

THE WAREHOUSE (Rated R for language)

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (ORANGE LIGHTS)

We are inside an old, dusty warehouse. It is half open to the outside world. Two young people enter the warehouse from the FRONT DOOR.

One of them is a boy, SAMAR, aged 19 and the other is a girl, SHRUTHI, also aged 19. Both of them love CINEMA. They are from the same college. They are scouting the warehouse to shoot their new project.

SAMAR: I'm telling you, a musical will be better.

SHRUTHI: No! We're gonna do a thriller.

SAMAR: We do thrillers all the time. Let's do something different this time. There should be some variety in our work you know... like (with extra comedic emphasis) *Spielberg*. Or *Scorsese*.

They both look around the warehouse. There is a lot of garbage lying on the ground and a lot of dusty tables and chairs. There is a *banana peel lying on the floor*. There is also a *SMALL STORE ROOM DOOR* at the corner of the warehouse.

SHRUTHI: We'll get to that in a bit but now that we're here, what do you think?

SAMAR(takes a moment to look around): It's very dirty.

SHRUTHI: It's an old warehouse. Of course it'll be dirty. I found out about this place from my mom.

Samar takes out a camera from Shruthi's bag and starts to record the warehouse.

SAMAR: You know... my uncle, MAHI uncle, would tell me these type of warehouses are typically used for drug deals.

SHRUTHI: You can say it to my face you know... I wouldn't mind it. But either way, my mom wouldn't be involved in drugs.

SAMAR: Why are you so sure about that?

SHRUTHI: She recently got promoted to commissioner because the previous commissioner...(pause) well the previous commissioner died during the crossfire of a violent drug deal. And since they don't want to lose another commissioner, my mom's been ordered to not go in the field.

Samar finishes recording the warehouse. He is still holding the camera.

SHRUTHI: How does your uncle know about this stuff? Isn't he a *high school chemistry teacher*?

Samar is watching the recorded footage in the camera.

SAMAR(while watching the camera): Dude, it's common sense. Hopefully there's no drug deal planned to happen here tomorrow.

SHRUTHI: I have an idea.

SAMAR: Which is?

Shruthi looks around. She finds two chairs. She picks one chair.

SHRUTHI (to Samar): Get that chair.

Samar puts the camera on the floor and takes the other chair.

SHRUTHI (CONT'D) (while placing the chair): We can do a "Drug deal gone wrong". It's perfect for this place.

Samar takes a cloth from his bag and dusts the chair.

SAMAR (while dusting): I *really* thought we were gonna do a musical.

Samar throws the cloth to Shruthi. She catches it with no trouble.

SHRUTHI (dusts the chair): Look at this place. (pause) Does it look like a place to shoot a musical?

SAMAR (sings the tune of *A Whole New World*)

Let's do a musicallllll.

It'll be fun and (gets stuck)... I love my uncle

We'll do a Tarantino, or Scorsese or even Christopher Nolan

Let's ---

SHRUTHI (interrupts him)

Your voice really sucks.

Unlike mine which is so much better..

We'll do a thriller... right here... and it'll be a masterpiece.

(gets lost in the song)

*A whole new world....**A hundred thousand things to see.--*

Shruthi stops, realising she went into her "zone".

SHRUTHI (CONT'D) (coughs): We're doing a musical. (Immediately corrects herself) Fuck. No. We're doing a thriller! That is what we're going to do.

SAMAR: But --

SHRUTHI

No! This time I get to decide. We all know what happened last time you were writing a script. (Sarcastic) What was the logline again? *Christopher Nolan meets Taarak Mehta ka Ooltah Chashmah*, where... (tries to remember) Jethalal uses the Turnstile to go back in time to be with Babita. I remember it nicely. And the worst part was that you still were not able to get Popatlal married.

SAMAR (not amused): That was Mahi uncle's idea!

SHRUTHI: Of course it was. What else can you expect from him? You know what.. let's forget about it. I want you to be on board with my idea. So... Are you with me for this one?

SAMAR: Fine I guess. So what's the plot?

Shruthi stands up to demonstrate the plot. Shruthi is really excited while pitching the plot.

SHRUTHI: Alright. So there are two parties, right?. Let's call the first, ALPHA and the second, BETA. Alpha and Beta are trying to do a drug deal and they decide to meet here. You be Alpha and I'll be Beta. Now Beta doesn't like Alpha and decides to kill Alpha during this drug deal. But Alpha predicts this move and in return plans to kill Beta.

Samar is listening, awed and confused at the same time.

SHRUTHI: Now let's act this out. Just go with the flow. And try to use the (speaks in accent) **BROOKLYN ACCENT.**

Both of them have a horrible brooklyn accent but they pretend that it's good.

BETA(in accent): Why are you late for the fucking meeting? I've got other places to be.

Samar is stunned hearing Shruthi's accent (he thinks it's horrible).

ALPHA(in accent): I was stuck in traffic. There was nothing I could do.

BETA: Alright then. Let's finalise this fucking deal at 50-50.

Beat.

BETA: What is it?

ALPHA: I don't like the way you dressed. I mean, who the fuck dresses like that for a meeting?

Shruthi is stunned by this improv by Samar.

BETA: It's a hot fucking day. Why the fuck would you expect me to come dressed up? You know what, I've had enough of this shit.

ALPHA: What shit?

BETA: This shit.

SHRUTHI(normal accent): And now comes the plot twist. So... Alpha suddenly gets a cardiac arrest and dies. (Pause)

Beat.

SHRUTHI (CONT'D): Act like you're dying.

Samar does an "Incredible" acting of a heart attack.

BETA: What the fuck. You don't die before unless I shoot your fucking brains out. (takes gun out)

SHRUTHI(normal accent): But then something happens (starts to stutter, puts hand on chest) Be-Beta al-al-also di-dies. (Shruthi acts dead)

Beat.

Samar comes out from the dead.

SAMAR: Shruthi... Just to clarify... Both Alpha and Beta...die of heart attacks?

SHRUTHI: (Comes back from dead)

YES! I bet you wouldn't have seen that coming. (Stands up and starts walking around) I know what you're thinking right now : (imitates Samar) "That's the ---"

SAMAR(continues Shruthi's sentence): Greatest plot twist I have ever heard.

Both of them laugh and smile.

SHRUTHI: So this works?

SAMAR: Yes. Absolutely. Now let's put these chairs back where we took them from.

Samar and Shruthi grab the chairs and put them back at their place.

SHRUTHI: So, we'll start planning out the scenes tomorrow. And before doing that, we'll clean this place.

SAMAR: Sounds good.

Samar looks around to check if they forgot anything. Then he sees the camera. He picks it up.

Meanwhile, Shruthi hears knocks on the store room door. Samar and Shruthi look at each other, confused. There is another knock. Shruthi slowly walks towards the door.

SAMAR: Are you out of your mind? What's the FUCKING point of watching so many horror movies.

Shruthi doesn't hear Samar. She opens the door.

SHRUTHI (shouts): AHHH

Shruthi immediately gets pulled inside the room.

SAMAR: Shruthi?! Can you hear me? Shruthi?!
No response.

Samar has no choice but to go inside the room.

SAMAR: Goddammit.

Samar slowly walks towards the door. He opens it. There's nobody. He goes inside. He is still *holding the camera*.

SAMAR: AHFFF!

The door shuts close loudly.

>CUT TO :

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTER NOON (YELLOW)

Two people enter the warehouse. One is a man, holding a *GUN*. His name is **MAHIPAL GUPTA**. The other person is a woman named **MONICA**. They start checking out the place. The banana peel is still on the floor. Gupta is wearing *BLACK GLOVES* and *smoking*.

Gupta is holding his gun in downsize, preparing for any possible challenge. Gupta is very serious while Monica is opposite of him.

Mahipal is **bald and has a goatee (like Walter White)**

MONICA: I think this should be good enough.

GUPTA: You don't get to decide that. I have to do a thorough check of this place.

Gupta is moving around the warehouse with his gun and checking everything.

MONICA: Fine whatever. But I can assure you that you won't find a better place than this for a *DRUG DEAL*.

GUPTA: Again, you don't get to decide that.

MONICA: You can put the gun down. There's no one here other than us two. I've made sure of that.

GUPTA: Once again, you don't get to decide that. MYLO wants a thorough report of this place. He won't step a toe in this place unless I give him my word.

Gupta finishes checking the place. He puts the gun in his pants. There's a moment of silence. Monica is staring at Gupta's cigarette.

GUPTA: What is it?

MONICA: Can you not smoke near me? I get all fuzzy when someone smokes near me.

GUPTA: Well, I'm sorry but without a puff my brain doesn't function up to its full potential.

Gupta continues to smoke. He now takes a couple of "SECRET CAMERAS" from his bag. He finds a spot to place the camera so no one can see it.

MONICA (while Gupta is doing the above action): You know... I thought a drug dealer, that too as big as Mylo, would be having, you know, a secret meeting spot.

GUPTA: Who told you he doesn't have one?

MONICA: Then why did he ask me to find a place?

GUPTA: I don't know. I just do what MYLO asks me to do.

Gupta finds a sweet spot at the corner of the warehouse where there are a lot of cartons placed.

GUPTA: Are you sure nobody knows about this place?

MONICA: Absolutely. MYLO wouldn't have hired me otherwise.

GUPTA: Once again, don't be so sure about that.

He sticks the SMALL camera on the wall behind the cartons.

MONICA: I'm sorry... What do you mean by that?

Gupta tries to find another spot in the warehouse for the second camera.

GUPTA (while finding a spot): You're new to all this. Tomorrow's gonna literally be your first drug deal. Naturally that means you don't have a lot of experience. You don't know what could go wrong and if something goes wrong, what's your immediate reaction!?

MONICA: I have worked for 5 years in the narcotics division. I can assure you I have plenty of experience.

Gupta is unable to find a place for the second camera.

MONICA: Gupta! I am talking to you.

GUPTA: Since you claim to have said experience, would you care to find me a sweet spot to put this camera in?

MONICA: Oh yes, of-course.

Gupta gives the camera to Monica with a frustrated look. Gupta then takes out an audio surveillance device from his bag.

Monica finds a spot on the other side of the carton boxes, where a portrait of some person is kept on top of a shelf. The portrait is facing the front entrance.

Meanwhile Gupta goes to the backside of the warehouse.

MONICA (while placing the camera): Gupta... Why are we bugging this place?

Gupta is not in the scene. Monica quickly places the camera on the portrait.

MONICA: Gupta? Where did you go?

Monica sees the store room door. She curiously walks towards the door. She opens the door.

Before Monica could see inside the room, Gupta storms inside through the front door.

GUPTA (walking towards the backdoor): There's a back door. Behind that portrait.

Monica turns around. Gupta realises Monica is checking the store room.

GUPTA: What's in the store room? Anything useful?

MONICA(even though she didn't check the room): Nah... it's just old boxes and shelves... (closes the store room door) Um... I wanted to ask... The deal is just tomorrow right? Why would you want to surveil this place just for one night?

GUPTA: You'll find out soon. I still don't understand why MYLO would hire you. That too before a deal as big as this.

MONICA: Maybe MYLO sees something in me which you don't.

GUPTA: Maybe. But I think you're gonna double cross us. I just know it.

Gupta gets annoyed and walks closer to Monica. There is a sense of intimacy between them. Gupta gets closer to Monica's face. He takes out the cigarette from his mouth to speak. Smoke comes out from his mouth and nose.

GUPTA (slowly): You don't get wh---

Monica starts coughing... on Gupta's face.

GUPTA: Goddammit.

MONICA: Not my fault. I told you not to smoke near me.(breathes for air) Now that you've seen this place, is this alright for the deal?

GUPTA: Yes. It'll work. Now before we get going, I need to brief you since it's your first time working with MYLO.

MONICA: Alright, go ahead.

GUPTA: Now, MYLO doesn't like dusty places, so I'll send a few guys to clean this place out, get them to bring some furniture as well. Also... Mylo loves to drink. It's his terrible habit. In fact I believe he will die because of this drinking habit. So... There should be no drinks in this place tomorrow. And there should be a NEWSPAPER. He loves to read news.

MONICA: Got it.

GUPTA: ALright... I'll brief the other party about this place in about (looks at his watch) NOW.

Gupta takes his phone and sends a text to someone.

MONICA: Why now? (realises why) Ohhh... (realises again) OHHHH... OHHHH...
(pause) Can you explain why now?

GUPTA(confidently, as if nothing is wrong): We got tagged.

MONICA: Tagged? By whom?

GUPTA: The other party of course. **BOJO's** party. I'm pretty sure that they're on their way right now , unless of course, (pause) they're already standing outside.

MONICA: Well let's face them right now. Catch them off guard.

GUPTA: No. I texted them this location along with a message saying that we locked the place.

MONICA: So?

GUPTA: So we leave now. Watch them through the camera. They'll be startled when they see the warehouse open, so they'll come in. We hear everything-- Sorry, **I** hear everything they talk about, report it to MYLO and we meet them tomorrow as planned.

MONICA: And what should I do?

GUPTA: Nothing. Just come tomorrow with us and watch our back in case anything goes haywire. I have an inner feeling that something bad is gonna happen tomorrow. (sighs)... You have a daughter, right?

MONICA: Yes. Her name's Shruthi.

GUPTA: There's only one time in my life that I ever got that weird feeling.

MONICA: When was it?

GUPTA: The day before my wife died. There was a huge confusion during a drug deal and she got killed in the crossfire.

MONICA: I'm sorry about that. But how's that related to my daughter?

Gupta throws his cigarette on the floor and stomps on it. He walks towards the backdoor. He stops when he reaches the door. He turns.

GUPTA: My wife was the police commissioner before you got promoted.

Gupta walks out. Monica takes a moment to breathe in the information. She walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING (BLUE)

Two women enter the warehouse. The first woman is **DIMPY**. She is Bojo's right hand man. Or rather woman. The other woman is **BOJO**. She is the other drug dealer. Bojo is smoking. Dimpy switches on the lights of the warehouse (the stage is lit up into blue)

BOJO: This is one awful place Mylo chose huh.

DIMPY: I heard Mylo hired a cop to find this place.

BOJO: You've got to be kidding me. He brought a cop into this.

Both of them walk around the warehouse. Dimpy realises something.

BOJO: You do know---

Dimpy stops Bojo. She puts her hand on her mouth.

DIMPY: Bojo, wait. They might've bugged this place.

Bojo removes Dimpy's hand from her mouth. Dimpy starts looking around for any surveillance device.

BOJO: I swear if you find any of the bugging shit---

DIMPY(interrupts Bojo): Stop. Don't speak until I ask you to speak. You're already in danger being here right now. If somebody sees us here, then we're screwed.

BOJO: You're right Dimpy. I'm sorry. It's just that whenever Mylo throws these stupid stunts I get really pissed.

DIMPY: For the love of god, stop speaking!

Dimpy finds one camera.

DIMPY: Found it! Let's get rid of this bastard.

BOJO: Give that to me. I'll take care of it.

Bojo takes the camera. She turns the camera towards her face as if she wants to speak something to the camera.

BOJO(speaks to camera): MYLO, if you're listening to me... This is a good place you found. Can't wait to meet you tomorrow.

Bojo throws the camera on the floor and stomps on it. Not once. Not twice. But 5 times.

DIMPY: Alright... That's enough. Now. Talk to me. Why did you want to come here?

BOJO: Yes. It's about this deal.

DIMPY: What about it?

BOJO: I got a better offer from someone else.

DIMPY: Better offer? From someone else?

BOJO: Yes. A much better offer.

DIMPY: And who is this someone else?

BOJO: CRAZY-fucking-10

DIMPY: Bojo... Are you serious? When did this happen?

BOJO: This morning. I woke up, saw a text from C-10 saying "I need to talk to you". So I called her. She told me about her offer and a little something else as well. I agreed. And that was it.

DIMPY: Why do you have to make this so fucking complicated? We had our thing going on with Mylo. A simple, effective thing. We create, he sells and he gives back 50% of the money. What are we gonna say him tomorrow? That we're cheating on him with someone we don't even know what looks like?

BOJO: We kill Mylo.

DIMPY: Of course. We're gonna kill him.

BOJO: Yes. End his reign in this empire. It's about time for a change.

DIMPY: Bojo... what was the little something else that C-10 told you on the phone?

Beat. Bojo gives a "I can't tell you" look to Dimpy.

BOJO: I can't tell you that. Yet. Once Mylo dies, I'll fill you right in. You have to trust me on this.

DIMPY: I trust you. But this. You're going against the fucking king of the hill. We're gonna get ourselves killed.

BOJO: I have a plan. That's why I brought you here. In this warehouse. Tomorrow's gonna be the last day Mylomar Khanna takes a shit in this world.

Lights FADE OUT.

CUT TO :

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NEXT MORNING (RED LIGHT)

Gupta and Monica enter the Warehouse. Gupta is smoking again. The warehouse is clean. There are tables and chairs arranged for the parties to sit. Monica seems a bit nervous. Gupta notices. There's a newspaper on the table.

MONICA: Wow. You've done a number on this place. Looks completely new.

GUPTA: We have a deal to complete. MYLO will be here anytime.

MONICA: What about Gojo? Did her puppets visit this place yesterday?

GUPTA: Yes. In fact, Gojo was here herself. But that's not your concern. I'm taking care of it. For now, I want you to go outside and wait for Mylo. Bring him in once he arrives.

MONICA(stressed): Alright. I'll go out.

GUPTA: Monica, what's the matter with you?

MONICA(nervous): I'm fine... It's just my first deal right. I don't want anything to go wrong...

There's a moment of silence. Monica and Gupta make eye contact.

MONICA(points to the cigarette): Can I...?

GUPTA(nods): Sure.

Gupta gives the cigarette to Monica who smokes it once and gives it back.

Monica immediately coughs but then takes a deep breath.

MONICA: That actually feels good. Alright then... I'll escort Mylo in when he arrives.

Monica walks out. Gupta takes his phone and calls someone.

GUPTA(on the phone): Is everyone in position? Backdoor? Sniper? Is the truck in place? No? What do you mean no? (sarcastic) Oh! The driver's sleeping. Then go to his fucking house and wake him up. I don't care what you do, but I need that truck here---

The store room door opens. SHRUTHI walks out. She yawns loudly (meant to be funny), interrupting Gupta. Gupta, at first is confused.

He's thinking " What the fuck is a teen girl doing in this warehouse".

Shruthi sees Gupta. She doesn't recognise him.

SHRUTHI: I'm sorry, who are you?

GUPTA(finishes the call): Get me that fucking truck. Understood? Good! (cuts the call) (To Shruthi) I'll do you one better... Who are you? And how do you know about this place?

Gupta walks towards Shruthi. Shruthi starts to panic. She walks backwards. Gupta drops his cigarette.

GUPTA: I asked you something, kid. You don't keep an old man waiting for an answer.

Gupta moves even closer to her. Shruthi reaches the wall and is unable to move further back. She starts screaming.

Gupta reaches her and grabs her mouth and holds her body tight so she cannot move.

GUPTA: Stop shouting.
Shruthi doesn't stop shouting.

GUPTA: Stop shouting or this will be the last day you ever open your fucking mouth.

Shruthi stops shouting.

GUPTA: Good. Now, I am gonna ask you again and this time you're gonna answer. How did you find this place?

Gupta removes his hand from her mouth so she can speak. She bites him and runs towards the front door.

GUPTA: AH!! You bitch.

Shruthi runs for her life. A man enters the room. He is wearing black shades and lots of rings. He is huge in size. This man is MYLO. He is also holding a bag. Behind him is standing Monica.

Shruthi is running towards the door but is looking behind at Gupta so she doesn't see MYLO standing in front of her. She dashes him and bounces back and falls down. Mylo doesn't even move (meant to be comedy).

Mylo looks down at her. Then he looks at Gupta.

MYLO: What the fuck is going on?

Monica realises that the girl is her daughter. Shruthi stands up and sees her mom standing behind Mylo.

MONICA: Shruthi? What are you doing here? I thought you were spending the night at Samar's house.

Gupta walks back and catches Shruthi. Shruthi starts shouting and resisting.

GUPTA: Mylo, I'm sorry... I'll take care of her. You sit. Go read today's paper.

SHRUTHI: Mom!! Help!!! PLEASE!!

MONICA: Gupta! Let go of her. She is my daughter!

SILENCE. Mylo and Gupta both look at Monica.

MYLO: She's your daughter?

GUPTA: She's your daughter?

Monica rushes towards her daughter. Gupta lets go of her.

MONICA: Yes! She is my daughter. I'm sorry about all this. I'll take care of this mess.

Monica drags Shruthi to the other side of the warehouse.

MYLO: What a way to start this day!

GUPTA: Mylo, I'll take care of this. Don't worry. Bojo is on her way. She'll be here.

MYLO: You better make sure. Today, that fucking bitch is gonna find out why I am the king of this fucking hill. And why is there no wine?

GUPTA: You know why.

Mylo sits down on one of the chairs. He starts reading the newspaper. Meanwhile Monica is confronting her daughter. Gupta walks near the two.

MONICA: What are you doing here?

SHRUTHI: We came here to shoot a movie.

MONICA: We?

Gupta reaches them.

GUPTA(to Shruthi): What are you doing here?

Shruthi gives Gupta a rude look. Gupta doesn't like it. He holds Shruthi's face tightly.

MONICA: Let. Her. Go.

Gupta looks at Monica. He lets go of Shruthi.

GUPTA(to Monica): I thought nobody knew about this place? Then why is she here?

MONICA: That's what I've been trying to ask her. Just let me do the talking. She's my daughter. She'll listen to me.

GUPTA: Make it quick. Bojo will be here anytime.

SHRUTHI: You do know that I can hear you right?

MONICA(furiously): Why did you text me that you're at Samar's place?

SHRUTHI: Well... I didn't want you to find out that we're at this warehouse.

MONICA: So you're here from yesterday?

GUPTA: Wait! Stop! My turn to speak. (to Shruthi) What do you mean Samar?

SHRUTHI: What do you mean by what do I mean by Samar?

GUPTA: Is this Samar, Samar GUPTA?

Samar walks out of the store room. He is semi-naked.

SAMAR(not realising the situation): (yawns) Let's make love again tonight!

Everyone is frozen. Samar realises the situation. He sees Mylo, then Gupta, then Monica and then Shruthi, then at himself, realising he is not wearing any shirt. He quickly goes back to the store room and wears his shirt.

Mylo takes his gun out.

GUPTA: Mylo NO! He's my nephew!

Gupta runs towards Mylo to stop him.

SHRUTHI (shouts): SAMAR DON'T COME OUT!!

Samar walks out of the store room.

PHATAP.

Samar falls down. Dead. Mylo puts his gun back in his pocket and sits down.

MYLO: Fucking moron.

Gupta is in dismay. He cannot believe what happened.

GUPTA: You're a fucking moron.

MYLO(stands up again): I told you to take care of them.

GUPTA: I didn't even know my nephew was here.

MYLO: Gupta. You came here yesterday. You wrote the fucking report of this place. Then why the fuck didn't your nephew show up in the report.

Meanwhile Shruthi is in shock.

SHRUTHI: No!!

Shruthi runs towards Samar. Monica tries to stop her but is unable to.

Gupta realises something.

GUPTA: Monica. She was the one who checked the store room. She must've seen her daughter but would've been too afraid to tell that to me.

MYLO: Then do what you have to do. I'll take care of the little girl.

Mylo takes his gun out once again.

GUPTA(shouts): MONICA! You knew they were in the store room yesterday.

MONICA: What are you talking about?

GUPTA: The store room. Didn't you check it yesterday?

MONICA: I... (tries to remember) I... I don't know.

GUPTA: You don't know?! You don't know!? (turns to Mylo) Give me that. (takes the gun from Mylo).

MONICA(holds her hands out): NO! Don't shoot. WAIT! Do you really want to kill a little child?

GUPTA: A child for a child.

MONICA: NO STOP. Why do you think Mylo hired me? Even though he had you. A reliable pair of hands who would do anything for him. And yet, he reached out to me. Why?

GUPTA(turns to Mylo): Mylo, what is she talking about?

Shruthi runs behind her mother.

Mylo doesn't speak.

GUPTA: 10 years of service and this is what I get. I should've left you when my wife died. I don't believe this.

MYLO: You're hands are getting old. I can't rely on them anymore, Gupta. This is just how business works.

GUPTA: Why kill me? Why not just let me go? Or did my trust get old as well?

Mylo tries to pat Gupta behind but Gupta immediately moves away from him.

GUPTA: Don't fucking touch me.

MYLO: If it makes you feel better, I thought Monica would be a great replacement for you but... she's a big disaster.

Monica doesn't react. Mylo gets suspicious of her. Gupta doesn't care anymore. He is filled with rage. He realises he's holding a gun. Mylo's gun. Mylo realises.

MYLO: Gupta... don't.

Gupta lifts his gun to shoulder level, aiming at Mylo.

GUPTA: See you in hell, Mylo.

PHATAP.

Gupta falls down. Dead. Monica is holding a gun. She killed Gupta. Shruthi doesn't speak. She simply hugs her mother tightly from behind.

MYLO(laughs nervously): I have to say... I'm impressed.

Monica is now aiming the gun at Mylo.

MONICA: Don't fucking move. Else I'll shoot your brains out.

She quickly goes to Gupta's body and takes Mylo's gun. She gives it to her daughter. Monica takes out her phone while still aiming at Mylo. She calls someone.

MONICA(on the phone): Come in. With the item.

MONICA(to Shruthi): Baby, act like you're dead. Trust me. And give me the gun.

Shruthi hesitates at first. But then she looks at her mother. She knows she will not let anything happen to her. Shruthi gives her the gun and lies down as if she's dead.

BOJO and DIMPY walk inside. They see the two bodies.

DIMPY: What happened here?

BOJO: Hello Mylo. Looks like you don't have a wingman anymore.

They look at Monica.

BOJO: And you are?

Monica walks to them while still aiming the gun at Mylo. She throws Mylo's gun to Bojo.

MONICA: I'm Crazy 10.

Both Bojo and Dimpy are impressed.

MYLO: Can somebody please tell me... What the fuck is going on?

MONICA(shoots a bullet just beside Mylo): Shut up, you pig. You've talked enough. It's our turn now. (to Bojo) Do you have the item?

Bojo looks at Dimpy and Dimpy nods.

DIMPY: Yes.

MONICA: Then let's finish this.

DIMPY: Before that, would you care to explain what happened here? Who are the two kids?

MYLO: The boy is---

MONICA: Don't speak. Do you want to die? Sit down. Everyone. Let's finish this thing.

BOJO: But wouldn't it be better if we knew ---

MONICA: I said sit down. I hope you understand English.

Bojo and Dimpy are uncomfortable in this situation. They want more control of this situation but it is Monica who has the upper hand right now. Both of them sit down. Monica sits as well.

She takes out a cigarette and lights it up. She starts smoking.

MONICA(to Mylo): I have offered them a deal better than you could ever offer. Now... They agree to work with me, which is great. But I don't want you to sniff around like a fucking rat trying to screw up this deal.

Mylo smiles.

MONICA: So as I see this. You currently have 2 options: The second option is to retire. Sell your entire empire to me, of which I will take wonderful care. And you can enjoy the rest of your life in peace. No one's gonna trouble you. Ever.

MYLO(laughs): And what's the first?

MONICA: You die. Right here and right now. Off this planet. And I take over your entire kingdom. So what's it gonna be?

Mylo starts to laugh.

MYLO(laughs): Is this how you do a drug deal? You're trying so hard to sound cool but I'm sorry to say, it's not working.

MONICA: So I guess it's gonna be option 1.

MYLO: You can't fucking kill me. There are snipers outside. Aiming right at your egg-shaped heads.

BOJO: Oh Mylo... I've told you so many times not to underestimate us even though we're just cooks. (looks at her watch) (to Monica) The snipers and any other goons are taken care of. Let's finish this.

MYLO: You still can't kill me. I know your plan. Gupta planted 2 cameras here yesterday. You found only one. I heard your entire conversation. Gassing this place with chloroform to kill me. That was your plan right?

BOJO(sarcastic): OH MY GOD! Dimpy how did we make such a big mistake? He knows our entire plan. What are we gonna do now?

DIMPY(sarcastic): Don't worry Bojo. I guess he still doesn't know that Crazy - 10 was here yesterday as well.

Mylo feels beaten. He moves his hand inside the bag to take a spare gun.

MONICA: Dimpy. Now.

Dimpy takes out a fine bottle of wine. Mylo looks at it. He stops what he's doing and tries to grab the wine bottle.

MONICA: Gupta told me you LOVE wine. So we thought of bringing you a bottle as a farewell gift.

Dimpy gives the bottle to Mylo and he starts drinking. He immediately feels chest pain and difficulty in breathing.

MYLO(unable to speak): The little girl is not dead.

He falls down and dies.

MONICA(tries to avoid Mylo's last words): Wow. That was fast. Which chemical did you mix it with?

BOJO: What did he mean by the girl is not dead?

MONICA: He was dying. He could've said anything. There's no point in believing him.

BOJO: Dimpy go check the little girl.

Dimpy stands up and walks towards Shruthi. Monica stands in Dimpy's path.

MONICA: You cannot go near the girl.

DIMPY: That gives me more of the very reason to go.

MONICA: She's my daughter. Shruthi, come here.

Shruthi wakes up from the dead and walks near her mother.

MONICA: There was a huge confusion here. I'll clean up this mess. The deal is done. Mylo is dead. Gupta is dead. What more do you want?

BOJO(shouts): There's a living witness standing right behind you.

MONICA: She won't speak a word of it to anyone.

DIMPY: She's a kid. You can't control her mouth. She's gotta go.

MONICA: NO!

BOJO: Dimpy is right. She's got to go. Or else the deal dies. Don't make this more difficult than it already is.

MONICA: I'm sorry. But I won't let you do that.

BOJO: She dies. Don't you understand English? You ---

Bojo stops speaking. She feels pain in her chest. She falls down.

DIMPY: Bojo??

SHRUTHI: There's no fucking way both of them died of heart attacks.

Dimpy looks at Shruthi in anger. She takes out her gun. But before she could shoot, Monica pulls the trigger and shoots her.

Dimpy falls down and dies.

MONICA: And that's how you pop a cap under someone's ass.

Monica smiles at her daughter. They both hug each other.

MONICA: Let's go home.

They both walk out the back door.

SHRUTHI: Why didn't you tell me you're a drug dealer?

FADE OUT.

FADE TO BLACK :

THE END