

Jee, Bhai Jan. Idhar sab khairiyat hai.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

YOUSUF KHAN

Hum aa rahe hain. Hoshyaar rehna.

EXT. HAROON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Haroon's land cruiser and Khan's taxi arrive.

Khan, Ranjeet, and their men form a protective ring, escorting Haroon in.

INT. HAROON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

YOUSUF KHAN

(softly)

Shukr hai Khuda ka, ek aur baar bacha liya.

HAROON

(grinning)

Singing, dancing, firing—full Bollywood night. But tell me, Khan bhai, kaise pata chala ke attack hoga?

YOUSUF KHAN

Jab main software developer tha, maine ek program banaya tha—phone hack karke conversations sunne wala. Aaj bhi mere paas hai.

HAROON

(interrupts)

Aur tumne Ranjeet se Malik aur Jagatpal ke numbers leke, unka phone tap kiya.

YOUSUF KHAN

Haan. Jagatpal aur Mator ke conversation se sab pata chala.

HAROON

Unki recordings safe jagah pe rakho. Court mein kaam aayengi.

YOUSUF KHAN

Malik ke khilaaf voice aur video dono hain. Jagatpal apna sab kaam Malik ke naam pe karta tha.

HAROON

Aur ab?

YOUSUF KHAN

Pehle Mator ko khatam karna hoga.

HAROON

Murder? You serious?

YOUSUF KHAN

Agar hum nahi maarengi, toh woh humein maarega.

HAROON

Yeh kaam aasaan nahi hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Paisa har mushkil ko aasaan banata hai. Saalon ki haram ki kamaai—ab kisi harami ko khatam karne ke kaam aayegi.

HAROON

(chuckling, walking away)

Acha. Tum jaano tumhara kaam. Main sone jaa raha hoon.

YOUSUF KHAN

Main sirf ek message bhej kar so jaaunga.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

MESSAGE TYPED:

"Meet me at Gomez & Malhotra's Body Shop. 10:00 PM tomorrow. Urgent. -Yousuf"

Khan scrolls. SELECTS: HAIDER KHAN - SEND.

CUT TO:

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Soft sunlight bathes the backyard. Haroon leads an aikido session with wooden sticks, instructing Khan and his men. Sharp grunts and the swish of strikes fill the air.

The creaky gate opens. Sahil Khan enters, now in a crisp SUBINSPECTOR'S UNIFORM.

HAROON

(smiling warmly)

Masha Allah! Hawaldar se Subinspector! Mubarak ho! Kahiye, kaise yaad kiya?

SAHIL KHAN

(thin smile)

Kal raat aap par qatilana hamla hua. Lekin ab tak koi report darj nahi ki gayi.

YOUSUF KHAN

(grins)

Report se kuch nahi hoga, sir...

SAHIL KHAN

(grave)

Agar kisi par shak hai toh batayiye. Qanoon apna kaam karega.

YOUSUF KHAN

Shak nahi, yaqeen hai. Saboot bhi hai. Par aap un logon ke khilaaf kuch nahi kar sakte.

SAHIL KHAN

Aap FIR darj kar ke toh dekhiye...

YOUSUF KHAN

Apna number dijiye. Jaldi hi main aapko asli saboot aur genuine information dunga...

SAHIL KHAN

(taking out a card)

Yeh mera private number hai. Zarurat ho toh call kijiye.

YOUSUF KHAN

(taking it)

Shukriya. Khuda Hafiz.

SAHIL KHAN

(exiting Khan's house)

Khuda Hafiz...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOMEZ & MALHOTRA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A NEW WHITE SUV pulls into the dimly lit garage. HAIDER KHAN (40s), dressed sharply, steps out, flanked by two men.

Inside a parked JEEP, Yousuf Khan waits, leather bag on the seat beside him. Haider enters the jeep. They exchange a cold handshake.

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

Masha Allah, suit mein toh mashoor dikh rahe ho. Kya baat hai?

HAIDER KHAN

Hamare Dhandhe mein toh disguise zaroori hai...

YOUSUF KHAN

Iss bag mein Mator ka photo aur paisa hai. Uska routine - Oberoi Hotel, weekend pe swimming with his girlfriend.

Haider opens the bag: CASH + Mator's PHOTO. He nods and exits.

HAIDER KHAN

Khuda Hafiz...

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL - POOL AREA - DUSK

Lush poolside. Mator lounges with NEELAM, 30s, drinks in hand.

SUPER: FIVE DAYS LATER

A man in Adidas sportswear strolls in, carrying a tennis bag. Calm. Casual. Composed.

As he nears the pool, he unzips the bag slightly - REVEALING A PISTOL and a SHOTGUN HANDLE.

SUDDENLY -

BOOM! BOOM! Twin gunshots pierce the air.

Blood erupts from MATOR'S chest. His cocktail glass slips from his hand. He jerks, stumbles - and crashes into the pool. Crimson clouds bloom in the blue water.

NEELAM
(shrieking)
Mator!!!

She dives in, splashing wildly, screaming as chaos erupts around the poolside. Guests scatter, knocking over chairs and glasses.

The ASSASSIN puts the shotgun back into the tennis bag, his face stoic. He turns and melts into the stampede.

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The ASSASSIN strides purposefully. A SECURITY GUARD sits slouched near the entrance, double-barrel shotgun resting loosely across his lap.

The assassin's hand slips into the tennis bag... He pulls out the pistol and levels it-pointing directly at the startled guard.

SECURITY GUARD
(panicked)
Arre...!

The guard bolts, abandoning his post and disappearing into the hotel garden.

ASSASSIN
(under his breath,
smirking)
Smart move.

The ASSASSIN puts the gun back in his bag and disappears into the crowd outside the hotel gate.

He merges with the throng of people like a ghost.

JUST THEN—

A MOTORBIKE screeches to a halt nearby. The RIDER, wearing black shades and a black helmet, revs the engine.

The ASSASSIN hops on. The motorbike speeds away—zigzagging through Bombay's chaotic traffic and vanishing into the noise and dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A golden stretch of sand, shaded by swaying trees. Folding chairs, water tanks, and cartons are scattered over a worn carpet under a large tree. A VAN is parked nearby.

Birds chirp. The atmosphere is peaceful. Two YOUNG MEN pitch a tent. Nearby, a group of GIRLS unload barbecue gear. Dr. Maryam carries a large bowl. DR. AMRITA (28) eyes it with curiosity.

DR. AMRITA

Is mein kya hai?

DR. MARYAM

Machliyan — spice laga ke marinate kiya hai...

WIDE ANGLE: A man lights a barbecue grill, smoke curling upward. The vibe is light, relaxed.

INT. TENT - LATER

Nazneen pours tea into a paper cup and sits beside Maryam.

NAZNEEN

Hamare group ki nayi dulhan, Dr. Sunity, nahi aayi. Still lost in her honeymoon hills, I guess.

DR. MARYAM

(teasing)

Isko kehte hain pyaar. Ek pal ke liye bhi mard ko akela mat chhodo. Ek Sunity hai, ek tum ho — Haroon ko toh satati rehti ho!

NAZNEEN

Toh kya karoon? Uske liye Arabic dance karoon?

(she belly-dances flirtatiously)

DR. MARYAM

Bilkul! Main hoti toh breakdance bhi
kar leti!

NAZNEEN

(smirking)

Tum toh kisi langoor se bhi shaadi
kar lo gi agar woh haath maang le!

They burst into laughter. Nazneen's phone rings. She checks it.

NAZNEEN (CONT'D)

Sunity ka call hai!

(answers)

Good timing. We were just gossiping
about you! Kahan ho ab tak?

SUNITY (V.O.)

Almost there. Tum tent ke paas ho
na? Jahan do gaadiyan khadi hain?

NAZNEEN

(stepping out)

Yes! That's us!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A sleek MERCEDES glides in. Doors open. Sunity steps out,
followed by Sooraj and Haroon.

The GROUP cheers and rushes to greet them. Nazneen
instinctively hides behind Maryam.

DR. MARYAM

Hello, Dr. Haroon! Welcome to our
modest beach party – in honor of
newlyweds Dr. Sunity and your dost
Sooraj. We all know you... But let
me introduce our gang.

(she points them out
playfully)

Dr. Ajeet – ortho. Dr. Ram – ENT.
Dr. Amrita – gynae. Dr. Arpeet Singh
– peds. Dr. Patel – cardiac. And me
– Maryam. Internal medicine... and
part-time stand-up comedian.

(laughter)

Aur sabse khaas – yeh rahi Dr.
Nazneen. Neurologist. Paagalon ka
ilaaj karti hain.

She steps aside. Haroon and Nazneen lock eyes.

HAROON
 (smiling)
 Paagalon ka ilaaj karti hain, ya
 logon ko paagal banati hain?

Nazneen blushes. Group laughs.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 Jokes apart – bahut khushi hui. You
 all are incredible.

EXT. BARBECUE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone gathers around the fire. Chicken and fish sizzle on the grill. A HARMONIUM, GUITAR, and TABLA sit nearby.

Sunity hands Haroon the harmonium.

SUNITY
 Bhai Jaan – ek gaana ho jaaye? Party
 without music feels dull.

HAROON
 Itni jaldi?

SUNITY
 Sab aa gaye hain. Bas aap ka gana
 baaki hai.

HAROON
 Sab nahi aaye. Nazneen abhi tak
 audience mein nahi hai. Naya gaana
 uske liye likha hai.

SUNITY
 (shouting)
 Nazneen! Tumpe party ki rounaq depend
 karti hai! Haroon gaayega tabhi jab
 tum sunogi!

Maryam pulls a shy Nazneen forward. She sits reluctantly.
 Haroon opens the harmonium.

HAROON
 Yeh gaana dil ke baare mein hai.
 Kyunki dil – aankhon se dekhta hai.
 Jo dekhta hai, use yaad karta hai.
 Kabhi dukh deta hai, kabhi sukh.
 Magar dil ko samajhna mushkil hai.

He begins to play. Sooraj joins on guitar. A doctor taps the tabla. Music floats into the golden air.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Aye dil aye dil dil-e- deewana. Kabhi apna kabhi begana. Bady mushkil tomhi samjana. Aye dil aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e- deewana.

Haroon continues to play the harmonium as a couple of girls, including Dr. Maryam, dance.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Nahi sunta yeh dil faryaad mera. Nahi deta kabhi yeh saath mera. Mujhe ruswaaye aalam kar gaya/diya hai. Yeh hai qaatil, yeh hai sayyaad mera. Aye dil aye dil dil-e- deewana. Kabhi shamma kabhi pawrwana. Bade qaatil tera nazraana. Aye dil aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil dil-e- deewana.

Music plays, and some girls and boys join in dancing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

Mera dil ko na jaane kya hua hai? Ke meri jeena ye/zindagi mushkil kya hai. Magar meri tarah yeh dil bhi yaaron, Kisi mehroo mein apna dil diya hai. Aye dil aye dil, dil-e-deewana, kabhi apna kabhi begana. Badi mushkil tumhe samajhna, aye dil, aye dil. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil dil-e-deewana.

Music and dancing continue in full swing.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(resumes)

"Badi dilchasp ghaflat" kar gaya dil. Ta-e-dil se mohabbat kar gaya dil. Hamare jism ka yeh sarzameen par. Yeh dekho phir baghawat kar gaya dil. Aye dil aye dil, dil-edeewana, kabhi apna kabhi begana. Badi mushkil tumhe samajhna, bade qaatil tera nazraana, aye dil, aye dil. Aye dil aye dil, aye dil, dil-edeewana. Aye dil, aye dil, aye dil, dil-e- deewana.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

A single lamp casts long shadows across the modest bedroom.

Khan sits on the edge of his bed, turning a gold locket in his hands. A pair of black briefs lies beside him.

The door creaks open. Ranjeet enters cautiously.

RANJEET
Khan Bhai...?

Yousuf looks up, his gaze piercing. He extends the locket.

YOUSUF KHAN
(deep voice)
Aao, Ranjeet bahi. Yeh lo.

Ranjeet steps forward, takes the locket. Examines it - a BLUE OVAL PENDANT glints in the low light.

RANJEET
(confused)
Par... yeh to bas ek locket hai?

Yousuf's lips curl into a knowing smile. He reaches to his nightstand, picks up an IDENTICAL PENDANT.

YOUSUF KHAN
(smirking)
Dekho zara...

He presses a hidden button - the pendant's blue face FLIPS OPEN, revealing a TINY CAMERA LENS.

RANJEET
(surprised gasp)
Waah! Camera?!

YOUSUF KHAN
(nodding)
WiFi enabled. Direct recording to my phone and computer. Jagatpal ke office ka poora drama capture hoga.

Yousuf reaches for the briefs. He flips the waistband and pinches a subtle seam near the crotch. He pulls back the fabric to reveal a hidden micro-pocket - undetectable under scanners or pat-downs.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
(serious now)
Washroom mein change karna. Yeh camera yahaan...

Demonstrates tucking it securely in the groin area. Ranjeet nods vigorously. Yousuf grabs his iPhone, taps rapidly. A video file appears -

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 (sending file)
 Phone check karo.

Ranjeet's phone PINGS. He swipes the screen and opens the file. Grainy footage flickers to life:

BHIM SINGH 40s, enters the backseat of a Jeep. A quick handshake with Yousuf Khan. He takes a black hand bag, glances around, then slips out the door.

Ranjeet stares, jaw clenched.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)
 (quietly, with weight)
 Jagatpal ko dikhana. Kehna - yeh
 saboot hai Mator ki maut ka. Bhim
 Singh... aur Khan zimmedaar hain.

A beat. The air tightens.

RANJEET
 (resolute)
 Samajh gaya, Khan Bhai. Jaan jaaye...
 par vachan na jaaye.

He heads to the bathroom. Returns moments later, adjusting his clothes.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Ab Jagatpal ko call karo.

Ranjeet picks up his phone, scrolls, and taps on a contact: JP.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. JAGATPAL'S LUXURY OFFICE - DAY

Jagatpal lounges on a leather chair, swirling whiskey. Malik sits across. The phone rings. He sneers at the screen.

JAGATPAL
 (snarling)
 Ranjeet! Haramkhor, tu kahan hai?
 Bohot dino se koi khabar nahi di!

RANJEET
 Sir, main Mator ke qatl ki
 investigation mein busy tha.

JAGATPAL
 Kya pata chala?

RANJEET

Sir, main poore vishwas ke saath keh sakta hoon... Mator ki maut ke zimmedaar Bhim Singh aur Khan hain.

Malik leans forward, alert.

JAGATPAL

Tumhare paas saboot hai?

RANJEET

Haan sir. Mator ka Yousuf Khan se milne ka video hai. Jeep ke andar - haath milate hain, bag leta hai...

JAGATPAL

Haramkhor... yeh pehle kyun nahi bataya?

RANJEET

Khan ke aadmi mujhe har jagah follow kar rahe hain.

JAGATPAL

Tum abhi mere office aao. Saboot leke!

He disconnects, eyes blazing. Stands, pacing.

MALIK

Kya hua, Jagatpal sahab? Itne pareshan kyun?

JAGATPAL

Ranjeet ne bataya - Mator ki maut ka kaaran Bhim Singh aur Khan hain. Yeh Khan aur Haroon... humare liye nasoor ban chuke hain.

MALIK

Bhim Singh se shuru karenge. Lekin... ek badi meeting bulaani padegi.

JAGATPAL

Meeting kyun?

MALIK

Do baar fail ho chuke hain. Teesri baar police shak karegi. Humein outside help chahiye.

JAGATPAL

Foreign se?

MALIK

Nahi... India ke doosre gangs se.
Khan aur Haroon bulletproof vest
pehente hain. Armored gaadi mein
ghoomte hain.

JAGATPAL

Tabhi bach gaye us raat...

MALIK

Pehle Bhim Singh ko khatam karte
hain.

Malik dials a number. Puts the phone on speaker. A gravelly
voice answers.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Kahiyee Malik sahab. Keyse yaad kya?

MALIK

Abhi Jagatpal Sahab ke office aao.
Kuch khas kaam hai.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Theek hai, sahab. Abhi aata hoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA - JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A taxi halts. Ranjeet steps out, pays the fare, walks briskly
toward the main gate.

EXT. MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

Two uniformed GUARDS stand alert. Ranjeet approaches
confidently.

RANJEET

Namaste. Main hoon Ranjeet. Jagatpal
Sir kaa khaas aadmi. Unhone khud bulaya
hai... who bhi phone ki saath...

GUARD

(searching him,
checking his locket)
Achha, toh aap hi hain Ranjeet sahab.

RANJEET

Jee haan. Koi shak?

GUARD

(to the other guard)
Ajeet bhai, inko le jao. Sir ka clear
order hai.

AJEET

Aaiye.

Ajeet leads Ranjeet past security. They disappear into the compound.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Opulent. Jagatpal sits at his desk, Malik across from him. Ranjeet enters, palms pressed together in greeting.

RANJEET

Namashkar, sahab. Aapne yaad kiya...
aur hum khaali haath nahi aaye.

Ranjeet plays the video on his phone - Khan meeting Bhim Singh - and hands it over.

Jagatpal watches. Fury ignites. He SMASHES the phone on the floor - battery and cover fly.

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Arre sir! iPhone tha... ab doosra
kaise...

JAGATPAL

Main Bhim Singh ko aisi saza doonga...
jo misaal ban jaaye.

Ranjeet picks up the broken pieces, secretly checks - they work - but pretends it's dead.

RANJEET

Phone gaya kaam se.

JAGATPAL

Koi baat nahi. Naya le lena - meri
taraf se.

Paces, glances at his watch.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Nau baje chalis minute ho gaye...
Bhim Singh abhi tak?

MALIK

Woh aayega. Aapka hukum naa maanna...
maut se kam nahi.

RANJEET

(hands on stomach)
Sir... bathroom?

JAGATPAL
(pointing)
Woh raha. Jaldi jao, warna yahaan ki
hawa kharab ho jaayegi.

INT. WASHROOM - LATER

Ranjeet turns his back to the camera, lowers his pants. From his underwear waistband, he retrieves the blue pendant.

Before the mirror, he swaps it with the locket in his chain - activating the hidden Wi-Fi camera. Flushes, washes up, checks his look, exits.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ranjeet returns, wiping his hands. As he's about to sit -

AJEET
(enters, urgent)
Sir! Bhim Singh apne bhai ke saath aaya
hai. Bhai ko gate par roka gaya hai.

JAGATPAL
Sahi kiya. Tum jao... Mr. Singh ko
andar bhej do.

Ajeet nods and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER ROOM - YOUSUF KHAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Humming servers, blue led lights. Khan sits before multiple screens, watching a live feed from Ranjeet's locket cam. He smirks and hits "RECORD."

BACK TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BHIM SINGH, late 40s, bulky frame, thick moustache, enters.

BHIM SINGH
(raising hands, with
a slight smile)
Namaste, Jagatpal sahab.

JAGATPAL
(nodding, coolly)
Namaste... itni der laga di aane
mein?

BHIM SINGH

Der se sahi, magar aaya toh sahi.
Der aaye, durust aaye.

JAGATPAL

Tujhe maloom hai ke Khan ne Mator ka qatl kiya. Ab main chahta hoon ke tum Khan ko maaro. Kill that bastard...

BHIM SINGH

Sir, aap khud nahi kar sake... main kaise? Khan aur Haroon aaj kal logon ke hero ban gaye hain.

JAGATPAL

Phir uski jaan lekar hero ko zero bana do... jaise tumne Khan ke saath milkar Mator ko maar diya tha...

BHIM SINGH

(Panicked)

Yeh jhooth hai, sir! Maine kisi ko nahi maara. In fact, main Khan se mahino se nahi mila hoon!

JAGATPAL

(to his face)

Jhooth! Tum uski jeep mein baithe the. Usse handbag liya tha.

Jagatpal pulls a revolver, jabs it into Bhim Singh's mouth.

BHIM SINGH

(sobbing)

Sir, main sach keh raha hoon. Khan se tab se nahi mila hoon jab se usne aapka kaam chhoda.

Ranjeet, iPhone in hand, subtly adjusts his stance for better recording angle.

JAGATPAL

Gaddar! Mator ki maut ki wajah tum ho. Kitna paisa liya Khan se?

BHIM SINGH

Kasam... ek paisa nahi liya...

BOOM! A shot rings out. Bhim Singh drops, blood soaking the carpet.

RANJEET

(stifling panic)

Sir... mar gaya.

JAGATPAL

Dekha? Yeh hota hai hamare saath
dhokha karne ka anjaam.

Jagatpal moves to a bookshelf, pulls out a book - hidden switches appear. Presses one.

A wooden cupboard slides, revealing an elevator. Two armed guards stand inside.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

Laash ko carpet mein lapet kar
samundar mein daal do. Uska bhai
bahar wait kar raha hai... dono
bhaiyon ko milwa do.

Guards wrap Bhim's body in the carpet, take it into the elevator. The door shuts. Bookshelf resets.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKYARD - YOUSUF KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Khan sips chai at a garden table. Ranjeet walks in briskly.

RANJEET

Namaste, Khan bhai! Bataiye, operation
kamyab tha?

YOUSUF KHAN

(smiling)

Sau feesad. Shukriya, Ranjeet bhai.

RANJEET

(sitting across from
him)

Par ek baat batao... Bhim Singh se
aapki mulaqat kab hui?

YOUSUF KHAN

(chuckling)

Mulaqat hui hi nahi. Photoshop kiya
tha. Woh koi aur aadmi tha—sirf Bhim
Singh ka sar edit karke daal diya.

RANJEET

(in disbelief)

Yeh mazaak hai?

YOUSUF KHAN

(sipping chai)

Bilkul nahi. Digital duniya mein sab
mumkin hai. Main coder tha, yaad
hai?

(MORE)

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Aur Bhim Singh aur Mator... dono Jagatpal ke khaas the. Agar maine unhe nahi nikala hota, toh kal hamari baari hoti.

RANJEET

Isko kehte hain ek teer, do shikaar.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aur jab yeh video social media pe jaayega... Jagatpal ka political career khatam. Ek gang ka raja, ab sirf ek villain ban jaayega.

RANJEET

Aur phir mera pariwar unke nishane pe hoga.

YOUSUF KHAN

Bilkul. Isiliye, apni biwi aur beta ko le aao. Yahaan teen-chaar kamre khaali hain. Aaj se tumhara ghar bhi yeh hai. Tumhari biwi meri behen, aur tum... mere jeejaji.

RANJEET

(smiling, touched)

Theek hai, Khan Bhai. Ab main chalta hoon. Mere phone mein bhi kuch footage hai. Woh baad mein aapko bhej dunga.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Three EGGS boil in a small pot. Nazneen turns off the stove. Grabs BUTTER and JAM from the fridge, and sets them next to CHAPATTI on the kitchen table.

NAZNEEN

Rawul! O Rawul! Nashta tayyar hai!

Rawul, dressed in school uniform with backpack, enters.

RAWUL

I'm ready.

NAZNEEN

Tum shuroo karo. Main maa ko bula laati hoon.

She turns to leave, but her phone rings on the table. She answers.

NAZNEEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. HAROON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Haroon sits at his desk, phone in hand.

HAROON

Good morning, Nazneen!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NAZNEEN

Tumhare paas mera naya number kaise aaya?

HAROON

Tumhare bhai ne admission form mein emergency contact daala tha. System mein save ho gaya.

NAZNEEN

Subah-subah kaise yaad aayi?

HAROON

Mere yaad se gayi kab thi tum... Phir bhi, ek invitation hai. Sunday ko hamara naya health clinic khul raha hai. Tumhe zaroor aana chahiye.

NAZNEEN

Agar na aayi to?

HAROON

Mehfil boring ho jaayegi. Suno mere sangdil sanam, agar pyaar ka izhaar karti nahi... ek deedar hi karlo.

NAZNEEN

Main nahi aungi.

HAROON

OK. Inauguration mein mat aao. Par volunteer ban ke toh aana hi padega.

NAZNEEN

Theek hai. Dono mein aungi. Magar yeh mat sochna ke main bhi tumse pyar karti hoon.

HAROON

Woh bhi ho jaayega. Mujhe apne pyar pe poora bharosa hai. Ek din tum khud mera haath pakdogi.

NAZNEEN

I like your confidence. You've always kept the birds of hope flying. Waise, ceremony ka venue?

HAROON

Yousuf Khan ke hawaley mein. Usne first floor hamare clinic ke liye donate kiya hai.

NAZNEEN

Wah! Dost ho toh aisa. Achha, see you Sunday. Bye.

HAROON

Bye, meri Nazneen.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nazneen walks down a narrow hallway and enters her mother's room.

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her mother, draped in a simple white sari, rests quietly on a worn queen-size bed.

NAZNEEN

Mah, nashta aapke room mein doon ya aap khud aayengi?

MOTHER

(sitting on the bed)
Nahi beti. Main aati hoon.

NAZNEEN

(smiling)
Aur bistar se uthke thodi walk bhi ho jaayegi.

MOTHER

Yeh batao... phone par kis se baat ho rahi thi?

NAZNEEN

Toh aapne suna?

MOTHER

Sab nahi. Aadhi baatein zaroor.

NAZNEEN

Woh Haroon tha—Rawul ka English teacher.

MOTHER

Kabse jaanti ho usse?

NAZNEEN

Do-teen mahine hue hain.

MOTHER

Agar achha ladka hai, toh usse chai pe ghar bulao. Marne se pehle tumhari shaadi dekhna chahti hoon.

NAZNEEN

(blushing)

Theek hai, maah. Agar aap kahengi, toh bula loongi. Waise bhi, kaafi dinon se mere peeche pada hai.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - HALL ROOM - DAY

A luxurious, well-lit room with an oval table. Around it sit 15 sharply dressed men in their 40s and 50s. At the head is Jagatpal, calm but imposing. Beside him is Malik, his loyal right-hand.

JAGATPAL

Main aap sabka shukriya ada karta hoon ke aap itni short notice par, Bharat ke kone-kone se Mumbai aaye.

(beat)

Hamaare kaarobar ka samandar kuch mahino se toofani ho chuka hai. Aur iss toofan ka muqabla karne ke liye, humein cooperate karna hoga.

(leans in)

Ek Canadian social worker, naam hai Haroon, yahaan Bombay mein kuch community development projects chalaa raha hai. Aur woh hamare liye mushkil paida kar raha hai.

A sharp-looking man in a brown suit, MR. MEHRA (38), raises his hand.

JAGATPAL (CONT'D)

(acknowledging)

Haan, Mr. Mehra?

MEHRA

Sir, ek dou choti moti development projects hamaari subversive activities ka kuch nahi bigaad sakte. Be-kaari is desh mein cancer ban chuki hai... iska ilaaj kisi ke paas nahi...

JAGATPAL

(glares)

Mehra sahab, aap jaise padhe-likhe aadmi se aisi bewakoofi ki ummeed nahi thi.

(grimly)

Uske kaaran kuch mohallon mein log hafta dena chhod chuke hain. Yusuf Khan aur uska saathi—jo pehle hamare liye kaam karte the—ab uske saath hain. Language Center khola, juwa khane band karwaye, auto repair garage shuru kiya... aur ab gareebon ke liye Sunday ko ek Medical Clinic launch kar raha hai, Pant Nagar mein.

A tense silence. Malik picks it up.

MALIK

Agar yeh Medical Clinic chal gaya... toh hamara nasha ka dhanda doob jaayega.

(raising stakes)

Muft ilaaj, rehab... toh sharabi, aur drug addicts theek ho jaayenge. Phir humare drugs ka kya? Gentlemen! Yeh trend agar doosre shehron mein phaila, toh samajh jaaiye... hamara khel khatam.

A man with thick glasses, BANWARI, 50s, raises his hand.

JAGATPAL

Haan Mr. Banwari?

BANWARI

Kyun na hum sab apne 20-20 aadmi contribute karein, ek powerful force banayein... aur inauguration ke din Clinic aur English Center ko aag laga dein?

JAGATPAL

(smiling darkly)

Idea bura nahi hai.

BANWARI

Lekin Police ka kya?

MALIK

(winks)

ACP mera namak khaya hai... Police ki action? Too little, too late!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAROON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haroon, Khan, and Gomez sit around a table, sipping tea.

HAROON

Aap log jaante hain, Sunday ko hamara medical clinic ka inauguration hai. Mujhe poora yaqeen hai dushman kuch na kuch zaroor karega.

GOMEZ

Toh kya karna hoga?

HAROON

Apne saathiyon ko strategic points par tainaat karenge. Hockey sticks, khanjar, aur chhoti-moti weapons ke saath.

GOMEZ

Aur garage ke tools?

HAROON

Bilkul. Tumhare mechanics—hammers, screwdrivers, wrenches... sab logon ke darmiyan ghula do. Yeh tools zarurat padne par hathiyaar ka kaam karte hain.

(leans in)

Hamare paas kuch bulletproof vests aur licensed guns bhi hain.

GOMEZ

Main bhi ready hoon. Aapki bulletproof gaadi dekh kar maine ek bulletproof van tayyar kar liya hai. Teen-chaar deisi vests bhi ready hain. Helmet bhi le aayenge Sunday tak.

YOUSUF KHAN

Bandook aur goliyon ke alawa, Malik ne mujhe ek sniper rifle bhi di thi... ab uska istemaal karne ka waqt aa gaya hai.

HAROON

Khan bhai, kal subah tum rifle lekar chhat pe jaoge — humein cover fire dene ke liye. Neeche hum sambhaal lenge. Baaki jo hoga, dekha jaayega.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN GROUND - OPPOSITE KHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The area buzzes with activity, decorated for the clinic opening. Haroon, Sooraj, Nazneen, and a few doctors set up tables and banners.

Usman, Kabir, and others patrol discreetly among the locals. Haroon approaches Yousuf Khan, who's adjusting the amplifier beside the small makeshift podium.

HAROON

Sab set hai?

YOUSUF KHAN

Bilkul. Jab chaho mic on ho jaayega.

HAROON

Tum rifle le kar haveli ki chhat par chale jao. Aur haan-vest aur helmet mat bhoolna.

YOUSUF KHAN

OK.

HAROON

Aur main chalta hoon bulletproof vest aur helmet pehne ke liye.

CUT TO:

EXT. YOUSUF KHAN'S ROOFTOP - DAY

Yousuf climbs a narrow staircase, sniper rifle slung over his shoulder, backpack bouncing. He reaches the rooftop and crouches behind a large water tank.

A convoy of Jeeps and vans screeches into the open ground. Armed goons leap out-wielding guns, sticks, and short swords-and open fire indiscriminately, aiming low at legs and knees.

Panic erupts. Locals scream and scatter in every direction. Khan peers through the scope. He breathes deeply, steadying his aim.

BANG! A thug inside a van collapses, blood splattering the window. Khan shifts aim - spots another goon raising his gun at a fleeing local.

BANG! The bullet punches through the thug's hand. He drops the gun, howling, and dives behind their Jeep.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Nazneen rushes out, frantic. She sees VIPs and doctors gathered near the stage.

NAZNEEN
(shouting)
Please! Sab log clinic ke andar
chaliye! Jaldi!

The VIPs rise, stunned. Staff scramble to usher them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Haroon, clad in a bulletproof vest, adjusts his helmet in the mirror. His phone buzzes - Khan calling.

HAROON
(answering)
Bolo Khan bhai.

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)
Jaldi aaiye. Gunday area pe qabza
kar rahe hain.

HAROON
Kitne log hain?

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)
Do nahi... kam se kam sau hain.

HAROON
Tum position pe raho. Main abhi
nikalta hoon.

He grabs his steel cane - and goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Dr. Sunitee, tense, on a call.

DR. SUNITEE
Dad... emergency hai...

INT. DR. SHARMA'S STUDY - HIS HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Sharma (60s), dignified, sits at his desk, answering the call.

DR. SHARMA
Kya hua, beti?

DR. SUNITEE (V.O.)
Main, Sooraj aur kuch log Pant Nagar
mein clinic launch pe aaye hain.
Armed gunday aa gaye hain. Situation
bahut kharab hai.

DR. SHARMA
Police ko call kiya?

DR. SUNITEE (V.O.)
Kiya... Inspector Pahndey nahi aaye.
Aap Commissioner sahab se baat kar
sakte hain?

DR. SHARMA
Main abhi karta hoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMISSIONER'S BUNGALOW GARDEN - DAY

A serene backyard. COMMISSIONER D'SOUZA (55) sips tea with
his wife LINA (50). His phone buzzes. Caller ID: DR. SHARMA.

He answers, puts on speaker.

COMMISSIONER
Good morning, Doctor saab. Kahiye.
Kaise yaad kiya?

DR. SHARMA (V.O.)
Pant Nagar clinic ke inauguration
mein kuch criminals aa gaye hain.
Meri beti aur damaad bhi wahan hain.
Situation dangerous hai.

COMMISSIONER
Main abhi action leta hoon.

INT. PANT NAGAR POLICE STATION - DAY

Sub-Inspector Sahil Khan studies a file. The phone rings.

SAHIL KHAN
Hello, Pant Nagar Police Station.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
Commissioner D'Souza bol raha hoon.
Inspector Pahndey kahan hain?

SAHIL KHAN
Sir, woh subah ACP sahab ke ghar
gaye hain. Aap bataiye.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
 Turant Yousuf Khan ki haveli jao.
 Wahan clinic ke inauguration mein
 trouble ho raha hai. Public aur
 property dono ko protect karo.
 Jab tak majboori na ho, goli mat
 chalana.

SAHIL KHAN

Yes, sir!

He slams the receiver, grabs his cap and baton.

SAHIL KHAN (CONT'D)

Kundan! Alarm bajao! Team ko bolo –
 mission pe jaana hai. Commissioner
 sahab ke orders hain!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

KUNDAN (40s), a veteran constable, slams a RED BUTTON. ALARM
 blares. Doors swing open. Constables pour out, weapons ready.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Engines roar. Constables pile into JEEPS and a MINI-VAN.
 Sahil surveys the scene, then jumps into the lead jeep.

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Sahil adjusts his cap, addresses his team.

SAHIL KHAN

Yousuf Khan ke ghar ja rahe hain.
 Let's move!

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The convoy barrels down the street. Sirens wail. Lights flash.
 They cut through traffic like sharks.

INTERCUT - MULTIPLE LOCATIONS

EXT. OPEN GROUND - CLINIC SITE - DAY

Chaos. THUGS clash with KHAN'S MEM and GOMEZ'S WORKERS, who
 fight back with wrenches and auto tools. It's raw and brutal.

EXT. HAROON'S BUILDING - MAIN GATE

Haroon emerges. A THUG is about to snatch a woman's gold
 chain. Haroon dashes, side-kicks the thug into a bike. The
 woman escapes.

EXT. OPEN GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj delivers a spin-kick. A thug flies into a fence. Another swings at him. Sooraj ducks and lands rapid jabs.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nazneen slashes a thug with a surgical scalpel. Blood sprays. The thug stumbles, cursing.

EXT. OPEN GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Haroon elbows a thug, then strikes another with his steel cane. Both fall.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan, behind the water tank, fires. A thug aiming at Haroon drops instantly.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Police convoy screeches to a halt. Sahil jumps out. A CAR ACCIDENT blocks the road. Two DRIVERS fight.

DRIVER 1

Haramkhor! Gaadi chalani nahi aati
toh chhod de steering!

DRIVER 2

Tere thappaad ka hisaab abhi deta hoon!

SAHIL KHAN

Gaadiyan hatao, warna jail bhej dunga
dono ko!

DRIVER 1

Main nahi hatau. Jab tak traffic
officer nahi aata, yeh yahin rahegi.

EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Three THUGS break through. They storm the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Violence erupts. Dr. Amrita screams. A blade slashes her hand. Blood pours. Dr. Maryam drags her to safety.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf changes position. Two clean shots—two thugs down.

Another runs into Nazneen's path. She slashes his shoulder. He drops.

EXT. OPEN GROUND - CONTINUOUS

KALEYA (29), wild and fierce, tears through the crowd.

He jumps on the stage, grabs the mic.

KALEYA

Haroon! O Haroon! Kahan ho tum? Agar
maa ka doodh piya hai toh samne aao!
Tum sher samjhe jaate the, lekin tum
to geedar nikle! Doston ki jaan daav
par laga kar apni jaan bacha rahe ho!

Silence falls. All eyes turn.

CLOSE ON - Haroon. Cane in hand, cutting through attackers.
Bones crack. He reaches the stage.

HAROON

Main aa gaya hoon, Kaleya. Tumhare
kaale karnamon ka hisaab chukta karne.
"Sarfaroshi ki tamanna ab hamare dil
mein hai."

Kaleya pulls a GUN, aims.

KALEYA

Toh chalo, tumhari sarfaroshi ki
tamanna abhi poori kar dete hain!

BANG! The bullet hits Haroon's chest - he doesn't flinch.
Bulletproof vest. He charges, slams his cane on Kaleya's
hand. Gun falls.

HAROON

Tumhari goliyon mein dum nahi jo
mujhe gira sake!

Kaleya grabs a BAMBOO ROD.

KALEYA

Main tumhe kuchal dunga!

He swings. Haroon dodges, counters with precise strikes.

HAROON

This ends now.

The cane cracks across Kaleya's neck, arm, and finally
shatters his knee. Kaleya collapses.

The CROWD storms in. Kaleya gets trampled.

Haroon leaps off the stage.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Haroon fights through with crushing force. Sooraj swings a metal pipe. Gomez counters with a tire iron. Usman drops a thug in one clean blow. Karim drives his sword into another's gut, swift and merciless.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf fires. A thug falls. Kabir rushes in, disarms him.

INT. ROOM ABOVE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Ranjeet and his wife, CHAMPA 30s, sit with their teenage son SUJEET. Sounds of battle outside. Champa pulls back the curtain, peering out nervously.

CHAMPA

Sab jaan daav par laga rahe hain.
Lady doctors bhi aangan mein hain.
Tum yahan kaise baith sakte ho?

RANJEET

Khan ne kaha tha mujhe andar rehna
chahiye. Meri gawahi Jagatpal ke
khilaf zaroori hai.

CHAMPA

Agar gunde jeet gaye toh humein bhi
nahi chhodenge. Tumhe bahar ja kar
ladna hoga!

RANJEET

(kisses her forehead)
Mujhe fakr hai tum par. Tum samajh
gayi ho ki samuday ke liye ladna
zaroori hai.

He grabs a HOCKEY STICK and exits.

EXT. CLINIC WALL - DAY

Ranjeet climbs the wall. Below—Kabir, Karim, Usman fight. He leaps down, smashes a thug with the stick.

KABIR

Achcha hua aap aa gaye!

RANJEET

Saara maza kaise le jaate tum log!

EXT. ENGLISH & COMPUTER COURSES BUILDING - DAY

Rawul, Manjeet, and a group of students arrive—CRICKET BATS in hand.

They position themselves as a human barricade in front of a signboard: "AFFORDABLE ENGLISH & COMPUTER COURSES"

RAWUL
 (to his team)
 Bhaiyon... humein apne learning center
 ko har haal mein bachana hoga.

A gang of thugs approaches, ready to wreck havoc. Rawul and his crew swing their bats with conviction.

A chaotic fight breaks out. Locals watch in shock—then, inspired, grab sticks and broomsticks and JOIN THE FIGHT.

SCREECH! Three JEEPS and a VAN arrive, skidding to a halt. Dozens of MUSCULAR OUTLAWS pour out. The LEAD JEEP pushes through the crowd.

Locals flee as chaos erupts. Khan's and Gomez's men falter, scrambling to take defensive positions.

CLOSE ON - HAROON as he climbs the shattered podium and seizes the MICROPHONE.

HAROON
 (into mic, rallying)
 Pyare bhaiyon aur behnon! Yeh aakhri
 mauka hai—apni community, bachchon,
 aur izzat ke liye khade ho jao! Agar
 ab bhaag gaye, toh yeh gunde wapas
 aayenge—aur is mohalle ko barbad kar
 denge! Casino, drugs, sharab aur
 hinsa lekar aayenge! Ruk jao! Lado!
 Achchai ke liye, sachchai ke liye!

A thug charges at Haroon—WHACK! Haroon blocks with his cane and slams it down. The thug collapses, stunned.

HAROON (CONT'D)
 (singing passionately)
*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil
 mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-
 qatil mein hai." Hamwatan, aage badho,
 har zulm se darna nahi. Ek din marte
 hain hum, har din humein marna nahi.
 Na karein woh kaam hargiz, jo humein kar
 na nahi.*

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Nazneen steps out of the clinic — bold, composed, her white dupatta fluttering. She walks and joins Haroon onstage.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Jaan de denge is watan ke liye. Phool
laayenge is chaman ke liye. Hum jo saathi
hain jin ko woh daayem. Kaam karte rahein
aman ke liye. Ek rooh, ek saans jaisa
hum. Zindagi denge har badan ke liye.*

NAZNEEN

(singing, placing
hand on Haroon's)

*Toh akela nahi mera saathi. Hum bhi aayein
is anjuman ke liye. Kab tak ek doosre se
bhagenge, Aise jaghenge, aise jaghenge.
Aane waali nasal ko hum aisa. Kya seekha
denge? Kya seekha denge?*

HAROON

(singing and fighting)

*Humsafar, dangerous hai yeh waadi. Uss
taraf reh gayi hai abaadi. Khol do yeh
rassi ghulaami ki. Phir manao jashn-e-
azadi. Kab tak ek doosre se bhagenge?
Aise jaghenge. Aise bhaagenge? Aane waali
nasal ko hum aisa. Kya seekha denge? Kya
seekha denge?*

The duet swells. People pour from their homes, ready to fight.

PEOPLE

(in chorus)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil
mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-
qatil mein hai." Hamwatan, aage badho,
har zulm se darna nahi. Ek din marte
hain hum, har din humein marna nahi.
Na karein woh kaam hargiz, jo humein kar
na nahi.*

Music in progress...

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Yousuf Khan takes aim. FIRES. A THUG collapses, landing inches from Sooraj.

EXT. OPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sooraj barely registers the fallen thug when Haroon TAKES DOWN another goon lunging at him from behind. Now back-to-back, they fight in brutal sync:

Haroon KICKS a thug hard to the ground. Sooraj DUCKS a swing. WHAM! His metal pipe CRACKS into another attacker.

HAROON

(singing)

*Desh hamara khud ek jannat hai. Dil
mein isko bahut mohabbat hai. Ham
salaamat rahenge duniya mein, jab
tak is desh bhi salaamat hai.*

SOORAJ

(singing)

*Desh ka pyaar khud ibaadat hai. Kitni
oonchi hamari chahaat hai. Mulk mein
aman aam hota hai. Kone kone mein jab
adaalat hai. Kab tak ek doosre se
bhagenge, aise jaagenge, aise jaagenge.
Aane wale nasl ko ham aisa, kya sikha
denge? kya sikha denge?*

NAZANEE, SUNITEE, MARYAM & FRIENDS

(in chorus)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil
mein hai. Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-
qaatil mein hai."...*

HAROON

(singing and fighting)

*Gar che yeh kaam hai bohot mushkil.
Har samandar mein hai koi sahil. Samne
woh hamari manzil hai. Ham sabhi
qaatilon ki qaatil hai. Kab tak ek
doosre se bhagenge, aise jaagenge,
aise bhadkenge. Aane wali nasl ko ham
aisa, kya sikha denge? kya sikha denge?*

HARON/NAZNEEN/SOORAJ & SUPPORTERS

(chorus)

*"Sarfarooshi ki tamanna ab hamaare dil
mein hai, Dekhna hai zor kitna baazu-e-
qatil mein hai." Hamwatan, aage badho,
har zulm se darna nahi. Ek din marte
hain hum, har din humein marna nahi. Na
karenge kaam jo hargiz humein karna nahi.*

EXT. STREET ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE CONVOY arrives—sirens wailing, dust flying. Sahil Khan climbs atop a jeep, megaphone in hand.

SAHIL KHAN

(yelling)

*Police ne chaaron taraf se ghera
daala hai! Hathiyaar phenk do aur
ladayi band karo! Yeh aakhri warning
hai... warna goli chalegi!*

The goons PANIC—scrambling to flee. Locals join the police, helping arrest and take down the thugs.

VICTORY ROARS. People hug, cry, cheer.

Haroon, bloodied but unbowed, raises his fist.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A stately, somber room. The police Commissioner, stone-faced, sits behind a grand desk. Inspector Pandey and Sahil Khan stand at attention. Two senior officers observe silently.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(glaring)

Inspector Pandey! Jab tumhe pata chala ke Pant Nagar mein gunde hamla kar rahe hain... tumne turant action kyun nahi liya?

INSPECTOR PANDEY

(nervous)

Sir... mujhe laga ke woh aapas ka gangwar hai. Jaise Yousuf Khan ka pehle bhi gangster background tha...

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(cutting in, firm)

Tumhara farz tha ke aam janta aur public property ki suraksha karo. You're suspended until further notice.

A tense beat. The Commissioner calmly sips water.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

(turns to Sahil)

Mr. Khan?

SAHIL KHAN

(saluting)

Yes, sir!

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Take charge. Mujhe poori report chahiye - kisne Pant Nagar ke clinic par hamla kiya.

SAHIL KHAN

Sir, mere paas saboot hain. Agar ijaazat mile toh dikhana chahta hoon.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Proceed.

Sahil pulls out his phone, opens a video file – BEAM SINGH'S cold-blooded murder plays ONSCREEN. The Commissioner leans forward, shocked.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
Yeh tumhe kahan se mila?

SAHIL KHAN
Ek informant ne bheja, sir. Aur ek chashmdeed gawah bhi hai. Lekin mujhe Jagatpal ke office ki talashi ke liye search warrant chahiye.

POLICE COMMISSIONER
(nods)
Good work, Mr. Khan. Warrant issue kiya jaa raha hai. Proceed immediately.

SAHIL KHAN
Thank you, sir. Jai Hind.

Sahil salutes and exits swiftly.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Three police vehicles tear through traffic. Sirens wail. Sahil rides the lead jeep, eyes sharp and focused.

EXT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The convoy halts. Sahil and his team leap out, marching to the entrance.

A SECURITY GUARD blocks the gate.

SAHIL KHAN
(grabbing him)
Hatt ja raaste se... Desh ke dushman ko main kabhi nahi chhodta.

He shoves the guard aside. Another guard tries to shut the gate – but Sahil swiftly draws his revolver.

The guards freeze. The team storms inside.

INT. JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sahil moves through the high-tech space. He heads straight to a bookshelf, pulls a book, and presses a hidden button.

A sleek elevator door slides open.

A heavily armed guard stands inside. He reaches for his weapon – but Sahil fires first.

BANG! The guard collapses.

Police officers flood in behind him.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Sahil calmly reloads.

SAHIL KHAN
(under his breath)
Game over, Jagatpal...

He presses the basement button, holding the dead body upright to block the mirror as they descend.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The doors slide open - armed goons are caught off guard.

A fierce gunfight erupts. One policeman and three thugs go down. Amid chaos, Sahil darts toward a nearby storage room.

He breaks open boxes - revealing drugs, gold bricks, and firearms. Sahil records everything on his phone.

SAHIL KHAN
(commanding)
Saara ghair-qanooni maal zabt karo!

He dials.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yes, Mr. Khan. Talashi ka kya haal hai?

SAHIL KHAN
Sir, aur police force chahiyein.
Yahan hathyaar, drugs, aur gold biscuits mile hain.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - DELHI

Jagatpal stands by the window, agitated, on a call.

JAGATPAL
Malik! Tumhe pata hai main party ki annual meeting ke liye Delhi mein hoon. Chief security guard ko keh do - saara maal apne naam le le. Media ke saamne iqraar kare. Jo maangega, main dunga. Main kal Mumbai wapas aa- raha hoon.

MALIK (V.O.)
 Samajh gaya, Jagatpal sahab. Aap
 chinta na karein.

EXT. RUNWAY - CHHATRAPATI SHIVAJI INTL. AIRPORT - DAY

An Air India plane touches down.

INT. DOMESTIC TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Jagatpal, in a sharp suit, exits with MOHAN (40). A Mercedes
 and police jeep await.

As they approach the car, Sahil Khan steps forward.

SAHIL KHAN
 Mr. Jagatpal, aapko Beam Singh ke
 qatl ke ilzaam mein giraftaar kiya
 jaata hai.

MOHAN
 (scoffs)
 Ek chhoti si naukri waala sub-
 inspector, Jagatpal sahab ko giraftaar
 karega? Ek phone mein tumhari vardi
 utar jaayegi.

JAGATPAL
 (restrains Mohan)
 Rehne do. Inke paas warrant hoga.
 Tamasha nahi chahiye. Tum wakeel ke
 paas jao, zamanaat ka bandobast karo.
 (to Sahil)
 Chaliye, Mr. Khan.

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yousuf Khan uploads the Beam Singh murder video to Instagram,
 Facebook, and YouTube. "Upload Complete" flashes.

He spins the phone toward Ranjeet.

YOUSUF KHAN
 (smiling)
 Yaad hai na? Tumne gawahi dene ka
 wada kiya tha.

RANJEET
 (nods)
 Haan, Khan bhai. Apna wada zaroor
 nibhaunga.

YOUSUF KHAN

(calmly)

Ab dekhte hain... Jagatpal kitni der
bacha rehta hai.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

VIKRAM RATHOR, a suave lawyer, enters with Mohan. Constable Kundan stands at the desk.

MOHAN

Woh sub-inspector kahan hai? Zamanaat
ke papers uske moonh pe maarne hain.

KUNDAN

Main unhe de dunga. Yahin intezaar
kijiye.

He walks to Sahil's office.

INT. SAHIL KHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kundan hands him the bail papers.

KUNDAN

Sir, Jagatpal ke wakeel zamanaat ke
kagazat laaye hain.

Sahil reads them, then steps into the lobby.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

VIKRAM RATHOR

Main hoon Vikram Rathor, Jagatpal
sahab ka wakeel. Kagazaat dekh liye
honge. Ab unhe chhodiye.

SAHIL KHAN

(chilly calm)

Aap le jaa sakte hain. Magar yaad
rakhiye, woh wapas jail zaroor aayega.

MOHAN

Tab tak aap iss kursi par nahi
rahenge!

SAHIL KHAN

(commanding)

Kundan! Mr. Jagatpal ko bahar lao.
Paperwork complete karo.

KUNDAN

Yes, Sir!

INT. LOCK-UP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kundan opens the cell door.

KUNDAN

Aapki zamaanat ho chuki hai. Aap jaa sakte hain.

JAGATPAL

(seeing Vikram)

Itna time kyon laga diya, Mr. Vikram?

VIKRAM

Court se kagaz laane mein waqt lagta hai, Sir.

JAGATPAL

Main in dono Khan aur Haroon ko nahi chhodunga.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAROON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "THREE DAYS LATER"

Dim lighting. Chai cups and half-eaten snacks litter the table. Haroon, Yousuf Khan, Usman, Ranjeet, and Kabir are glued to a large-screen TV.

ON TV - ZEE NEWS CHANNEL

The ANCHORWOMAN appears serious. The screen flashes: BREAKING NEWS

ANCHORWOMAN

Jaise ke aap dekh sakte hain, humein kuch shocking visuals mile hain Jagatpal ke underground base se... Jahan se hathiyaar, drugs aur sona baramad hua hai. Police ne confirm kiya hai ke Beam Singh ke murder ki exclusive video bhi saamne aayi hai jisme Jagatpal ko goli chalaate dekha gaya hai.

Haroon grabs the remote, increases the volume.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Aur sabse badi khabar... Yousuf Khan ne is video ko public domain mein upload karke ek badi jaanch ki neev rakh di hai...

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Jagatpal is waqt bail par riha hai, lekin logon ka gussa social media par phat pada hai. Hashtag #ArrestJagatpalAgain trend kar raha hai.

ON SCREEN - TWITTER FEED:

"No bail for murderers!" "Jail Jagatpal NOW!" "Yousuf Khan is a HERO!"

KABIR

(cheering)

Bhai, yeh toh viral ho gaya!

YOUSUF KHAN

(grinning)

Digital revolution, baby. Sahi waqt pe sach dikhana... aur public ka saath milna - yeh hota hai power.

Haroon places a hand on Yousuf's shoulder.

HAROON

Tumne ek naya daur shuru kiya hai, Yousuf. Ab waqt hai court mein sach ko jeet dilane ka.

YOUSUF KHAN

(quietly)

Dua karo Haroon bhai... Ranjeet ki gawahi sab kuch badal de.

HAROON

Dua toh har kadam pe hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Jagatpal makkaar hai. Uske paas siyasat aur qanoon ke saare mohre hain. Usne ek pyada istemal karke system ko chuna laga diya. Magar...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - JAGATPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jagatpal and Malik sit before a packed room of reporters.

SEEMA

Main Seema hoon, The Times of India se. Sir, drugs aur arms smuggling ke cases mein aapko court ne baree kiya... lekin Beam Singh ke qatl par aap kya kahenge?

JAGATPAL

(cold smile)

Yeh bhi Haroon aur Yousuf Khan ki ek aur sazish hai. Yousuf Khan ek chalak hacker hai. Photoshop aur programming ke zariye kuch bhi dikhaya ja sakta hai.

(pause, leans forward)

Lekin qanoon afvaahon par nahi, sabooton par chalta hai.

SHAKEEL AHMAD

Main Shakeel Ahmad hoon, Urdu Times se. Do sawal hain...

The room quiets.

SHAKEEL

Pehla—Yousuf aur Haroon Pant Nagar mein logon ke liye education aur upliftment ke kaam kar rahe hain. Aap hamesha desh ki taraqqi ki baat karte hain—phir aapki in logon se kya dushmani ho sakti hai?

(pauses)

Doosra—jab police ne Beam Singh ke qatl mein aapko giraftaar kiya, kya iska matlab yeh nahi ke police ke paas gawah bhi hai?

A stir runs through the press.

JAGATPAL

(smirking)

Main kisi ka dushman nahi. Yousuf Khan ka past dark hai. Ek IT firm se data churaata hua pakda gaya. Uske khilaaf hacking, credit card fraud, aur identity theft ke cases file hain.

(beat)

Video? Tweets? Yeh sab tamasha hai. Main YouTube ka villain nahi hoon... main sansad ka chuna hua neta hoon. Aur court mein... sab kuch saaf ho jaayega. Sirf do din aur.

SFX: FLASHBULBS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAGATPAL'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jagatpal sips whiskey. Malik and two henchmen sit nearby.

JAGATPAL

Ranjeet ko dhoondo. Beam Singh ke qatl ka chashmadeed gawah wahi hai.

MALIK

Woh Yousuf ke haveli mein chhupa hai. Biwi-bachchon ke saath.

JAGATPAL

Toh court ke din tak kuch nahi kar sakte?

MALIK

Court tak woh pahunche, yeh hum hone nahi denge.

JAGATPAL

Yeh hamara aakhri mauka hai. Agar woh gawah court pahunch gaya... hum zindagi bhar jail mein rahenge.

MALIK

Main har road, har chowk pe apne log tainaat karwa deta hoon. Har rasta block hoga. Ek bhi mod chhootega nahi.

JAGATPAL

Malik... tum khud is operation ko lead karoge. Agar main gaya... toh tum bhi nahi bachoge.

MALIK

Samajh gaya, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yousuf, Haroon, and Gomez huddle over maps and schematics.

YOUSUF KHAN

Haroon Sahab, kya aapki bulletproof Land Cruiser Ranjeet ko court le jaane ke liye ready hai?

HAROON

Gaadi ready hai... lekin hum usmein Ranjeet ko nahi le jaayenge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Nahi? Kya plan hai?

HAROON

Dushman yeh maan ke baitha hai ke hum Land Cruiser mein hi Ranjeet ko le jaayenge. Woh isi gaadi pe sabse zyada attack karega. Hamari chaal yeh hogi ke usse chhoti aur simple lagne wali ek aur gaadi mein le jaayenge.

GOMEZ

Waisi hi ek gaadi humne garage mein modify ki hai. Desi design, lekin full security-made in India.

HAROON

Safe hai?

GOMEZ

Sir, bilkul. Yeh koi jugaad nahi, ek armored carrier hai-humari guarantee.

YOUSUF KHAN

Theek hai. Toh Ranjeet usi gaadi mein jayega. Haroon bhai, agar raaste band kiye gaye toh?

HAROON

Uska bandobast bhi hai. Tum ek bulldozer arrange karo. Agar woh road block karein, toh hum raasta khol ke guzrenge.

YOUSUF KHAN

Great idea. Bulldozer subah tak ready hoga. Chalo, ab chalte hain Gomez ki bulletproof van dekhne.

INT. GOMEZ & MALHOTRA'S GARAGE - DAY

A tarp covers an old-looking Volkswagen Mini-Van. Gomez whips it off.

GOMEZ

(presenting)

Ek bulletproof Volkswagen Mini-Van with a TATA engine.

Haroon and Yousuf exchange skeptical glances.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Andar chalte hain.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside - rugged and functional. Welded metal walls. Gomez starts the engine.

Monitors flicker to life on the dash and behind the seats—live feeds from exterior surveillance cams.

GOMEZ

Yeh dekhiye—four-channel CCTV system, 360-degree view. Cameras hidden. Aur sunroof tactical use ke liye.

HAROON

Back panel secure lag raha hai. Lekin front windshield ka kya?

GOMEZ

Front mein reinforced hoods hain, with observation slits aur firing ports.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gomez opens a metal flap on the hood, shielding the windshield.

GOMEZ

Yeh dekhiye sir. Front protection aur tactical vision—dono ka combo.

YOUSUF KHAN

Gomez bhai... tumhein toh Ministry of Defense mein hona chahiye!

HAROON

Aur kya-kya features hain?

GOMEZ

Japanese Coaster ka AC system fit kiya hai. Engine reinforced hai—4-ton weight handle karega.

HAROON

Bandookein?

GOMEZ

Paanch bandookein ready hain. Clinic wale encounter ke baad jo loot mili thi, usey safe rakha hai.

YOUSUF KHAN

Insha'Allah, yeh gaadi Ranjeet ko court tak zinda le jaayegi.

HAROON

Lekin yaad rahe, bullets limited
hain. Har goli ka hisaab rakhna hoga.

YOUSUF KHAN

Aap goli aur bandook mujh par chhod
dijiye. Kal 11 baje hearing hai. Aaj
raat sab mere ghar aayenge. Subah 7
baje rawana honge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YOUSUF KHAN'S BASEMENT - DAWN

Dim light. Yousuf Khan stands with Gomez, Kabir, and Usman.
He places a hand on the wall -

CLICK. A hidden switch.

Lights flicker on. Khan strides to an old closet, parts the
suits, reaches behind - twist - a concealed handle.

WHOOSH! A hidden wall slides open, revealing a secret armory
- AK-47s, pistols, grenades, ammo crates gleaming in the
cold light.

YOUSUF KHAN

Yeh Malik ka ammunition depot hai.
Kuch mahine pehle yeh fasad phailata
tha. Aaj... yeh mulk bachayega.

GOMEZ

(in awe)

Mashallah, Khan bhai. Ab toh imaan
ke saath saamaan bhi hai.

Khan starts handing out weapons.

YOUSUF KHAN

Jagatpal aur uske gunde ab na qanoon
se bachenge, na humse.

The men lock and load-fully armed, focused.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

The group checks weapons and gear. Haroon enters with a woman
in a burqa.

USMAN

Sawere sawere, bhabhi ko kahan le aaye?

HAROON

Yeh tumhari bhabhi nahi... kisi ka
pati hai.

The burqa drops. It's Ranjeet, smirking and armed.

RANJEET

Haroon sahab sach keh rahe hain.
Patni nahi hoon, pati hoon. Bibi aur
bachcha oopar safe hain.

Laughter erupts.

HAROON

(to Yousuf)
Bulldozer kahan hai?

YOUSUF KHAN

Karim lekar aa raha hai. Thoda sabr
karo.

SFX: Distant engine roar. They rush toward the gate.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

A bulldozer halts at the gate. Karim jumps down.

YOUSUF KHAN

Brother Haroon! The beast you
requested.

HAROON

Perfect. Humein witness ko court le
jaana hai - fast.

YOUSUF KHAN

Sub-Inspector Sahil Khan signal ka
intezaar kar raha hai. Sab set hai.

HAROON

Main aur Karim bulldozer mein jaayenge.
Usman, Kabir, Kapil aur Ashraf Land
Cruiser mein. Yousuf, tum Ranjeet aur
Mahish ke saath Gomez ke van mein aao.
Agar hamla hua - Kabir left sambhalega,
tum right. Jo saamne aayega, bulldozer
usse kuchal dega.

YOUSUF KHAN

Theek hai, bhai.

They load food packs, water, and ammo crates into vehicles.

HAROON

Phones on. No turning back.

The convoy rolls out - justice in motion.

EXT. JOGESHWARI-VIKHROLI LINK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The BULLDOZER leads, flattening debris and potholes. The bulletproof LAND CRUISER and rugged white VAN follow tightly.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - MOVING

Usman drives through narrow alleys into the highway feeder. Ashraf, Kapil, and Kabir - armed, alert, breathing steadily.

INT./EXT. GOMEZ'S VAN - MOVING

Gomez at the wheel. Yousuf Khan scans bullet cam feeds on mounted monitors. Mahish inspects his shotgun, loading shells with calm precision.

RANJEET

Chalo bhai... aaj ya toh insaaf milega,
ya antim sanskaar.

EXT. EASTERN EXPRESS HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy syncs its speed with the lead bulldozer, crawling beneath the Ghatkopar flyover.

A TAXI swerves. A TOYOTA PICKUP tears past - fast. Its tarp flaps open - TWO ARMED MEN crouch in the back. One grips an RPG. The other clutches an AK-47.

INT./EXT. GOMEZ'S VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Mahish pops up through the sunroof - FIRES his shotgun.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

One thug drops instantly - riddled before he can fire his AK. The second thug raises the RPG, locking eyes on the van.

INT./EXT. GOMEZ'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

MAHISH

(dropping back into
the van)

Khan bhai! Upar jao - RPG wale ko khatam
karo, jaldi! Mujhe apni bandook reload
karni hai...

Without a moment's hesitation, Yousuf Khan springs up through the sunroof - UNLEASHES a burst from his AK, tearing into the pickup.

The RPG thug jerks violently, blood spraying - but still manages to fire.

WHOOSH-BOOM! The rocket flies wild, slams into a chawl wall. Shrapnel rains.

INT./EXT. GOMEZ'S VAN - MOVING

Gomez veers into the service lane.

RANJEET
(lining up aim)
Mil gaya sala...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

RATATAT! Pickup windshield shatters.

CRASH! It slams into the divider. Metal screams. Smoke rises.

EXT. KURLA WEST SLUM STRETCH - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy slows. A narrow, garbage-strewn road. Vendors scatter.

INT./EXT. BULLDOZER - MOVING

Haroon scans the rooftops, rifle steady. His phone rings - he answers without hesitation.

HAROON
(tense, focused)
Everything OK with you guys?

YOUSUF KHAN (V.O.)
Dushman ke do aadmi gaye jahannum.

EXT. NEHRU NAGAR JUNCTION - MINUTES LATER

A gravel-loaded TRUCK blocks the way.

HAROON
Ek truck raste mein pada hai - Karim hata dega. Stay alert.

YOUSUF KHAN
Hum tayyar hain.

Karim lowers the blade - pushes truck aside.

GUNFIRE! Bullets ricochet off the bulldozer blade.

EXT. HALF-WRECKED TEA STALL - CONTINUOUS

A LONE GUNMAN ducks behind a brick wall.

Haroon rolls, lobs a grenade.

BOOM! The thug and wall disintegrate.

EXT. DHARAVI BYPASS - MOMENTS LATER

RPG fire NEARLY misses Gomez's van.

YOUSUF KHAN

(on phone)

Inspector Khan! Slum ke corners se
hamla ho raha hai! Bulldozer, Land
Cruiser, ek van - humari convoy hai!
Don't fire on us!

EXT. NEAR DHOBI GHAT LANE - SECONDS LATER

FOUR ARMED THUGS burst from a tin-roof shack - RPGs, machine
guns.

They fire in unison. Haroon, at the bulldozer rear, unleashes
AK rounds - one down.

Kabir, from cruiser's sunroof, lobs a grenade.

KABIR

Badey aaye fauj ban'ne!

BOOM! The shack explodes. Bodies fly.

Ashraf covers with AK47 fire. RPG thug fires-misses.

YOUSUF KHAN

(watching on Gomez's
van monitor)

Ek thug abhi bhi sidewalk pe zinda hai!

He leans out - POP-POP! The last attacker crumples to the
ground.

EXT. SLUM STREET - LATER

The bulldozer crushes a house. Haroon fires, mowing down
fleeing gunmen. Karim raises the blade - levels the second
floor of a structure.

HAROON

(shouting)

Karim bhai! Uss ghar mein civilians
hain!

KARIM

Udar villains zyada, civilians bohot
kam hain. Feelhaal to mujhe aapke
jaan aur salamati ka gham hai!

BOOM! The second floor collapses - shooters buried.

Rooftop RPG outlaw emerges – He shoulders the launcher, aiming straight down.

HAROON
Khan bhai – JUMP!!

FWOOOOSH! The RPG streaks down – BLAM! It hits the bulldozer in a fiery explosion – FIREBALL erupts, shaking the block.

Haroon and Karim leap off just in time. They tumble to the ground, battered but alive.

Haroon scrambles up – spots the RPG thug reloading.

He fires – RAT-TAT! BOOM! The warhead detonates – mid-load – blowing the outlaw to pieces in a violent blast.

Haroon dives into rubble. A bullet SMACKS his helmet – it flies off.

HAROON (CONT'D)
(panting)
Karim bhai... sar neeche rakho. Hilna mat.

He raises helmet on rifle. PING! Another shot hits it.

Haroon dials.

INT. GOMEZ'S VAN – MOVING – DAY

YOUSUF KHAN
Bolo, Haroon bhai!

HAROON (V.O.)
Bulldozer destroy ho gaya. Hum ek giray hue makan ke andar phans gaye hain.

YOUSUF KHAN
Main aur backup aa rahe hain. Sahil Khan bhi nazdeek hai. Hold tight.

EXT. ROAD – CONTINUOUS

Convoy speeds up.

ROAR OF DIRT BIKES – four armed riders swarm from behind.

SMG fire rips toward the van and Land Cruiser.

Ranjeet fires – headshot! One biker flips.

Kabir, through sunroof – drops another.

Usman catches a biker in the Land Cruiser's side mirror. He swerves hard – The thug loses balance – slips under the van. CRUNCH! A sickening thud as tires roll over him.

EXT. RUBBLE NEAR BULLDOZER – DAY

Haroon and Karim stay low. Phone buzzes – Sahil Khan calling.

HAROON

Hello!

SAHIL KHAN (V.O.)

Main Sub-Inspector Sahil Khan... Hum purani basti pahunch chuke hain. Aap log kahan ho?

HAROON

Destroyed bulldozer ke paas – sadak ke kinare. Sirens sun raha hoon.

EXT. SLUM CROSSING – MOMENTS LATER

Police jeeps SCREECH to a halt. Officers take position.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING – BROKEN WINDOW

Two terrified goons crouch behind shattered concrete. One grips an RPG, the other clutches an AK nervously.

RPG MAN

(whispers, panicked)

Samir bhai... police aa gayi. Sirf ek grenade bacha hai. Apni jaan bachao... jaan hai toh jahaan hai...

He tosses the RPG to the floor and bolts. The other man hesitates—then runs after him.

EXT. SLUM ROAD – DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep halts. A thug raises a weapon – Sahil shoots him. Constable Kundan drops another.

SAHIL

(on phone)

Mr. Haroon, area secure lag raha hai. Aap log nikal skate ho.

EXT. RUBBLE BEHIND BULLDOZER – MOMENTS LATER

Haroon rises, hands raised, an AK-47 slung over his shoulder. Karim stands behind him, mirroring the gesture.

SAHIL KHAN
 (on megaphone)
 Do aadmi bulldozer ke peeche se bahar
 aa rahe hain. Woh apne log hain. Koi
 fire nahi karega.

Haroon and Karim step forward toward Sahil and the cops.

HAROON
 (approaching Sahil
 Khan, gesturing to
 Karim)
 Yeh Karim hai - Yousuf Khan ka chhota
 bhai. Mere saath office sambhalta hai
 - driver, guard, assistant... sab kuch
 ek hi aadmi mein.

SAHIL KHAN
 As-salamu Alaikum, brother. Khushi
 hui aap tabahi ka raasta chhod aaye.

KARIM
 Wa Alaikum Salam. Yeh sab Allah ka
 karam hai.

INT. GOMEZ'S VAN - MOVING

Yousuf Khan answers Haroon's call.

HAROON
 Hum Sahil Khan ke saath hain. Thugs
 ya toh mar gaye ya bhaag gaye. Ab
 area safe hai.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Toh chalo, agla step-Courtroom.

HAROON
 Main aur Karim, Sahil ke jeep mein
 aa rahe hain.

SAHIL KHAN
 (touching Haroon's AK)
 Yeh killing machine kahaan se uthaa
 laye...?

HAROON
 Licensed hai - apni protection ke
 liye rakhta hoon.

EXT. ROAD - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Land Cruiser, Gomez's van, and police jeeps turn the corner. A convoy of justice heads toward the COURTHOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Malik, Mohan, Vikram Rathod, Sooraj, journalists, and lawyers fill the large courtroom. Jagatpal stands defiantly in the accused box. Vikram sits poised at the defense table.

VIDEO PLAYS ON A LARGE SCREEN -

ON SCREEN: Jagatpal shoots Beam Singh in cold blood.

The JUDGE watches grimly. The PUBLIC PROSECUTOR (50s, firm) steps forward.

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

(to court)

Your Honor, According to the footage, Mr. Jagatpal ne Beam Singh ka berehmi se qatl kiya. Drugs, arms aur gold smuggling ke ilzaam pehle bhi lag chuke hain, lekin har baar yeh apni taqat se bach nikalta raha.

(beat)

Agar aaj bhi yeh bach gaya, toh logon ka qanoon par se bharosa uth jaayega.

Gasps. Murmurs ripple through the room.

JUDGE

(banging gavel)

Order! Defense lawyer, aap kuch kehna chahenge?

VIKRAM RATHOD

(rising)

Thank you, My Lord. Main hoon Vikram Rathod, Jagatpal sahab ka wakeel.

(pacing)

Mera muakkil ek izzatdar businessman hai - ek neta, jise opposition ne target banaya hai. Drugs aur arms ke jhoothe ilzaamon se yeh pehle bhi baizzat bari ho chuka hai. Yeh video? Sirf ek aur digital saazish hai...

(produces papers)

Yeh hai expert report. Ek ne video ko fake kaha hai, doosre ne iski authenticity verify nahi ki.

He hands the papers to the clerk. The Judge reviews them.

JUDGE

Prosecutor, kya aapke paas koi
chashmdeed gawaah hai?

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Yes, Your Honor. Gawaah aa rahe
hain... Lekin unpe hamla hua hai.

JUDGE

Agar 15 minutes mein gawaah court
nahi pahuncha, toh main yeh case
dismiss kar doonga.

EXT. STREET NEAR COURT - DAY

Sahil Khan's jeep speeds forward. Haroon and Karim sit in
the back. Other police jeeps, Haroon's Land Cruiser and
Gomez's van follow. Sirens blare - it's a race against time.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VIKRAM RATHOD

Your Honor, aaj ke digital zamaane
mein ek video manipulate karna kuch
mushkil nahi. Yousuf Khan jaise hacker
ke liye yeh bachon ka khel hai.

(points dramatically)

Agar koi chashm-deed gawaah nahi hai,
toh main darkhast karta hoon - mere
muakkil ko ba-izzat riha kiya jaye.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BOMBAY COURT - DAY

The convoy screeches to a halt.

Haroon's Land Cruiser pulls up across from a parked Honda
sedan. Two men step out, dressed as lawyers.

CLOSE-UP:

The DRIVER pops the trunk. One man yanks out an RPG. The
other grabs an AK-47 - and IMMEDIATELY OPENS FIRE on Haroon's
Land Cruiser.

INT. SAHIL'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Haroon ducks, steadies his AK.

HAROON

(gritted teeth)

Bas ab aur nahi...

He squeezes the trigger.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

BAM! The AK-47 thug is dropped clean. But the RPG is already locked in – fired mid-chaos –

FWOOOOOSH–

BOOM! Haroon's Land Cruiser explodes into a FIREBALL.

INT./EXT. LAND CRUISER - SECONDS LATER

Usman throws himself out. Kabir and Ashraf stumble after him—coughing, scorched. They collapse on the pavement. Haroon and nearby officers rush to help.

The RPG attacker crawls toward the AK-47 lying beside his fallen cohort.

BANG! Sahil fires – the bullet rips through the attacker's hand, halting him mid-reach.

He howls, clutching his wrist – still trying to drag himself forward.

CLICK. Sahil reloads. POP-POP! Two precise shots. The attacker jerks, twists, and collapses – bleeding out, barely conscious.

The Honda DRIVER bolts –

BANG! Sahil fires another precise shot. The man drops hard. Police reinforcements arrive. Officers fan out, securing the perimeter.

Gomez's van doors fly open.

Yousuf, Gomez, and their team jump out, forming a human shield around Ranjeet – now without the burqa – and rush him toward the court building.

Sahil Khan rushes to the fallen RPG shooter. He kneels beside him, lifting the man's head slightly.

SAHIL KHAN

Tumhara naam?

WOUNDED MAN

(gasping)

Jabbar.

SAHIL KHAN

Jabbar... tum mar rahe ho. Ek accha kaam karke jao – court mein gawahi do. Batao kisne kaha tha Haroon ki gaadi par RPG chalane ko?

JABBAR
 (faintly)
 Ab... kya faida...

SAHIL KHAN
 Naam se Musalman lagte ho. Sach bol
 do... Shayad Allah tumhare gunah
 maaf kar de.

JABBAR
 (barely breathing)
 Inspector... tum sahi keh rahe ho.
 Jaldi le chalo... main sab bataunga...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE
 (to Prosecutor)
 Aapka waqt khatam ho gaya hai. Gawaah
 haazir nahi hua. Court apna faisla
 sunane jaa rahi hai-

SUDDENLY - THE COURTROOM DOORS BURST OPEN.

All heads turn as Yousuf, Haroon, Ranjeet, and Sub-Inspector Sahil Khan storm in. Two constables support the wounded Jabbar.

YOUSUF KHAN
 Your Honor! Gawaah haazir hai!
 Jagatpal aur Malik ke aadmiyon ne
 hume rokne ki poori koshish ki. Humne
 court tak pahunchne ke liye unse
 ladai ki...Parking mein RPG se hum
 par hamla hua! Kuch saathi zakhmi
 hue... kuch shaheed bhi ho gaye.

Gasps ripple through the courtroom. Ranjeet steps forward. A staff member approaches with the gita.

RANJEET
 (placing his hand on
 the book)
 Main sach kahunga, aur sach ke siwa
 kuch nahi kahunga.

He looks straight into the Judge's eyes.

RANJEET (CONT'D)
 Judge sahab! Main hoon Ranjeet. Pehle
 Jagatpal ke liye kaam karta tha. Par
 Haroon aur Yousuf ki imaandari ne mujhe
 raasta badalne par majboor kar diya.
 (MORE)

RANJEET (CONT'D)

Jagatpal ne Beam Singh ka qatl mere saamne kiya... aur WiFi camera mere locket mein tha.

SAHIL KHAN

(pointing at Jabbar)

Your Honor... Yeh hai Jabbar... wohi aadmi jisne kuch der pehle parking mein RPG chala kar do begunah logon ki jaan li. Main adaalat se darkhwast karta hoon ke isse gawahi dene ki ijaazat di jaye.

JUDGE

Ijazat hai.

Sahil helps Jabbar into the witness box. Jabbar, bloodied and shaking, speaks with ragged breath.

JABBAR

Judge sahab... main marne wala hoon... magar marne se pehle sach kehna chahta hoon. Malik ne mujhe paise de kar kaha tha ke court ke bahar ek silver Land Cruiser ko uda doon... aur wohi maine kiya.

He lifts a trembling hand, pointing directly at Malik.

JABBAR (CONT'D)

Aur yeh Malik hi tha jisne mujhe RPG di thi... Ranjeet ka qatl bhi usne hi plan kiya tha. Main sirf uska haathiyar tha...

More gasps. The courtroom buzzes with outrage.

YOUSUF KHAN

(stepping forward)

Your Honor! Meri bhi giraftari ka hukm dijiye. Main Malik ke saath kaam karta tha... par maine uske khilaaf sabot ikattha kiye hain.

He pulls out a flash drive, handing it to the clerk.

YOUSUF KHAN (CONT'D)

(in English)

Your Honor... Mr. Malik is an MP. His duty is to protect this nation. But instead, he runs an empire of rape, murder, extortion, drugs, and weapons. That flash drive has everything.

The courtroom erupts in shouting and disbelief.

JUDGE
(banging the gavel)
Order! Order!

a moment of silence.

JUDGE
Saboot aur gawaahon ke bayanat ko madde nazar rakhte hue... yeh adalat, Jagatpal ko Beam Singh ke qatl ka zimmedar thehrati hai. IPC ke dafaa 302 ke tehat – Jagatpal ko saza-e-maut – hanged until death – sunayi jaati hai.

Gasps. People whisper, stunned.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Mr. Malik ko, bees saal ki qaid-e-ba-mashaqqat deti hai. Aur Yousuf Khan... jo Malik jaise gaddaron ka sach duniya ke saamne laaya... uske liye saza mein takhfeef ki jaati hai. Mr. Khan ko sirf chheh mahine ki jail hogi.

BANG! The gavel comes down.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
This court is adjourned.

SUDDENLY – JAGATPAL springs up. A tiny pistol slips from his sock. He FIRES –

BANG! BANG! The courtroom SCREAMS. Chaos erupts. The bullet hits Haroon – straight to the head – but ricochets off with a metallic ping.

Haroon stumbles... then lifts his head – revealing a TACTICAL HELMET under his oversized hat.

Sahil Khan draws his service weapon instantly – pop! Pop! One shot to Jagatpal's neck. One to his hand. Blood sprays.

Jagatpal collapses – choking, twitching. His designer suit soaked crimson.

Haroon strides forward, calm. Rips the pistol from Jagatpal's limp hand.

JAGATPAL
(barely breathing)
You... bastard... you've got nine lives...

HAROON
 (lifting his helmet)
 Main billi nahi hoon... insaan hoon.
 Lekin aisa insaan... jo soch se chuhon
 ke liye jaal bunta hai.

Jagatpal gasps once... his eyes roll back. Dead. Malik,
 paralyzed by fear, turns to bolt -

Sahil Khan lunges, tackling him mid-stride with a hard thud.
 Malik crashes to the ground. Chaos threatens - but Sahil is
 swift, handcuffing him forcefully.

SAHIL KHAN
 Aapki jagah bahar nahi... andar hai.
 Woh bhi jail ke andar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL JAIL, MUMBAI - DAY

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

The massive prison gates CREAK open. Yousuf Khan steps out
 with a small bag.

Outside wait Haroon, Nazneen, Karim... and a slightly blushing Dr.
 Maryam. Smiles all around. The men rush forward, embracing him.

HAROON
 (teasing, pointing at
 Maryam)
 Yeh Dr. Maryam hain - tumhari bhabhi
 ki sabse achhi dost. Main Sooraj ki
 biwi ki sahili se shaadi ki... Tum
 isse kar lo, dosti aur bhi mazboot
 ho jaayegi!

Yousuf grins, stealing a shy glance at Maryam. She lowers
 her eyes.

They walk to a shiny Land Cruiser. Doors open. Everyone climbs
 in. The SUV merges into Mumbai's bustling streets - a new
 chapter begins.

FADE OUT.