

# HEARSE

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We open to BLACK. Over the faint sounds of pouring water, we hear a phone ring. It goes on for a bit before a hoarse female voice answers on the other end.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
Hello?

RAJU (O.S.)  
Haan, it's Raju. How is she doing?

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY (DAY)**

From the inside of a car window, we see RAJU taking a leak, his back towards us. A visibly worn out shirt and ragged brown trousers cover his bony frame. He holds the phone with one hand while he finishes up.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
Yes *Bhaiyya* she is fine, but very tired.

RAJU  
(zipping up)  
Is she having her medicines on time?

KAMLA (O.S.)  
Yes, I had to force her. It's very difficult to take care of her and the...

Kamla is interrupted by the sound of children screaming, playing. We hear muffled sounds of her shouting at them.

RAJU  
Are the children around? Put Bablu on.

Raju picks up a bottle of water near his foot and proceeds to wash his face with one hand, his phone wedged between his ear and shoulder. Kamla calls out, possibly to Bablu.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
He's not coming.

RAJU  
*Theek hai*. I will call later.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
*Bhaiyya*, the doctor had come again. He was asking about the bills.

RAJU  
 (interrupting)  
 Yes, Kamla Behen. I'll pay the bill.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
 He says we've crossed the date. He asked me to tell you that they will cancel the surgery if we don't pay by tonight.

RAJU  
 How do you expect me to... What, you want me to rob a bank???

KAMLA (O.S.)  
 Why are you shouting at me? I'm just telling you what he said..

RAJU  
 (taking a deep breath)  
 OK sorry...

RAJU  
 (cont'd)  
 Kamla Behen, I'm trying my best. Please just... talk to the doctor for some more time. The money will be there.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
 Fine.

Kamla cuts the call. Raju takes a breather before he turns, walking towards the car. Throwing the bottle onto the seat, he gets in.

#### **INT. TAXI (DAY)**

We have a good look at Raju's face - dry and scaly, aging beyond his years. His eyes are bloodshot, the lack of sleep underscored by dark circles. He grips the steering wheel, peering at the road ahead of him, contemplating something in solitude, he starts the engine as we -

CUT TO:

#### **EXT. STREETS (DAY)**

We see a montage of Raju's day through the hellish streets of Delhi - terrible traffic, blazing heat, road rage, abusive drivers - a typical in the Delhi badlands.

Raju inches his way through a traffic jam. Through the windshield, he sees a uniformed policeman divert the traffic up ahead. A car has crashed into a divider, splitting clean down the middle. A body lies next to it, wrapped in a white sheet.

As Raju passes the grisly scene, his cellphone rings. He fishes it out of his shirt pocket, eyeing the display. His eyebrows contort as he contemplates on answering it. A horn blares behind him as the traffic starts to move. He cuts the call, putting the phone back into his pocket, hitting the accelerator as we -

CUT TO:

Large titles : HEARSE

As the title vaporizes away, we see a swirl of psychedelic flashes of light, muffled voices and traffic noises filling the soundtrack. As the cacophony grows, a child's voice cuts through the noise.

CHILD (O.S.)

Papa...

CUT TO:

**INT. TAXI (DAY)**

Raju wakes up with a start. He sweats profusely, recovering from the fever dream.

He wipes his brow on his sleeves as something catches his attention outside the passenger side window. As the camera focuses, we see people throng around a row of food carts. He feels his shirt pocket and pulls out a couple of coins and a 5 rupee note. He sifts through them, unsure of what he's looking for. As Raju's stomach growls in protest, he looks on, contemplating.

**EXT. FOOTPATH (DAY)**

Raju hungrily stuffs his mouth with *Chana* - he clearly hasn't eaten in a while. Almost immediately, he chokes on a piece and breaks out into a violent cough.

SYED (O.S.)

*Bhai Jaan, aaram se...*

As Raju tries to catch his breath, we see Syed, a middle aged man with an ear-to-ear smile and rapid-fire Hyderabad accent reach out from behind and hand him a bottle of water. Raju is startled by his sudden appearance, but takes the bottle nevertheless. Syed takes a seat beside Raju. Raju proceeds to pour out some of the water into his palm and vigorously wash his face with it.

SYED  
Not getting much sleep?

SYED  
(cont'd)  
Wait... You drive a taxi near the Pahargunj  
area right? Right?

Raju ignores the question, wiping his face with his shirt.

SYED  
(cont'd)  
But I've not seen you around for a while?  
All good?

RAJU  
(looking away)  
Double shift...

SYED  
Why? Everything OK?

RAJU  
Wife is pregnant.

SYED  
(grabbing Raju's limp hand,  
startling him and shaking it  
vigorously)  
*Mubarak ho Bhai Jaan!* Which hospital?

RAJU  
(pulling his hand away)  
Holy phamily (family).

SYED  
*O Baap re!* That must've cost a fortune.

Raju doesn't answer.

SYED  
Hmmm, that's a tough situation you're in.

SYED  
(cont'd)  
These taxi companies I say. We toil here in  
sun and rain. And what do we get for it?  
Heh. And those Uber waale? They're minting  
money. You know, I was supposed to get paid  
on Friday. Now it's Thursday - a full FIVE  
days later and not a *paisa*... What can I do  
about it? NOTHING!

RAJU  
 (looking up)  
 Today is Saturday.

SYED  
 What are you saying? Today is Thursday -  
 21st.

SYED  
 (cont'd)  
 So, as I was saying...

As Syed's voice drones on in the background, Raju, looking a bit dazed, rubs his eyes with his palms. He gets up and walks away, leaving Syed and the packet of half-eaten *Chana* behind.

SYED  
 O *Bhai Jaan*, where are you going? I'm not  
 done yet!

Raju walks away, ignoring Syed.

SYED  
 Strange guy...

Seeing Raju walk away, unaffected by his calls, Syed eyes the packet of *Chana*.

CUT TO:

**INT. TAXI (DAY)**

Raju rubs his eyes vigorously, driving through the afternoon traffic. The sun casts a blinding white light on Raju's face as he turns up the air conditioning. Raju wipes sweat off his face.

The din of traffic is interrupted by his cellphone. Raju fishes it out and eyes the display. He silences it almost instantly, flinging it onto the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

**INT. TAXI (DAY)**

CLOSE UP on Raju's cellphone in the passenger seat as its display lights up, ringing again. Raju peers at the display, grabbing it this time and hitting the answer button.

RAJU  
*Haan*, I was just about to call you...

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Call? Do you even care about me?

RAJU  
What kind of question is that?

RAJU  
(cont'd)  
Did you have your medicines?

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Yes.

RAJU  
Food?

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Yes.

RAJU  
What about the childr...

SEEMA (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
When are you coming here?

RAJU  
At night.

SEEMA (O.S.)  
When at night?

RAJU  
I don't know. When I'm finished?

SEEMA (O.S.)  
You're out there run your taxi all day and  
I'm dying here. Do you know how much it  
hurts?

RAJU  
Isn't Kamla there?

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Am I married to Kamla?

RAJU  
(sighing)  
You know I can't be there all the time.  
That doctor is behind me for the money.

SEEMA (O.S.)  
ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS MONEY!

RAJU  
WE NEED THE MONEY!

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Yes, go ahead! Shout at me.

RAJU  
No, I didn't mean to...

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Shout at me for leaving everything and coming with you.

RAJU  
Seema, I'm sorry I... I just want to make sure you're fine. Please... just... I want you to be happy. I put you in a good hospital this time. They will take care of everything...

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Happiness? Is that what you think you're giving me?

SEEMA (O.S.)  
(cont'd)  
I'll tell you what have you given me in the last 2 years - 2 kids and now a THIRD!

RAJU  
Stop...

SEEMA (O.S.)  
Aai Baba were right... when they told me not to go with you. They told me you couldn't take care of me... I should've listened...

RAJU  
Seema, STOP!

SEEMA (O.S.)  
You can't take care of YOURSELF!

SEEMA (O.S.)  
(cont'd)  
You're USELESS. Absolutely good for NOTHING.

RAJU  
STOP IT!

Raju SLAMS the brakes.

SEEMA (O.S.)  
YES I'LL STOP! When I die in this hell, at least come to collect my body



The line goes dead.

RAJU  
Hello? Hello?

Raju's face falls. He grips the steering wheel, head lowered. A couple of moments pass before he looks up, eyes moist, expression stoic. Without as much as a flicker of his eyelids, he starts the engine, accelerating sharply out of the frame.

CUT TO:

A time lapse of the overflowing Delhi streets as day turns to night, roads from grey to specks of gold on a canvas of black.

**INT. TAXI (NIGHT)**

CLOSE UP of Raju as he navigates through the chock-a-block traffic. The background is a cacophony of deafening car horns as he slices his way through the maze. It's been a long day. He looks tired, the dark circles even more prominent under the harsh yellow street light reflected off his face. He eyes are heavy, trying hard not to fail under the overpowering urge to collapse shut. We see the red light of the signal reflects off his windshield as he rubs his eyes and slaps his face in an attempt to stay awake.

A slight hint of a Jagjit Singh song wafts through the air from the adjacent sidewalk. Looking outside the window, Raju sees a couple seated next to a food truck. They're happy, smiling and laughing as they share an ice cream. A subtle hint of joy lights up somewhere within Raju's tired, defeated face as not-so-distant memories flash through his mind. He lowers the sunshade and pulls off a photograph stuck to it (we only see it from the back). He runs his fingers over the photograph, trying to relive happier times. There is a distant sense of longing, a hint of loneliness. He leans back in his seat resting, his eyes slowly drawing to a close as Jagjit Singh's silky voice grows on him. Flashes of scenes from a past life run through his mind - a bus ride, holding hands, the wind in her hair. Soon, Raju slips into a dreamier place as the song drowns out the moan of the traffic behind. He slips into a peaceful trance as the muscles on his face relax.

His moment is interrupted by a loud CRASH as the reflection on his windshield turns green. Raju is JOLTED awake, rudely thrust back into reality. He looks about disoriented before he realizes what has happened. He opens the door, exiting the taxi.

**EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)**

A small crowd has gathered around the back of the taxi. Another car has crashed into his - a slick looking, black BMW. As Raju inspects the damage, a woman in expensive shades appears from within the crowd.

WOMAN  
Are you the driver?

RAJU  
(looking up)  
Yes.

WOMAN  
Where were you looking? What the hell were you doing at the signal?

RAJU  
I wasn't... I was...

WOMAN  
Are you drunk?

RAJU  
What? No Madam.

Somebody from the crowd speaks up.

BYSTANDER  
Look at his eyes, surely smoked up.

RAJU  
(turning to the bystander)  
*O Bhai Saahab*, don't talk nonsense. I'm completely normal.

WOMAN  
(snapping)  
You're not going anywhere until you pay for the damages.

RAJU  
But Madam, you hit me.

WOMAN  
Excuse me?

RAJU  
You were behind me. You hit me.

WOMAN  
What were YOU doing when the signal turned green?

RAJU  
What is your problem madam? It's just a scratch.

WOMAN  
Do you know how much this car costs?

RAJU  
(irritated)  
Arey madam, I don't care how much your car costs. And women like you shouldn't be buying big cars like this that you can't handle. You must be stupid to drive this car in these roads.

WOMAN  
(taken aback)  
What did you say?

RAJU  
Only STUPID people like you would drive a car like this in these roads.

WOMAN  
(scowling, walking back to her car)  
How DARE you...

As Raju walks away, behind him, the woman beckons to someone in the crowd. A man appears from within the crowd. The woman mumbles something to him, pointing at Raju, who walks back to the taxi, unaware of this. Raju's walk is interrupted by a giant hand that SLAMS DOWN on his shoulder. He turns to face ROY, a tall, hulking figure of a man - probably the woman's husband or boyfriend. Literally dwarfed out by the man, Raju's eyes widen.

ROY  
What did you call my wife?

RAJU  
(shaking his head, probably shivering in fear)  
N... Nothing.

ROY  
Nothing?

Roy starts to push and shove Raju around.

RAJU  
(startled)  
Bhai Saahab, I didn't call her anything.

The shoves have started to get more violent.

ROY  
What did you call her just now?

RAJU  
I DIDN'T CALL HER ANYTHING. Stop pushing me.

ROY  
Why don't you call *me* that, *bhosadi ke?*.

RAJU  
I didn't call...

Raju's statement is cut short as Roy lands a RESOUNDING SLAP on his face. Raju reels, falling on to the road. The crowd starts to move closer to the scene. Roy stands over Raju, lifting him up by his collar. He proceeds to SLAP him repeatedly, getting more aggressive each time. Raju flails around like a rag doll.

ROY  
Why don't you call ME that, huh? CALL ME YOU MOTHERF...

The crowd behind them starts to react, interfering as they try in vain to pull Roy back. Somebody helps Raju up, dragging him away towards the taxi. He pushes Raju into the driver's seat, signaling him to get out as quickly as possible.

#### INT. CAR (NIGHT)

We HOLD on Raju as he starts up the engine and accelerates, speeding away as the crowd disappears behind him. He is dazed from the beating. Blood oozes out of his nose, mumbling in fear and shock. We HOLD on Raju as he swings the steering wheel, driving away frantically.

He is startled as his cellphone suddenly goes off. He fumbles, fishing out the cellphone from his shirt pocket.

RAJU  
(dazed)  
H... Hello? Hello?

KAMLA (O.S.)  
Hello *Bhaiyya*, Seema's water broke.

RAJU  
(still dazed)  
Wha... Who's this?

KAMLA (O.S.)  
This is KAMLA!

RAJU  
(wincing)  
Kamla...Who Kaml... YES! Yes, Kamla Behen.  
What happened?

KAMLA (O.S.)  
Seema has gone into labour, *Bhaiyya*!

RAJU  
WHAT?? But she's not... Already??

KAMLA (O.S.)  
She had sudden pain, and the nurses took her in.

RAJU  
(panicking)  
Oh God, oh God... I'm coming. I'll be there as fast as I can.

KAMLA (O.S.)  
*Bhaiyya*, the nurse asked about the bill...

RAJU  
I SAID I'LL BE THERE!

Raju flings the phone onto the seat, SWINGing the steering wheel to the right.

#### EXT. STREETS (NIGHT)

The tires SQUEAL as the taxi takes a violent swing, moving off the main highway. JUMPING onto on to a service road, the taxi speeds off as a bunch of cars break abruptly behind it, horns blaring.

#### INT. TAXI (NIGHT)

HOLD on Raju as he blazes through the night traffic like a madman. Suddenly, the phone rings again. He instantly picks up.

RAJU  
HELLO!

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Where are you, *chutiye*?

RAJU  
H... Hello? Who is this?

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Your dead father.

RAJU  
(agitated)  
Hey! Who is this, man?

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Why did you cut my phone earlier, you cunt?

RAJU  
(recognizing the voice)  
M.. Mittal Saahab. I was, busy..

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Busy *ah*? Where were you all these days? You know what date it is today?

RAJU  
*Saahab*, I need some more time.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
More time? You owe me 4 months rent with interest. Come to the office right now.

RAJU  
I... I can't come now *Saahab*.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
*Bhosadi ke*, is the house in your mother's name?

RAJU  
N.. No.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Then you think you can walk in and pay whenever your ass feels like it?

RAJU  
*Saahab*, my wife is in hospital. She is pregnant. I need money for the surgery. Please just give me a week more.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
Oooh your wife *ah*? She was a feisty one. No worries. Send her to me. I'll take care of her, and you can have your extension. How's that?

RAJU  
*Saahab*, please don't talk like that.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
 Who are you to tell me how to talk  
*maadarchod*? Give me my money or GET OUT of  
 my fucking house!

RAJU  
 We'll be on the STREETS *Saahab*. Please have  
 some mercy.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
 Go to hell.

RAJU  
 Please don't do this *Saahab*. For the sake  
 of my child.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
 You think I CARE?

RAJU  
 My child will DIE.

MITTAL (O.S.)  
 Then LET IT FUCKING DIE!

MITTAL (O.S.)  
 (cont'd)  
 I'll give you one hour. If you're not at my  
 office with the rent and interest, I'll  
 lock the house, throw out all of your  
 things and BURN them. Do you understand?

RAJU  
*Saahab*, please...

The line goes dead. Raju swallows hard as his eyes well up. He slows down, bringing the taxi to an abrupt halt to the side. Gripping the steering wheel with both hands, he breaks down, sobbing in silence.

We HOLD on this for a couple of moments when he's interrupted by the back door which opens up. A handbag flies onto the back seat. A woman follows, PLOPPING down hard onto the leather. She's young, wearing an expensive low cut black dress, and possibly drunk as she drags herself onto the length of the seat.

WOMAN  
 (slurring)  
*Bhaiyya*, Vasant Vihar.

Raju, startled, quickly wipes his face on his shirt, turning to face the woman, who now has her legs up on the seat as she squirms into a horizontal position.

RAJU  
Madam, you have the wrong cab.

WOMAN  
I had booked you only, *Bhaiyya*.

RAJU  
Madam, I don't take app bookings.

WOMAN  
(pinching her nose, wincing)  
Uff... What's that smell?

WOMAN  
(cont'd)

The woman SLUMPS into a corner of the back seat, blacking out.

RAJU  
Madam?? Madam!

The woman doesn't respond.

RAJU  
(muttering)  
Goddammit.

Raju turns around, agitated. He takes a moment, rubbing his eyes, figuring out what needs to be done. Turning around he takes one long hard look at the woman. She is out, cold. He turns around to face the camera, a manic look in his eyes. He puts the vehicle into gear. Accelerating hard, he drives away from the curb as we -

CUT TO:

**EXT. FLYOVER (NIGHT)**

LONG SHOT of a flyover as golden dots of light move swiftly across it.



**INT. TAXI (NIGHT)**

HOLD on Raju as he drives through empty streets. The woman still seems to be out cold. The silence is interrupted by Raju's cellphone. He eyes it and drops it on to the passenger seat. The phone continues to ring for a while, disturbing the woman who squirms in her seat as she wakes from her stupor. She groans, pulling herself upright in the seat. The cellphone rings again. Raju steals a glance at the display, and ignores it. The phone continues to ring for a while, after which it stops. Meanwhile, the woman looks outside the window, scanning the surroundings.

WOMAN

*Bhaiyya, where are you going?*

RAJU

(surprised, eyeing her from the rear view mirror)  
Traffic block, madam...

WOMAN

(looking outside the window)  
Which route is this?

The phone starts ringing again. Raju gulps. The tension builds in Raju's face, but he continues to ignore the phone.

WOMAN

(alarmed)  
This is not where I asked you to go...

Raju doesn't respond, ignoring both the woman and his cellphone. The phone stops ringing.

WOMAN

(raising her voice)  
*Bhai Saahab, I'm asking you a question. Where are you going? This isn't the route to Vasant Vihar.*

RAJU

(stumbling)  
M... Madam, it's a shortcut. I told you.

WOMAN

But you just said traffic jam.

The phone rings again. This time, however, Raju, seeing the display SNATCHES it off the seat, answering it.

RAJU

Hello?? Kamla Behen? Hello??

There is static on the other end as Kamla's voice crackles and pops.

WOMAN  
Whom are you talking to?

RAJU  
Hello? Hello? I'm on my way!

Raju curses as the line goes dead. He dials the number, trying to reach back.

WOMAN  
WHOM are you TALKING to?

WOMAN  
(cont'd)  
Where are you taking me? STOP the car!

The call doesn't connect.

WOMAN  
I said STOP THE CAR!

There is a terrifying SQUEAL as Raju SLAMS the brakes.

RAJU  
(snapping, turning back)  
SHUT UP!

The woman is shocked and horrified by the sight of Raju, who has turned back to face her. His eyes are bloodshot and skin red and puffy. He has his forefinger pressed to his lips, motioning her to keep quiet.

WOMAN  
(preparing to open the back door)  
Stop the trip.

There is a series of clicks as the Raju locks the doors shut.

WOMAN  
What are you doing?

WOMAN  
(cont'd)  
Open the doors!

Raju hits the accelerator, FLINGING the woman back in her seat.

RAJU  
Madam, I'm sorry. My wife's in the hospital. I need to be there.

WOMAN  
STOP THE CAR. STOP IT!

RAJU  
(looking at her through the rear  
view mirror)  
I need to go to the hospital RIGHT NOW, OK?  
You can leave from there.

WOMAN  
(wailing)  
No no no no nooo... please...

RAJU  
Hey! SHUT UP!

Raju tries to dial Kamla again with no luck. Meanwhile, the woman fishes out her phone from her handbag and tries to dial someone, but the call doesn't connect.

WOMAN  
Fuck...

The phone rings in Raju's hands, startling him. The display reads 'DOCTOR calling'

RAJU  
(answering)  
Hello? hello??

There is static on the other end.

WOMAN  
(call finally connecting)  
Hello? Hello police station?

Raju, alarmed, turns back to face her.

RAJU  
(turning around)  
No, not the police. Put it DOWN!

WOMAN  
Hello, I've... I need help! I'm being  
kidnapped!

RAJU  
(trying to snatch away the phone)  
I said PUT IT DOWN!

WOMAN  
(Backing away into a corner)  
KIDNAPPED! I'm in a car... Somebody's taking  
me somewhere in a car.

Raju's eyes are blood red and he sweats in buckets. He hyperventilates, going into a daze as the woman's voice trails off in the background. The words of his wife, Syed, the owner and the woman start echoing in his head. Raju pulls at his hair, as his head grows heavy and vision blurry. Through the windshield, we see the taxi approach a familiar looking flyover - the accident site we'd seen earlier.

A single tear rolls down Raju's cheek as he closes his eyes, mentally sealing his fate.

WOMAN

YES, I'M IN THE CAR RIGHT NOW! Car number is DL28C...

Raju VIOLENTLY SWINGS the steering wheel, sending the car careening to a side.

**EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)**

The soundtrack is silenced abruptly as the car SLAMS into a divider, throwing it off balance. We watch in SLOW MO as it is FLUNG through the air turning on its head, going OFF SCREEN. We HOLD on the empty frame as the dust and smoke clears up to reveal the night sky as we FADE TO BLACK.

FADE INTO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE (NIGHT)**

We FADE IN to sounds of sirens. We PAN away from the darkness, towards the alternating flashes of red and blue. As we cross fluttering police barricade tape, distant sounds of activity grow stronger. We see the uniformed policemen scrambling about the scene.

We PAN further to reveal RAJAN, a broad-shouldered police detective, silhouetted against the light from the scene. He inspects a plastic ziplock bag in his hands. He takes a drag from his cigarette, billowing smoke into the cold air.

He is distracted by the sound of a vehicle pulling up behind him. He turns around, blocking out the car headlights from his eyes, trying to peer into it. He flings the cigarette away, moving out of the frame towards the vehicle. RAJAN walks up to the car and salutes as SINGH, a higher ranking police official gets out of the car. Singh salutes back.

SINGH

What's the situation, Rajan? I was heading back, so make it quick.

RAJAN  
Sir, Car hit the divider and flipped. One of the night-shift workers had reported it.

SINGH  
So? This isn't the first time something's happened at this damn place. Give me a cigarette.

Rajan fishes out a cigarette and hands it to Singh, lighting it.

RAJAN  
Sir, we recovered 2 bodies. Both women in their thirties.

SINGH  
(taking a drag)  
And the driver?

RAJAN  
We haven't recovered any body yet. But Sir, there's something else.

SINGH  
(impatient, taking a drag)  
Get to the point, Rajan.

RAJAN  
Sorry Sir... Sir, of the 2 bodies we found, one of them was... already dead.

SINGH  
(looking up, confused)  
What do you mean already dead?

RAJAN  
Sir, by that I mean, dead *before* the accident And by the looks of it... for several days.

SINGH  
What?

RAJAN  
Yes Sir, unlike the first one, we recovered this body from the trunk. It was all wrapped up... in a plastic body bag... We found this attached to it.

Rajan hands the plastic bag from earlier to Singh. Singh puts on his reading glasses, peering through it. As the camera focuses, the content of the bag become clear. We realize that it is a toe tag from a mortuary. 'Holy Family Hospitals' screams in large red letters at the top. Below it, scrawled in blue ink are the words 'Labour induced Hemorrhage', followed by a note that reads 'Fetus aborted'.

RAJAN  
(handing over a photograph)  
And uh... We also found this.

Rajan hands over a familiar looking photograph to Singh. The camera focuses on the picture to reveal a jaded photo of a visibly younger Raju and Seema from a happier time.

RAJAN  
The woman in the picture... That's her...

Singh and Rajan eye each other bewildered, trying to piece together the truth behind this perplexing discovery as we slowly start to PULL OUT from the scene.

We PULL OUT further to reveal all the activity in the area - uniformed policemen, fire trucks and a crane. We PAN over them, crossing the rocks below where we catch a glimpse of remains of the mangled car and what looks like 2 bodies, covered in sheets.

We PAN further into an un-accessed, darker part of the jagged rocks and ZOOM IN. We ZOOM further to reveal Raju's cellphone, seemingly in one piece. We HOLD on it for a bit as the display lights up and it starts to RING. The credits start to roll, as the ringing continues.

THE END