

TITLI
Draft 8.0

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On black, we hear a drill, construction sounds, people yelling, stuff banging.

CUT IN TO:

INT. PARKING LOT, MERRUT - DAY

A neon lit 'PARKING' sign, tilted. Glowing, decorative lights around it. TITLI (21) stands staring at it.

He looks at painted squares on the ground. Bright orange yellow walls. Near the entrance, an incomplete check booth, lit up by a thin shaft of light. Pretty Diwali lighting flickering on it.

In a corner, PINTU stands smoking.

PINTU
Che manjil hai. Upar food coult -
haldiram, nirula, wimpy, pijja
hut, singapur ka gym.

Titli walks a few feet. Stops at the check booth. Looks at the ramp coming down. Eyes twinkling.

PINTU (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Teen floor ki parking. Bhar bhar
ke aane wali hain famliyan!

Titli keeps looking at the booth. We catch his reflection in it's slightly cracked glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT MALL, MERRUT - DAY

Top floor of a massive mall. Sound blasts the ear as the construction humdrum hits us. A tile cutter screeches. Workers put fittings, giving finishing touches to a bad-taste food court.

Down below, two tiny dots walk out off the ramp.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT MALL, MERRUT - DAY

PINTU
Daily hajaar baara sau parchiyan
phatni hain. Ladka rakhliyo,
baaju mein room le liyo. Motor
cycle rakh liyo ek, life set hai.

Pintu and Titli walk towards a bike.

PINTU (CONT'D)
Khanduri saab se baat hogayi
meri. Teen lakh mein, final.

TITLI
Do sattar ka bola tha tune?

Titli stops, taken aback. Pintu sits on his bike.

PINTU
Try ki maine, par hua nahi. Teen
pachhis ke do offer pehle mana
kar chuke hain wo. Tees hazaar do
hafte mein ban jayenge, mil gayi
parking toh.

Pintu starts his bike. Smiles.

PINTU (CONT'D)
Parso subah 9 baje limit hai.
Pahunch jaiyo time se.

Titli looks at him concerned.

Pintu drives away. Titli watches him go. The big mall
dominant behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERRUT BUS DEPOT - DAY

A conductor hawks for passengers. Buses tramp in and out.
Titli stands having samosas, lost in his own world.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Opening credits. Titli sits on a window seat, hair flying
in the wind. The bus travels on busy roads. We see a small
town gathering subtle steam. People, cars, traffic. Busy
marketplaces. Chaos.

Then the highway. Coca cola boards. Mercs, big cars.
Laborers on mini trucks. A dude on a flashy bike. Titli
notices him. The bike keeps moving neck to neck for a
while. Then moves on, disappearing ahead. Titli's eyes
follow.

Evening. The bus hits Delhi border. Ambles through a toll
naka. 'Welcome to NCR' flashes by. Denser traffic. Titli
sleeps, head bent awkwardly. Mouth open. The bus brakes
hard. He jerks forward, waking up with a start. Opening
credits end.

CUT TO:

EXT. BYLANE - EVENING

Titli walks through a narrow street. Turns to enter a smaller bylane. Haphazard, multi storeyed houses on either side. Odd kite on electric wires. Patches of sunlight peeping through.

Up ahead, a tempo stands parked middle of the lane, blocking most of it. VIKRAM - lean, muscular - looms in and around it. Looking excited, chattering animatedly.

Titli walks up to the tempo. Vikram's voice wafts in.

VIKRAM

Asli roje wood hai. Chhe kursiyan
sang. Roti saath baith ke
khayenge saare.

Titli wriggles around the tempo. SANGEETA, standing in a corner awkward, looks at him. A SHOP GUY brings down a shiny, opulent dining table. Vikram takes off chairs.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Agle mahine cash bhi aara aur.
Neeche kirane ki dukaan, upar
tera mera room kar lenge. Wapas
aaja tu.

DADDY (O.S.)

Jai karo chachu ko! Jaiiii!

DADDY - frail, stooped shoulders - sits on a cot, cradling SHILPI, birthday cap on her head. Titli turns to them.

TITLI

Shilpu! Mela shilpu!

Titli takes her in his arms. Air touches Sangeeta's feet. PRADEEP walks out with APPLE (16). Apple notices Titli.

APPLE

Namaste bhaiya.

PRADEEP

Kidhar tha tu oye? Phone nahi
lagra tera?

TITLI

Extra class thi.

APPLE

Ok bye.

Apple looks at Pradeep. Pradeep smiles.

VIKRAM

Haath lagao idhar!

Titli and Pradeep turn towards Vikram.

SHOP GUY
Rehen do bauji.

VIKRAM
Kya hogaya?

SHOP GUY
Lagjayega. Darwaja chhota hai
aapka

The Shop Guy looks at Sangeeta. Vikram notices.

VIKRAM
Abe lagega toh awaaj aayegi. Le
andar chal.

Vikram stares at him. Apple slinks away. Sangeeta looks at Vikram, nervous.

SANGEETA
Main chalti hun. Gudiya ka school
hai subeh.

Sangeeta goes to grab her bag. Vikram looks at the Shop Guy again. Then back at Sangeeta.

VIKRAM
Na na ruk. Janamdin hai bachchi
ka. Meetha kha ke jaa.

SANGEETA
Rehen do. Koi nahi.

PRADEEP
Sattu chicken banaya hai bhai ne,
bhabhi.

Titli looks at Pradeep. Sangeeta goes for Shilpi.

SANGEETA
Phir khalenge kabhi.

VIKRAM
Ruk bolra hun.

Vikram grabs her arm. A bit too tight.

SHOP GUY
Iska kya kanna hai ji?

VIKRAM
Ruk ek mint.

Vikram keeps staring at Sangeeta.

SHOP GUY
Time nahi hai hamare pe.

Vikram grunts. Turns towards the Shop Guy.

VIKRAM
Kyon pryminister hai tu?

SHOP GUY
Deleevri hai aage.

The Shop Guy looks at Sangeeta again.

Pause. Vikram's breath quickens.

VIKRAM
Ye karle pehle dhang se.

SHOP GUY
Kar toh rahe hain.

Vikram walks towards him. Looks at one of the chairs.

VIKRAM
Kursi pe kapda kaunse rang ka
chadaya hai?

SHOP GUY
Laal.

VIKRAM
Laal bola tha ke mehroon bola
tha?

SHOP GUY
Jo bola tha wohi hai. Aankhon ko
dhokha ho jata hai. Color unees
bees lagta hai andar bahar!

Titli looks at Sangeeta. Then at Vikram.

VIKRAM
Main bhainchod andha hun tera
matlab, hain?!

SHOP GUY
Tameez se baat karlo!

Vikram grabs his collar. Titli eyes him, nervous.

VIKRAM
Dikhaun tujhe tameez? Dikhaun,
bhainchoddd! Customer ki wait do
mint nahi hoti tujhse!!

SHOP GUY
Madam samjha lo inko. Kaise baat
kar rahe hain.

The Shop Guy looks at Sangeeta again. In a flash, Vikram's teeth clench, nostrils flare. He slaps the Shop Guy. Hard.

VIKRAM

Ladies se kya baat kar ra hai
baar baar tu bhainchodd! Main
chutiya khada hun yahan, hain?!

Then starts plastering him nonstop. Chaos. Titli and Pradeep rush to him.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Laal aur mehroon mein farak nahin
pa ta mujhe boliyo jara!
Madarchod upar se ainh ke baat
karta hai!

Sangeeta picks up Shilpi. Starts walking away.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Gali mein ghusna band kara dunga
tera. Madam ki aulad!

Titli grabs Vikram, trying to stop him. Vikram keeps bashing the Shop Guy, ranting. Pradeep grapples along. People stop and watch. The scuffle escalates. Vikram climbs on top of the Shop Guy.

TITLI

Bhai bhabhi ja rahi hai.

Vikram notices Sangeeta leaving with Shilpi.

VIKRAM

Kahan ja rahi hai tu?! Janamdin
hai bachchi ko khush hone de!

Sangeeta keeps walking without turning. Vikram turns towards the Shop Guy in rage again. Rains fresh blows on him. Titli and Pradeep try to yank him away. Titli gets elbowed in the nose.

The Shop Guy breaks free. Scoots down the lane. Vikram runs after him. Pradeep chases after. Vikram keeps shouting, screaming. Titli looks on, sprawled on the ground. Holding his nose, blood dripping down his shirt. The Shop Guy gets caught for another round of beating.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the house, Daddy lights a dhoopbatti in front of DADAJI'S photo. In the verandah, a pile of pastries kept together saying 'Happy Birday Monu'. Pradeep works his way through it. Watching Vikram.

Vikram sits in a corner, wiping his feet. Looking spent. Daddy passes by, walking into the kitchen. Titli watches everyone silently, cloth on nose, trying to stop his bleeding.

VIKRAM

Khana daal ke de mereko, bawle.

Pradeep gets up. Shuffles to the kitchen. Daddy comes out, plate in hand. Heading for the cake. Titli looks at Vikram.

TITLI

Bhai baat kanni thi.

VIKRAM

Hmm.

TITLI

ITI ka course hai naya. Admission leni hai usmein.

Vikram looks at him.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Garage k a kaam sikhate hain saara. Service station ka license dete hain.

Pradeep brings a plateful of food. Vikram starts eating.

VIKRAM

Kitti fees lagegi?

TITLI

Tees hazaar. Aakhri taariq nikal gayi. Pintu bolke dost hai mera. Uski jack hai andar.

Vikram keeps eating, silent. Daddy looks at Titli. Titli keeps looking at Vikram, worried.

VIKRAM

Pintu se mila pehle, paise maang raha jo.

TITLI

Milne mein late ho jega maamla. Banda theek hai, pata hai mujhe.

Pradeep sniffles. Titli looks at him.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Paise hain service station mein. Khul jega, family ka faayda hoga.

VIKRAM

Do kaudi kama le pehle, pandrah
pachchis ki penchar dukaan se na
family baad mein nivariyo!

Vikram snaps. Daddy mutters something indistinct. Gets up
to go to the loo. Titli looks down.

Pradeep looks at Titli. Then turns to Vikram.

PRADEEP

Service centar khulega, front
mein ye baith jaga, back apne bhi
kaam aajegi kalko. Sochlo.

VIKRAM

Kya sochun? Paise kidhar hain?!

Vikram and Pradeep look at each other. A beat. Titli
glances up, stealing a look.

PRADEEP

Store wale rakhe hain. Vo dedo.

VIKRAM

Aur genral store? Usmein hawa
bechega tu? Maal nahi kharidna?

PRADEEP

Khaali dukaan se kitta karenge?
Big bazaar toh hai nahi.

A beat. Vikram looks at Pradeep. Miffed.

VIKRAM

Galt deciyen karata hai tu, ulta
sulta bolke hamesha. Samjha!

Pradeep looks down. Vikram turns to Titli.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Nahi mila toh aand phod ke nikal
lunga garage ka license, bol diyo
Pintu se! Ja dafa ho. Daddy ki
dawai leke aa.

Titli looks at the brothers a beat. Then nods dutifully and
starts walking out.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Aur muh saaf kar apna.

Titli stops. Touches his face. Some leftover cake on it. He
wipes it off and looks back at Vikram. Slurping, eating
with his hands. Then at Pradeep, watching Vikram. Then
walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAAN SHOP - NIGHT

Titli walks up to the paan shop. Keeps a couple of coins on the counter, tears off a sachet of gutka. The shop keeper keeps the coins away without even looking at him.

Titli lights up a cigarette. Smokes silently.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sachet gets torn. Daddy puts the gutka into his mouth, chewing silently. Fiddling through his homeo medicine bag. The TV plays on mute. In the bathroom, Titli stands in front of the mirror, putting Dettol on his cut.

He comes out. Looks at Vikram and Pradeep sleeping in the inner room. Then walks to the drawing room. Daddy lies on the folding bed, snoring. Titli lies down on the diwan next to him. On the wall, the dhoop in front of Dadaji's photo slowly trickles and falls down. Titli looks at it. Then at Daddy sleeping. Then stares at the ceiling, wide awake.

CUT TO:

EXT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NEXT EVENING

PRADEEP

Chal oye Titli! Fatafat.

Pradeep starts the scooter. Daddy sits on his cot, eating peanuts, last patch of sunlight hitting him.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Titli opens a drawer. Takes out a PATTHAR. Keeps it in his bag. Then transfers big wads of cash from an open trunk, stuffing them into the bag too.

PRADEEP (O.S.)

Ab chalega ke chittar khayega?!

TITLI

Aaya!

Titli locks the trunk quickly. Dashes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL - LATE EVENING

Entrance of a mall. Crowded, festively lit. Film posters, brands shining off walls. In a corner, almost pretty women offer free shaves at a stall. Vikram stands with Pradeep and Titli, dressed in his security guard uniform.

VIKRAM
Santro ki dileevri hai.

He looks at Pradeep. Then walks away, Titli on his heels.

Pradeep watches them go. Then looks back at the Gillette stall. Women smile, flirtatious. Men flock like bees. Pradeep keeps looking.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Vikram enters the mall and walks on. Titli gets stopped for a check.

VIKRAM
Saare bamb barood mere parivar
walon ke thaile mein dhoondoge
Madan Singhji?

Vikram walks back to the security stall. MADAN SINGH (58) looks at Vikram, then at Titli, suddenly recognizing him.

MADAN SINGH
Oho! Pehchana hi nahi. Lamba ho
gaya bada.

VIKRAM
Aaj iss taraf ko?

Madan Singh lets Titli go.

MADAN SINGH
Iss gate waale ne chutti le li,
mujhe bole aa jao. Neelu ne bhi
marketing karni thi.

VIKRAM
Bitiya aayi hai?

MADAN SINGH
Phone se chain kahan inki
genrason ko. Pura din tain-tain
tun-tun lagi rehti hai!

Madan Singh smiles, points in a direction. Titli turns and looks. NEELU (20) stands smiling in a corner, window shopping, talking to someone on the phone.

Vikram laughs.

VIKRAM (O.S.)
Badi hogayi kitti! First year
mein hai, second?

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Titli and Vikram climb up the stairs through a sea of people. Silent.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram's locker door, open. A mall machine photo-sketch of the three brothers on it. Titli stands in a corner, counting a thick wad of 100 rupee notes furiously. Eyeing Vikram.

Vikram talks on the phone, throughout.

VIKRAM
Haan.. Haan. Najar rakh. Aarahe
hain hum. Haan ok.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL BOX OFFICE - NIGHT

Titli buys tickets for a movie. Vikram and Pradeep talk in the far distance. Titli walks up to them. All three enter the theatre.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE sits necking furiously in the middle of a film.

PRADEEP (O.S.)
UP ka number hai. Saath aath ka
model.

VIKRAM (O.S.)
AC?

PRADEEP (O.S.)
AC Petrol.

Vikram, Titli and Pradeep sit a few rows behind them. Watching them intently. Vikram notices something.

VIKRAM

Jhumke bade pyaare pehne hain
laundiya ne.

Long, ornate earrings dangle on the girl.

PRADEEP

Noida waale south ko bhi peeche
chor re hain.

VIKRAM

Teri bhabhi pe khoob khapenge.

PRADEEP

Bhabhi koi apni south delhi se
kam hai.

Vikram smiles. Lights come on. Pradeep shouts at the couple.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Bas karo bai half time ho gaya.

The couple disengages and looks back. The Young Girl gives them a nasty, contemptuous look. Vikram notices it. Titli looks at Vikram.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOOTER - NIGHT

A Santro drives on a biggish main road. Middle of thin traffic. The three brothers following it on the scooter. Pradeep driving. Titli in the middle. Vikram at the back, munching on a popcorn pack. They watch the car carefully.

A beat. Then Pradeep speeds the scooter. Slowly, it overtakes the Santro and disappears out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Titli stands by the side of the road, bag on shoulder. Looking nervous. In the distance, the Santro approaches. From behind a tree, Vikram and Pradeep watch.

The Santro gets closer. Titli moves further onto the road. Hailing for a lift. The car slows down. Vikram and Pradeep watch with bated breath. Then suddenly, it picks up speed. Beginning to curve around Titli. Vikram reacts.

VIKRAM

Maa ke lorre! Nahin rok rahe,
chal!!

Titli watches the car pass him. Up ahead, suddenly a scooter comes down the road, blocking its path. The car screeches to a halt, trying to avoid an accident. Vikram and Pradeep hustle off, rushing towards it. Titli approaches it from behind.

Vikram runs in, brandishing a hammer. The car backs up awkwardly, almost hitting Titli. Bang! The front window gets shattered. Inside the car, the girl screams. Pradeep opens the driver's side door. Pulls the boy out. Vikram goes for the girl. Its the same couple from the movie.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Phone de chal!

The girl looks at him, shit scared. Vikram takes her phone. Throws it into the field. On the other side, Pradeep pushes the guy onto the bonnet, checking his pockets. Running his hands everywhere.

PRADEEP

Purse. Purse!

Titli holds the girl. Pradeep hurls the boy's phone and purse into the distance. Then starts slapping him. Roughing him up. Kicking him. Vikram looks at the girl. Smiles. The girl starts crying.

VIKRAM

Madam jhumke bade kamaal ke pehne
hai. Dedo ye bhi.

He walks towards her.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

DE DO PLEAJE!

Pradeep starts the car. Titli looks on. Vikram grabs the girl's ear. Trying to yank the earrings out. The girl resists. Screaming.

YOUNG GIRL

No please, nonono!

VIKRAM

Haath pakad tight. Pakad pakad!!

Vikram struggles with the girl, flailing her arms, getting hysterical. Titli looks at him. Then at the boy standing frozen in a corner. Pradeep switches on the top light in the car.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Pakad na, kya kar ra hai!

Vikram shouts back at him. Titli snaps out of his bubble. Looks back at Vikram. Quickly tightens his grip on the girl's hands. A beat of chaotic struggle.

CUT TO:

Vikram stands by the Santro, wiping blood off the jhumkas in his hand. Pradeep hustles the couple off the road. Titli walks up to Vikram.

TITLI

Main gaadi garaje chodta hun. Aap
log niklo ghar.

Vikram looks at him.

VIKRAM

Akele nahin jaana itti raat mein.
Bawle ko leke jaa saath.

Vikram walks away. Titli looks at him go, uncomfortable. Pradeep walks back up. Titli quickly walks to the driver's side.

TITLI

Main chalata hun.

PRADEEP

Kya hogaya?

TITLI

Night time hai. Haath saaf hojega.

Pradeep looks at him. A beat. Then gets in to the other side. Vikram starts the scooter. The headlight catches the traumatised couple. The guy's pants are torn at the butt.

Pradeep smiles a toothy smile.

PRADEEP

Jao bai, chutti!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - LATE NIGHT

The car stereo plays. Pradeep hums along, happy. Dusting off dirt from his trousers. Titli drives, eyeing him.

TITLI

Bus adde pe utaar de mujhe. Tu de
aa gaadi garaje.

PRADEEP

Kya hogaya?

TITLI
Jaana hai. ITI ke paise chorrne.

PRADEEP
Pintu wale?

TITLI
Haan.

PRADEEP
Ghar chalke de dete hain uske.

TITLI
Nahi. Khud jaana padega mujhe.

Pradeep looks at Titli, surprised.

PRADEEP
Kyon?

TITLI
Late hojega maamla.

PRADEEP
Raat ko kya late hojega?

They approach a turn. Titli silently takes a left.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
Oye! Kidhar ja raha hai? Aage
checkpost hai!

TITLI
Koi nahi. Mujhe utaar ke nikal
jaiyo.

Titli speeds up.

PRADEEP
Bawla ho gaya hai? Gaadi mod!
Phasenge nahin aage!!

TITLI
Belt laga le.

PRADEEP
Belt ke bachche, marwayega tu!
Gaadi ghuma!!

Pradeep grabs the wheel. Tries to turn the car. Titli
resists.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
Chodd. CHODD!!

TITLI
Rehen de.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
Bhainchodd pakad lenge
thulle!

TITLI
Jaldi hai mujhe. Jaan de!

Titli and Pradeep scuffle. Up ahead, a police barricade appears. Pradeep looks at it, panicking. Scuffles harder. Screaming at Titli. The wheel gets yanked. The car swerves, hits the gravel.

Titli tries to right it. Too late. The car goes out of control. Heads into a ditch. Pitches in. Stops with a loud crash. Going tail up. The check post perks up. People run towards them. Inside the car, Pradeep sits, dizzy.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
Mara li tuneey! Aaaaa!

Pause.

Then Pradeep gets out, leg bleeding. Runs, hobbling. Titli grabs his bag. Dashes in the opposite direction. Chaos. Shouting, as the cops chase them. Pradeep gets caught first. Titli next.

A jeep speeds in and stops. SI KHARI (44) gets off.

HAWALDAR
Saabji chalis pichasi hai. Baandh
ke peeche se chori hui hai abhi.

A hawaldar shouts over wireless crackle. Khari looks around. Cops all over - checking the car, roughing up Titli and Pradeep. He looks back at Pradeep, extra hard.

Pradeep looks at him.

TITLI (O.S.)
Mera bag! BAG dedo!

Someone snatches Titli's bag away. Khari looks at him. Then at the bag. The wireless crackles again.

HAWALDAR
SHO saab pooch rahe kya hogaya?

KHARI
Bolo aare hain.

The bag is handed to Khari. He looks at Titli. Then back at Pradeep. Going cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPECIAL BRANCH - MORNING

Titli and Pradeep getting pummeled with a lathi, in a room.

Next room, an SHO sits doing his paperwork. Khari stands in a corner, eyeing him. Titli's bag in hand. Another group of cops lounge around, looking at a photo.

COP 1
MBA weMBA sab dhari ki dhari reh
gayi. Paise wiasht hogaye aapke!

The cops laugh. Khari smiles.

COP 2
Itte launde hain dilli mein!
Aapne poocha nahi Madrasi kyon?

KHARI
Nayi genrason hai ye. Iee Phone
inke hamare samajh na aane!

COP 2
Nahi achcha hai waise. Kaala utta
hai nahi launda. Dekho sir!

Cop 2 gets up and shows the photo to the SHO. The screaming
from inside gets louder.

Khari turns. Looks into the room. Titli and Pradeep look
back at him, helpless.

COP 1 (O.S.)
Koi help welp chahiye ho bolna.

KHARI
Card wale ki jaan pehchaan hai
aapki? Sasta kara do?

S.H.O. (O.S.)
Very nice Khari. Congratulations!

The SHO looks at the photo. Khari turns and looks at him.

KHARI
Ladkon ka dekh lete hain sir.

S.H.O.
Thand rakh yaar. Raat bhar jagaya
hai. Thodi seva toh karne de!

COP 2
Sir ko chinta horahi bachchon ki
apne.

COP 1
Chorroji. Aap bitiya ki socho ab.
Brakefast mein idli dose chalte
hain, banane sikhao fatafat!

Laughter. Khari shoulders Titli's bag. Smiling broadly. In
the background, Titli eyes his bag, getting beaten up.

CUT TO:

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

KHARI

Gaand maar di tum logon ne meri
bhainchod! Poore thane ke saamne
beijjati karadi.

Khari stands trying out a new Sherwani. Fuming.

Vikram stands, head bowed. Titli and Pradeep sit in a
corner, looking dead.

VIKRAM

Maaf kardo sir. Galti meri hai
gaadi inke hatthe chorri.

KHARI

Galti meri hai, tum jaise
chutiyon ko dhande pe laga rakha
hai! Bhainchod bees bees hazaar
teen logon ko khilane pade tere
puton ko churrane ke liye.

VIKRAM

Merepe charra do kharcha.

KHARI

Kahan se dega tu? Idhar se tight
hai.

Khari instructs the tailor.

KHARI (CONT'D)

MEREPE CHARRA DO! Bhainchod
dimaag uje hota hai paise kamaane
mein, woh teri saat pushton mein
na hai. Ghaziabad mein case bana
hai, gang showroom se gaadi chuka
gaya, laundiya khadi karke aage,
bolke bhabhi test drive karegi!
Log nayi tarkeebein lagare hain,
teknology bitha rahe hain, yahan
tumse ek piece mein garaje tak
gaadi na pahunchti!

Khari looks at Pradeep and Titli.

Pradeep looks at him.

VIKRAM

Ye 15 abhi lelo. Baaki agli gasht
mein pehle aapke paas hi ayenge.

Vikram takes out a wad of notes. Keeps it on the desk.

KHARI

Na na. Tumhara account band.
Kahin aur jaake kaam dhundo.

Vikram takes out another, thinner wad of notes.

VIKRAM

Abhi paanch aur hai bas.

Khari looks at Vikram. Then at the tailor.

KHARI

Ye uthao aap. Advance rakho. Aur
nagon ka design dikhao.

The tailor pockets the money. Goes away.

Khari sits down. Calmer. Titli looks at him.

Khari looks at Vikram.

KHARI (CONT'D)

Dekh tujhse maine hazaar baar
kahi hai. Tumhare bas ka nahi hai
dilli mein ab. Makaan becho apna.
Vaishali kaushambhi niklo.
Setting kara deta hun main plot
ki. 10 percent mein bas.

Vikram looks at him. Distraught.

KHARI (CONT'D)

Khulli aabohava mein niklo. Pulis
ki bhi kam tension hai UP mein.

VIKRAM

Sir Daade ki last nishani hai.

Pause. Khari's face hardens.

KHARI

Dekh lo fir. Jo mann aaye. Dedo
bai inka samaan. Chalta karo!

Khari moves away. The tailor shows him designs in a booklet. Vikram looks at Titli. Looking desperate. Then moves towards Khari, grovelling.

VIKRAM

Bachche hain sir aapke. Ek chance
dedo lasht.

Khari nods to say no. A hawaldar hands Titli's bag and other stuff to the brothers. Titli jumps up. Goes through his bag. Opens it. Shuffles through. Vikram sits on his haunches, next to Khari's feet. Titli slowly panics. Finding nothing in his bag. Looks at Pradeep, face draining of all color.

Pradeep looks back at Vikram. Then at Titli. Angry.

TITLI
Paise! MERE PAISE?!

HAWALDAR
Chalo. Bahar chalo.

TITLI
Paise the bag mein. Teen bandal,
noton ke!

Titli looks at Pradeep. From a corner, Khari eyes them.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Kal dopahri ko liye the bhai se
jo, ITI ki fees ke!

Pause. Pradeep knows what happened.

PRADEEP
Kahin aur rakhe honge, ghar jaake
check kariyo.

TITLI
Nahin isimein the. Pakka! Mere
paise. Mere paise do!

PRADEEP
Chup kar. Chal abhi!

Pradeep tries to drag Titli out.

TITLI
Nahi mere teen lakh! Aapne liye
hain!!

Titli shouts, heart in mouth.

Charges towards Khari. Pause.

Vikram looks at Titli. Taken aback.

VIKRAM
Pagal hogaya tu? Tere paas kahan
se aagaye teen lakh?

TITLI
The mere paas. WAPAS KARO!

Titli looks at Khari. Khari smiles.

KHARI
Bada guda hai tere mein! Police
ko chor batara hai. Arre dekho
kahin gire toh nahi iske paise.

Khari smiles. Tries to walk away.

TITLI
Tune liye hain kutte! WAPAS KAR
NAHI MAAR DUNGA!

Titli screams, grabbing Khari's hand.

A beat of stunned silence. Khari looks at Titli. Then at Vikram. Vikram looks at Pradeep. Lips quivering. Khari's nostrils flare. Brow furrows. Then he explodes.

KHARI
Teri maan ki! Nautanki machake
rakhi budbud karke!

He slaps Titli hard.

KHARI (CONT'D)
Daalo saale ko gypsy mein,
nikalen iske teen lakh!

Khari starts pummeling Titli. A couple of hawaldars join in. Vikram and Pradeep try to stop the damage. A lathi comes in to play. Chaos. Titli tries to avoid getting hit. Continuing to scream. Khari roars. Breathing fire. Vikram begs and pleads.

VIKRAM	KHARI
Chorr do sir! Galti hogayi.	Tumhari maan ki jaat!

VIKRAM	KHARI
Nahi hai teen lakh.	Hain bhainchod ab toh! Do mere paise wapas!!

Pradeep tries to shut Titli up. Drag him away. Vikram becomes a wall. Stopping Khari and co. Titli shouts again. Bawling. Khari gets even more angry. Gets hold of him. The pummeling starts again.

Titli covers his head with his hand. Khari rains blows. Confused, shouty, screamy melee. Titli keeps swearing. Baying for the money. Khari keeps beating Titli, looking at the brothers. Vikram and Pradeep stand and watch.

KHARI (CONT'D)	VIKRAM
Aana tum! Aana merepe ab!!	Aur kahan jayenge sir!

Vikram stands, close to tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOOTER - EVENING

Vikram sits on the scooter, seething. Pradeep driving, Titli in the middle, looking crushed. The scooter travels through the busy city traffic. Vikram looks at Titli.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Titli gets pushed into the house. Vikram on his heels.

VIKRAM

Teen lakh kidhar se aaye terepe?
Bol?!

Pradeep enters and closes the door behind him.

Titli keeps quiet.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Mooh mein jaban hai ki nahin? Bol
kis se milne ja raha tha itte
paise leke?!

DADDY (O.S.)

Kya maut aagayi ab?!

VIKRAM

Apne hi ghar mein aag laga raha
hai ye haraamjaada, Daddy! Bhaag
ra hai lakhon daba ke!!

Vikram starts pulling Titli's hair. Raging. Daddy walks out of the inner room. Looks at Titli. Then at Vikram, patronizingly.

DADDY

Chittar nahi pade bade din se.

Vikram looks at Daddy. Then picks up the cloth washing wood handlebar and charges towards Titli. Titli backs up in terror.

VIKRAM

Bolega ke todun teri battese!!

TITLI

Maine paise jorre the, apna kaam
karne. Parking kharidne, Meerut
mein. Mujhe nahin rehna yahan
narak mein.

VIKRAM

Parivar narak lagta hai tujhe
bhaichodd? Apne kaam ki aulad!

Vikram raises the thapi to hit Titli. Pradeep looks at Daddy. Rushes to Vikram.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Ghar chalane ka theka akela mere
ka hai? Paise lete wakat bolra
tha garaje banayenge milke?!

PRADEEP

Ruk bhai. Ruk!

Pradeep pulls Vikram away. Vikram kicks Titli viciously. Starts crying.

VIKRAM

Teen lakh rupaye kam hote hain
Bawle?

Daddy stands muttering.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Ghar pura ho jaata apna. Dar dar
pe jaake bheek nahi maangni padti
rorri patthar ke liye! Jalalat
sahi inspector se alag!!

DADDY

Saanp hain saare ke saare.

Vikram charges at Titli again.

VIKRAM

Dekha kahan tune narak abhi tak.
Main batata hun tujhe haramkhor
narak ki paribhasha!

PRADEEP

Chup karo aap Daddy. Andar jao
chalo!

Pradeep holds Vikram back, staring at Daddy.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Bhai, ek mint baat sun! BAAT SUN!

Titli slinks away, wiping tears and blood off his face.

VIKRAM

Kidhar jaraha hai. Ruk tu!

PRADEEP

Bhai nahi bhai, sun! Galti apni
bhi hai. Hamien time pe samajh na
aayi.

Vikram tries to break free. Pradeep doesn't let go. Daddy walks back in, muttering.

VIKRAM

Tu iski pooch na pakad, samjha!

PRADEEP

Khari theek bolra tha. Dhande
mein peeche chal re hum. E k
laundiya lagti hai teem mein!

Vikram looks at Pradeep, aghast.

VIKRAM
Dimaag kharab hogaya tera?!
Laundiya kahan se laun main ab?

PRADEEP
Isko baandh de grihasti mein,
phir na bhaagne ka ye.

VIKRAM
Saadi ki baat kahan se aagayi
beech mein ab?!

PRADEEP
Baat samajh bhai. Bhaade pe
aayegi toh hissa batenga, parivar
hoga toh ghar kamayi badhegi.

Silence. Vikram looks at Pradeep.

VIKRAM
Tujh se pehle iski hogi pata hai
na log kya bolenge. Tere mein
khot hai.

Pradeep looks at him.

PRADEEP
Iski khot bharo. Main marr lunga
kalank apne sar.

VIKRAM
Laundiya koi ped pe thodi lagi
hai, gaye tod laaye!

Pradeep looks at Vikram.

PRADEEP
Uska prabandh ho juga. Launde ki
salah karlo pehle.

CUT TO:

In the inner room, Titli listens lying on the bed, twirling
the Patthar we had seen earlier, in his palm.

VIKRAM (O.S.)
Uski salah jaaye bhaad mein,
pehle toh maine hi na maan-na!!

Titli keeps staring at the ceiling, tears rolling down his
cheeks. The arguing outside continues. A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bhajans play on the radio. Daddy does Pooja in a corner. Vikram and Pradeep rush around, getting ready. Mid of tel-kanghi banalities.

CUT TO:

INT. NEELU'S HOUSE - DAY

Titli sits on a sofa, dressed formally. The brothers next to him. Awkward pause, as chai pakoras come in. Madan Singh and Neelu sit on the other side. Mrs Madan Singh stands with a couple of other girls. People smile at each other.

CUT TO:

MADAN SINGH

Bilkul sarprije hogaye apne bola toh. But fir maine khud aake Neelu ki mammi se kahi ladki ka naseeb hai..

MRS SINGH

..kuua khud aaya pyaase ke paas!

Everybody laughs. Mrs Singh picks up a plate. Points it to Titli.

VIKRAM

Char saal ka tha ye, Mummy guzar gayi hamari. Bawle aur maine phir maa ka sukh bhoga. Isko toh pata bhi na, Mummy kehte kise hain.

MRS SINGH

Kuch toh le lo beta.

Pradeep indicates to her to ask Neelu to offer Titli something. Mrs Singh looks at her.

NEELU

Subah se lagi hui hain mummy rasoi mein.

Sheepish smiles pass around. Titli picks up a pakoda.

PRADEEP

Aji, Neelu ka kaha kaise taal sake hai. Hain ji?

Everybody laughs. Vikram looks at Neelu.

VIKRAM

Bas Neelu, tere hi haath hai iska khoonta ab.

MRS SINGH
Baraat kitte ki laoge?

PRADEEP
Gin ke ji pandrah logon se upar
naa hone, hum toh ji padosiyon ko
bhi muft ki daawat dene ke haq
mein naa hai.

MADAN SINGH
Humne toh ji paanch sau logon ki
baraat soch ke rakhi thi.

VIKRAM
Baratiyon ko toh ji jitta khilao
woh to burayi hee karein hai.

Titli steals a look at Neelu. She's looking at him already.
Brazen. No smile on her face.

MRS SINGH (O.S.)
Vikram bhaiyya hum toh lagayenge
raunaq, aap jo bhi kaho. Hamare
bhi toh armaan lage hain ispe.

MADAN SINGH (O.S.)
Haan j i, woh.. aapki j o b h i
demand ho toh ji bata do.

Vikram gets up. Tries to touch Madan Singh's feet.

VIKRAM
Ye haath jude hain ji hamare.
Ladki de rahe ho ehsaan kam hai?!

MADAN SINGH
Arre, na na ji!!

Mini panic as Madan Singh and his wife try to stop Vikram.
Pradeep smiles a sheepish smile. Titli keeps looking at
Neelu. Feeling disconcerted. She doesn't look away. Titli
looks down. Sound of dhols slowly fades in on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A small baraat passes through the bylanes of East Delhi.
Daddy dancing right at the front. Alone. Vikram talking on
the phone, coordinating. Shilpi in his arms.

Pradeep going berserk, doing snake dance with Apple, in
front of the dhol. Titli looks on, sitting on the horse.
Daddy loses breath. A scooter comes and takes him away. The
thin baraat marches on, looking more like a funeral.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING PANDAL - NIGHT

Cheaply decorated pandal. Titli and Neelu sit on the podium, awkward. DJ plays loud, cracking music. People eating, moving around like zombies. In a corner, Pradeep adjusts Apple's pagdi.

Vikram sweet talks Sangeeta. She seems disinterested.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING STAGE - NIGHT

Neelu's parents stand holding thick stacks of envelopes. Pintu shakes Titli's hand.

TITLI

Ye Pintu hai. Mera friend.

Pintu smiles at Neelu. A photographer clicks their pictures. Pintu whispers to Titli.

PINTU

Bhai nahin khareedni thi parking
pehle bol deta, main leke aage
bech deta. Pachas hazaar ki black
chal rahi thi!

TITLI

Bas main vo thoda phas gaya.

Titli's looks at him embarrassed.

PINTU

Chal koi na.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you!

Pintu smiles. Shakes Titli's hand. Gets off the stage, waving. Sitting next to Titli, Daddy watches Pintu go, plateful of sweets in his hands. At the entrance, Vikram and Pradeep enter with Joga and his minions. Leading the way, showing him around. Titli notices them.

Joga and Vikram stand and talk. Pradeep with them. Madan Singh gets samosas for Titli and Neelu. Titli looks away, his reverie broken. Digs into the food, disinterested.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANDAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Women crying. Neelu hugs them one by one. In a car, Titli sits waiting. Outside, Vikram stands with Shilpi in his arms, Madan Singh next to him.

MADAN SINGH

Ye ji Vikram bhai, aapne toh kuch
maanga nahin. Humse jitta ban
pada, ye FD mein dalwa diya,
Neelu ke naam.

Madan Singh hands out some papers to him. Vikram resists.
Pushing the papers back into Madan Singh's hands.

VIKRAM

Naji na! Kyakar re ho aap.
Bitiya ke hain, ye bitiya ko do
aap.

A photographer clicks pictures. Vikram tries to touch Madan
Singh's feet. They hug.

MADAN SINGH

Baaki Neelu ki mummy bhi kam nahi
hai. Dhund ke nikal li ek cheej
jo chahiye aapko!

Vikram laughs. Fresh bout of wails erupt amongst the women.
The band starts playing a Bidai song. Titli sits in the
car, silent.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Pradeep stands by the bedroom door, hammering a kundi into
place. In the aangan, Daddy places Dadaji's photo on a
brand new dining table, excited.

DADDY

Idhar rakhte hain. Ashirwad
rahega.

He looks at Vikram. Vikram ignores him, walking away.
Looking tired and worried.

VIKRAM

Hogaya tera bawle, toh Daddyji ki
dawai le aa.

Vikram walks up to Pradeep. Pradeep looks at him.

PRADEEP

Okok.

Vikram looks at Titli and Neelu. Smiles benevolently. Then
walks away. Pradeep looks at Titli.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Titli! Chal sang mere.

Pradeep finishes and walks out.

NEELU

Ye atachy bistar pe rakh doge.

Neelu stands by a heavy suitcase. Titli lifts it up onto the bed. Eyes her. Neelu opens it and takes out a set of clothes. Titli gets uncomfortable. Walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BYLANE - LATE NIGHT

PRADEEP

Ek rajni. Ek navycut.

Titli and Pradeep at the paan shop. Pradeep lights his cigarette, looking tired.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Pappivappi le chalke fatafat.
Kaam khatam kar raat ko.

The paanwallah looks at them. Titli notices.

TITLI

Apple ne kasettein wapas ki, jo
leke gaya tha?

PRADEEP

Kya matlab oye?!

Pradeep stares at Titli, aghast. Titli walks away. Pradeep follows him, angry.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Jyada smart na ban samjha! Joga
hisaab maang ke gaya sut samet
saadi pe! Sattar pe pandrah upar
se aur.

Titli walks quicker.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Tera daala panga hai saara.
Suljhane mein haath bata!

Pradeep grabs Titli's arm. He tries to wrench free. Pradeep grips it hard. Pinning Titli to the wall.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Saadi ho gayi teri, bada hoja.
Pyar se, nahin jooti se, vash
mein kar laundiya ne. Nahi hamari
jindagi toh bhatti mein jhukegi,
saath tune bhi jal jaana hai,
samjha!!

Titli makes another attempt to wriggle free. Pradeep keeps him pinned. Titli struggles. Pradeep proves stronger. Another futile attempt later, Titli gives up. Both brothers stand there, in the empty lane, neck to neck.

Pradeep keeps twisting Titli's arm. Titli looks at him. Then looks down. A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Titli latches the door with the new kundi. Looks at Neelu. She lies still, facing away from him. Clothes changed.

Titli starts unbuttoning his Sherwani. Then decides against it. Goes and lies down. Thinking intently. Then after a while, closes his eyes. On the other side, Neelu lies wide awake. Tense. Pause, as nothing happens. Her eyes start drooping as she dozes, tired.

Suddenly, they flick open startled. Titli caresses her waistline. Neelu freezes. Titli moves closer, trying to make out. Starts necking her, placing a leg over. Trying to turn her over. Neelu starts resisting. First gently, then strongly.

Titli forces the issue. Trying to kiss her. Neelu summons all her strength. An awkward wrestling match. Titli tries his best. Fails. Then stops, looking at the back of Neelu's head, blank. Neelu keeps looking her side, twitches anxiously. A beat. Then Titli gives up. Straightens. Stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bhajans play on the radio. Titli and Pradeep fill buckets of water from the tap.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vikram stands in the verandah, brushing his teeth. Grunting, growling, retching. Fighting the toothbrush. Almost as if he was vomiting.

Neelu walks out. Touches his feet. Eyes red, looking sleepless.

VIKRAM
Khush laho, meli baththi!

Vikram spits. Smiles. Neelu's dupatta slips. Vikram catches a glimpse of her cleavage. Immediately looks away.

Daddy notices him looking. Vikram coughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - MORNING

Vikram and Neelu climb the stairs to the terrace. Pradeep and Titli come in with their buckets.

VIKRAM

Aaja bete. Aaja!

Vikram takes her hand. Neelu hops up. Looks around. Vikram smiles. Neelu stands awkward.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Maine kahi, bahu aayi nayi,
sochri hogi ghar chhota hai
kitta.. poori plaaning bata den
ek baari.

NEELU

Nahi bhaiyya.

VIKRAM

Thoda toh lagta hai bitiya.
Hujband aur tujhe jagah lagegi
pata hai mujhe. Chinta na kar
tu.. Ek kamra idhar. Doosra
udhar. Soch rakha maine. Neeche
sangeeta mera. Doosra Daddy
Pardeep ka. Bijness ki alag baat
chalri hai. Genral store ki.

Vikram gesticulates, beaming. Neelu stands awkward. Vikram keeps his hand on her head.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Lacchmi aagayi ab toh ghar mein.
Bhar ke khusiyan barsengi.. Keema
paratha banara hun naashte mein.
Burush karle fatafat. Main
platein lagata hun.

NEELU

Mere paas burush nahin hai.

VIKRAM

Achcha?

Vikram goes to the ledge. Shouts at Titli.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Oye Titli, almari se naya burush
nikal ke de bitiya ko.

TITLI
Almari mein nahin hai. Ungli se
karle shaam ko la dunga.

Titli looks up. Spots Neelu. A silent, uncomfortable moment
between them as they exchange glances. Vikram notices.

Pradeep and him exchange glances.

PRADEEP
Chalo koi nahi. Tayyar ho jao
dono. Baitho nave dining table
pe.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - DAY

Vikram, Pradeep, Titli and Neelu sit at the dining table,
eating together. Dadaji's photo in the centre. Daddy sits
on a stool, at the side. Having tea.

VIKRAM
Aise hi roj khushi khushi din ki
shuruwat hove na ab, maja aajega!

Pradeep tries to give Neelu another paratha.

NEELU
Nahin bhaiya bas.

PRADEEP
Lele beta!

Neelu nods her head vigorously to say no. Pradeep plonks
the paratha on Titli's plate.

TITLI
Ho gaya mera.

PRADEEP
Arey le naa, ek parathe mein kuch
n a hora! Jaroorat hai tujhe
khurak ki.

Titli stares at Pradeep. Vikram changes topic quickly.

VIKRAM
Gaadi kaunsi achchi chal rahi
aajkal Neelu?

NEELU
Sabhi badhiya hain.

VIKRAM

Samdhiji bada bolre the, bachche
comfortabl rehne chahiye. Tujhe
kaunsi pasand hai Titli?

Vikram looks at Titli. Titli eats, looking down.

TITLI

Dekh lo. Jo sabki salah ho.

VIKRAM

Honda City dekhen fir, mehroon
wali. Kyon bawle?

PRADEEP

Test drive kar lete hain.

Vikram and Pradeep look at each other.

VIKRAM

Hain bai Titli, leke jaa Neelu ko
aaj.

Neelu gets up. Picking up everyone's plates. Goes to the
kitchen. Vikram whispers to Titli.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Teen baje nikal. Garaje mein mai
ittela de dunga, char sade char
tak khatam karenge. Patparganj
wale showroom pe jaiyo, highway
saath lagta hai.

Neelu comes back out.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Meethe mein kya khayegi, ye bata
Neelu?

NEELU

Bas bhaiya. Bahut meetha ho gaya.

PRADEEP

Wah! Seekh kuch iss sey Titli!
Bhaagne jaaya kar subah, nahin
kasrat kiya kar. Mota hora kitta!

Pradeep needles Titli. Neelu picks up more stuff from the
table. Vikram laughs nervous, eyeing Neelu. Daddy coughs.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

Rows of shiny swanky cars. Titli stands staring at them.
Next to him, Neelu fiddles with her cell phone. A salesman
measures them up, looking at their clothes.

TITLI
Gaadi khareedni hai.

CAR SALESMAN
Kaun si?

TITLI
Honda city. Test drive karni thi.

CAR SALESMAN
Kahan rehto ho?

The salesman looks at them condescendingly.

NEELU
Aapko gaadi bechni hai ki chitthi
daalni hai ghar pe?

Neelu looks up from her phone, affronted. The salesman pauses, taken aback. Titli looks at Neelu surprised.

CAR SALESMAN
Ji wo, test drive nahin karate
hum. Na test drive ki gaadi hai
yahan.

NEELU
Yahan khadi to hai kitti saari.
Chala ke nahin dekhenge to lenge
kaise?

Neelu shoots back, confident. The salesman notices her mehndi, mangalsutra. Then looks at Titli. A beat.

CAR SALESMAN
Cash mein leni hai ki loan pe?

TITLI
Cash.

SUPERVISOR
Silver gray mein marvaa de ek
round.

From behind the salesman, his supervisor perks up.

CAR SALESMAN
Register mein naam pata likh
dijiye apna.

The salesman takes them to a corner and hands out the pen to Neelu. Titli takes it.

TITLI
Address pata nahin inko abhi.

Neelu walks away, busy with her phone again. Titli writes in the register. The salesman gives it a once over. Hands out a key to Titli.

CAR SALESMAN

Aap ho aao aaram se. Madam ko
thanda pilate hain hum tab tak.

TITLI

Gaadi toh inko khareedni hai par.

Titli stares at the salesman. The salesman sighs, looks at his supervisor.

SUPERVISOR

Ho aa saath tu bhi.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car speeds away on the highway. Titli drives, Neelu sitting next to him. The salesman in the back. Titli speeds up and changes gear as they reach a signal.

CAR SALESMAN

Teesre chauthi mein tight hogi.
Hajaar kilometer pe khulegi.

NEELU

Saath free kya kya dete ho aap?

Neelu switches the car stereo on. A pop track plays. Titli accelerates further and jumps the signal past honking cars. The salesman leans forward, nervous.

CAR SALESMAN

Chandarpalji aaram se. Payment
kardo, fir jo marji karna! Saath
mein madam iske..

NEELU

Ye chandarpalji kaun hain?

Neelu looks at the salesman, amused. Titli zooms ahead. Up ahead, Vikram and Pradeep appear on the road.

The salesman looks at Neelu, confused. Titli slows down the car, pulling to the side. The salesman notices the two men on the road, one with a hammer. Neelu reacts, noticing the brothers, surprised. Realization on the salesman's face. In a flash, he goes for his phone. The car screeches to a halt. Vikram and Pradeep go for the back.

The car salesman opens the door, about to run, phone to ear. Vikram knocks the door into his side. The salesman falls down, wind out of his sails. Neelu screams.

VIKRAM

Gaadi ghuma Titli. Rail phatak ki
taraf chal fatafat.

The salesman tries to get up. Pradeep boots his phone away. Vikram starts pummeling him. The salesman fights back, taking Vikram to ground. Pradeep pins the salesman to the ground. Titli reverses the car as Neelu watches, shocked. Vikram hits the salesman with the hammer. Neelu screams.

TITLI

Chupchupchup.

Titli stops the car. Vikram and Pradeep get in with the limp salesman, blood on their clothes. Neelu whimpers, stunned. Pee flows down her salwaar.

NEELU

Mujhe jaana hai.

PRADEEP

Chal rahe. Don't waary.

VIKRAM

Saans chal rahi hai bete.

NEELU

Mujhe ghar jaana hai!! Kya ho
raha hai? Papaaaa. PAPAJI!

Titli starts the car. Pulls back onto the road. Neelu takes out her phone, disoriented. Starts dialing a number.

VIKRAM

Pakad pakad. Phone pakad!

Pradeep leans forward and wrestles for the phone with Neelu. She resists.

NEELU

Hallo? Hallo prince?

Pradeep yanks the phone away, cutting the call. Neelu starts crying. Bawling.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Mujhe nahin murder karna.
PAPAAAAJI MURDER KAR RE HAIN!!

PRADEEP

Mardar thoda hai beta. Gaadi
garaje chodni hai bas.

VIKRAM

Jinda hai, koina mara. Dekhle!!

Vikram slaps the bloodied salesman a couple of times. He lolls from side to side, barely breathing. Neelu starts screaming. Vikram looks at her, irritated.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Rok idhari.

Titli stops the car. Neelu tries to get out. Pradeep holds her. Vikram takes out the salesman from the back. Dumps him by the side of the road. Grabs Neelu and pulls her out.

NEELU
Mainnahin mainnahin!!

PRADEEP
CHUP HO JA! CHUPPP!

He dumps her into the back with Pradeep, almost dragging her as she goes limp in protest. Then gets back into the front.

VIKRAM
Ghar ko chal.

Steps into Neelu's pee puddle.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Susu kar diya poori.

The car gets back onto the road. In the back, Neelu struggles, bawling incoherently. In the front, Vikram tries to wipe his chappals. Titli looks at him. Then at Neelu in the back. Increases the volume of the stereo. A beat, as we drive with everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The inner room bolted from the outside. Vikram, Pradeep and Titli sit on the dining table outside. Neelu's phone lying between them. Daddy sits in a corner, praying.

VIKRAM
Ye phone pe prince prince kaunse
launde se baat kar rahi thi?

Vikram looks at Pradeep.

PRADEEP
Bhai vai hoga koi.

VIKRAM
Sim nikal ke alag rakh de.

Vikram - sitting bare chested - looks at him. Gets up and starts wearing a new shirt. Then looks at Titli.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Gaadi chorr ke aate hain hum log.
Tab tak andar hi rehen de.
Darwaja mat kholiyo.

Titli nods. Vikram moves out, Pradeep on his heels. A beat.

DADDY (O.S.)
Kapde utaar line se. Ainwayi rakhe
hain khulle mein!

Titli looks at Daddy. Daddy looks at the clothesline. On it, amongst other things, a panty hanging. Titli goes and starts taking all the clothes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TV plays on mute. Daddy sits watching it silently. On the terrace, Titli smokes a cigarette alone.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. Vikram enters with Pradeep, packets in hand. Walks straight to Titli.

VIKRAM
Thandi hui ki naa?

TITLI
Shaam se shant hai. Koi awaj na
aayi andar se.

VIKRAM
Darwaja khol, dekh kuch ulta
sulta toh na kiya.

Vikram looks at Pradeep. Pradeep hands the packets to Titli and goes to the door. Opens it. Inside, Neelu sitting quietly on the bed. Eyes red, face swollen.

CUT TO:

Titli keeps a plate of food in front of her. She doesn't move. Outside, Daddy puts Mehndi in his hair. The brothers eat at the dining table. Pradeep looks at Vikram, mid-bite.

PRADEEP
Baat karen?

VIKRAM
Khana khale. Dekhte hain phir.

A beat. Titli looks at the brothers.

TITLI

Abhi rehen do, theek lagri hai.
Thodi aur thandi hojegi subah
tak.

VIKRAM

Paani pakda.

Vikram stares at Titli, biting on a bone, looking tired. Titli pours out some water. Passes it to him. Vikram drinks it, eyeing Titli. Then goes back to eating. Everyone lapses into silence. A beat, as we stay with Titli.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL STAIRS - MORNING

Titli runs up the stairs at top speed, excited.

TITLI

Pintu! Pintu bhai!!

Titli keeps running, smiling. Taking two steps at a time. Slightly out of breath. Crossing a full flight of stairs. Climbing another.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Pintu bhai main aa gaya!

Then suddenly notices his patthar. Runs by it. Reaches the next staircase, except as he enters it, he's become Vikram. Mouthing the same lines. 'Pintu bhai main aa gaya'!

Then Daddy. Climbing, stumbling. Dadaji's photo in hand. 'Pintu bhai main aa gaya'! In front of him, Pradeep. Keeping the patthar on the stairs. Shouting - 'Pintu bhai aane mat diyo'!

Daddy climbing. Heaving. Titli running, sweating. Everything swirling around him. Pintu calling out to him. Sounding hollower. Titli noticing the patthar. Croaking in panic.. Losing his voice. Stumbling. FALLING.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Titli's eyes snap open. He realizes it was a dream. Looks next to him. The bed is empty. Besides it, Neelu's plate of food lies, still untouched. Titli looks around.

CUT TO:

Inside the house. Titli opens the door of the loo and checks inside. No Neelu. He moves around the house. In the outer room, Vikram, Pradeep and Daddy sleep. The fan creaks, Daddy snores.

Titli looks around for Neelu silently. Then suddenly, notices the outer door open. His face drains of all color. He looks at the brothers. Then back at the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAAN SHOP - LATE NIGHT

Titli runs to the closed paan shop at the corner of the bylane. A dog backs away, barking.

He looks left and right. Finds nothing for a beat. Then notices something in the distance. At the far end of the lane, Neelu fast walks lugging her suitcase. Looking edgy. Titli looks at her, face going cold. Then sprints in pursuit.

TITLI

Ruk! Kidhar jari hai.

Neelu turns and notices him coming after her. Does her best to run. Leaves the suitcase after a point. Titli catches up. Grabs her by the arm.

NEELU

Jaan de. Nahin main abhi galli mein chillaungi.

Tears stream down her cheeks.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Sabko bol dunga tum log kya karte ho!

TITLI

Tereko lagta hai kisiko pata nahi.

Titli tries to drag her back.

NEELU

Main nahi jari.

Neelu shouts, shaking herself free. At the corner of the lane, a couple of young boys turn into the lane, smoking. Titli looks at them. Then at Neelu. Lowering his voice.

TITLI

Dekh teri bhalai ke liye bolra hun. Bhagegi toh panga hoga. Bhai pehle police case karenge, fir tere peeche aayenge.

The boys come closer. Looking at them.

TITLI (CONT'D)
 Parivar sang reh, protecson hogi,
 safe rahegi.

The smoking boys pass by, sniggering. Neelu looks at them go. Then at Titli. Wiping her tears.

NEELU
 Darr nahi maara mujhe kisika!
 Mere Prince ko pata chala na kya
 kar re ho mere sang, cheer dega
 sabko.

Neelu turns. Starts walking away.

TITLI
 Darr mara hai tere bhaiyon ka?

NEELU
 Darr lega toh bhala hoga tera.
 Prince love hain mere.

A beat, as Titli digests this.

NEELU (CONT'D)
 Bahut bade builder. Gorment mein
 unchi jaan pehchaan hai sabse!
 Tere jaise chhe rakhte hain
 office mein, ungli talle.

TITLI
 Chhe mein ek dikha koina, shaadi
 hori thi jab love ki uske.

Titli starts following her.

NEELU
 Chutiye nahi hain kyonki. Tameez
 hai. Good manners hain unko.

TITLI
 Chutiye se shaadi karne di par.

Titli smirks. Neelu stops. Turns and stares at him.

NEELU
 Married hain vo. Baap ne bijness
 ke liye jabardasti shaadi karadi.
 Nahi kabhi na hone dete ye sab.

A beat, as both stare at each other. Then Neelu turns. Starts walking away again. Titli watches her go.

TITLI
 Tune kyon mujhse shaadi ki fir?

NEELU

Maine koina ki. Mere baap ko pata chala toh zabardasti baandh diya tere khoonte.

Half a beat, as Titli stands there, mind ticking.

TITLI

Ruk. Baat sun! Problem hojegi tujhe.

Then starts following her. Spring in his step.

TITLI (CONT'D)

K a h a n j a y e g i i s s w a k a t.
Connection hote hain builder
wilder logon ke mote. Baap ko
pata chala uske, marwa dega tum
dono ko.

NEELU

Ghar ja. Apni life dekh.

Titli catches up fast. Excited.

TITLI

Teri meri life judi hui hai ab.

NEELU

Bakwaas na kar.

TITLI

Kya karegi kya tu? Bol?

NEELU

Court mein jama hain kagaj, teen
chaar mahine mein hojega talaq.
Tab tak chhup lungi, inse pooch
ke kahin.

TITLI

Mere saath rehle, jab tak talaq
nahi hojata. Chup chaap.

NEELU

Kya?

Neelu looks at him.

TITLI

Mere saath rehle.

Neelu stops. Stares at him, suspicious.

NEELU

Tu kyon rakhega?

TITLI

Fees lunga. Kharcha paani sab
mila ke. Prince se mila de mujhe,
deal kar leta hun.

Pause. Neelu takes this in.

NEELU

Kitte paise lega?

TITLI

Teen lakh.

NEELU

Itte paion ka kya karega?

TITLI

Tera dream Prince hai. Mera apna
dream hai. Nikalna hai mereko
idhar se.

Neelu thinks about the proposition. Decides.

NEELU

Teen lakh nahi hain mere paas.
Aur Prince pe bojh na ban na
mujhe. Dhai lakh hai FD wale.
Sign kardungi tere naam.

Titli stares at her. Neelu stares back.

TITLI

Mukar gayi baad mein toh?

NEELU

Respect wali family se hun,
jabaan ki pakki.

TITLI

Bade dekh liye family waale. Apni
baat kar.

NEELU

Prince se milayega jiss din, bank
chalke le liyo saare paise, haath
ke haath.

Titli looks at her. Neelu looks back at him, fearless. A
long beat, as we stay with Titli, looking at Neelu.

TITLI

Chal wapas.

Titli goes. Picks up her suitcase. Starts walking towards
the house. Eyes twinkling. We walk with him.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bhajans play on the radio. Titli stands at the basin, brushing his teeth. Grunting, growling, retching. Just like Vikram.

Vikram and Pradeep sit on the dining table, eating. In the kitchen, Neelu stands making parathas, tinkering with her phone. Vikram notices.

VIKRAM

Phone kinne diya wapas?

TITLI (O.S.)

Maine.

Titli comes and sits on the dining table, wiping his face.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Baat karli raat ko. Samjha diya theek se. Panga na karegi ab.

VIKRAM

Kya bola?

TITLI

Karli baat khat pe. Lugai se jaise karte hain.

Vikram looks at him.

VIKRAM

Jaada jor jabardasti na kariyo!

Titli keeps eating, without looking up. Pradeep butts in.

PRADEEP

Amchoor pada parathe mein!

VIKRAM

Amchoor na hai, garam masala dala.

PRADEEP

Na bhai, pakka amchoor hai.

VIKRAM

Mujhe na samjha bawle. Jabse tu baitha kharaha na, tabse banara main parathe!

APPLE

Pardeep bhaiyya! Chalre ho?!

Apple's voice wafts in. Everybody looks at everybody. A beat. Pradeep gets up.

PRADEEP

Main aaya.

Pradeep leaves. Vikram goes back to eating. Neelu enters. Looks at Titli.

NEELU

Wo.. Mera ho gaya. Marketing kar lete hain chalke. Pyaaj khatam hain bilkul.

VIKRAM

Parso toh laaye the do kilo.

Vikram looks at Neelu.

TITLI

Haan wo, mummy ne bhi milna hai iski. Hoke aata hun main saath.

Titli gets up, stealing a look at Neelu. Neelu walks back in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A big property hoarding on the road screams 'Dreams within your reach'. Titli and Neelu on the scooter, pass by. Titli driving, Neelu sitting behind.

NEELU

Bade excited hain tujhse milne ko. Naam bada badhiya hai, kaise pada, pooch rahe the?

Neelu leans forward, smiling.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Bata?

TITLI

Mummy ko ladki ki umeed thi. Naam soch rakha tha. Muraad puri hui nahin, naam se kaam chala liya.

Neelu laughs.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Milne jayenge gadbad nahi hogi?

NEELU

Kuch nahin hota. Papa uske Faridabad wale office gaye hain. Mummy gharpe rehti hai pura time, bhai behen hai nahi.

(MORE)

NEELU (CONT'D)
Wife ko bachcha bachcha karte
doctron ke chakkar kaatne se time
nahi.

Neelu giggles. Leaning forward again.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Boli nahi tune kisiko kabhi, naam
change karne ko?

TITLI
Surat se seerat chhupi rehti hai.

A beat. Titli keeps driving. The scooter enters an under-
construction area. Cranes, cement trucks, other relevant
humdrum conspicuous.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER CONSTRUCTION TOWER - DAY

The scooter parked outside a huge tower. Workers taking
construction material up a makeshift lift.

PRINCE (O.S.)
Aaoji aao Titli ji, namashkar!

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER OFFICE - DAY

PRINCE (28) - tall, good looking - gets up from behind his
desk as Titli and Neelu enter with a worker.

PRINCE
Welcome! Rakesh chai bol beta
teen.

TITLI
Nahinji thank you.

PRINCE
Kuch to lo ji, pehli baar aaye
ho.

NEELU
Nimbu soda aayega?

Neelu sits down, eyeing Prince coyly. An accounts guy sits
in the corner. Prince looks at him, uncomfortable. Then
turns to the worker boy.

PRINCE
Ja beta nimbu soda bol.

The worker boy leaves. Prince looks at Titli.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Flat dekhke ke dil khush karte
hain pehle aapka. Fir baat karte
hain aaram se. Aaoji aao!

He gets out from behind his desk, avoiding Neelu's gaze, concentrating on Titli. Neelu smiles. Gets up.

CUT TO:

I/E. SAMPLE FLAT - DAY

SALES BOY (O.S.)
Che hazaar ka bhao hai area mein.
Intro price mein saade chaar pe
de rahe hain.

Titli, Neelu and Prince enter. A sales boy showing around another MIDDLE CLASS COUPLE.

SALES BOY (CONT'D)
Fitting vitting laga ke saari.
Parking beech mein aur.

Tacky over designed space. Wallpapered, dummy LCD on wall, glass center table, gold plated fans, fake leather couch.

SALES BOY (CONT'D)
Soch lo aap, do pees bache hain
last.

PRINCE
Rakesh kya kar rahe ho yaar!
Office mien bithao, aaram se baat
karo na ye saari.

Prince looks at the couple. Smiling warmly. The couple smiles back.

SALES BOY
Aaoji aao!

The sales boy leads them out.

Prince steals a look at Neelu. Then smiles at Titli, nervous. Titli smiles back. The couple and the sales boy exit, closing the door behind them.

NEELU
Daadhi kyon nahin banayi aapne?

Neelu runs and hugs Prince.

PRINCE
Kiske liye banaun? Tu toh thi
nahin.

NEELU
Itna miss karte ho?

PRINCE
Hor nahi toh.

Neelu looks deep into his eyes.

NEELU
Idhar aao. Aao mere sang jara!

She grabs Prince's hand. Eyes Titli briefly. Then pulls Prince towards the inner room, throwing her purse away, cooing with him.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Scent chalra hai Armani wala abhi tak!

PRINCE
Badi achchi rachi hai mehndi haathon mein.

Titli watches them go in. The door closes. He stands there, alone. A beat of silence. Then giggles and laughter from inside. Titli walks out, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER CONSTRUCTION TOWER - AFTERNOON

The Middle Class Couple are walked out by Rakesh to their car. Their kid horses around. Pleasantries are exchanged. They sit in their car. In the background, we see Titli, Neelu and Prince.

Titli and Prince shake hands. Hug each other. Titli smiles. Titli starts the scooter. Neelu smiles. Waves to Prince. The scooter moves out. Neelu keeps looking back at Prince, as he keeps standing there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Titli and Neelu drive through a crowded street, teeming with traffic and people. Chaos, honking. Titli looks satisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Titli and Neelu enter the house. Notice Vikram sitting with Sangeeta and another man, looking like a train hit him. Legal papers kept on the table.

Vikram looks at Titli. Then at Neelu. A beat. Then he looks back at Sangeeta.

VIKRAM

Thode din sabar karle, theek hojega sab.

SANGEETA

Aap samajh kyon nahi rahe ho?
Kuch theek nahi hona.

Titli looks at Pradeep, standing in a corner, tense.

VIKRAM

Kahan se layenge itte paise?

Sangeeta looks at Neelu. Takes out the jhumkas Vikram had given to her from a bag. Gets up and hands them to Neelu.

SANGEETA

Sun Neelu ye tu rakh le. Tujhpe jyada jachenge.

Vikram stares at her, hard.

Sangeeta comes back and sits down, silent. Avoiding looking at him. The LAWYER (47) pushes the papers in front of Vikram. Vikram keeps looking at Sangeeta.

VIKRAM

Kya likha ismein?

LAWYER

Jaada kuch nahin. Aap log saath nahin ho ek saal se. Aapki hinsak pravritti ka asar aapke grihasth jeevan pe pada hai, so why Sangeeta ji talak chahti hain. Saath 5 lakh, aur bitiya ka monthly kharcha. Nahi toh ghar ka jo banta hai vo dekh lete hain.

Vikram's face hardens.

VIKRAM

Na dun talak toh?

LAWYER

Dekhoji photo aur recording hain hamare paas jo bhabhiji ko choten lagi hain uski. Court chalna hai toh chalte hain fir.

Vikram looks at the Lawyer for the first time. A beat. His teeth grind. Nostrils flare.

Daddy coughs from inside. That breaks the trance. Vikram looks at his brothers. Then back at Sangeeta one last time. Picks up the pen and starts signing the papers. One by one. Face falling.

Neelu looks at Titli. Titli notices her looking. Then looks back at Vikram. Worried.

CUT TO:

I/E. TERRACE/BYLANE - EVENING

Titli stands alone on the terrace, smoking. We stay with him for a long while.

He looks down. In the lane outside, kids playing cricket. Somewhere amongst them, Vikram sits holding a bat. Looking down. Lost in his own world. Looking tense. Pradeep approaches him. They talk. Pradeep sits next to Vikram.

On the porch, Daddy looks at Vikram and Pradeep. The three exchange glances. A beat. Then Daddy slowly gets up from his cot and goes in. Titli notices the whole play, standing on the terrace. Someone gets out. The kids celebrate.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daddy sits at the dining table, shirt unbuttoned. His bypass scar completely visible for the first time.

Neelu lays out food for him in his plate. The TV plays on mute. In a corner, Vikram sits at exactly the same spot as when Sangeeta was over. Pradeep watches him from a corner, standing. Titli sits and eats in another corner.

PRADEEP

Bhai kha le kuch.

Vikram sits unmoved.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

Aa jenge paise. Chinta na kar.

Pradeep indicates Neelu to lay a plate for Vikram. Walks up to him. Titli watches.

VIKRAM

Kidhar se aayenge?

PRADEEP

Saat aath gasht ki baat hai.

Pradeep sits by Vikram's feet. Neelu comes with a plate.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
Kar lenge. Kyon Neelu?

VIKRAM
Pagal hogaya tu? Ek mahina bolke
gayi hai woh.

Neelu quietly puts food on Vikram's plate. Titli looks down. Goes back to eating. Everyone lapses into silence. Vikram eyes Titli. Then looks at Pradeep. Neelu comes with a roti for Vikram.

He looks at her.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Beta baat sun. Baith idhar.

NEELU
Bhaiya roti hai tave par.

VIKRAM
Koi na. Baith jara.

Vikram holds her hand. Makes her sit. Titli stops eating. Vikram looks at Neelu earnestly. She looks at Titli, nervous.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)
Kasam deni hai tujhe ek.

NEELU
Haanji?

VIKRAM
Aisa haal na kariyo mere Titli ka
kabhi, jaisa mera aaj hua. Aur
jalalat iss parivar mein na jhel
sakunga main!

NEELU
Nahin bhaiyya.

VIKRAM
Mata rani ki kasam kha ke bol.

Vikram keeps her hand on her head.

NEELU
Mata rani ki kasam, bhaiya.

Pause. Vikram smiles. Pats Neelu's head lovingly. Then starts eating his food. Titli looks at Neelu. Then starts to go back to eating.

DADDY (O.S.)
FD tudwa lo Neelu wali. Bipda tal
jayegi abhi ko.

Titli freezes. Mid bite. Looks at Daddy. Sitting at the dining table, eating quietly. Head bent.

VIKRAM (O.S.)
Matt maari gayi hai aapki? Bitiya
k i poonji p e haath dalenge.
Sochke toh bolo!

Titli looks at Vikram. Looking aghast.

DADDY
Ghar pura sankat mein hai. Titli
waale teen lakh hote, ye naubat
na aati.

Daddy gets up. Heads to the kitchen.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Wapas aayenge jaisi hi, ban jegi
FD phir. Time thodi lagana.

Titli looks at Daddy exit.

Then back at Vikram and Pradeep, who are already looking at him. Both look away. Vikram goes back to eating. Pradeep coughs. Titli keeps staring at them. A beat. Then slowly, goes back to eating.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Neelu sits at the corner of the bed, eyeing Titli.

NEELU
Tension kyon lera hai? Le bhi
liye toh de denge paise wapas.
Bol toh rahe hain.

TITLI
Maan ke lorre hain. Ek baar haath
lag gaya na cash, wapas na aana.

Titli lies on the other end of the bed, twirling the patthar in his hand. Looking up at the ceiling.

Pause, as Neelu looks at him.

NEELU
Ye kya hai?

TITLI
Kya?

NEELU
Haath mein tere?

Titli looks at her.

TITLI
Gift. Vaishnodevi se. Parivaar ki
jimmedaari hai, rakhle mere baad
tere pe aani hai, bol ke diya tha
Vikram ne.

A beat. Titli turns away from Neelu. Curls up and goes to sleep. Neelu keeps looking at him for a long time. Muzaic slowly kicks in.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Daddy puts dhoopbatti in front of Dadaji's photo. His reflection visible in the photo frame. Titli and Neelu exit from their room, dressed up.

Vikram in the verandah, getting ready to take a bath. In the mirror, we see him go in, eyeing Titli and Neelu. As they pass by, heading to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ARCHIES - DAY

NEELU
Ye wala kaisa hai?

Crowded gift shop. Neelu brings a bottle of perfume up to Titli's nose. He smells it, disinterested.

TITLI
Achcha hai.

NEELU
Theek se bol.

TITLI
Jaldi kar. Prince wait kar ra
hoga bahar.

Neelu looks at him, annoyed.

NEELU
Tu kar le tujhe karni hai toh.
Mujhe time lagega chooj karne
mein. Budday gift hai, pasand
aana chahiye saamne waale ko!

TITLI
Kaam kar len pehle.

NEELU
Main kaam hi kar ri hun apna!

Neelu seethes. Turns and walks to a rack of lighters. Picks one up. Titli follows her, irked.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

A big bench with Ronald McDonald sitting on it, grinning. In the background, Neelu places her order. Talking to a sales guy from the same class. Smiling.

Titli sits with Prince on one of the tables, amongst the bustling crowd. Looking rattled.

TITLI
Mere bas mein hota toh main che mahine, saal, jitte marji din kaat leta. But ye maamla saara out of hand hogaya hai.

PRINCE
Nahi nahi, aap sahi keh rahe ho. I understand.

Prince flips through his I-Pad. Deep in thought.

TITLI
Aap ji aap, dekhlo fir. Ye apne ko ek mahine mein niptana padega.

PRINCE
Hmm.

Neelu comes with her burger and fries. Sits down.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Achanak hogaya sab kuch.. Bas wohi tension hai.

Neelu takes a bite from Prince's plate. He looks at her lovingly. Smiles.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
But aap hamare liye itti takleef utha rahe ho, hamara bhi faraj banta hai. Chinta na karo, maine mail daal di hai wakeel ko. Baat karta hun. Khila pila ke jitta banta hai full try karta hun.

Titli nods understandingly.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Baaki dekho courat ka maamla hai.
Final judge k e aage kisi k i
chalti nahi, aapko pata hai.

NEELU
Late horahe hain.

TITLI
Ek minute bas.

NEELU
No baad mein baat kar lena. Chalo
na!!

PRINCE
One minute na jaanu!

Prince reacts, irked. Neelu peters down. Pause. Prince looks back at Titli, sheepish.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Toh mere khayal se na, aap saath
saath aur apni side se delay
karne ka try karo. Chakkar ghumao
kuchh ghar mein. Safe side ke
liye. Hainji?

Prince smiles. Gets up. Shaking Titli's hand. Neelu eyes Titli, irritated.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Theek hojana hai
sab. Chalo aajao dekhlo show aap
bhi.

TITLI
Nahi aap log dekho. Main wait
karta hun. Kaam finish karna hai
kuchh.

Titli eyes Neelu. Then looks down.

PRINCE
Ok bye.

Prince and Neelu walk away. Titli watches them go. Neelu looks like she's arguing with Prince. A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

A security guard opens doors for people. Checking them with his X-ray gun. People pass by, without noticing him. In the background, Titli sits staring at one of the shiny shop windows. Thinking.

A lot of shiny, flickering, agitated lights behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Titli and Neelu stand at a signal, perched on the scooter. Next to them, a Merc. Inside, a couple. The car catches Titli's attention. He looks at it. Shiny, sleek. With the Merc logo sticking out the bonnet.

Behind him, Neelu looks at the couple in the car, cozying up to each other. A beat. Titli looks away from the car. Face betraying a hint of panic. The signal turns green.

CUT TO:

I/E. SANGEETA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Titli stands the scooter. Neelu and him move through a narrow lane. Approaching the end. Next to a gate. Titli moves in. Looks around. Busy buzz as some typing institute runs at the ground level.

He looks up. Through a grille, notices Shilpi.

CUT TO:

INT. SANGEETA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sangeeta keeps a couple of frootis in front of Titli and Neelu. Shilpi sits cuddled in Titli's lap.

NEELU

Na na didi, bas kha ke hi aaye
hain hum.

SANGEETA

Lelo beta. Pehli baar ghar aaye
ho.

Sangeeta settles down. Behind her, a man comes from inside, wearing his shirt. Titli and Neelu look at each other surprised.

SANGEETA (CONT'D)

Mere friend - Suraj.

SURAJ

Namasteji.

He comes and sits down besides Sangeeta, looking like he belongs. An awkward pause, as no one knows what to say.

SANGEETA

Ek dum se, bina bataye? Sab raji khushi?

TITLI

Haanji wo bas baat karni thi aapse. Talak ke baare mein.

SANGEETA

Kya hogaya?

TITLI

Aapse request karni thi wo.. Ek mahine ki mohlat thodi badha do. Aap logon ke chakkar mein, hum dono pis rahe ab. Neelu ke paise cheen kar Vikram aapke wale chukayega bolra hai. Isne apni padhayi ke liye rakhe the wo.

Neelu looks at Titli.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Iska bhavishh pura andhera hojega.

SURAJ

Dekhoji ye aapka aapas ka maamla hai, aap khud dekho. Rahi pisne ki baat toh pisi toh sangeeta hai, uss haramjaade Vikram ke haathon. Uska toh bolo mat aap.

Titli looks at him, completely taken aback.

SURAJ (CONT'D)

Ye haath jude hain hamare. Sorry maaf karo.

SHILPI

Haraamjaade papa!

Out of the blue, Shilpi pipes up.

SANGEETA

Shilpi! Nooo! Baddd gurll!!

Sangeeta looks at Suraj, admonishingly.

SANGEETA (CONT'D)

Ek mint chup karo aap. Isko leke jao andar. Pleaje.

Suraj stares at Titli. Gets up. Takes Shilpi from his arms. Goes in. A beat. Titli looks at Sangeeta.

TITLI

Sorry bhabhi. Mujhe pata hai galti Vikram ki hai. Bas wo..

Titli looks down. Sangeeta looks at him. A beat.

SANGEETA

Apni wife aagayi, bhavishh dikh
raha tujhe. Bhabhi pe taras na
aaya kabhi?

Sangeeta smiles wistfully.

SANGEETA (CONT'D)

Maar peet machayi Vikram ne itti
jab, usse se toh request na ki
tune?

Titli looks up at her, shocked.

SANGEETA (CONT'D)

Tab kya hogaya tha? Daddy ne muh
band kar rakha tha tera? Jaise
baaki sab ka kiya tha, jab hazaar
jhoot baka ke laaye the mujhe
byah ke?

Pause. Titli keeps looking at her. Sangeeta looks at Neelu.

SANGEETA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Mujhse koi help na hogi.
Sabka struggle alag hai. Main
apna karke nikal aayi. Aap log
apna khud dekho. Frooti piyo!

Upstairs, Shilpi laughs. Cackling.

Neelu eyes Titli, uncomfortable. Titli, aware of her eyes
on him, keeps looking straight at Sangeeta. Picks up the
Frooti and takes a sip. Long, tense beat.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Titli changes clothes in a corner, quietly. Face set. Neelu
takes off her sari ensconced between the almirah doors.

NEELU

Gift deke aana hai kal.

TITLI

Kya?

Titli replies, half hearing her, lost somewhere else.

NEELU

Gift dena hai subah subah jaake
Prince ke gharpe. Sarprise.

TITLI
Khud de diyo.

Neelu stops. Looks at him.

NEELU
Matlab?

TITLI
Naukar nahin laga main tera.
Milegi toh de diyo parso.

Titli goes and lies down on the bed. Neelu looks at him a beat, irritated. Then goes back to changing.

NEELU
Tu toh bolra tha teri pat ti hai
bhabhi se badi.

TITLI
Bakwaas na kar.

Neelu smiles to herself.

NEELU
Sun le bakwaas meri chup chaap,
usi mein bhala hai tera. Dimaag
ghoom gaya na mera kahin, fees
vees teri gol na kar jaun.

Neelu sniggers. Turns. Before she can react, Titli is onto her, grabbing her neck hard. Choking her.

TITLI
Kya bol kya ri hai tu, bhainki
lorri?! Kyon nahi milenge mujhe
mere paise? Hain?!

NEELU
Chorr. Lagri hai.

Neelu gurgles. Titli breathes fire, strangling her further. Neelu struggles to get free.

TITLI
Lagane ki liye hi dabara hun!
Nahi diye na tune mere paise, mut
nikal dunga uss din gaadi mein
nikla tha jaise, samjhi!

Titli breathes fire, strangling her further. Neelu struggles to get free.

NEELU
Chorr madarchod!

A beat. Then Titli lets her go. Neelu coughs, choking. Eyes watering. Titli looks at her, raging. Neelu looks back at him, a tad scared now. But not showing it.

Then pushes him back. Picks up a towel, opens the door and walks out. Titli keeps standing there, alone.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the verandah, Daddy stands brushing his teeth. Neelu quickly skips past him. Enters the bathroom. He watches her go. A beat. Then goes back to brushing his teeth. Growling, retching. Just like Vikram and Titli. We stay with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Neelu's gift lies in the front carrier. Titli rides the scooter - early morning sun shining bright - through lanes, around markets, past morning walkers. Takes a turn and enters a posh looking colony, slowing down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRINCE'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Titli stands his scooter in front of a gaudy looking house with red tiles and a huge iron gate. Looks at it.

Walks up to the gate. Gingerly sneaking a look through. Big glass doors. Busy household inside. PRINCE'S MOTHER and a young woman - PRINCE'S WIFE (25) - mill about supervising maids. A BABY (4) sits parked on the dining table, watched over by PRINCE'S FATHER. Titli eyes them. Then quickly steps inside, about to keep the gift down. Suddenly, from a corner, Prince walks out. Moving right towards the glass doors, looking sleepy.

PRINCE
Ritu cha pilayin!

Titli instinctively hides. Prince goes towards the dining table, newspaper in hand.

PRINCE'S FATHER
Ole ole! Papa uth gaye. Pyari
karo papa ko. Bolo happy
birthday!

PRINCE
Aaja, papa ko pyari karde. Happy
Birthday bol de sher mere!

PRINCE'S FATHER
Happy Birthday dear papa. Bolo
bachche.

Titli watches in shock as Prince goes and picks up HIS
BABY. Cuddling him. The kid starts crying.

PRINCE
Papa ko pyari nahin karna? Achcha
koi na. KOINA!

PRINCE'S WIFE
Shave kar liya karo na. Chubti
hai usse!

Prince's wife enters from the kitchen.

PRINCE
Armani wala scent bhi laga lun.
Fir khush hogi?!

She smiles. Prince gives a her kiss on the forehead,
hugging her. Looking much in love. Prince's mother walks in
with a cake.

PRINCE'S MOTHER
Lo bai lo. Cake khao saare!

Everybody comes together. Laughing. Doting on each other.
Titli looks on, stunned. Suddenly, behind him the doorbell
rings. Prince looks towards the gate and immediately spots
Titli. So does his wife.

PRINCE'S WIFE
Haanji boliye?

She comes out and opens the door, smiling.

TITLI
Nahin, woh.. Gift hai ji birthday
ka.

PRINCE
Chawlaji ke idhar se aaye? Bola
tha unhone mujhe.

Prince walks out quickly. Face rapidly losing color.

PRINCE'S WIFE
Haaye dekho! Kitta sochte hain
hamare baare mein.

PRINCE
Haan.

He takes the gift from Titli. Titli looks at him.

TITLI

Achcha ji main chalta hun.

PRINCE'S WIFE

Arey, ruko bhaiyya. Cake to kha
ke jao, inke janamdin ka. Ruko
main daal ke laati hoon.

Titli turns and walks out. Prince watches him go, looking
ash white. A beat.

CUT TO:

Titli walks towards his scooter, half confused, half
stunned. Gets there and puts his key in. Thinking.
Processing.

PRINCE (O.S.)

Titliji! Titliji!

Prince runs up to him, buttoning his shirt. Looking
nervous.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Baat suno e k mint aap meri.
Idhar.. Idhar aao.

He starts walking Titli away from the house in the opposite
direction.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Ye jaisa aapko lag raha hai,
waise nahi hai by god.

TITLI

Kaisa hai phir?

PRINCE

Suno ek mint. Ye bachcha aise
hogaya.. By accident. Main nahi
chahta tha. Phas gaya main!

Prince almost pulls Titli along, looking over his shoulder.
Clearly lying. Entering a park. Hiding them behind a
jhoola. Titli keeps looking at him. A beat.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Aap Please Neelu ko kuch mat
batana. Woh bidak gayi toh mera
basa basaya ghar ujarr jayega.
Yahin daba do baat ko.

TITLI

Aap Neelu ko loge ke nahi loge?

Prince looks at Titli.

PRINCE

Meri majboori hai Titliji. Aap khud parivar wale ho, apni majboori ke peeche bhag rahe ho. Samjho please!

TITLI

Meri madad aap kar do. Main chup ho jata hun. Ekdum.

Prince looks at Titli. Feeling cornered.

PRINCE

Neelu hai na! Aap ghabra kyon rahe ho. Aapki bhi chaah poori kar degi, meri bhi.

Presses on.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Jaada ho halle mein vaise bhi kuch nahi rakha Titliji. Aap Neelu ko kuch bologe, Neelu mujhko kuch bolegi - hamare saare rishte tut jayenge alag - nuksaan aapka hoga sabse bada. Fees atak jegi aapki. Samajh rahe ho?

Titli goes quiet.

Prince pauses. Cussing the moment. Then smiles. Hugging Titli tight.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Bas khatam karte hain yahin baat ko saari. Ye meri sorry aapko asuvidha hui itni, uske liye. Aur nahi kuch hone dunga aage. Promise.

Then disengages.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Aap apni side sambhal lo, main apni side se dekh lunga pakka.. Aur pati ka haq to diya hi hua hai aapko - ek aadha haath pher lo. Main bura nahi manunga.

Prince grins naughtily. A beat. Titli keeps looking at him, unwavering. Beat heavy, drone-like music slowly fades in.

CUT TO:

INT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

Loud music, shady disco. A couple of women dancing surrounded by lecherous men. Neelu dances with Prince, all energy and madness. Looking drunk.

CUT TO:

INT. DISCOTHEQUE (SMOKING AREA) - NIGHT

Haze of smoke. Darkness.

People standing, drinking. Busy chatting, laughing. Coochie cooing with each other. In a corner, Neelu stands with Prince, drenched in sweat. Kissing him full on the mouth. Titli watches them from afar.

Neelu takes a cigarette from Prince's mouth. Lights it. Both check out the lighter. Laugh. Prince smiles. Cuddles up to Neelu again. He necks her, hands roaming all over. Titli watches them. Takes a swig of his drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISCOTHEQUE PARKING - NIGHT

Biggish parking. Cars tramp in and out. A big 'Parking Full' sign glows in a corner. Titli stands in the middle of it all, smoking.

Faint rumble of music in the background. A couple passes him, drunk, laughing. Titli takes another drag from his cigarette. A long, silent beat.

PRINCE (O.S.)

Titli ji! Har baari aapse milke
na, complex ho jata hai by god.

Titli is broken out of his reverie. Neelu and Prince walk towards him. Prince grabs his hand. Neelu smiles.

NEELU

Aap bhi na!

PRINCE

N a sachchi. Inse pehle itna
support karne wale pati maine
filmon mein dekhe the khali.

He looks at Titli straight faced. Titli looks down.

TITLI

Nahinji nahi.

PRINCE

Aaj court gaya tha main?

NEELU
Sachchi! Kagaj kahan hai?

Neelu almost jumps up. Excited.

PRINCE
Arey, kagaj to baad mein banenge,
woh mara judge hee mood mein naa
tha - agle maheene ke end pe taal
di baat. Bakeel bolte hai aap
bolo mat beech mein.

Titli stares at him.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Ek mahine wali baat ban-ni nahi
ye, maine socha bata dun. Aap log
kuch aur socho.

A beat. Neelu's face falls. A car stops next to Prince. A
valet hands him the keys. Prince looks at Neelu.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Titliji ki help kar na tu! FD
wefD karde sign jo karni hai,
inka kaam bichare ka bekar mein
hamare chakkar mein ruka hua hai.
Bharose ke aadmi hain, koi
ainwayi thodi na hain!

Prince turns towards Titli.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Haina Titliji? Ok!

Prince smiles. Gets into his car. Looks at Neelu.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
Chal bye. Tu tension na le. Ek
aur mahine ki toh baat hai, phat
se nikal jayega.

Neelu nods. He guns his car and zooms off. Leaving Titli
and Neelu standing there. Alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BYLANE - NIGHT

Titli and Neelu walk back towards the house. Tense.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TV plays on mute. Daddy sits watching it.

Inside, Vikram potters about in the kitchen. Neelu works around him. Cooker whistling. Vikram looks at her. Smiles. Pats her head lovingly. Then walks out. Titli notices, sitting at the dining table. Vikram comes with a plate of bhindi and a knife.

Upstairs, Pradeep can be heard arguing with someone. Almost screaming. A beat. Titli sits there. Looks at Vikram cutting the bhindi. The knife slowly chopping it into small pieces. Then at Dadaji's photo lying there.

Pradeep comes down the stairs. Looking upset.

VIKRAM
Kya hogaya?

PRADEEP
Kuch nahi.

Pradeep walks out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Titli lies on the bed, silent. Looking worried. Neelu next to him, sleeping.

Suddenly, Titli hears something. Pause. He gets up. Slowly steps out of the room. Walks into the verandah. Silence. Then faint sounds of crying waft in. Titli locates it. Climbs up the stairs to the terrace.

Upstairs, Pradeep sits crying like a baby. Titli looks at him, surprised. Pradeep notices him.

TITLI
Kya hogaya?

PRADEEP
Kuch nahi. Ja soja.

Pradeep quickly wipes his tears. Gets up. Titli stands there. A beat. Pradeep walks away, turning his back to him.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Titli stands staring at himself in the bathroom mirror. Face set. Daddy can be heard snoring in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Morning bhajans play on the radio. Vikram and Pradeep fill up buckets from the tap outside. Daddy sits on the cot, sweating.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK LANE - DAY

The scooter chugs through a dirty, garbage filled area. Titli and Neelu perched on it. Slowly drives through, and enters another, narrower lane. A dead end wall on one side.

Stinky, garbage dump lane. Titli precariously balances the scooter over the debris. Neelu looks around, cringing. Slowly, they reach the dead end and stop. Neelu gets off, looking bewildered. Titli parks the scooter.

Neelu looks at him.

NEELU
Idhar kyon aaye hain?

TITLI
Kaam kanne.

NEELU
Matlab?

TITLI
Baith ek mint.

Titli looks at her. Neelu sits on the scooter. A beat.

TITLI (CONT'D)
FD sign na kar sakte. Haath todna padega tera.

NEELU
Pagal hogaya tu?

Neelu looks at him, incredulous. Titli stares at her.

TITLI
Pyar karti hai na Prince se?
Milna hai na uske sang?

NEELU
Haan toh isme haath todne ki kya baat hai?

TITLI
Aur peeche nahi talegi baat. Do teen din mein mangega wo kagaj.
Phir kya karegi?

NEELU

Nakli palastar chada lete hain!

TITLI

Haramjaada hai Vikram. Pata chal gaya na, maa chod dega teri meri, dono ki.

Neelu looks at Titli, nervous. Pause.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Sab soch ke bolra hun main. Thoda sa dard hoga, saath palastar chadega ek mahine ka. Jitte mein utrega, tera bhi kaam pura ho jega, mera bhi. Bin tension ke.

NEELU

Tera haath toot r a hota toh poochti main!

Titli looks at her, unwavering. Opens the dicky of the scooter. Takes out the FD from a packet and keeps it in front of her.

TITLI

Aur koi chara na hai. Prince ne bhi bola.

Then takes out a pen and hands it out to her.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Sign kar.

Neelu looks at him. A long, tense beat. Then she signs the form. Looks back at him. Almost trembling. Titli takes the pen back and keeps it in his pocket. Looking at her.

A beat. Then he stretches out his hand. Asking for hers.

Slowly, gingerly, Neelu gives her hand to him. Titli keeps it on the seat. Fiddles through the dicky.

NEELU

Haath toot jega, Prince looli kyun lega?

TITLI

Theek hojega plastic se.

Titli looks back at her. Takes out a packet. Inside, an injection and a vial. He takes them out. Starts filling up the injection.

NEELU

Ye kya hai?

TITLI
Sunn karne ki dawai.

Neelu looks at him. A beat.

NEELU
Tayyari sang aaya hai poori.

TITLI
Dard nahi hona chahiye na tujhe.
Baith scooter pe.

Titli gets ready. Neelu looks at him, nervous. Smiles. Shitting in her pants. Titli looks at her. Then takes her hand. Injects the liquid into her arm. Finishes and rubs it. Looking at her with affection.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Darr mat. Aaram se hojega.

NEELU
Wapsi mein scooter aaram se
chalaiyo. Brake wake maari,
mujhse rukna nahi.

TITLI
Ok.

Both smile. A beat.

Then Titli presses her hand.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Kuch mehsoos hora hai?

NEELU
Thoda thoda.

He rubs her hand a bit better for circulation. Pause, as they wait. Then presses again.

TITLI
Ab?

Neelu nods to say no. Titli opens the dicky and keeps the FD papers back. Takes out a hammer from the tool kit. Neelu looks at it. Titli looks at her.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Neeche mat dekhiyo.

NEELU
Pagal hogaya tu.

Neelu whimpers.

TITLI
Prince chahiye ki nahin?

A beat. Neelu doesn't say anything.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Udhar dekhle. Kuch nahi hota.

Titli turns her head the other way. Neelu gulps, shivering. Titli raises his hammer. A beat. Neelu closes her eyes in anticipation. Titli thumps the hand twice. Quick.

Neelu winces. Not feeling much. Pause. Titli looks at the hand.

TITLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hogaya.

Neelu looks at her hand. Swollen. Slowly turning black. Then looks back at Titli. Titli looks at her.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Ghar jaake bolna hai accident
hogaya. Scooter se gir gaye dono.

Neelu nods. Looking pale. Titli keeps looking at her, expressionless. A beat, as we stay with him. Then he looks down. Starts putting things back into the dicky. Like nothing ever happened.

CUT TO:

I/E. ROADS + CLINIC - DAY

Scape shots of the city. Full of noise. Dust. Chaos. People humming about. Cars stuck in traffic. People jostling for space. Rickshaws pulling extra weight. People clambering onto an already overfull bus. Pedestrians, crossing signals through running traffic, running for dear life.

Outside a clinic, the scooter stands battered. Scratched, dented. Side cover torn off. Foot covers and lining bent. Stuffing coming out of the seat.

Inside, Neelu sits looking distraught with pain. Getting a cast wound around her hand. Her nails blue black now. From outside, Pradeep and Daddy stand and watch. Vikram sits in a corner, deep in thought. Titli sits on a stool some distance away, clothes torn, bandaged on the elbow and hand. Getting another done on his knee. Neelu looks at Daddy. Daddy looks away, chewing his gutka.

The doctor walks out. Pradeep talks to him. Looking tired. Worried. The doctor walks away. Pradeep looks at Vikram, face falling. Vikram stares into nothingness, unmoved. Titli eyes him from his corner, edgy. A long tense beat, as we stay with Vikram.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Titli and Neelu stand in a corner, bruised and bandaged.

Khari sits on a plastic chair, sipping on a cola, looking at them. Behind him, a busy bustle. People putting up lights, keeping buffet utensils, moving things.

KHARI

Saadi karli bulaya nahi.

PRADEEP

Woji sab itti jaldi mein hua,
hamein toh card chapwane ka bhi
time nahi mila.

Pradeep pipes up. Vikram stands looking older. Broken. Khari looks at them.

A TAILOR approaches Khari.

TAILOR

Sirji ye sari aagayi bhabhiji ki.
Saath Sherwani aapki.

KHARI

Andar madam ko dikha do. Bill
kitta hua?

TAILOR

Dhai hogaya ji full and final.

Khari shuffles through his bag. Takes out bundles of thousand rupee notes. Hands it to him. Titli looks at the money. Then at Khari.

KHARI

Ye pakdo.

TAILOR

Thenk you.

The tailor walks away. Khari turns back to Vikram and Co.

KHARI

Bolo?

VIKRAM

Accident hogaya ji bachchon ka.
Bipda mein phas ge hain.

Vikram looks at him.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

Kaam dedo jo marji.

KHARI

Joga ka rashan band hogaya?

Khari sips his cola noisily, looking at Vikram. Vikram remains quiet. Someone brings samosas for him. He takes them. Breaking a piece. Looking back at the brothers. Sizing them up. A beat.

KHARI (CONT'D)
Keshav Gobriyal bolke banda hai
ek. Hawala ka paisa laraha ek
crore kal shaam ko. Gaadi roko
uski, rokra jabt karo jaake.

The samosa is hot. Khari blows into it.

KHARI (CONT'D)
Katta bhijwa dunga ek. Jaada chun
chapat kari, uda dena. Recovery
mein bees tumhare, assi mere.

Neelu's face loses color. Titli stands nonchalant.

Khari drops some samosa on himself. Vikram and Pradeep look at each other, nervous.

VIKRAM
Wo sirji..

KHARI
Hmm?

VIKRAM
Wo kabhi.. kiya nahi murder
wurder hamne.

Khari, middle of dusting his pants, looks at them.

Aghast.

KHARI
Aur maan ke lorrone, bees lakh
mein tumse ringa ringa roje
khilwaun? Hain?! Chutiyon! Karna
hai karo nahi bhaago idhar se.
Chalo!!

Khari roars. Vikram and Pradeep immediately look down. Khari mumbles, looking at them distastefully.

Titli looks at him. Then at his brothers. Keeps standing, impassive. Scratching his nose. Next to him, Neelu looks around, terror struck.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TV plays some Bollywood music. Blaring.

Daddy sits eating his food on the diwan. In the kitchen, Vikram and Pradeep cook. Brows furrowed.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Titli stands shaving in a corner. Looking satisfied. We stay with him.

NEELU
Main nahi karungi.

Neelu sits behind him. Frozen.

TITLI
Kya?

NEELU
Tune jo boli, jaise boli, maine karli. Gasht pe nahi jaungi phir.

TITLI
Pagal hogayi tu?

Titli turns. Looks at her.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Bana banaya game bigad jega pura!

NEELU
Maine murder nahi karna. Mujhe Prince ke paas jaana hai.

Neelu looks at him, ash white.

She picks up her phone. Starts dialling a number. Titli rushes to her.

TITLI
Kya kar ri hai tu. Ruk! Baat sun ek mint meri!

NEELU
Nahi chod. Maine jaana hai. Main Prince ke paas reh lungi, sample flat mein.

TITLI
Ek.. Ek gasht ki toh baat hai. Karle pata nahi chalne kisi ko.

Titli fights for the phone with her.

NEELU
Nahi. Main nahi.

TITLI
Chorr! Phone Chorr!

NEELU
Tu chorr. Mereko Prince ke paas
jaana hai!

TITLI
Nahi ja sakte Prince ke paas.

NEELU
Kyon? Kyon nahi ja sakte?

Neelu struggles. Titli tries to overpower her. Neelu tries to bite his hand.

TITLI
Chorr. CHORR!

NEELU
Wapas kar. Mera phone hai. Wapas
de!!

Neelu starts crying. Hitting Titli, getting hysterical. They struggle. Get into a scuffle. Neelu bites him. Titli twists her arm.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Aaaaiyaaa haaaaa!

Neelu starts bawling. In extreme pain. Titli gets the phone. Looks at his hand. Neelu starts shouting. Bawling.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Jaane de mujhe bhainchod. Achchi
family se hun main. Tum jaisi
criminal nahi hun. MAINE NAHI
LENI JAAN KISI KI!!

Titli looks at her, frustrated.

Whack! Out of the blue, he gives her a slap.

TITLI
Chup. Chup ekdum. Bahar sunega!

He mutters through gritted teeth. Breathing hard. Nostrils flaring. Neelu whimpers. Gulps. Quietening down.

Silence. Slowly, the TV volume outside increases. Titli and Neelu look at each other. A beat. Neelu's jaw tightens. Tears flow down her cheeks.

NEELU
Tune jo karna hai karle. Maa ki
kasam hai meri! Maine nahi hissa
lungi iss chakkar mein. Prince ke
bina, chahe Prince ke sang.

A beat.

Titli looks at Neelu, knowing she means it. Then looks down. Composing himself. Pause.

TITLI

Sorry.

He looks back at her. Calm.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Dekh main tere sang hun, saamne nahi. Main khud phasa hua hun.

NEELU

Mereko nahi pata. Prince ke paas chorr ke aa mereko abhi.

TITLI

Abhi kahan jayegi tu raat mein. Gharpe hoga wo. Biwi ke saath.

Neelu stretches out her hand for the phone.

NEELU

Main baat karti hun. Soch lenge wo kuch na kuch.

A beat. Titli keeps staring at her.

Eyes going cold.

TITLI

Ruk tu. Main baat karta hun. Galti se koi aur phone utha lega toh panga ho jayega. Bekaar mein mere paise jayenge.

Neelu stares at him. Outside, the bell rings.

Titli gets up. Looks at her. Then walks out, wiping his face with a towel. Closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daddy lies facing towards the wall, eyes wide open.

Titli walks out of his room, latching the door behind him. Notices Pradeep standing at the door in front of a HAWALDAR holding a box.

BOX HAWALDAR

Khare sir ne bheja hai.

Pradeep looks at Vikram, standing in a corner. Then back at the hawaldar.

PRADEEP
Phatake iske?

BOX HAWALDAR
Hain dabbe mein. Chaar.

Pradeep takes the box. Closes the door. Looks at Vikram. Vikram looks at Titli.

VIKRAM
Jhagda kar re the?

TITLI
Theek hai sab.

Titli walks out. Vikram looks at him go. Then at the box in Pradeep's hand.

VIKRAM
Awaaj kam kar TV ki.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAAN SHOP - NIGHT

Titli stands at the paan shop. Smoking. A long beat, as he takes deep puffs. The paanwallah gives him gutka. He takes it and keeps it in his pocket.

Goes back into his reverie. Pause.

Then suddenly, Titli notices something on his right. He looks up. Apple stands there, with another OLDER MAN. Smiling. Joking. Titli looks at them.

Then looks away. Takes another couple of drags. Thinking. Then stubs out his cigarette and walks off into the lane. Slowly, getting eaten by its darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Neelu, sitting nervous on the edge of the bed, perks up as the door opens. Titli enters.

Looks at her. A beat.

TITLI
Baat karli maine. Kal tower
chalna hai. Wahin flat mein
intejaam kar diya hai usne.

He hands her back her phone.

NEELU
Mere saamne kyon nahi ki?

TITLI
Dimaag garam tha tera.

Titli looks at her.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Thande se sochne ka time hai iss
wakt. Wife ke sang pichchar dekh
ra tha.. Bola hai bolne ko, kal
shaam tak phone sms nahi karna
bilkul. Koi kirtan hai ghar pe.

He goes and lies down on the bed.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Ek raat aur hai, kaat le. Kal se
tu free.

Neelu looks at him. Smiles.

NEELU
Thank you.

Then thinks.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Kal niklenge kaise par? Sabne toh
gasht pe jaana hai?

TITLI
Tujhe nikalna hai. Kaise nikalun
woh meri problem. Tu bas apni
payment ki soch, baaki bhul ja.

A beat. Neelu looks at Titli, relieved. Then lies down. On the other side, Titli keeps looking at the wall on his side. Wide awake. Sound of bhajans fades in.

CUT TO:

EXT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Titli stands on the terrace, brushing his teeth. Looking down.

Outside the house, Pradeep fills buckets from the tap. Vikram walks out with another empty one. The two brothers talk. Vikram says something. Pradeep smiles a wry smile.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - MORNING

DADDY

Heera hai heera apna Titli!
Bilkul apni maan jaisa. Teeno
bhaiyon mein sabse majboot.

Daddy sits with Neelu. Titli spits at the basin.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Koi darr, koi chot lage, chun
nahi karta jara si. Bachpan mein
gujaron ne pitayi lagayi thi bat
wikton se, muh na khola isne.

Neelu looks at Titli. Titli does kulla.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Septik hua tab jaake pata chala
hamien.

Daddy looks at Titli, smiling patronizingly. Titli looks
back at him. A beat.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Saare jaake kaam poora kar aao
raji khushi, fir vaishno devi
challenge pura parivar.

NEELU

Haanji.

DADDY

Thand pad jaati hai jaake wahan.

Daddy looks back at Titli.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Main gaya tha Mummyji ke saath,
ek baari haath nahi utha uske
baad mera.

A beat. Titli stares at Daddy. Daddy keeps looking back at
him. Neelu looks at Titli. Daddy gets up, painfully. Walks
to Dadaji's photo. Starts doing dhoop batti to him.

Titli watches him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Titli and Neelu drive through traffic. Silent.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

BANK MANAGER
FD tudwa rahe aap? Time se pehle?

A middle aged, grey haired BANK MANAGER sits behind her desk, looking at Titli and Neelu.

TITLI
Woji chot lag gayi inko. Paise
short horahe hain.

BANK MANAGER
Interest kat jayega aapka.

TITLI
Interest se pehle health hai.

Titli smiles. Holds her gaze.

The Bank Manager looks at Neelu.

BANK MANAGER
Life Insurance hai, aap dono ki?

TITLI
Humko nahi karani ji. Aap bas
cash dila do jaldi.

Titli fiddles through his bag. Takes out the FD papers. The Bank Manager looks at him. A beat. Then at Neelu's cast.

Rings a bell.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Titli and Neelu walk out of the bank. Titli turns and heads away from Neelu, heaving a bag over his shoulder.

NEELU
Kya hua?

TITLI
Ek mint. Kaam hai ek aur.

Neelu follows him. Titli walks down a little bit. Reaches a PCO. Picks up the phone. Dials a number.

TITLI (CONT'D)
Call kitte ki?

PCO GUY
Do रुपये.

Neelu reaches Titli. Titli looks at her. Someone picks up on the other end.

TITLI

Haanji mandi chowki? Khabar deni hai ek. Jaipur highway, hindon chowk pe dakaiti ka plan hai aaj. Ek karor ki. Do bande gaadi se churayenge, DL-1512 number. Rok sako toh rok lo.

Animated garble from the other end. Titli disconnects. Pays the PCO guy. Neelu looks at him, stunned. Titli walks away. A beat, as we stay with him, walking to the scooter.

Neelu reaches him. Titli looks at her.

TITLI (CONT'D)

Karna jaroori hai. Roka nahi unko, seedha mere tere peeche aayenge.

Starts the scooter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Titli and Neelu ride on the scooter, silent. Neelu, sitting sombre on the backseat, leans forward.

NEELU

Phone karega mujhe?

TITLI

Number badalna padega jaake.

Titli keeps driving. Looking straight ahead. Neelu leans back, falling silent again. The scooter veers off the main road. Slowly nearing a sprawling jungle of concrete.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER CONSTRUCTION TOWER - AFTERNOON

The scooter stands near the outer wall of Prince's tower, Titli still sitting on it. Neelu standing beside him.

Both looking at each other, awkward.

NEELU

Gaadi khadi nahi. Pahunche nahi shayad.

Titli looks at her.

TITLI

Late hogaye honge. Bola tha mujhe
kal, time lagega.

NEELU

Ok.

Neelu looks down. Titli looks at the bag in her hand.

Neelu looks back up at him. A beat.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Sun tu Daddy ki baat ka bura mat
maniyo. Bada achcha ladka hai tu.
Apne beech mein thodi jor
jabardasti hogayi but.. mere mann
mein ijrat hai tere liye badi.

Titli looks at Neelu, level eyed. Steady.

Neelu looks back at him affectionately. Then hands out the
bag of money. Smiling.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Kabhi galti se teri parking mein
aayi, toh paise mat liyo.

Titli takes the bag. Keeps it in the carrier in front.
Closes the dicky. Looks at Neelu. Pause.

TITLI

Bye.

NEELU

Bye.

Titli looks down. Kicks the scooter, accelerates and starts
to ride away. All in one motion.

We stay with him, looking uncomfortable. In the background,
Neelu rapidly recedes into the distance, getting lost in a
cloud of dust. Titli keeps looking straight ahead,
unblinking. Hands on handle. Body erect. Still as stone.

We see him in the rearview mirror. Shaky.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS DEPOT - LATE AFTERNOON

A big board says 'Anand Vihar Bus Terminus'. People mill
about, creating a confused melee.

Through the busy crowd somewhere, Titli emerges. Clutching
on to his bag tight. He walks purposefully. Goes a few
steps in a direction. Stops in front of a ticket window.
Leans in. Buys a ticket. Talking to the ticket guy.

Then straightens. Looks here and there, aimlessly. Goes and sits in a corner. Keeps his bag by his feet. Then picks it up and keeps it in his lap, holding on tight. A long beat, as we stay with him sitting amongst the crowd. Waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS DEPOT (BATHROOM) - LATE AFTERNOON

People stand and pee. Someone at the entrance collects money.

In a cubicle, Titli stands with a bundle of notes in his hand, counting with full concentration. Below, inside the bag, there are two neat stacks of money. Titli finishes counting his bundle. Keeps it on one side. Picks up another bundle from the other stack. Starts counting it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS DEPOT (FOOD STALL) - LATE AFTERNOON

Typical roadside stall. Full of oil laden savories and sticky sweets. Dirty with a D.

Titli sits near it. Eating from a makeshift newspaper plate. Looking nowhere in particular. Chomping hungrily. Yet not quite able to slide a full bite down the throat smoothly. A couple of flies buzz around. We stay with Titli, as he swishes them away. Continuing to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Titli sits in the still bus, near the window. Outside, the conductor shouts for the last few passengers.

Titli's phone rings. He looks at it. Its Vikram. Titli cuts the call. Keeps the phone in his pocket. The phone rings again. Titli takes it out and cuts it again. Keeps looking at it. A beat later, the phone rings again.

Titli cuts it again. Then switches off the phone. Keeps it back in his pocket. Looks out the window.

CUT TO:

I/E. BUS - EVENING

The bus moves on the highway. Titli's hair flies in the breeze. He looks out the window, looking pale. Pause.

A beat, as he thinks. Then suddenly, he coughs. First once, gently. Then another time, slightly violently. Stops. Manages to hold himself. Hand over mouth.

Leans back slowly. Looking ill.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SIDE - LATE EVENING

Titli walks through a crowded street.

Enters a chemist shop. A signboard says - 'Merrut Medicos'. Titli buys a bottle of water. Takes big gulps. Through the glass, we see him pause. Then drink some more.

A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL STAIRS - LATE EVENING

PINTU

Shabash hai shabash, mere sher!
Charr aa, thodi aur bachi hengi!!

Pintu looks down the semi dark steps of a long unfinished, winding staircase, smiling. Titli climbs up slowly, huffing and puffing. Pintu laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL EMPTY SPACE - LATE EVENING

PINTU

Bada tej luck hai tera, by god.
Khanduri saab nikalne wale the
kal chutti pe, setting karke
puri. Last mint pakda hamne.

Pintu sits on a solitary table in a big empty hall, legs dangling. Titli stands in front of him.

A beat. Titli stands there, listless.

PINTU (CONT'D)

Kya hogaya tereko?

TITLI

Kuch nahi.

PINTU

Abe khush hoja ab, manhusiyat ke
pujari. Dreem pura hora tera,
hain?

Pintu gets off the table, walking towards Titli.

PINTU (CONT'D)
Baatt dekh raha tha itte din se
jiski! Life badalne wali hai
teri.

Pintu keeps a hand on Titli's shoulder. Walking him to a corner.

PINTU (CONT'D)
Sahi kiya nikal aaya gatar se tu.
Chutiye bhai tere, bhainchod
tarakki rok re the. Ab koi na
aayega beech mein.

They stop near an edge. Behind them, a whole city sprawled. Rooftops, antennas, windows. Massive, chaotic.

Titli looks at it. Then back at Pintu.

Pintu smiles.

PINTU (CONT'D)
La paise de. Main neech khanduri
saab se kagaj poore karata hun.
Fir party karenge dono bhai.
Talli honge, full free hoke!

A really long beat.

Titli looks at Pintu. Back outside towards the open. Then goes for the money. Takes it out and gives it to him.

TITLI
Main neech jara hoon, parking
dekhne.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PARKING - LATE EVENING

Dingy, darkish space. 'Parking' sign glowing in a corner. Titli stands by a pillar, looking at it.

A long pause. Titli keeps looking at the board. Looking bluer by the minute. Then coughs. As if something's stuck in the throat. Looks down. Then looks at the board again.

A second later, goes at it more violently. Sits down where he is. Retching. Trying to make himself stop. Holding back with all his might. Coughing a couple of times more.

Then, all of a sudden, puking.

Wave after small wave. Going at it, almost unstopably. Choking. Breathing heavy. Nose leaking. Eyes watering.

Trying to recover. A car enters the parking. Pintu and KHANDURI (55) get out. Pintu rushes to him.

PINTU
Bhai! Kya hogaya bhai?

Pintu reaches Titli. Massages him on the back, looking down at the dirty mess distastefully.

PINTU (CONT'D)
Galt kha liya kuch?!

Titli pukes some more.

TITLI
Sorry. Sorry.

PINTU
Nahi bhai, koi nahi.

Khanduri looks on worried.

KHANDURI
Paani pila do thoda.

PINTU
Pani! Pani pi le bhai!

Pintu rushes to the car. Gets a bottle of water. Hands it out to Titli.

A beat. Titli looks at him. Heaving.

TITLI
Sorry bhai.

PINTU
Koi na yaar. Mausam garam hai.
Teri thodi galti hai.

Pintu smiles at Khanduri. Then stretches the bottle back out to Titli. Titli looks at them.

TITLI
Nahi leni.

PINTU
Pee le, sir dukhega nahi.

TITLI
Maine parking nahi leni.

PINTU
Hain?

Pintu looks at him surprised.

TITLI

Parking nahi lagegi mujhe.

Titli looks at them, getting up. Pintu and Khanduri look at each other.

KHANDURI

Pagal hogaya tu? Deal hogayi ab.
Chhatis logon se aage baat karli
maine puri!

TITLI

Mujhe nahi chahiye. Paise dedo
mere wapas.

PINTU

Kya bolra hai tu?

Pintu looks at Khanduri. Khanduri's face hardens.

KHANDURI

Beta bijness hai ye, koi game
nahi. Galti ho gayi tumse toh
khud bhugto. Paise waise koi na
milte wapas, ek baari gaye toh.

A beat. Titli looks at him.

TITLI

Dedo please.

KHANDURI

Please gaya maa chudane. Chal oye
Pintu.

Khanduri turns and starts walking away. Pintu looks at Titli. Then he too starts to walk away. A beat.

Titli looks at them go. His face hardens.

Pintu and Khanduri walk to the car in long, rapid paces.
Pause. Then bang! A gun shot. Both cower, taken completely
by surprise.

KHANDURI (CONT'D)

Teri maa ki!

PINTU

O bhainchod! Kya kar ra hai?

Khanduri slides behind the car. Pintu turns and looks at Titli. Titli stands with a katta in his hand.

PINTU

Bhai! Bhainchod kya.. kidhar se
aaya tere paas ye?

TITLI

Paise rakh neeche.

Both Titli and Pintu stand shivering.

PINTU

Kyon chutiyapa machara hai? Help
kar ra hun main toh teri!

KHANDURI

Abe bag de iska wapas. Jaldi!

Khanduri squeaks from behind the car. A beat.

Pintu looks at Titli. Then quickly goes to the car. Takes the money out and throws the bundles down onto the ground. Gets into the car. Khanduri gets in from the other side.

PINTU

Age se aaiyo tu bhainchod saale.
Dost bolta hai. Mere pe gun taan
di!

Pintu looks at Titli. Khanduri starts the car.

PINTU (CONT'D)

Bhainchod chutiye kahin ke! Hai
toh tu apne bhaiyon jaisa hi.
MADARCHOD PURI FAMILY CHUTIYA HAI
TUMHARI!!

The car speeds off, swerving and exiting. Pintu shouting.

A beat. Titli stands there, gun in hand. Shivering still. The sound of the car disappears in the distance. Pause, as we stay with him. Slowly, he lowers his gun. The whole parking lot resonates with silence.

CUT TO:

I/E. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house stands still - ominous - in the night.

Inside, four glasses sit lined up in the kitchen.

The dining table stands alone. Empty.

In the sink, four toothbrushes dangle awkwardly.

On a wall, the MOTHER'S photo smiles. Adorned with dry flowers.

On the TV set, sits an eerie photo of Daddy, with a younger Vikram and Pradeep. Titli as a toddler. Everyone unsmiling. Looking slightly uncomfortable.

In a corner, Daddy sits eating food slowly. Watching TV on mute. Looking pale. Afraid.

CUT TO:

EXT. BYLANE - NIGHT

Titli walks through the deserted bylane. The sound of his shuffling feet resonant. Looking listless. Yet awake.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. Titli enters and goes to the inner room, purposefully. Daddy notices, surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. TITLI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Titli opens a drawer. Looking tired. Keeps the patthar inside. Then the katta.

DADDY

Gaya nahi tu gasht pe?

Daddy notices the katta going into the drawer. Titli closes it. Looks at Daddy. Daddy looks back, nervous.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Achcha kiya waise. Bhaiyon ne teri, badi durgat machayi hai. Nikal liya unke changul se, samajhdar hai tu.

A beat. Titli looks away.

Starts changing his clothes.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Khaya tune kuch subah se? Roti garam karoon tere liye?

TITLI

Nahin.

DADDY

Ande ki bhurji bana deta hoon, das minute lagne.

Titli keeps changing clothes without saying a word. Daddy looks at him, uncomfortable.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Tu chinta na kar. Vikram ki haraamjaadgi ka saaya tal gaya ab ghar se.

Titli buttons his shirt. Picks up his bag.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Jo mann kare tera, kaam kar liyo.
Ghar main dekh lunga. Bade saalon
baad khushi aayegi.. Uss saale
suar ne narak bana diya tha
gharko. Roti tak ko mohtaj kar
diya sabko! Sau kode pade na..

TITLI

Suar wo nahi, SUAR AAP HO!

Titli moves towards Daddy, seething. Walks up and stands right in his face. Bursting at the seams.

Silence. Daddy cowers. Quivering.

DADDY

Kya hogaya?

Pause. Titli stares at him a beat. Holding back.

Then notices Dadaji's photo on the dining table. Looks at Daddy. Walks out. Bangs the photo down onto the table. Shut!

Then leaves, without looking back. Daddy keeps standing there. Alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Shaadi buzz. Baraat just reaching the entrance. People dancing wildly. Crackers going off. Row of light men holding gas lamps moving next to the brass band.

Through them, Titli emerges, wading forward. Looking around. He shoves through a crowd and enters through the gate. Inside, lavish setup. A big buffet. Elaborate bar. Dance floor. DJ pumping away. Titli looks around.

Spots Khari standing in a corner. Drinking, laughing. Walks up to him. Khari notices.

KHARI

Tu yahan kya kar ra hai oye?

TITLI

Kidhar hain mere bhai?

Khari looks around surreptitiously. Pulls him into a corner, whispering. Threateningly.

KHARI

Bhainchod idhar tamasha machaya
na, jinda gaad dunga. Samjha!

TITLI

Chorr de mere bhaiyon ko.

A beat. Khari looks at Titli.

KHARI

Chorr dun?! Madarchod tujhe bhi andar na daal dun saath unke! Chutiyon saalon gaand maar di tumne meri milke. Assi lakh ka nuksaan karaya hai. Bhainchod teen saadiyan sajti hain utte mein aisi!

GIRLS/KIDS

Masadjji! Dance! Dance!!

A couple of young girls and kids walk up to Khari. Start pulling him towards the dance floor.

KHARI

Aara hun. Aarahun ruko!

GIRLS/KIDS

Please! Please!

The girls/kids are determined not to give up. Titli looks at them, dressed in bollywood apeshit, shining, sparkling. Khari booms at them.

KHARI

Ek mint ruko bete!

The kids look at Titli. Then skittle away. Khari turns back to Titli.

KHARI (CONT'D)

Dekh sun! Jaada dimaag na chaat mera abhi. Tu teetar hole fatafat idharse, nahi mera meter ghoom gaya na baitha sadega tu bhi lock up mein. Bhainchod case ladne wala bhi na bachega gharpe koi!

TITLI

Galti unki nahi meri hai.

Titli looks at him, pleadingly.

Khari snorts, irritated.

KHARI

Abe lodu, main kya karun? Bharat milap karaun tera chalke?! Itta pyaar aara hai, ja baant le jaake raaj paat apna. Baithe peeche garage mein tere Ram Lakshman. Rath pe!

His phone rings. He looks at it. Takes it.

KHARI (CONT'D)
 Haanji guptasaab.. Nahin galat
 rasta pakad liya aapne, udhar se
 right lo.. Hainji? Kaunsa signal?
 Ek.. Ek mint ruko.

Khari stares at Titli. Keeps his hand on the phone.

KHARI (CONT'D)
 Jara hun main. Do mint baad tu
 idhar khada dikha na, maa chod
 dunga teri, samjha!

A beat. Then Khari walks away, talking on the phone. Titli keeps standing there, watching. Khari finishes his phone call. Goes to the stage. Joins a group of women, kids. Starts dancing. The music gets louder as people cheer.

Titli keeps standing where he is. Looking. On stage, everybody shouts as a bhangra number kicks in. Through the crowd, Khari looks at Titli, murderously.

A beat. Titli looks down.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

A police gypsy stands parked in a corner. Vikram and Pradeep sit in it, handcuffed. A couple of cops stand around as a wireless crackles. Vikram's head is bent. Pradeep looks into nothingness, blank. Looking like the world has ended.

Then suddenly, he notices something. Touches Vikram's leg. Vikram looks at him. Then behind himself, out of the jeep. Standing in a corner unnoticed, is Titli. Their eyes meet.

A flash of momentary rage in Vikram's eyes. Pradeep looks away, tired. Close to tears. Titli looks down. Vikram's eyes goes cold. Calmer yet distant. He keeps looking at Titli.

The jeep starts moving. The brothers slowly recede into the darkness. Titli keeps standing there, watching them go. A long beat. Then Titli looks at his bag, on the floor. Picks it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - MORNING

The first rays of the early morning sun break over smatterings of kachcha pukka houses.

CUT TO:

INT. NEELU'S HOUSE - MORNING

Neelu's father and mother sit in the drawing room like zombies, looking unslept. Knock on the door. They react. Madan Singh goes and opens the door.

Standing outside, is Titli.

MADAN SINGH

Kya hogaya betaji, raat se hum
sabka phone try kar re hain,
koina utha ra.

Titli walks in silently.

MADAN SINGH (CONT'D)

Ye bhi roye jari hai. Kuch na
bolri.

MRS SINGH

Khaya bhi na kuch bhi. Jhagda hua
kuch tum logon ka?

Titli keeps walking, looking for Neelu. Finds her in the inner room.

A beat. Both look at each other. Titli keeps the bag down on a side table. Neelu looks at it. Then at Titli.

TITLI

Sorry.

Pause. Neelu looks at Titli.

NEELU

Tujhe pata tha?

Titli nods. Looks down. The parents look at each other, confused. Neelu looks at them. Irritated.

NEELU (CONT'D)

Yaad hai pehli baar jab tu ghar
aaya tha, kya khilaya tha tujhe?

TITLI

Pakode.

Neelu looks at Titli.

NEELU
Mummy ne nahin banaye the vo.

Neelu looks at her parents. They look at each other, awkward. Neelu looks at Titli.

NEELU (CONT'D)
Bazaar se laaye the!

The parents take the cue. Skittle away.

Titli looks at Neelu.

TITLI
Poore hain paise. Gin le.

Neelu looks back at him.

NEELU
Firse jhoot bolra hua tu toh?

TITLI
Hum dono ki wo..

Titli hesitates.

TITLI (CONT'D)
..start thodi galat hogayi.
Sorry. Phir se try karte hain.
Apni family. Theek se.

A long silent beat. Neelu looks down. Fiddling with her fractured hand. Still in a cast.

Thinking.

NEELU
Doctor ke hote chalte hain raste
mein. Bolre haath mein rod
padegi.

A beat. Titli looks at her.

CUT TO BLACK.