FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE BAR – LATE NIGHT

It's quite crowded, steamed by cigarettes smoke.

ABHAYA (VO)  
(strong Indian accent)  
It was a quiet night at  
Halloween day.

ABHAYA, 30 years old Indian guy, just takes a last sip from his coffee.

ABHAYA (VO CON’T)  
I’ve just drunk my coffee to throw the sleep away when I decided to go back home.

He leaves some coins on the counter and move off.

ABHAYA (VO.COM’T)  
I could hear lot of children shouting around “TRICKS OR TREATS!”...

EXT. COFFEE BAR – CON’T

Abhaya moves toward his car parked in front of the coffee bar. Naturally, it's a yellow cab.

Three children wearing white sheets pass by him.

ABHAYA (VO. CON’T)  
As the other’s saying “MWA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAH!” For me it was America’s crazy play...

Abhaya gets in, fires up the engine and peels out.

INT. CAB – LATE NIGHT

Abhaya drives throughout the main streets of the city. The cab is colorfully decorated with Hindu Gods sculptures: Krishna, Ganesha, Buddha and a picture of beautiful woman.

The radio plays an Indian song. Abhaya follows it humming.
ABHAYA (V.O.)
My thoughts were far away
in my dear homeland India
when something called my
attention on the street
that Halloween night...

An attractive woman waves to the cab.

ABHAYA
(sigh)
Right now I was going back
home...Okay, well...Here
we go.

EXT. STREET – CON’T
The cab stops. Abhaya bends inside in order to open the
rear door to the woman. The door opens and she gets in.
Abhaya makes an effort and closes the door back.

INT. CAB – CON’T
Abhaya turns to her and notices she is a drop dead
gorgeous woman. Her very dark hair contrasts with her
blues eyes and carmine lips. She is about 30 years old.
Her athletic shaped body molds to a tight dress,
revealing her every body contours.

ABHAYA
Going to where, ma’am?

WOMAN
Could please drive around,
please...

ABHAYA
(hesitating)
Ah...well...okay. Around
there, okay. Here we go.

She reaches into her purse, snags a pack of smokes, and
takes one out.

WOMAN
May I?

ABHAYA
(from rear mirror)
Oh...okay...It will be my
last drive tonight
anyway...
The woman lights the cigarette and takes a long drag on it and stays away in distant thought.

    ABHAYA (VO)
    She seems to be very sad.
    Her blue eyes said that...

    WOMAN
    Who's the woman in that picture? Your wife?

    ABHAYA
    Oh, no, no...

    WOMAN
    Girlfriend?

    ABHAYA
    No, it’s Aishwarya Rai!

    WOMAN
    Aishw-who?

    ABHAYA
    Aishwarya, Aishwarya Rai is one of the most hot and sexy Indian actress from Bollywood...

    WOMAN
    And you like her, don’t you?

    ABHAYA
    Oh, yes I do...

    WOMAN
    Would you like to fuck her too?

    ABHAYA
    What?!

    WOMAN
    I’m a much better fucker than that Aishw something...

    ABHAYA (VO)
    Suddenly, through the rear mirror an astonished view cached my attention...

The woman begins to touch herself on her breast!
Abhaya’s EYES POP OUT!
The woman contorts in great excitement!
Abhaya attention to the road and safety are gone. He almost slams into a light post.
The cab ZIGZAGS...
But rapidly, Abhaya controls it!
The woman looks licentiously at Abhaya. He doesn’t take his eyes from the rear mirror.
The woman’s sex starved fingers continue wandering lower, now there pushing between her spread out legs!

WOMAN
(sensually)
Look at this, my brownie...
She takes her panties off showing him her pussy...

WOMAN
Do you like it, don’t you?
Abhaya don’t know whether looks at the road or to the woman pussy.

WOMAN
You want to lick it? Don’t you, Gandhi?

ABHAYA
I’m Abhaya, ma’am...

WOMAN
(rising and sensually)
Let me blow your horn, Gunga Din!

Abhaya seems to be out of control, so does his cab!

ZIG TO LEFT! ZAG TO RIGHT!

WOMAN
(motioning)
Stop out there, Shyamalan, before you crash the cab!

Finally Abhaya the cab back under control wrangles. It stops burning the tires on the asphalt!

INT. CAB – MOMENTS LATER
The cab is parked on the side of the road. The place is
very desolate.
In the front seat, the woman bobs up and down on all fours sucking Abhaya!

Abhaya’s eyes rolls up and down, like a dollar slot machine in Las Vegas. He tries to control his moans! But he can’t!
The woman’s arm touches the radio’s buttons and it starts to play a loud Indian sitar!
The sitar strings and the blow job sound mixed provoke a different sound.
Finally, Abhaya unloads his money shot!
With a handkerchief from her purse, the woman dabs at her face and wipes Abhaya from her lips.
A large smile shows that Abhaya has just found heaven. He still seems to be there.
The woman puts the handkerchief back in her purse and takes out a lipstick.
She retouches her lips watching through the rear mirror where her face reflects.
She puts the lipstick back in her purse, blows a kiss to Abhaya, opens the door and gets out.

ABHAYA
Hey do you want a lift to home?

WOMAN
(turning back)
No, I live in the neighborhood. Thanks Sabu.

ABHAYA
Abha... Doesn’t matter.

Abhaya still can’t believe what just happened to him.
Suddenly, a car passes by the cab and stops ahead.
Abhaya notices the woman chatting something with the driver. Next, she gets in. The car drives off.
He zips himself, fires up the engine and...

MALE VOICE (OS)
Hey, stop!
ABHAYA
(frightened)
Oh my god!

A well dressed bald MAN, late 50s, stands at Abhaya’s door.

ABHAYA
(turning down the radio)
Who are you?!

MAN
(motioning)
Could you follow that car...

ABHAYA
(confused)
Why?

MAN
(begging)
Please, sir...
(showing some bucks)
I can pay well...

ABHAYA
(hesitantly)
Ah...well...Okay. Here we go!

MAN
(getting in)
Oh, thanks!

EXT. CAB – CONTINUED
The cab’s tires burn rubber on the asphalt and zooms fast in pursuit of the car with the women in it.

EXT. CAB – LATER
The cab parks nearby a city park.

INT. CAB – CONTINUED
ABHAYA
They disappeared, gone, sir. I’m sorry.
MAN
No problem, maybe next
time I'll catch her...

ABHAYA
Sorry, sir, I know it
wasn’t my business... What
does that woman have to do
with you?

MAN
She's my wife.

ABHAYA
(embarrassed)
Oh god! I’m sorry...I
didn’t...You don’t need to
pay anything, sir...

MAN
Thanks...
The man gets out and moves toward the front door.

MAN
Let me just ask you one
thing. Can I?

ABHAYA
Sure, sir...

MAN
Could you pray for her
soul, please?

ABHAYA
(surprised)
What?!

MAN
Pray for her soul. It
might help her rest in
peace for long...

ABHAYA
(astonished)
You say...she is...

MAN
Yeah. She died five years
ago. Pray in order to
relieve her sin,
please...That crazy woman
screwed me up once...
ABHAYA
Sorry about that, sir...

Abhaya drives the cab on when...

MAN
(yelling)
Pray for me too in order for God to forgive me for what I did to her!

ABHAYA
What?! My god! Here we go!

EXT. CAB – CONT
Abhaya slams the gas pedal to the floor and lights the tires up in a cloud of smoke.

ABHAYA (VO)
Then I remembered a long time ago I’ve read a newspaper’s headline about a couple. They were found dead. The husband found out her wife was screwing him up and he took revenge by shooting at her and next shooting at himself...

The cab drives along the dark road.

FADE OUT